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THE ART JOURNAL

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PAINTED BY J.E. SAINTIN

ETCHED BY D. MORDANT

THE APPLE-SELLER.

THE

ART JOURNAL

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PAINTED BY HENRY MOSLER.

ETCHED BY C.O MURRAY

THE WEDDING MORNING

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

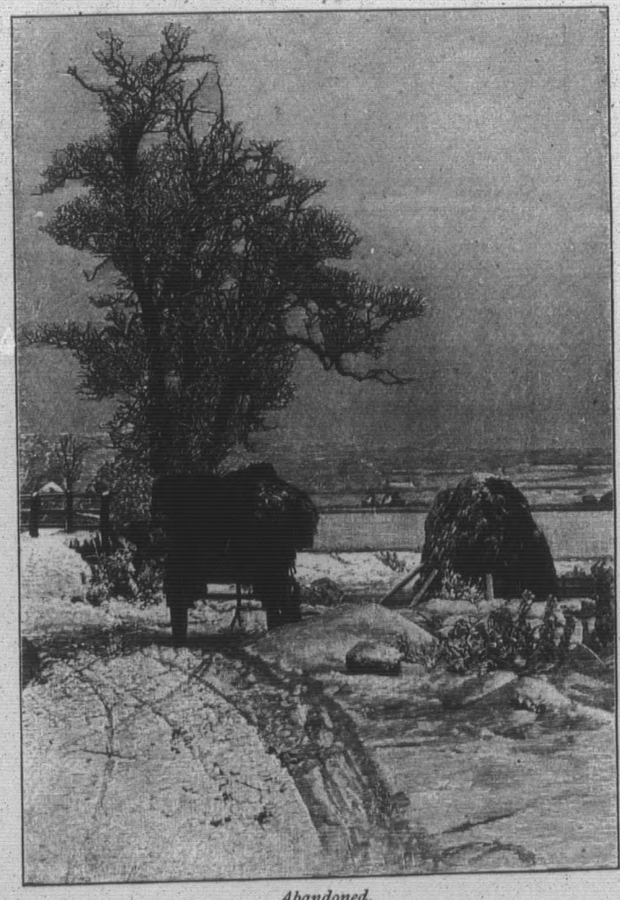
LONDON: J.S.VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

THE ART JOURNAL.

THE MASK OF SILENCE.

THE vision of a land buried in snow is the most impressive presentment of silence and sleep, not of death, but of transfiguration. Who has not felt that no painter has ever realised the purity, the fantasy, the spiritual sentiment of the scene, so delicate, so ineffably statuesque in repose? There is nearly always present in the winter landscapes of the painter the human interest, a touch of warmth and a suggestion of comfort, the broad glowing sun setting in a gorgeous array of drifting clouds, or the distant fire-lit window. The absolute negation of warmth, the chilness and silence, the desolation, the impression of snow as the antipathist of fire, are quite unconveyed to the senses. Yet these are the immutable attributes of the scene.

Excepting at sunset or sunrise, when the light is level and broken, or when the atmosphere is grey and the light beamless, there is no possibility of rendering it. To paint the brilliant snow scene under the broad noon-day is as insuperable a problem as that which compelled Turner to clothe his sunniest landscapes in mist and electric rain and distant storm. The gradations of light are so fierce, and the range of ascension is so immeasurably extended in the higher scale, that it is beyond the power of pigments to present them. The illuminating force reaches its utmost expression precisely when in nature it commences its most bewildering and sudden increase of intensity. This stern limitation gives a conventional aspect to the winter landscapes of the greatest artists. Thus it happens that even in the works of Munthe we have but a repetition of the same atmospheric effects, the ruddy sun and the approaching or receding night. The landscape at its brightest is very far removed from the exceeding brilliance of nature. What variety is possible is imparted by the dead objects of the scene—the silent and bare woods, the rutty road in the forest, the gleaming expanse of frozen lake, the distant village, or some other inevitable proof of the presence of mankind. The impression and sentiment are ever the same, because the atmosphere that is the ruling influence can only be rendered under strictly limited conditions. Any attempts to evade this law result only in falsity of colour or exaggerated relations.



Abandoned.

There are, however, certain effects of the winter landscape that have been very successfully produced by photography. Of these there are admirable examples by Mr. Wilson, of Aberdeen, some of which we reproduce in wood engravings, executed under the supervision of Mr. J. D. Cooper. In these photographs the softness and depth of tone are particularly remarkable; they give the true impression of diffused light that has its source in the snowy surface of the land, as well as in the luminous grey sky. Another characteristic is the success with which the snowy tree-forms are given, the exquisite delicacy of their tracery, the accurate definition and impalpable quality of the soft, clinging snow. When the trees are massed the intricacies of the interwoven branches are marvellously rendered: in truth of tone, in breadth of intercepted light, in space and aerial depth, these effects are excellent.

Our illustrations give some of the more familiar aspects of a winter day. The vacancy of the first snowfall, and the transformation of common things, are well portrayed in our third engraving, where the hollow way is buried and the sight is dazzled by the all-pervading light. In 'Abandoned' we see the waggon left for awhile in the heavy encumbered way,

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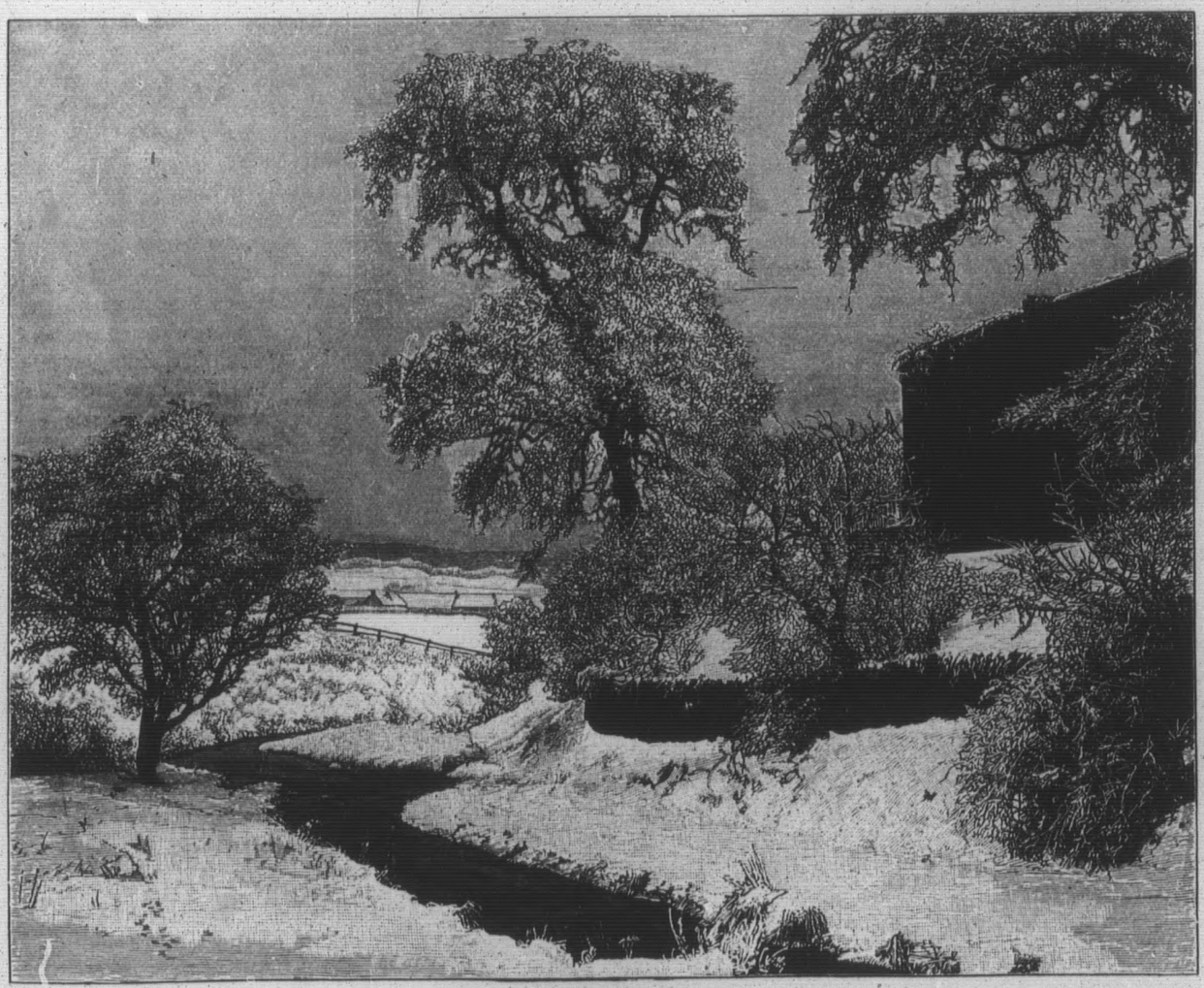
giving a home touch to the wide desolate tract beyond. Even more suggestive is the sight of the homestead itself (page 4), with its guardian trees. The iron hand of winter is visible in our second landscape, where the languid murmur of the stream is stayed, a prey to "dumb forgetfulness," and all around is the glittering effulgence of snow. The blank monotony of the sky is depicted in 'After the Storm,' with its suggestion of coming sunshine.

The first coming of the snow is generally as sudden as its disappearance. It may mantle the land in a night, and startle us with a strange garish morning, and vanish with ghost-like rapidity. In climes where the seasons are rigidly fixed, its first visitation is far more impressive than in England. Nothing is more capricious than its silent-working charm. Ofttimes in mid-autumn, when the oaks are yet in full summer foliage, burdened with acorns and untouched by frost, there comes a night of sudden storm, when the air is full of dense moist flakes, very different from the small spangles of the first winter snow, and the trees speedily groan with the unseasonable weight. Then it is that the devastation among the young oaks, heavy still with the lush growth of youth, is as great as that caused by the severest frost among the older timber. Many a fair bough is rent, and when the October sun pierces the clouds and mild weather intervenes, the ruin is visible far into the winter by the withered leaves that adorn the crushed boughs. Such premature snows

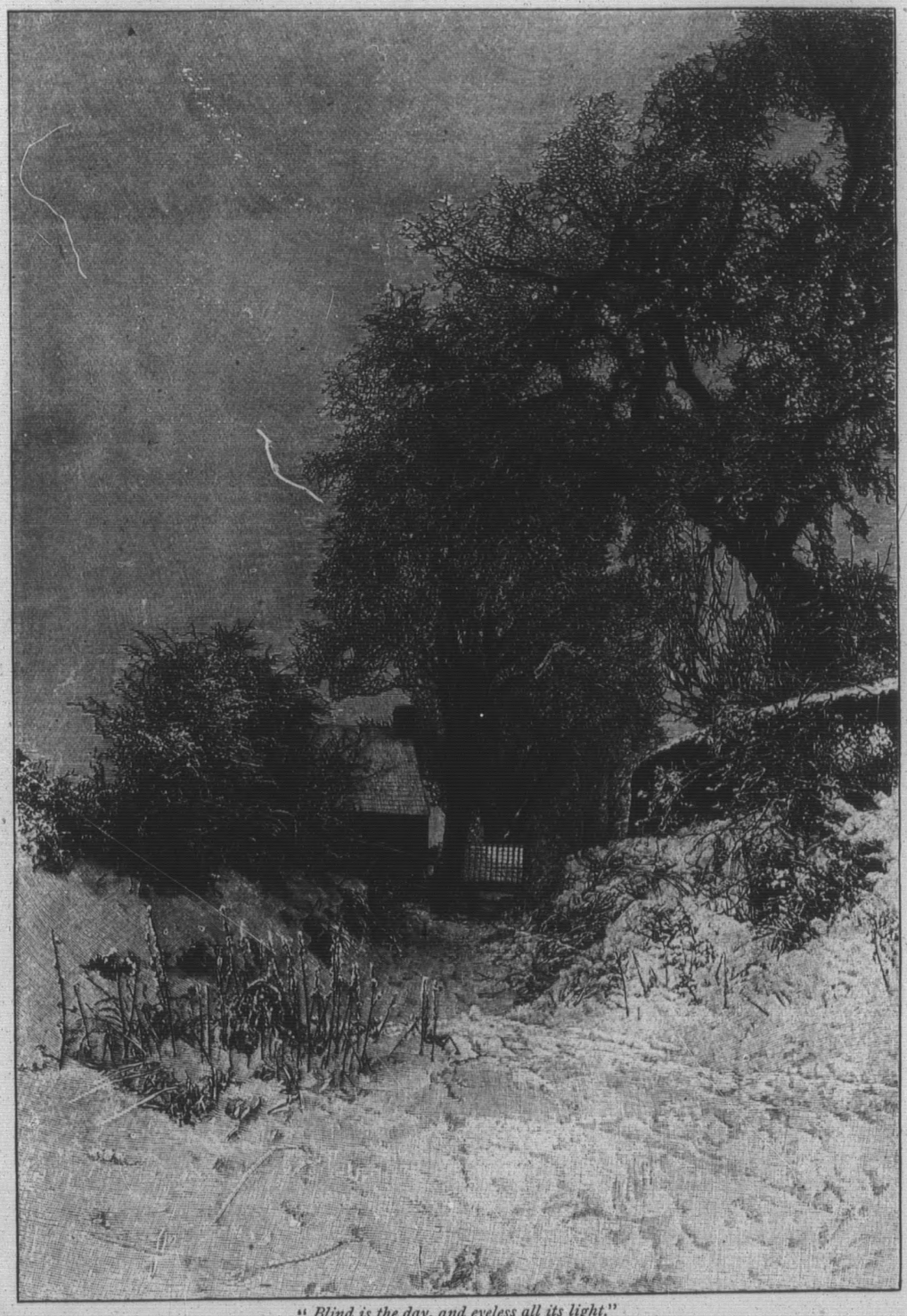


A Hushed Voice.

are rather an incongruous episode, harsh and displeasing. They are shorn of the chief fascination of the winter snow. They bring moisture and mist, and a heavy depressing atmosphere, and never the new world of enchantment and keen air of the snow that is heralded by frost. Frost is the true magician, and the most fairy-like vision in the realm of snow is but one manifestation of his power. The utmost splendour of a snowy landscape under the rising sun does not surpass in magical effect and in serene beauty the fantastic transfiguration of the hoar-frost seen under a cloudless sky. After a night of breathless quiet that has succeeded a day of unmitigated sunshine, beneath the naked sky the heavy dew freezes and crystallises, and the earth-mist rises and in its turn freezes, clinging to every leaf, twig, and blade of grass, till the risen sun withdraws the moving canopy and the world glitters with the brilliancy of that cunning and secret night-work. Not the world of yesterday, but another, with the freshness and vigour of a creation, of whose splendour the winter sun is not covetous nor the windless air a foe. It is only finally wrecked when the clouds gather, and the north wind rises and brings every particle of the diamond dew to the ground, leaving the trees bare and bending to the storm. Then, under the gloomy sky and the steady north-easter, the frost works in another fashion and ceases not day and night till he lays an

iron hand on all things. After this manner is the reign of winter ushered in, with starry stillness of night, the universal cloud of the short, brooding day, broken by the fitful pomp and turmoil of the gale that prophesies of snow.

The great preponderant fall of the winter snow is usually preceded by a fierce and gusty wind, accompanied by intermittent sleet and fine snow crystals that rattle to earth and pass through the trees like grit and dust in the whistling air. The premonitions are clear to every one who has studied the elements, and knows of what he is made. And yet how natural



"Blind is the day, and eyeless all its light."

is the surprise, how vivid the sense of sudden visitation is the outlook at dawn when the storm has burst in the night! We have experienced an unpleasant numbness of limb that no amount of covering could overcome, and have dreamed, perchance, of sheet-like expanses of snowy vacuity, dim polar regions of appalling extent lit by the cold moon, and awoke to realise the dream in the intense active cold and unusual penetrating light. The first look outwards is blinding. The

scene has changed, nay, utterly disappeared, and the glamour of vision is over everything. The most familiar objects are either buried or not to be recognised. Only the more prominent landmarks are discernible: the trees, the course of the stream, the hanging beech wood in the cleavage of the down, the village spire, an isolated farm, and the more distant swell and fall of the downs that have undergone a superfluous softening of outline. Even these objects are changed and suggest little, while all else has inherited oblivion. The sky is sad and leaden and the cloud-canopy of uniform texture and opacity. It has a wan, exhausted hue, inexpressibly cheerless. The wind has fallen calm, and every sound of labour, be it near or far, seems to fill the atmosphere with a strange hollow reverberation. The very rarity of such sounds increases their impressive effect; the resonance is such that the heavens might well be the mighty dome of the vaulted earth and the sepulchred works of man. When once abroad this feeling is gradually weakened, until wholly lost in the contemplation of the strangeness of the scene and the abundant matter for observation with which the apparent vacuity is stored. The feeble cries and little shivering notes of the small birds arouse interest; every yard and garden is haunted with these tame creatures, among which are not a few strange of plumage and evidently outcasts, the poor blown waifs of the storm. Overhead strange and plaintive whistles are occasionally heard, the sad sweet music of wild birds migrating from sterner

The Works of Man.

scenes; mysterious pipings not less sweet and melancholy, arise from the plashy lands by the river, and the land that seemed so dead is as full of aërial music as the island of Prospero. When, however, the north wind springs up in fresh vigour and rends the clouds, the scene assumes its utmost splendour. The sky is stripped of the torn clouds, the heavens are bared, and the low sun, though unfelt, warms and vivifies all things. The freshening wind itself has something of ardour, so keen and exhilarating is its breath; over the impassive fields, down hollow lanes, it blows, lifting the light dry snow in fine clouds that drift towards the first obstacle, where it is shaped into rude fantastic forms of grot or huge overhanging gable. On the hills and along the broad expanse of the downs, the wind lays bare the short meagre turf; the cup-like hollows and small chalk-quarries of the downs are filled till as smooth as the firm earth about them. On the hill-sides, in the fields that are partly cleared of snow by the bitter wind, the half-frozen partridges cower in the furrows, nestling together for warmth and shelter. A nipping night is in store for them and the unfortunate hares that dare not venture abroad. With the clear sky the frost increases in intensity, and the sun sets without a cloud, only some islanded masses of cumulus tinged with saffron hang motionless in the north and east; and the whole horizon is encircled by a belt of purple haze that is quickened by the setting sun.

The magical effect of snow in transfiguring the landscape is

not unlike the influence of moonlight. The most ordinary features of the scene, objects the most commonplace and repulsive, become spiritualised by moonlight. A similar but mightier power is observable in the veil drawn by snow over

After the Storm.

the old familiar scene about us; it is a mask of very quaint and fantastic disguise. The whole earth and air that comprehend the visual scene partake of the mystic change; it is a shaping ethereal spirit which, like the imagination, transmutes the essence of all it touches, receiving a thousand Protean forms, yet preserving its spiritual individuality, until

> "All things seem only one
> In the universal sun."

Night adds to the witchery of the scene, and the keen cold stars and frosty moon shed a subtler influence. Be the scene never so highly cultivated, the sense of desolation, of vastness and solitude is greatly increased. The quietude of day that was like a brooding or dreamful sleep is then exchanged for a stilly hush, a deep all-pervading solemnity—

> "Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
> So cold, so bright, so still."

What sounds may hap to break the stillness are of piercing, almost unnatural distinctness, and not always to be easily accounted for. In the deep hush of the winter night the forest trees have a mysterious voice, other than the sough of the uncertain wind; the intense frost works in their sapless limbs with sudden paralysing effect. The deeper and abiding charm of the picture lies in the perfect harmony of earth and heaven, the solemn and utterless calm of the infinite heavens and the beautiful entranced vision of the white world beneath them. Calm, and the expectancy of an awakening from sleep that is a dreamful trance, are expressed in the vast lone snow-clad land; which, one day not far distant, will thrust its vesture aside and assume a more work-a-day guise, blurred with the driving rack of the warm south and voiceful with the liberated forces of a hundred waters.

J. A. Blaikie.

SOME LATE ADDITIONS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IT has been a great gain to Art that Sandro Botticelli's large picture of the 'Assumption of the Virgin' has been removed from the comparative obscurity of Hamilton Palace to find a permanent resting place on the walls of the National Gallery. Slowly but surely, the masterpieces of the painters who have won immortality are again taking their rightful positions. They were painted for the whole community, but when men lost their regard for Art—in common with sundry other losses—the fate of the pictured panels became to them matter of small concern. The sentiment to which they appealed being dead, they descended to the level of mere curiosities, and as such became the easy prey of collectors.

Again a craving for Art is leavening the masses, and, as by some irresistible law, once more these mute messengers of beauty, responsive to the summons, appear with the same radiant glances to satisfy our questionings or "tease us out of thought." In the case of the pictures of the great masters, it must not be overlooked that the passion of the collector has been instrumental in saving much that would otherwise have now been lost. Many fine works still remaining in the churches of Italy have their surfaces almost obliterated from careless usage or sheer neglect. In northern lands numbers were wilfully destroyed by the unreasoning fury of the Iconoclasts. So that whatever we choose to call it, whether ostentation or a genuine, though selfish love of Art, the withdrawal at a certain period into private hands of works intended for the public has, at least, sometimes served a good end. But now the set of the current has changed, it flows from the cabinet of the collector to the gallery of the nation. It would be perhaps rash to assert of any arrangement that it is the best one possible, but in this instance it would be hard to devise a better. Those pictures on which the centuries have set their stamp of approval, that are landmarks in the history of Art, are the common property of all mankind. They can no longer be said to belong to any sect, or party, or nationality. Hence their place is neither in the temple of any particular denomination, the hall of any secular institution, nor the home of any individual. Where they are housed none feels himself a stranger. The Englishman in the Uffizi, or the Frenchman in the Munich Pinacotica, finds himself as much at home as do the Italian and the German in the Louvre or the National Gallery. The museum may thus serve the cause of international amity more directly, though less noisily, than the cumbrous machinery of foreign offices and embassies. A common love of Art is a pledge of peace more binding than any protocol or treaty. Therefore, to those of us who believe

The Apostles at the Tomb. Part of Botticelli's Assumption. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

that the future will be to Arts and not to arms, true policy, if only on this account, lies in sparing no efforts to develop and enrich our national museums.

None of the accepted qualifications for fame are wanting in Botticelli's (1447–1510) 'Assumption.' It is by a famous master, and is one of his most important compositions. It has also the coveted honour of being mentioned by Vasari and of receiving his warm praise. It had further the notoriety of being the subject of prolonged discussion by high official personages; the discussion did not relate to its artistic merits but to certain theological opinions which it was supposed to illustrate and support. Vasari, in his life of Sandro Botticelli, thus describes it: "In the church of San Pietro Maggiore he executed a picture for Matteo Palmieri with a large number of figures. The subject of this work, which is near the side door, is the 'Assumption of Our Lady,' and the zones or circles of heaven are there painted in their order: the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, the Evangelists, the Martyrs, the Confessors, the Doctors, the Virgins, and the Hierarchies; all which was executed by Sandro according to the design furnished him by Matteo, who was a very learned and able man. The whole work was conducted and finished with the most admirable skill and care. At the foot of it was the portrait of Matteo kneeling, with that of his wife. But although this picture is exceedingly beautiful and ought to have put many to shame, yet there were found certain malevolent and censorious persons who, not being able to affix any other blame to the work, declared that Matteo and Sandro had erred greatly in that matter, and had fallen into grievous heresy. Now, whether this be true or not, let none expect the judgment of that question from me: it shall suffice me to write that the figures executed in that work are worthy of all praise, and that the pains he took in depicting those circles of the heavens must have been very great, to say nothing of the angels mingled with the other figures, or of the various foreshortenings, all which are designed in a very good manner." Vasari, it will be observed, calls special attention to the number of figures in the composition; few easel pictures indeed contain such an assemblage, and in no direction does Sandro display more consummate skill than in their arrangement and disposition. To design some two hundred figures was no light task, but to group them so effectively and harmoniously could only be accomplished by an artist of the first rank. Our illustration represents that portion of the picture where the apostles are grouped on the right of the tomb. They are forcibly designed individualities nowise idealised. Sons of fishermen and carpenters, they are true types of religious enthusiasts. Their abrupt actions, strongly marked personalities, and vigorous delineation admirably contrast with the tender and graceful creations which sit enthroned above.

The Calling of Abraham. By Gaspar Poussin. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The picture had been placed in the church of San Pietro Maggiore before suspicions had been aroused respecting the opinions of Palmieri and Sandro; pending the inquiry it was laid under an interdict and covered up. On the acquittal of the painter and poet the picture was uncovered and its sanctity was affirmed. It remained in the church till the end of the last century, when it was removed by a member of the Palmieri family, and by him sold to a Florentine dealer, named Ricchieri. While in the possession of the latter it was seen by the late Baron Kirkup, who recognised its artistic value and importance in the history of Italian Art. He exerted himself to find an English purchaser for it, and this he finally succeeded in doing in the person of the late Duke of Hamilton.

Among the great Italian painters there are few respecting whose merits such diversity of opinion has been expressed of late, as the painter of the 'Assumption.' For those to whom his pictures are sympathetic he is above criticism, above even praise. On the other hand, there are some to whom his name is synonymous with everything that is puerile and contemptible. Of the latter it may be said, they would possibly alter their opinion if they took the trouble to examine his works: of the former it must be said, that some little of the atrabilious wrath of which their beloved Sandro is

the victim, is due to the key in which their laudation is pitched. Vasari was not what is now known as an "æsthete," he was not given to gush, yet nothing can be warmer than his admiration for the art of the painter, who, he considered, was the greatest in Florence at the death of Fra Filippo. One thing must be remembered in attempting any estimate of his talent: he must be judged from his original works, and not from copies or replicas. Certain phases of his art—as his circular Madonna pictures—achieved great popularity; and the demand being so great, he sent out from his work-room many that were almost entirely the work of his pupils; and also, it must be said, that in pictures of this class by his own hand, he himself became careless and conventional. The 'Assumption,' however, was no hasty or immature production, but was, we venture to assert, a work of the master, well considered and into which he had thrown the whole of his faculty. It is only Botticelli who could have conceived this daring and strikingly original composition. Palmieri judged rightly when he selected Sandro to be the exponent of his poetic conception. If we would seek analogies for the component parts of the work, they are to be found for the apostles in the engraving of another composition of the Assumption, where the Virgin, surrounded by angels, fills the upper part of the plate. The female saints and angels find their counterparts in the 'Fortitude,' the 'Virgin and Child,' with rose-bush in the background, and the circular Madonnas, of the Uffizi. The prophets and doctors have the closest relationship with the 'St. Augustine' of Ognissanti; and the 'Crowning of the Virgin,' of the Accademia, and the cherubs, with similar inventions in the same picture. Those who have been so fortunate as to see the master's drawings for the Hamilton Dante, now at Berlin, will remember many remarkable affinities, in various groups and figures, between picture and drawings; especially in the 'Paradiso.' The circles of heaven, drawn in perspective, repeat the idea of the National Gallery picture. The death of Palmieri, which happened in 1475, gives us a clue to the date of the panel. Supposing it to have been finished two years previously (the artist being then twenty-six), it certainly agrees in point of style with other work he is generally admitted to have produced about that time. Hence we are at a loss to conceive the reasons that have induced some foreign critics to doubt the authenticity of the picture. In the case of a work of such celebrity and intrinsic artistic value, it is scarcely likely that Vasari can have erred respecting the fact that Botticelli painted the original picture for S. Pietro Maggiore. Padre Richa, writing in 1754, speaks of it as still in the church; its subsequent history is well known. None would venture to suggest that the picture Richa saw was a copy, or that the one in the National Gallery is a modern copy of that work. There remains, then, the question of internal evidence, and we venture to think that the more searching the examination of the present work by those intimately acquainted with the style and technique of Botticelli, the stronger will be the conviction of its authenticity. Respecting the dates of Sandro's existing pictures there is very little certain knowledge. Any attempt to historically construct his work must therefore depend largely on internal evidence. This, in dealing with a talent so strikingly original, an imagination so subtle, fervid, and daring, need be no insurmountable task for any one familiar with Italian art, and who avails himself of the few biographical details relating to the painter; together with the more copious information we possess of the stirring times wherein he lived and the remarkable personalities with whom he came in contact.

The Shrimp Girl. By Hogarth. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Little need be said respecting the remaining two pictures, of which illustrations are given. Gaspar Poussin is a painter who has always been highly esteemed in England, where the noblest qualities of landscape art have never wanted recognition. This work, 'The Calling of Abraham,' purchased at the Leigh Court sale, is one of his most celebrated masterpieces; indeed, it would be impossible to point to another more typical of his genius. The spirited creations of Hogarth, in whatever form, whether in colour or translated into black and white, carry their own commendation. Nothing can be more animated than the mirthful vivacity of the 'Shrimp Girl,' which came also from the Leigh Court collection.

AN EASTERN PAINTER.

"THERE is always something new from Africa," was a current Roman saying, that may be paraphrased to-day with regard to Russia; for whatever proceeds thence in the way of culture comes with a new force and vigour which evinces that the sap whence these juices issue is young, strong, and in process of fermentation, not effete and debile like our own. Russia has given to Western Europe a painter both essentially modern and essentially original, whose work should prove epoch-making in our modern history with its unmodern Art. Academies, rules, traditions, are nothing to Vereschagin, he has stepped outside them all. As native of a semi-civilised state he has not been reared in worn-out prejudices, nurtured on shibboleths. He has looked out on life unhampered by the blinkers put on to us Westerns in mere babyhood, with the result that he presents us with an art virile, original, full of pregnant reality and elevated philosophy. And the man and his work are inseparable, as is ever the case with all true genius; and in his case more than in most his pictures are his biography, for he has lived all he has painted: before all else he paints as an eye-witness, and they are so many chapters of his life.

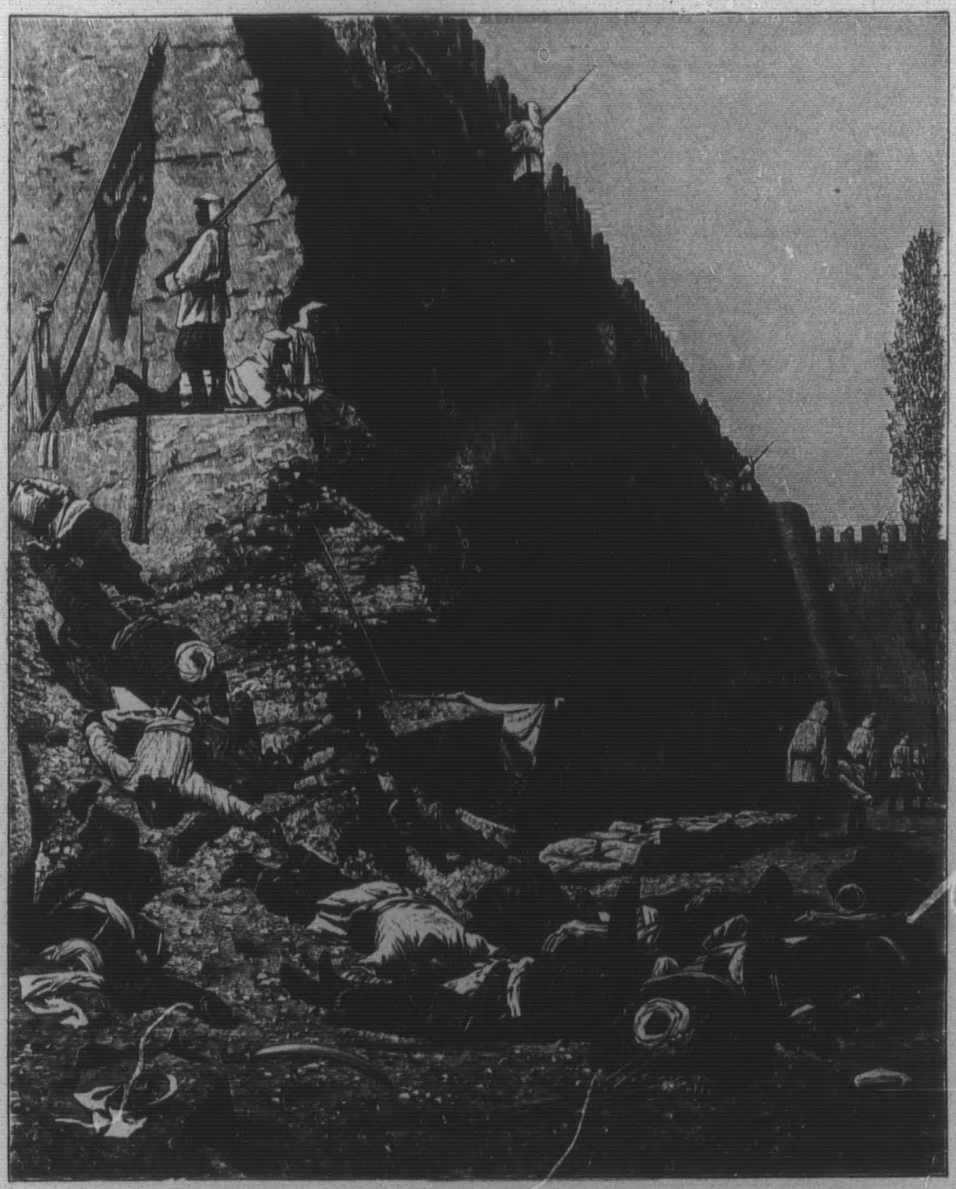
Basil Vereschagin was born in the province of Novgorod, October 14th, 1842, in which district, with its dense forests and drear far-stretching plains, his family had for generations possessed estates. His maternal grandmother was a Tartar of rare beauty whom his rich grandfather had brought home from the Caucasus, wherefore Vereschagin is fond of saying that he is three quarters Russian and one quarter Tartar. And, indeed, certain traits of his fine-cut face betray that Oriental blood flows in his veins. As a child he already wished to be an artist, and put on paper all he saw; but his family regarded this as a social degradation and determined that he should serve in the navy. So they sent him to a nautical school, where he distinguished himself, while at

An Unexpected Attack. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

the same time he gave all his spare moments to his beloved art, from which his devotion never swerved for an hour. With his mother's aid he at last conquered his father's opposition, though the latter told him that as an artist he need look for no pecuniary assistance from him. But the elder Vereschagin proved better than his word, for from time to time he helped his son with no inconsiderable sums. Meanwhile the youth had gained a two years' scholarship at the St. Petersburg Academy. Here he conceived a disgust of pseudo-classicism, and, though he won the silver medal for his Academical composition, he destroyed the cartoon at once, protesting he would never move in this senseless groove, his essentially naturalistic bent being in absolute opposition to the antique.

Soon after this Vereschagin's instinct stirred within him—he wanted to travel. After a rapid, but instructive visit to Paris, the Pyrenees, and Germany, he went to the Caucasus to study at their source the Oriental themes that already attracted him. A graphic account, written and illustrated by himself, of this his first Oriental trip, appeared some time after in the "Tour du Monde," showing Vereschagin to be as terse and emphatic with a pen as with a brush. Three albums filled with water-colour and pencil drawings were the result of this visit, and with these and a thousand roubles sent to him by his father he set out for Paris in 1864. It was Gérôme who attracted him, and, with native directness, he went straight to the artist's studio and asked to be taken in. "Who sent you to me?" demanded the French painter. "Your paintings," was the simple reply. His manner and also his work commended themselves to the master, who acceded to the blunt request, and for the next years Vereschagin worked under him and in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Here he was the first to emancipate himself from the traditional fagging of new-comers. The sight of a pocket

revolver and Vereschagin's resolute bearing made the youths recognise that they dealt with no common student. He equally opposed himself to copying old masters, and all his life has failed to see what end is gained thereby. He also refused to employ colours for which he believed he had no aptitude. But Paris could not hold him long; he yearned for freer, wilder, less civilised scenes. In the vacation of 1865 he fled from thence "like from a prison" to the Caucasian regions, sketching with an ardour that almost amounted to fury every object that crossed his path. "My album," he says, "testifies to this. I this time made such a number of sketches in the Caucasus that it quite amazed Gérôme. But colours still came hard to me, so that I preferred to work with my pencil." Returned to Paris he resumed an anchorite life, working often sixteen hours a day, and spending the holidays on his paternal estates, where he studied the manners and aspects of the Russian peasantry.



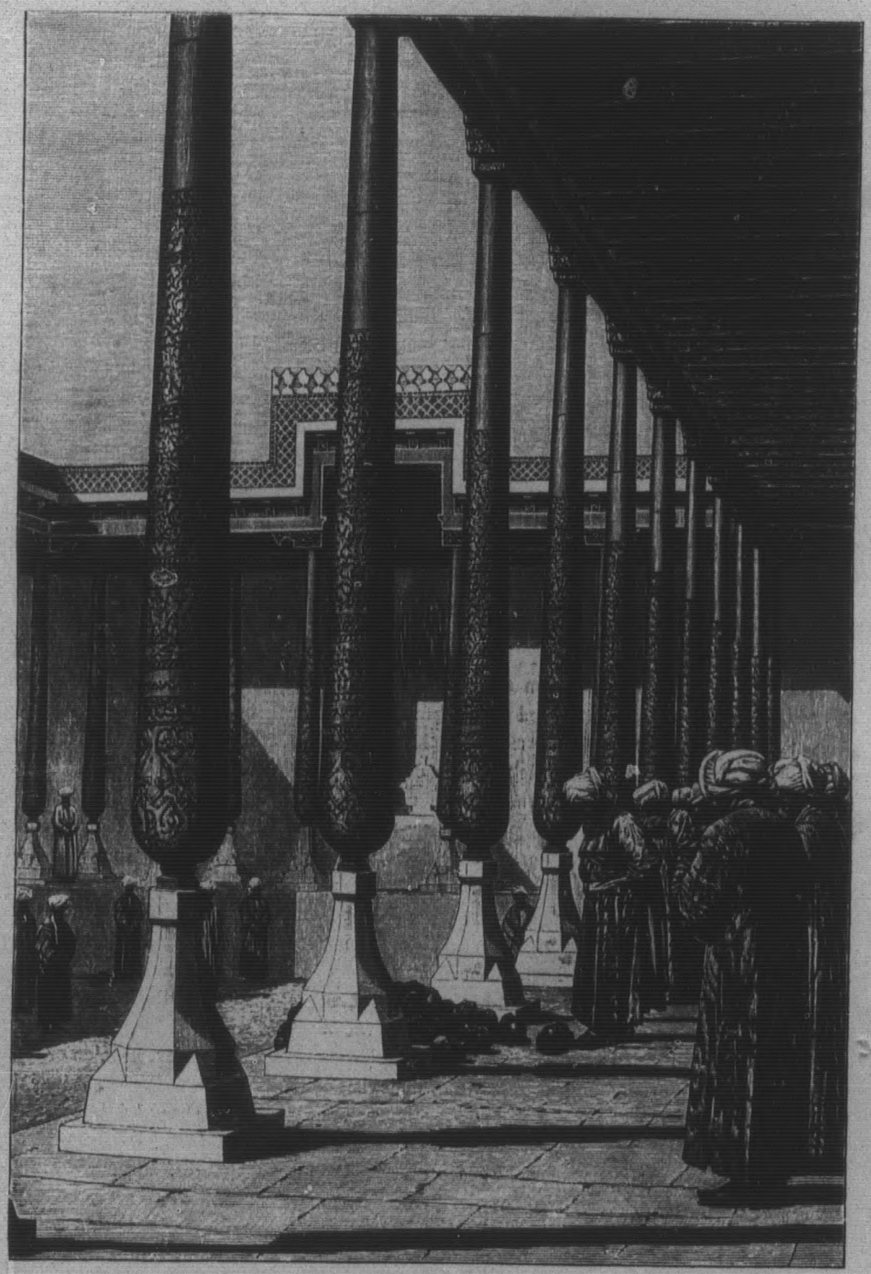
The Defence of the Citadel. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

His skill in seizing characteristic features, his strength of touch and grip, had meantime earned him a certain reputation among fellow-artists, to whom his manner was almost as strange as the "fresh woods and pastures new" amid which he browsed. The year 1867 closes the period of Vereschagin's apprenticeship. The poetry of the sun-steeped Orient possessed him; the East, with its white gleaming palaces, its sapphire lakes and shores of rose colour, its bizarre vegetation and picturesque inhabitants, its strange manners and customs, danced before his dreams and drew him with the attraction of a magnet. It needed but an impetus to send him thither. This came in the shape of the Russian expedition to the Central Asian steppes with, as object, the punishment of the Turcoman marauders for certain unbearable depredations. General Kaufmann commanded the force, and Vereschagin applied for leave to join as Art volunteer; leave was granted with alacrity, the General nominating him to the rank of lieutenant to facilitate his position in the newly-acquired domains. From this moment Vereschagin's fields of action and victory were found; he learnt to know the East as few painters have known it before or since—indeed, he may be named the Vambéry of Art, for he first penetrated with his brush where the other passed with his pen. He further learnt to know war, know it *au fond* as few painters have known it before or since, and hence has painted it with the uncompromising truth that has rubbed the gilt off the gingerbread with which it has hitherto been surrounded by artists even more than by historians; he shows what a gory, grimy, ghastly business it really is. Vereschagin's pictures, while all dealing with Asiatic or European-Asiatic themes, divide themselves into two main groups—those treating of scenery and genre merely, and those dealing with the canker of war. He himself classifies his works into three sections—those dealing with India, with Turkestan, and with the Russo-Turkish War; and he paints his pictures not as separate compositions but in cycles, which he will not allow to be broken up. He accepts no orders, sells no separate pictures; they

must be bought in their entirety, or he prefers to keep them himself. This is why his works are never seen at picture galleries like those of other artists; they are only to be viewed in separate exhibitions like at the Crystal Palace in 1873, or the South Kensington Museum more recently; and to his catalogues are appended the words "Not for sale."

While with General Kaufmann, Vereschagin not only sketched and painted but fought. During the defence of Samarcand he was shut up with five hundred men in the ancient capital of Timour, and surrounded by a vast horde of ferocious assailants. When the Russians lost heart it was Vereschagin who forgot all about his pictures, and, after the enemy had actually placed a standard on the walls, rallied them at a critical moment, with a revolver in each hand. It took all night to hurl them back, and General Kaufmann only came up in time. "I remember," says Vereschagin, "the ferocious heads of those barbarians, the red light on the bayonets of our soldiers, and the monotonous orders of our officers for the firing of our solitary gun." For his heroism the highest military decoration, the Cross of St. George, was awarded to him; an honour he refused, as he has persistently refused all titles and decorations, affirming that Art is a free estate, and that the Art that cringes after such recognitions is not worthy its high mission.

When Vereschagin returned in 1869 from the Asian artistic reconnaissance a few of his pictures were exhibited at St. Petersburg, and made an enormous sensation. Our engraving gives one representing 'An Unexpected Attack.' The best were 'The Opium-Eaters,' 'Before the Victory,' and 'After the Defeat.' The first gives an insight into the deep misery of Central Asia. Five men, half sitting, half squatting helplessly, clad in loose ragged gowns, slipperless, with flat caps on their heads, are sunk in that condition of unconsciousness which alone seems to remove them for a time from the misery of their lives. A sixth kneels to the right, resting his hands on his hips and staring out into space, hearing and seeing naught about him. This picture was presented by Vereschagin to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Petrowna. One of the companion pictures depicts two Asiatics in long flowery gowns, holding up by its hair the decapitated head of a Russian, and grinning with fiendish joy over their booty; the other shows a pile of corpses, clad in turbans, caftans, and peaked shoes, beside which a Russian soldier, musket in arm, stands calmly smoking. His good-natured expression seems to say, "I was commanded to do it, so I executed it without any thought." Both these pictures, which inexorably preached the terrors of war, made so deep an impression upon the Czar Alexander II. that until his death they always hung in his private cabinet. After a summer spent at Antwerp and Brussels, Vereschagin once more set off to the extreme East to further lift the veil of mystery wherein it has so long been enwrapt. He penetrated as far as China, and beheld that dreary waste in nature which has caused this frontier to be called one of bones. So absolutely has it been devastated by Mahometans, that city after city is one vast tomb, showing nothing but ruined homes and heaps



Looking at the Trophies. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

of human skeletons. It was not easy to penetrate thus far, but General Kaufmann gave the artist every assistance, and moreover he was now rich, his father having generously paid him his patrimony, and money is as useful in Central Asia as elsewhere. Still he often owed his life to his dexterity in employing his revolver.

Returned from Asia, Vereschagin settled at Munich and built himself his first open-air studio. "If you are to paint out-door scenes," he says, "your model must sit in the open," so he contrived a movable room on wheels, running on a circular tramway, much on the plan of that common in astronomical observations, where he could put his model in the full glare of day while he himself worked inside. The conviction that he could best depict Asiatic life not by isolated scenes, but by a long series of closely connected pictures, had taken shape with him. To this end he worked so strenuously for two years, that when the number and variety of his pictures were first seen by the world, calumny whispered that they could not be the work of a single painter. Of these pictures a large proportion were exhibited at the Crystal Palace. The catalogue written, like all Vereschagin's catalogues, by himself, introduced the exhibition to the public with these words: "The barbarism of the inhabitants of Central Asia is so terrible, the economic and social situation in such decay, that the sooner European civilisation can penetrate there the better. If my true sketches shall serve to dissipate the suspicions of the English public towards their natural friends and neighbours in Central Asia, I shall be more than rewarded for the fatigues of my journey and the labour of exhibition."

The English press hailed the works with just enthusiasm. The *Spectator* wrote that they were not like anything that had ever been seen before. "They stand alone in their beauty and their barbarism." From Sydenham the enlarged collection was moved to St. Petersburg, and was here bought for 92,000 roubles by the Moscow Mecænas, P. M. Tretjakow, Vereschagin parting with them solely on the condition that they might neither be removed from Russia, never broken up, and never be withheld from public view—conditions generously acceded to by Tretjakow, who has built a gallery for their special accommodation. Meanwhile the artist devoted a large portion of the sum thus obtained to endowing schools in his native province, and then once more set off for the East, for which he had long been homesick. This time his chief goal was India, and he took with him the German wife he had married at Munich. The trip lasted over two years, during which the couple exposed themselves to all manner of fatigues and hardships. The end of their visit coincided with that of the Prince of Wales, and they thus saw India at its best and worst. Vereschagin received a gracious invitation to join the royal cortège, an offer he accepted, but of which he made only scant use. Scenes of courtier pomp, effects not really native to the soil, did not appeal to one whose prime desire is to depict the natives in their habitual surroundings. The chief result is a huge picture, with all the figures life-size, representing the entry of the Prince into Jeypore. The Prince, clad in the hideous English scarlet coat, and his native entertainer, dressed in costly picturesque Oriental garb, are seated on a richly-caparisoned elephant, followed by a long line of lesser magnates. The rose-coloured wash wherewith in his joy at this visit the Maharaja had caused all the houses to be covered, forms a trying background to the work, whose disastrous effect is only overcome by Vereschagin's rare skill in the treatment of garish colours. It is a glittering show, a splendid spectacle, painted on the one hand with the rapid adventurous brush handling of the Impressionist school, and on the other with all the implacable and learned exactitude of rendering which reminds us of the Dutch.

But neither the India of State ceremonies, nor the false India of the Arabian Nights, or the pseudo-Orientalism of the Lalla Rookh type, were what Vereschagin cared to paint. He wanted to study types and castes, to render the intense charm of this strange land, full of striking poetry, with its bold colours, its people of skins of bronze, its gigantic and fantastic architecture, its fervid searching sunshine. While in the Himalayas he ascended the highest mountain but one on the face of the globe, and ascended it accompanied by his wife in spite of all English and native dissuasions. He wanted to go there to study effects of snow and cloud. The result is an impressive solemn picture of the Himalayan range, with Mount Everest rearing its virgin snow-capped head into the cloudless ether: an astounding piece of painting of white in white. Indeed, no one can paint snow like Vereschagin; he gives the very sensation of cold with an eloquence that is amazing.

It is impossible even to enumerate the cycle of Vereschagin's Indian and Eastern sketches and pictures which he executed in Paris, after his return, in the enormous studio that had been built for him in his absence. They revealed what an El Dorado of Art there lies here unexplored. Strange that for years no painter should have dreamed of going thither; not even the English, who own India: a striking testimony to the fact how artists more than other intellectual workers move in a groove. Wonderful kaleidoscopes of colour and blunt ruggedness of truth are presented to us in this world of Mongolians, Calmucks, and Usbegs; of Indians from all portions of the Empire; of Afghan riders and Chinese cavalry; of beggars and dervishes; in truth, a very *précis* of that confusion of nations that makes the Asian continent such a study to the ethnologist.

I have only space to name in detail a few of these striklng pictures with their dramatic presentment of theme, their successful grappling with difficult problems of colour and arrested movement. 'Looking at the Trophies' (Picture 3) gives us a courtyard of rich architecture, with contrasted effects, of pale marble and columns carved with the fineness of filigree. A pile of decapitated heads lie tossed on the ground; the Emir musters them and contemptuously kicks away one that has rolled too near. Around him stand his courtiers, who do not betray, in mien or feature, disgust or pity at this ghastly scene. Here again is the tomb of Tamerlane, with its pear-shaped domes, its huge and solid blocks of marble.

I propose to devote my next article to Vereschagin's war pictures, the compositions which have made his name a watchword or a butt, according to the speaker's feelings with regard to that awful scourge of war.

Vereschagin tells how his presence in India worried the British Government a good deal. It fell at a time when there was great suspicion of Russia, and many worthy people thought that the painter was a Russian spy. His way of life confirmed this suspicion: he kept away from the English, and was often seen in earnest consultation with the natives, and giving them small sums of money. The truth of course was that he was simply paying a rupee for a model, and the mysterious note-book which was brought out on all occasions contained nothing but sketches from the life.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

NIAGARA.

IN a few bold and masterly touches the Princess Louise has caught the spirit of the most remarkable stretch of river scenery in the world. Weird, wild, fascinating, full of a strange and mighty force, the upper rapids of the Niagara River are hardly less impressive than the Falls themselves.

An ordinary observer sees a vast flood rushing along until it thunders down into the abyss. He is told that, over the precipice which comprises the two falls, one hundred million tons of water pass every hour. The figures astonish him, and he wonders that so much water does not make more noise. By comparison, a printing machine turning off a daily newspaper, creates within its range of sound a far greater din than Niagara, the voice of whose many waters is akin to the deep sonorous tones of a cathedral organ.

You can stand, where the royal artist stood to make this spirited sketch, and talk to a friend without having to raise your voice beyond its ordinary compass. The roar and rattle of Fleet Street would be a severer strain upon your vocal organs. You are wetted by the spray of the thunder's birth, and yet the boom of the ever-falling waters has still in it the effect of distance. You can hear light sounds above it, as if it were what a dark background is to a picture with bright figures against it—a bank of sound upon which the song of the robin, or the cry of chanticleer, is accentuated.

The Falls of Niagara. From the picture by H.R.H. The Princess Louise. Engraved by R. Paterson.

While the traveller, who has not studied nature with an artistic purpose or a cultivated perception, views the Falls at the disadvantage of only a half-quickened apprehension of their beauties, the painter is delighted with the varying forms that challenge his pencil, and with the play of light that defies his brush. Even the most superficial study of Art gives one a new interest in the world, opens out a page of nature the beauty of which is only fully appreciated when you have attempted to convey its form and colour to canvas, or to set forth its changing hues in a literary composition.

Taking your place on Table Rock, you see the river leaping towards you, broken up into surging waves that plunge and gallop like wild horses in a mad race for the precipice. It is as if, nearing the brink, they slackened speed to form in line before they take their final leap, going over at last in good order, and with unruffled grandeur. They are received in an everlasting mist, the shock of their arrival sending up to heaven a cloud of spray that can be seen for many and many a mile.

This flood is called the Niagara River. It is an alliance of waters from Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie. You see it for miles rushing down upon you between its wide banks.

It is the wind that gives to the sea its varied play of waves; but the rapids above and below the Falls make their own watery hills and valleys. The light of heaven glances upon them in a thousand changing hues. The clouds flit over them in moving shadows. But the waters respond with no reflections. The sun turns them into gold or silver, but they hold no mirror up to the glorious god of day. The moon makes shimmering tracks along the watery waste; but she cannot see her face in it. She must wait until Niagara rests

"In transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed."

There shall she glass her lovely image in the flood, which has raced from Buffalo thirty miles and more, over rock and precipice, in deep ravines, through narrow gorges at railway speed, to subside at last, all still and quiet, in Lake Ontario.

To paint the glories that come and go upon the falling waters, the artist must dip his brush in the rainbow; and when he has done his best he shall be disbelieved by those who have not seen his subject with their own eyes, and pitied probably by those who have. If painters despair of realising the play of light and life and motion that gives to the sea its variety and charm, what shall be said of the difficulties that Niagara presents to both draughtsman and colourist?

An American young lady once said of an earthquake, the shock of which had astonished some of her friends, that "it was nothing at all," it was in fact "so tame" she could "stroke it." She might have said this with truth, and with more propriety, of Niagara. You can stand by the side of the American Fall and dip your hand into the mighty volume of water as it slips over the rock. On the bit of shore represented in our picture of the Canadian Fall, you can, without danger, put your foot into the river as the flood slips by you to its misty destiny.

Walking along the bank above the Falls, your dog can paddle in the river itself close in shore; you might scull a punt along the margin; but, so near is the uncontrollable torrent, that a yard or two from safety is certain destruction. While near the level banks the water flows in a harmless stream, the point is terribly close where it is plunging along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The Princess has strikingly suggested this waste of water above the Falls; no easy thing to have done in combination with an artistic hint at the Falls themselves. She has wisely kept her detail for the foreground, where it helps the broad effect of the river. Many notable attempts have been made to realise this mighty scene upon canvas, and, considering the subject, with fair success; but whenever the painter has attempted to give anything like detail of form, or colour, to the Falls he has invariably failed, and must inevitably do so; for Niagara leaves in the mind no reminiscence of detail, unless it is of the grass at your feet, the fallen leaf, the bleached pebble, the overhanging tree, or the other accessories that fringe the ever-changing cataract itself. You can only think of Niagara as a whole, a mighty force, a stupendous work of nature that cannot be described, a power that has been active from the beginning of things with a voice that has thundered back right through the centuries, and will thunder on until the end. In comparing it to the sea, Mrs. Sigourney has sent the plummet of a sublime thought into the very heart of the torrent's mystery.

"And who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, 'mid the peals sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn! Even ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood; and his wild waves
Retire abash'd. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent labourer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm; but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night nor day."

The Marquis of Lorne, in his new work, "Canadian Pictures," refers to the proposed plan to form an international park on both sides of the river near the cataract. "On the American side," he says, "many ugly buildings have been erected, and some of these cannot be hidden by any scheme of tree planting. The great hotels are so placed that no one can look from the Canadian shore without seeing them. But many other structures could be hidden by a fringe of trees being allowed to possess the cliff edges." If the view from the American side suffers less from inharmonious structures than that from the Canadian shore, it is quite bad enough. The road from the station to the Prospect House is in a wretched condition, and the "touting," and other interferences with a traveller's investigation of the scene are even more offensive on Canadian than on American territory. "The island which separates the waters is clothed with fine timber, and has only to be left alone. If a strip on each side of the river were taken by the Canadian and United States Governments respectively, all buildings not necessary for the accommodation of visitors could be removed, and the dollars now exacted from all and sundry who may wish to see the Falls from various points of view would no longer be levied." Everybody, except the exactors of tolls, will agree with the noble Marquis. Moreover the scheme has been received with marked approval by the American press. Why does it not progress? Now is the time to complete it. A few years hence the question of compensation for "vested rights" may become an expensive one. At present it is understood that there are no serious difficulties in the way. "Niagara park" would be among the most popular and interesting of international institutions.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE EARLY MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL.

No. I.

IN an Art so vast and many-sided as that of Raphael, it is natural that the various works should have found classification in certain more or less clearly defined groups and series. One of the most prominent and distinctive of these divisions is the series of pictures in which the principal personages are the Virgin and the Infant Jesus. Certainly it represents the phase of his artistic activity which is the most genuinely attractive. Whatever his treatment of the subject, and in his hands there is no limit to its variety, it is always such as to rivet attention. The fascination doubtless consists in the union of purity of sentiment with beauty of form. As conceived by him, the group is invariably distinguished by

a natural grace that appeals to every eye; equally winning is the air of tender affection and divine candour emanating from the Mother and Child. And here we touch the secret spring of Raphael's influence; his emotional susceptibility was as acute as his perception of beauty of form and colour. He divined the sentiments that are most deeply implanted in humanity, and he gave them perfect and unerring expression. He had further the extreme good fortune of living in an age when sentimentality was not accepted as sentiment. The atmosphere of serenity and gentleness and tenderness enveloping his Madonnas was the reflex of his own nature; and nowhere more than in the numerous variations of this perennially delightful theme can the development of his individuality be more clearly observed. Regarded from this point of view the Madonna pictures acquire an additional interest. The object of the present papers is to place before the reader illustrations of these works in their chronological order, and at the same time to give reproductions of the preliminary sketches for each composition.

The Solly Madonna. Berlin Museum. Size, 1 ft. 8½ in. by 1 ft. 3 in. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

In the case of such a remarkable personality as Raphael, it is impossible to separate the artist from his works. Therefore, even while only dealing with one of the several classes of subjects which occupied his pencil, it is necessary to glance at some of the incidents in his career. The story of his life has been often told, and in many cases by men of great learning and critical capacity, so that little more than a passing reference is needful to recall any particular circumstance connected with his biography. A graceful and sympathetic pen has lately given the readers of *The Art Journal** a delicately touched and at the same time accurate description of Raphael's native city, Urbino. The impress received there in the first years of his life (1483—1495) was perceptible throughout his whole after career. The artistic influence in the case of the most richly endowed of all painters was necessarily small; the influence on his character cannot be over-estimated. At the close of the fifteenth century the moral atmosphere of Urbino, in relation to that of Rome or Florence, was as, say, that of some Ayrshire or Massachusetts village of to-day to Bucharest or Constantinople. The ducal court was noted for the propriety of its life and the purity of its manners. It was the military school of Italy. Scions of noble houses were sent thither to be trained in arms; they were instructed also in the liberal arts, especial insistance being laid on the constant observance of chivalrous courtesy of bearing. This union of court and camp and college must have given animation to the external life of the little city, as it certainly influenced its social tone. Urbino, without being a commercial or manufacturing centre, was prosperous and thriving, it also enjoyed the advantage of a climate at once exhilarating and bracing. The spectacle from the city ramparts of the mountains tossed about in wild confusion, and bounded by the far-distant range of snow-clad peaks, is singularly stimulating to the imagination. Nowhere are storm effects more sublime. At the great elevation where the city stands the wind at certain seasons rages with fearful violence. Black clouds come streaming over the mountains, filling the valleys with rolling mists, until the whole landscape is obliterated. Then sometimes a rift will open, and beyond the nearer ridges (deep as indigo in colour) will be seen for a few seconds a tract of country suffused with brilliant sunshine. But often the rain-clouds will continue with steady persistency for days and days, or the streets for weeks together will be deep in snow. Neither the one nor the other is much heeded by the hardy natives. You will see, as in Scotland, groups of men in the open market-place, calmly discussing their affairs under a downpour that must have thoroughly drenched them to the skin, yet scorning umbrellas or the shelter of the neighbouring colonnade. Again there are long seasons when the mountains lie in sunny rest, when the air is of wonderful freshness and purity, and when the valleys are brilliant with verdure, although the vegetation here never attains the rich luxuriance of the Italian plains. Such were the outward circumstances surrounding the youthful Raphael: but a few steps from his house door and he was in the centre of a busy market-place

* Volume for 1883, pp. 337 and 373.

thronged with *contadini*, citizens, and traders from distant cities; if he prolonged his walk a short space, he arrived at the palace court-yard, where knightly exercises were performed, and which would constantly present a scene of pomp and pageantry. Or, if on leaving his father's shop he strolled in the opposite direction, in five minutes he was at the city gate, with the magnificent panorama of hills and mountains stretched out before him, and the road leading to the valley inviting him to ramble among the meadows and orchards. His home experiences there is every reason to suppose were of the happiest. His father was an estimable, upright, and cultivated man, and the family, without being wealthy, was removed from anything like anxiety regarding pecuniary matters.

The Madonna della Casa Diotalevi. Berlin Museum. Size, 2 ft. 3 in. by 1 ft. 7½ in. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Respecting the influence of the art of Giovanni Santi on that of his son, it can scarcely be said to have been in any important particular enduring. The predilection of Raphael must very early have declared itself. His infant hands would have busied themselves with pencils and brushes. We do not know at what age his father first gave him regular instruction—Fra Bartolommeo was apprenticed to Piero di Cosimo when he was eight years old. Whenever the lessons commenced they doubtless consisted in the lad being set to copy his father's drawings. These drawings were single figures or the entire compositions of Giovanni's altar-pieces. Thus Raphael would have had imprinted in his mind the motives of many of his father's madonnas and religious pictures, and he would also have seen the works themselves. When in practice as a painter Raphael reproduced some of these incidents. It must be confessed, however, that the same ideas found expression in Giovanni's contemporaries; still, in certain similarities of arrangement the son may have directly, and perhaps intentionally, followed his father's footsteps. But in all essential qualities Giovanni's example had small influence on his son. It could scarcely be otherwise; the one had original gifts of the highest order, the other was but a painstaking imitator. Taking Giovanni's Buffi altar-piece (painted for the church of St. Francis, and now in the town museum at the palace of Urbino), as an average example of his work, we find the forms are heavy and clumsy and the colour cold and lifeless. The Virgin sits enthroned, with two saints standing on either side of her, angels hold a crown over her head, and God the Father is seen in glory above. There is neither grace in the angels, sweetness in the virgin, majesty in the Almighty, nor beauty of form in the naked Sebastian. The human frames are wooden, and the draperies are like hewn stone, without any sentiment of harmony of line or truth of texture. Only in the little kneeling son of the donatore, in his close-fitting cap and dark green dress, do we find a touch of nature. An Art of this type could make no permanent impression on one who was exquisitely sensitive to every manifestation of beauty and who possessed at the same time consummate powers of execution. As soon as Raphael had become acquainted with the frescoes and panels of Florence, or even of Perugia, no sentiment of filial piety could have blinded him to the fact of the intrinsic poverty of his father's design.

Although the famous collection of pictures at the castle of Urbino was not formed till the sixteenth century, it is known that during the youth of Raphael it contained many works of Art, and certainly some paintings by celebrated masters; these he had doubtless seen. The churches also were decorated with the usual religious frescoes and tempera pictures. One very remarkable series of wall paintings in the oratory of St. Giovanni Battista, not far from Raphael's residence, would, we are sure, have had great attractions for the youthful artist. The frescoes fill two entire walls of the church; they illustrate scenes in the life of John the Baptist on the side wall, and the Crucifixion on that behind the high altar, the painters being

the brothers Lorenzo and Jacopo da S. Severino. The art is that of Gentile da Fabriano, the forms being thin and meagre but abounding in dramatic incidents, and enlivened with crowds of knights and nobles and burghers in the costume of the early fifteenth century. There are some figures that are delightful in their naïveté and truth to nature. For instance, in the picture of 'John baptizing by the River Jordan,' the group of proselytes in the water, and those on the bank dressing and undressing, are both spirited and picturesque; the crowd of bystanders is full of life and animation, in particular a little page holding the reins of a mule and intently watching the main incident shows rare capacity of observation and genuine artistic talent.* These are the works that would excite the imagination of the born painter, and one cannot help speculating what Raphael might have produced in his opening years if he had had a master of the calibre of the S. Severinos instead of having his genius cramped within the conventionalities of Perugino. Nevertheless, the entry into his workshop at Perugia must have been the opening of a new world to Raphael. Perugino was the most popular painter of Umbria. In the ateliers of Florence, when the merits of contemporary masters were discussed, he would certainly not have held the same position. But Raphael had been accustomed to hear his lately deceased father rank him with the highest names. Giovanni, in his rhyming chronicle, had written—

"Due Giovin' par d' etate e par d' amori,
Lionardo da Vinci e 'l Perugino
Pier della Pieve, che son' divin pittori,"

and to his son Pier della Pieve represented all that was most excellent and masterly in the art. He accepted his authority with implicit submission, and strenuously set himself to acquire his style and manner. According to individual tastes that style will be considered conventional or ideal. Accepting either qualification it will be admitted to be highly complex, full of subtleties and refinements. The expression of "celestial languors," to use Passavant's phrase, involved great dexterity of touch and fastidious attention to manipulation. The exact time Raphael was kept at preliminary exercises is not known; historians of painting, however, relate that before the end of the century he was assisting his master in the execution of various easel pictures. Reference to these is unnecessary here, neither does it come within our province to discuss one or two pictures of about the same period, supposed to be painted entirely by his hand.

With the commencement of the sixteenth century we arrive at a couple of Madonnas that, although suggested by similar subjects of Perugino, and entirely in his manner in respect of manipulation, are generally accepted as compositions of Raphael. They are both in the Berlin Museum, and are known as the 'Diotalevi' and 'Solly' Madonnas. Neither of them is dated, and there is no documentary evidence extant relating to their early history. The reasons for supposing the 'Diotalevi Madonna' is the earlier, therefore, rest entirely on internal evidence. Taking the various qualities of general design, power of drawing the figure, and the manipulation of the pigments, this panel unquestionably indicates a more rudimentary art. The delineation of the features of the Virgin and the set of the head on the neck show the tentative work of the beginner; the same may be said of the representation of the nude in the child. Then turning to the 'Solly Madonna,' and comparing the two works, a most decided advance is found in all these particulars. In other respects also the progress is perceptible, even in such a small matter as the arrangement of the mantle on the Virgin's head and shoulders; the increased freedom of drawing and feeling for elegance of line is unmistakable, and may be readily seen in the accompanying engravings. Although the method of execution is the same in both, the clear enamel surface of the 'Solly' picture shows the brush has moved with more facility than in its companion, the nude painting is less hesitating, the flesh has become more solid, and the forms more truly rounded. In both instances the scheme of colour is the same: a dark blue mantle covering a red (lake) robe, the borders of both being decorated with a delicate pattern in gold; a certain blackness and opacity in the blue, especially in the earlier picture, is probably the result of impurity in the pigment.

Those acquainted with the pictures of Perugino will recognise that in every particular the two Madonnas are inspired by his art. Indeed, if Raphael had painted nothing else they would probably have been included in the catalogue of his master, and it is only from the knowledge of the immediately succeeding works of the pupil that we here detect traces of his individuality. In painting, the earliest essays of the learner will always bear the impress of the master, but especially will this be the case when, as with Perugino, the productions are the result of a highly complicated and methodical system, and where the ultimate aim of the artist was not the representation of nature. Perugino's pictures were essentially devotional, their intention was to stimulate the religious feelings of the beholder. The distinctively modern painter seeks to portray humanity and the face of nature as they actually exist. He works within certain laws of composition, light and shade and colour (always excepting those irreconcilables of Art, the Impressionists); while working within these rules the painter of the naturalistic schools will endeavour to attain truth of nature; that flesh, for instance, shall appear to possess the precise firmness and yielding quality, and shall be of the same colour and have the same light and shade playing over its surface, as in nature. Experience has shown that this result can best be arrived at by simple and direct manipulation. Hence, if the student use these means his individuality plainly shows itself, and it diminishes in the same ratio that the method becomes more elaborate. Thus under the one system, the work of a man of any originality whatever may be detected without difficulty; while under the other the first essays of the greatest name in Art were for a certain time scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary productions of his master. In the case of the 'Diotalevi Madonna' (which had long been an heirloom in the family of the marquis of that name), until comparatively recently it bore the attribution of Perugino. The 'Solly Madonna,' it may be observed, derives its name from the English banker Solly; it belonged to his fine collection, now forming an important part of the Berlin Museum. The Perugino pictures having special relations to these two Madonnas, are, for the 'Solly' the Cremona altar-piece of 1494; and for the

* The skies in the series of S. Severino frescoes are now uniformly black; this doubtless arises from their being prepared in lamp black in the fresco and the blue afterwards painted *a secco*. In the lapse of time the after painting has fallen away, leaving the original ground. The disastrous effect on the whole scheme of colour will be readily understood. We believe there are no engravings of these most interesting works. They have, however, been photographed by Alinari, but owing to the obscurity of the church and the deteriorated surface of the frescoes, with a result that can scarcely be considered satisfactory. A talented amateur, Count Camillo Castracane, has made a careful copy in water colour of one of the compositions. He expressed to the writer his willingness to lend it for reproduction in chromolithography, or by any other process. The entire series was restored in 1882; no attempt was made to bring back the skies to their original colour.

other, a Madonna now in the Town Gallery of Perugia (No. 35). There remain no sketches or drawings by the hand of Raphael for either of the Madonnas; those existing, which were made for immediately succeeding pictures, plainly show the procedure, which was this: a sketch of the composition would first be drawn from imagination, then studies of the figures and draperies sketched from nature, and finally a cartoon made the size of the panel: this would be pricked along the outlines and pounced on to the surface to be painted upon; the dotted lines on the panel were finally drawn over with a pen. At this period of Raphael's career his studies and sketches were almost invariably drawn in pen and ink. The system of painting seems to have consisted in a preliminary rubbing in with warm transparent brown, followed by a painting in solid colour, the forms being carefully modelled and the pigment thicker in the lightest parts of the forms. The latter process was again repeated, care being taken to allow the previous painting to show through the succeeding work, the high lights being reserved for the last touches. The whole was then apparently gone over with transparent colour, very thinly indeed in the lights, or perhaps entirely removed, but hatched and stippled in the half tones and shadows. Careful examination of the two Madonnas reveal the fact that the larger amount of stippling is in the 'Diotalevi,' strengthening the presumption it was the earlier work. It will be readily understood that a process like this we have described, involved a rare delicacy of touch to bring it to perfection. If clumsily executed the painting showed clouded and opaque, but when the hand was deft and sure the union of strength and softness, of brilliance and transparency, was exceedingly captivating. Perhaps the finest example of the method is Perugino's altar-piece of Pavia, No. 288 in the Catalogue of the National Gallery.

HENRY WALLIS.

(To be continued.)

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

UNDER this title it is intended to publish a series of papers bearing upon little-known passages in the history of Art in England. It is hardly possible that the whole of the matter printed will be entirely new to all readers, so the epithet "unedited" must be interpreted in a liberal sense, the intention being to include information that will not be found in the standard works of reference. It is the opinion of the writer that much may yet be done in this direction, and that the system of archæological research in Fine Art, practically inaugurated amongst us by the celebrated antiquary, Vertue, may yet result in making the history of Art in England much more definite than it is at the present, of course with particular regard to the earlier periods. It is notorious that there is a considerable number of early English artists of whom we know little but their names, while there are others well known by their works, whose biographies are very vague indeed. It must be remembered that an item of information, though it may seem unimportant and even uninteresting in itself, may yet serve to elucidate some point in the artist's life, either now or subsequently. These notes will not be confined to any one period, nor will any chronological sequence be observed.

In 1660 (May ?) Michael Crosse, picture drawer, petitioned for a continuance as promised him by his Majesty (Charles II.) at Caen, of the stipend of £200 a year, granted him by the late king (Charles I.) whom he served twenty-eight years in copying old pieces of famous painters in Italy and Spain, and in making new collections (State Papers; Car. II., vol ii., No. 65). In 1636 there is a warrant to pay £110 to Michael Crosse, employed by his Majesty in copying pictures in Spain. One of his copies is mentioned in Vanderdoort's Catalogue of Charles I.'s collection, among the "Pictures in the King's Gallery towards the Orchard" (Whitehall), No. 66: "Item, upon the third window post, a piece of our Lady, copied at the Escurial at Spain, after Raphael Urbin, by Mich. de la Croy." Some are found in the inventory of the sale of the king's goods under the Commonwealth, MSS. Harl. 4898: Hampton Court, No. 6, "Christ and his Disciples at the Last Supper. A coppie after Tytsian by Cross, [valued at] £15. Sold Mr. Wright ye 21st May, 1650, for £15 10s." No. 28, "Christ in ye Garden, a coppie after Tytsian by Crosse, [valued at] £2 10s. Sold Mr. Wright ye 21st May, 1650, for £2 15s." No. 32, "St. John att length. A coppie after Tytsian by Crosse, [valued at] £4." No. 33, "Mary Magdalen, after Tytsian by Crosse, [valued at] £3. Sold Mr. Wright ye 21st May, 1650, for £3." Four others occur in the catalogue of James II.'s collection, drawn up by William Chiffinch, at the command of the King: Windsor, No. 484, "By Cross. Venus and Adonis, a copy." Whitehall, No. 172, "After Titian. The Marquis del Guasto and his family, a copy by Cross." Windsor, No. 770, "The Marquis del Guasto and his Family, by Cross, after Titian." Windsor, No. 795, "By Cross. The Birth of Christ, with the Wise Men coming. A copy." Doubtless some of the various copies at Hampton Court are the work of this man; thus No. 251 is the 'Madonna della Quercia,' after Raphael, there put down to G. Romano; No. 127, 'The Wise Men's Offerings,' catalogued as Paul Veronese.

Some unedited scraps concerning Hans Holbein may be suitably introduced here. In the "Payments of Sr Henry Gwildforde, knight, and Sr Thomas Wyat, knight, in building a banqueting house at the king his manor at Greenwich," 1527, occur the following items: "Paid to Master Hans for the painting of a plat of Tirwan, which standeth on the backside of the great arch, in grete iiij. li. x. s." Again, "Black collars (colours) for Master Hans, iij. s. iiij. d." Now No. 339 at Hampton Court is a plat or view inscribed 'Terwaen' (Terouenne), with the 'Battle of Spurs' in the foreground. This picture was long known as Holbein's, but the attribution has recently been disputed. There can be no doubt, however, that the picture has been in the Royal collection since the Tudor times. It was sold by the Commonwealth Government, and is entered in their sale catalogue, MSS. Harl. 4898, Hampton Court, No. 181, "The Battaile of Spors, [valued at] £8, sold to Mr. Decrittz ye 18th 1651, Novr., for £8." Emmanuel de Critz, brother of John, the Serjeant-painter, mentioned in the preceding notice, returned all the purchases

from the Royal collection, which had not been disposed of, on the Restoration in 1660, as he expressly states in his petition for the office of Serjeant-painter (1660). It is very surprising that no entry of this work is found in the inventory of Henry VIII.'s wardrobe (1 Edward VI., MS. Harl., 1419). The work described as "A table with pictures wherein is conteined the seying of Torney and Turwyn," undoubtedly refers to another picture at Hampton Court, 'The meeting of Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian' (No. 331). The following appears in the accounts of 1534, "Parcels delivered to Mr. Secretary by me, Cornelys Hayes, goldsmith. The silver that went to the dressing of Adam and Eve, the making of all the apples, the gilding of the foot, and the setting of the currall, xxxiij. s. viij. d. To Hance, painter, for painting the same Adam and Eve, xx. s." (Gairdner, Letters and Papers, vii., p. 615, No. 1668.)

A letter, dated from London, December 5th, 1651, and addressed by the Levant Company to Sir Thomas Bendish, Ambassador at Constantinople, is of interest. It sets forth that William Shepherd, an English limner, travelling in the East to perfect his art, from thence went lately to Constantinople, upon the *John Baptist*, a Dutch ship, which being cast away near Samos, he, with two other Englishmen, were taken by Captain Bassa, and carried to Rhodes, where they are kept in restraint; his wife here, having solicited us in his behalf, we desire you to use what means you have to procure his release at his own charge, which will be a work of much charity. A portrait of Thomas Killigrew with a dog, by this painter, exhibited at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1882, No. 227, by Mr. G. W. Blathwayt, was so well done and displayed so much power, that it is to be hoped that more may soon be discovered about the life and works of this painter. The picture just mentioned is engraved by Faithorne, and there is another portrait, by Shepherd, of 'Henricus Tarne, Armiger,' also engraved by Faithorne.

In the Treasury Papers, vol. i. No. 25, is the petition to Charles II. of a little-known miniaturist, viz., of David de Grange, "yo^{r} Maj^{ties} limner for Scotland; to whom 76 li. are due for several pieces of work by him there done, and delivered to sundry persons of quality, by yo^{r} Maj^{ties} own hands or express order; nothing since rec^{d} by y^{e} pet^{r} but 40s. sent him by yo^{r} Maj^{ty} when he lay ill at St. Johnston's, and 4 li. afterwards, of S^{r} Daniel Carmichael, yo^{r} Deputy Treasurer; prays some gracious order for payment of the residue, to relieve y^{e} pressing necessities of himself and miserable children; his sight and labour failing him in his old age; whereby he is forced to rely on y^{e} charity of well-disposed persons." Attached to the petition is a schedule delivered in 1651, during the royal abode at St. Johnston's, in Scotland. It was referred to the Lords of the Treasury, on November 4th, 1671, and apparently nothing was ever done. Mr. Jeffery Whitehead possesses a miniature signed by this painter, which he exhibited at the Royal Academy, Winter Exhibition, 1879.

In the National Portrait Gallery is a picture, unquestionably original, of the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen; it is inscribed—

ANNO DNI	1544
LADI MARI	DOVGHTER TO
THE MOST	VERTVOVS PRINCE
KINGE HENRI	THE EIGHT
THE AGE OF	XXVIII YERES

In the Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess (edited by Sir Frederick Madden, 1831, p. 168), we find under November, 1544, "Item, paid to one John that drue her grace in a table, v. li." Perhaps this John is identical with a draughtsman frequently employed by the Princess, and of whom several notices are to be obtained from the Expenses, just quoted, *e.g.*, August, 1543, "Itm. to John Hayes for drawing her grac's quyshion, xv.s." January, 1543—4, "Itm. geven to John Hayes for drawing a patrne for a qwyssion for the quene, vij.s. ij. d." April, 1544, "Itm. geven to John Hayes for drawing of a quyshyn, x. s." These were possibly designs for tapestry work. August, 1544, "Itm. geven to John Hayes, my l'ds grace being at Richmoundt, v. s." "Itm. geven to John Hayes for drawing of sleves and ptlet lynyngs, xx. s."

ALFRED BEAVER.

(To be continued.)

'THE WEDDING MORNING.'

BY HENRY MOSLER, ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

THE old costumes and old customs which linger yet in many parts of France afford good material for artists, especially when as a setting is chosen some quaint old interior like this of a cottage or farm-house in Brittany. There is scarcely a detail of the dress of these peasants which is not picturesque. The holiday attire of the bride and bridegroom and of those others who are to take a prominent part in the ceremonies and festivities speak for themselves. A girl less pretty and healthy than this buxom bride could scarcely help looking her best in that simple *coiffure* and high starched collar; and the dress, with its square-cut body and frilled cuffs, its striped white apron and short skirt, and the laced edging setting off the trim feet, is well suited to display a youthful figure to advantage. But even the more ordinary costume of the other well-wishers, who salute the groom with bows and music, and honour the bride with homage and admiration, is far removed from commonplace. The old lady with her white cap and sabots, and the old gentleman with his long hair and loose jacket, have sufficient pictorial attractions for any day of the week, and do not discredit even a wedding party. Such story as the artist had to tell he has told with skill; there is no room to doubt the reason for the gathering, nor the part to be taken by the principal characters. A general atmosphere of pleasant excitement pervades the whole party, and all seem to be affected by the genial spirit of the occasion, except, perhaps, the two maidens on the left, who are eyeing the bride critically, and perhaps a little enviously. The grouping of the picture is admirably managed. The central interest is well sustained by the principal group, but the turned face of the kneeling maiden leads the eye to the little girls and the old man who are welcoming the entrance of the bridegroom and his friends, and thence to the open door and

the pressing crowd. Mr. Mosler understands the management of such scenes and also the setting of them. Every corner of the picture has its interest; the fireplace with shelves of crockery above, the old roof beams with their pendent onions and fastened horseshoe, the frame of the bed recess, and the underside of the staircase have all their value in producing that pleasing variety of form and line, those broken lights and shades, and that delightful irregularity which give a charm, not without romance, to the old homesteads of France. Mr. Murray's rendering of this complicated subject, with its variety of expression and difficult lighting, is marked by his usual science and dexterity. It may, perhaps, be permitted to us to call attention to the dexterity with which he has distinguished the different white objects in the foreground—the caps and the collars, the tablecloth and the cake—and has suggested the different textures and consistencies of the various materials. Mr. Henry Mosler, the painter of 'Le Matin de la Noce,' is a young American artist, a pupil of Hébert, who has resided some years in Paris. His work, appreciated in France and America, is little known in England. He has exhibited at the Salon several pictures with subjects similar to this. In 1880 his 'La Toilette de Noce' was engraved in the Illustrated Catalogue, and a fine etching on a large scale of his picture of 1882, 'Les Accordailles,' has been etched by Flameng. 'Le Matin de la Noce' was in the Salon of 1883, and belongs to the Trustees of the National Gallery of New South Wales, by whose permission we etch it.

MODERN FRENCH STAINED GLASS.

THE art of glass painting in France has of late made considerable progress. This tardy revival of an art which, after a brilliant period, had for two centuries completely disappeared, may be ascribed to two principal causes. The first is the modern taste for archæological ornamentation which delights in the reproduction, in religious buildings, of the style of the Middle Ages, or of the Renaissance. The other is the more frequent employment in civil buildings and private houses of the harmonious effects of colour which stained glass produces. This is a modern tendency which was decidedly noticeable at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, and the frequent application of a delightful means of decoration seems to promise to French glass-stainers a new and brilliant era. But if this is to be, they must keep up classical traditions, and retain the processes which gave incomparable beauty to the old work. They must also understand that they are primarily artists making use of the modern improvements of industry for the purposes of their art, and not manufacturers adapting Art to the pursuit of an exclusively commercial aim.

Without attempting to give a retrospective history of the art of glass staining, it is necessary briefly to allude to the important part it has played, and the causes of its decline in the seventeenth century.

If we are to judge from the numerous and admirable specimens which adorn old French churches, and have so largely contributed to develop in France the art of religious iconography, glass staining is of essentially French origin. Tradition has it that French artisans, summoned by St. Wilfrid to England, introduced in that country the use of stained glass and the art of vitrification. Whatever may be the truth of this legend, the oldest specimens of stained glass in France denote great artistic experience as early as the thirteenth century. They were originally real *cloisonné* enamels formed of fragments of coloured glass joined by strips of lead. The glass coarsely manufactured was rough and uneven, thus producing effects of light and shade which modern science is anxious to imitate. This mosaic, of great strength, afforded harmonious combinations whose sober brilliancy was in accordance with the severe simplicity of the Romano-Byzantine style. By degrees the manufacturing processes were modified and the execution became more dexterous. The pigments being more numerous, the colouring of glass assumed more brilliancy, and the richness of stained glass harmonized with the graceful lines, fine sculptures, and sumptuousness of Gothic architecture. In the fifteenth century the figures were better modelled, but the glass was lacking depth of colour, and the blank spaces became more numerous. At the time of the Renaissance stained glass was completely modified, and was remarkable for depth of colour. The original mosaic made way for real pictures, whose vivid compositions were accompanied by landscapes and foliage. This brilliant period, graced by the works of Jean Cousin and Pinaigrier, was short, and the improvements introduced in the making of stained glass were the cause of the decline of the art. With the end of the seventeenth century stained glass lost its decorative beauty owing to exaggerated refinement in the manufacturing processes, and France was inferior to other countries even in the manufacture of coloured glass.

The result was that when, under the Bourbon Restoration, a number of enlightened amateurs—one of whom was Count de Noé, whose son, under the pseudonym of "Cham," was the celebrated French caricaturist—attempted in 1826 to revive the art of glass staining, they had to apply to foreign artists, and the first stained glass for religious buildings ordered by the city of Paris since the time of the French Revolution was executed by English artists, Messrs. Collins, Warren-White, and Jones.

The impulse had, however, been given, and the Government soon promoted the movement by establishing, at the manufactory of Sèvres, an "atelier" for the manufacture of stained glass. Unfortunately, the old processes were lost, and the application of enamels on translucent or colourless glass—the primary cause of the decline of the art—was the only process employed. Certain coloured glasses were not even to be found in France, and the red glass which, in the decoration by means of stained glass, plays so important a part, had to be obtained from Switzerland.

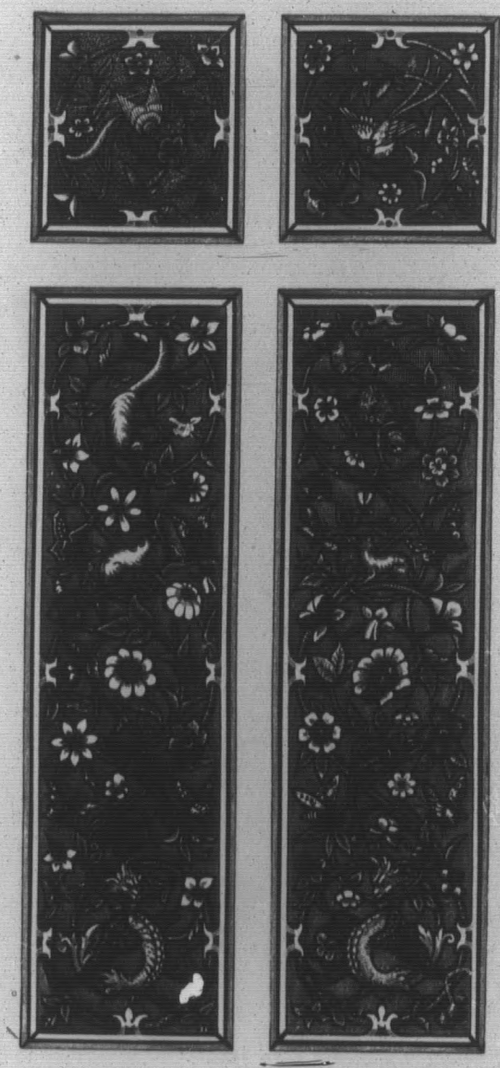
The researches undertaken by M. Bontemps, Director of the Manufactory of Choisy-le-Roi, enabled glass-stainers to reproduce the surface colouring which is obtained by the agency of oxide of copper and not by that of gold, as was commonly believed in the last century. This popular error, it appears, almost caused the irreparable loss of the wonderful artistic treasures which had been spared by revolutionary vandalism.

Under the pretext of replenishing the empty coffers of the Republic, the men of the Terror had given orders for the destruction of the stained glass in our old cathedrals. Fortunately, the chemist Darcet, who had first shared the popular belief, somewhat guilelessly, soon informed the Convention that his experiments on fragments of old stained glass had failed to detect any particle of gold, and that the only metals found, and those in very small quantities, were copper and iron.

No. 1.—The Legend of St. Martin. A Stained Glass Window for the Church of the Lion, Angers.

If the Restoration has brought forth no masterpieces, it has had the honour of reviving the art of glass staining, and a taste for archæological studies which, under the monarchy of July, was more strongly developed still. The works undertaken at that time in the cathedral of St. Denis bear witness to the progress realised in so short a time. But taste was then at a very low ebb, if we are to judge from a particular window in the nave, in which Louis-Philippe,

his family and suite, in the modern costumes of 1830, offer a painfully striking contrast with the antique style of the cathedral.

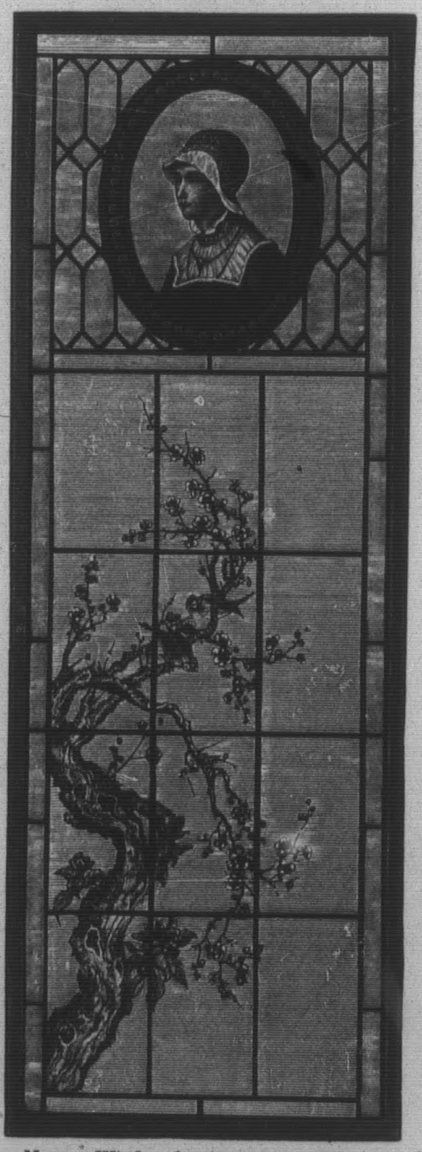


No. 2.—Window for Private Apartment. G. Bardon.

In 1855 the first universal exhibition displayed a very remarkable series of stained glass, denoting the real progress accomplished during a period of twenty years. The restoration of the windows in the Sainte-Chapelle, begun by M. Gérante—one of the artists who took a leading part in the revival—and completed by Messrs. Steinheil and Lusson (of Le Mans), afforded a striking proof of this. The improvement was even more strongly marked and conspicuous at the Exhibition of 1867, when France showed much skill, and a strict observance of rules that might be termed classical, in the faithful imitation of the works of the Middle Ages, and of the Renaissance. This archaïsm, very noticeable in most of the religious stained glass exhibited in 1878, and which critics now consider as too servile, is certainly due to the influence exercised on glass-stainers by Government architects, justly mindful of respecting the style of the historical monuments which their duty is to preserve.

Among the numerous French glass-stainers who do credit to the modern school, one of the most erudite is M. Ed. Didron, whose manufactory in the Boulevard d'Enfer is one of the best organized and most intelligently managed. The numerous works of this artist, notably a fine window in the church of St. Séverin, a Byzantine window which attracted attention at the Exhibition of 1878, and a series of stained glass now being executed for the chapel erected at Carthage by Monsignor Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, denote a careful study of the old processes and of the rules of this kind of monumental decoration. The window with three compartments shown in the annexed woodcut (No. 1), representing the Legend of St. Martin, has been made by M. Didron for the Eglise du Lion at Angers. It is an original and vividly treated composition, reminding one of the style of the Renaissance. The figures are carefully executed, with great skill and perfect knowledge of the art.

Whilst dealing with exclusively religious subjects we cannot omit the justly but variously appreciated works of MM. Hirsch, Gsell, Oudinot, Nicod, Steinheil, Ottin, and Coffetier. In the Exhibition of 1878, we admired a magnificent stained glass window by the last-mentioned artist which can compare with the fine specimens of the twelfth century, whose *naïf* design and simple and powerful colouring it reproduces.



No. 3.—Window for Apartment. Reygeale.

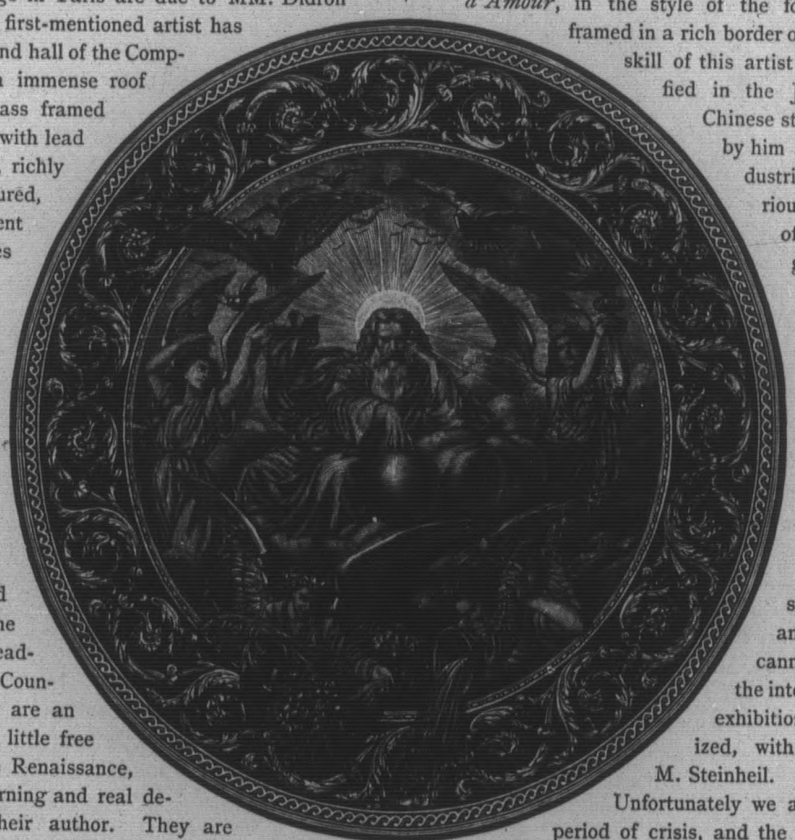
The rose window by M. Claudius Lavergne, of which we also give a design, and which adorns the church of La Madeleine at Rouen, stands in bold and marked contrast with the archaic style of the composition of MM. Didron and Coffetier. M. Lavergne, who is a very talented artist, is impatient of classical traditions, and his window is, properly speaking, but a picture on glass, in which the merit of the composition, the modelling of the figures, their disposition, the graceful details and the richness of ornamentation, hardly compensate for the want of a clearly defined style. The same decorative qualities,

combined with the same defects, are noticeable in the windows made by this artist for the church of St. Augustin, Paris.

Before we close this hasty review of religious stained glass, we must praise the finished modelling and the very careful execution of the works of M. Champigneulle, a follower of M. Maréchal de Metz, and of whom we shall have more to say presently.

As we said in the first part of this paper, glass staining, essentially a religious art at its origin, has now become a brilliant element of decoration for civil buildings. Glass-stainers, therefore, have a double market for their productions, and can thus bring forth really interesting works.

The latest and most important works applied to the decoration of civil buildings in Paris are due to MM. Didron and Oudinot. The first-mentioned artist has executed for the grand hall of the Comptoir d'Escompte an immense roof made of stained glass framed with a glass border with lead joints. The whole, richly and vigorously coloured, has a very excellent effect, and harmonizes perfectly with the architecture of the new building. It is, from the point of view of stained glass decoration, an important innovation. M. Oudinot's works consist of a series of stained glass windows recently placed in the galleries in the Paris Hôtel de Ville leading to the Municipal Council Chambers. They are an imitation—perhaps a little free—of the style of the Renaissance, and denote great learning and real decorative talent in their author. They are emblazoned with the arms of the "Prévôts des Marchands," "Echevins," Mayors of Paris, and Prefects of the Seine.



No. 4.—Roserie, Rouen. By Claudius Lavergne.

In this style of decoration we must also mention a fine window just finished by M. Champigneulle, for the Hôtel de Ville of Vannes (Brittany), the composition of which, carefully treated, represents the marriage of Charles VIII. with Anne of Brittany, in 1491.

Stained glass in private apartments forms an extremely graceful kind of decoration, giving to the rooms a subdued and harmonious light which sets out to the best advantage the beauty of the furniture, the rare specimens of ancient Art, the glittering of old armour, and the gilded mouldings of frames and lustres. The designs for this department, now most varied, were at first only copies of the Swiss stained glass of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the subjects generally represented being warriors, coats of arms, emblems, and monograms with a rich decoration. To this category of Swiss or German stained glass may be said to belong the stained glass by M. Reygeale (No. 3), which we reproduce. The lower part is only a glass blind, and the upper portion encircles a medallion surrounded by pieces of coloured glass, joined by strips of lead.

The specimen by M. Bardon (No. 2) is in the Persian and Japanese styles, rather overdone of late, but which have been effectively used in stained glass, especially when the colours were sprinkled with gold. It is composed of light shaded enamels representing plants, fishes, birds, and exotic flowers gracefully entwined, and the details are very prettily arranged.

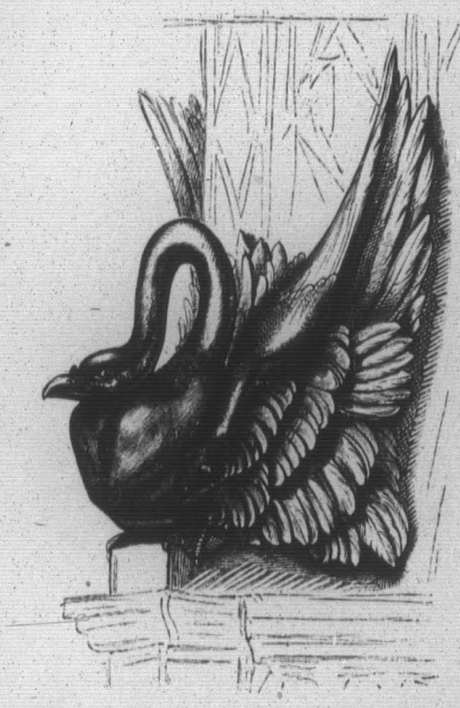
M. Champigneulle, whose stained glass for private houses is also very remarkable, has just completed for the "hôtel" of Madame Judic, the well-known actress, a large *grisaille* with figures, the principal subject of which, *La Fontaine d'Amour*, in the style of the fourteenth century, is framed in a rich border of the same style. The skill of this artist is variously exemplified in the Japanese and Indo-Chinese stained glass exhibited by him at the Palais de l'Industrie and in a very curious window composed of small pieces of cut glass joined by strips of lead and having the appearance of precious stones.

The "Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs," following the example so worthily given by the South Kensington Museum, has had a large share in the revival of ancient Art, and we cannot omit to mention the interesting retrospective exhibition it recently organized, with the assistance of M. Steinheil.

Unfortunately we are, in France, in a period of crisis, and the financial question is not adequately dealt with. The true way to encourage artists is to raise prices, which, for the time we live in, are not sufficiently remunerative. We should liberally acknowledge the talent of our painters and encourage them to the fullest extent of the resources at the disposal of the State and the large cities like Paris; we should also improve the national education by placing under the eyes of youth the great lessons of the past, and form a pleiad of artists by establishing a number of efficient schools of Art, and enabling students to make themselves acquainted with the taste, works, and processes of the time when the art of glass staining was held in honour. Such appear to us to be the only means of holding our own against foreign competition, which has become formidable, and to secure to France the mastery over an art which she can justly claim as having an essentially national origin.

R. Fenwick.

A WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY.



No. 1.—Detail of Ornament from Water Tower.

THE trains on the loop line of the South-Western Railway pass, about a mile after leaving Egham Station, along the foot of the low range of hills by which Windsor Great Park is bounded on the south-east; the highest of these hills, or at least the most conspicuous from the railway, is Mount Lee. It rises rather abruptly from the low ground along which the line is laid, and commands a fine view over the whole north-western corner of Surrey, as well as over the considerable tongue of Middlesex enclosed in the long bend southwards made by the Thames between Staines and Kew. Two or three miles to the south-east rises St. Anne's Hill, where Charles James Fox grew cabbages, and, on a more distant horizon, the "Hog's Back," the Grand Stand on Banstead Downs, and the long glitter of the Crystal Palace. Looked at from a moderate height all this finely-wooded country falls into pleasant curves, and but for the absence of water—for the river, away to the left, is hidden by the trees—it would be scarcely less delectable than the view from Richmond Hill. To complete the beauty of such a scene in an old country like England, the one thing necessary is a fine building in the right place, and within the last four years the highest ridge—if we may apply such a word to so modest a height—of Mount Lee has been crowned by one of the most remarkable structures in Europe, the college for women built and endowed, as a memorial to his wife, by the late Mr. Thomas Holloway.

Some years before his death Mr. Holloway called a meeting of persons interested in what is called the higher education of women. It was well attended, but led to no practical result, and some time afterwards its convener determined to take upon himself the whole burden of building and endowing a college on such a scale of liberality and magnificence that it would be practically a university for women. His project is now near its completion, the college has been built, the splendid park about it is in course of arrangement, and in a year or eighteen months hence the whole institution will be ready to start on what will, we hope, be a long career of fame and prosperity.

The park of Mount Lee is about ninety-six acres in extent, and the college, as I have said, crowns its highest plateau. The whole building forms a rectangle, measuring five hundred and twenty feet from east to west, by three hundred and seventy-six feet from north to south, which means that it actually covers more ground than any college at Oxford or Cambridge, with the exception of Christ Church at the former University and Trinity and St. John's at the latter. Comparing it with buildings in London, it embraces rather more ground than the Royal Courts of Justice, and rather less than the Houses of Parliament. The plan is very simple. It consists of two long blocks, each six stories high (counting the attics), running parallel to each other and connected in the middle and at either end by lower cross-buildings. These lower buildings are made up of central pavilions (two of which rise above the two main entrances), dividing respectively the chapel from the recreation hall, ballroom, or picture gallery, the dining hall from the kitchen and school of cookery, and the library from the museum. The two great blocks are traversed from end to end by corridors ten feet wide, giving access to over three hundred sets of rooms for students, together with bath rooms, scouts' rooms, and servants' lodgings. The three cross pieces divide the whole building into two quadrangles, each measuring about two hundred and fifty-six feet by one hundred and eighty-two feet, not a great deal less than the inner court of Somerset House. Our fourth Illustration shows the north-eastern corner of the lower quadrangle. The pavilion crowned with a segmental pediment on the right, is one of four, all of similar design, in which the main staircases are enclosed. The large windows on the left belong to the dining hall, to which the gallery raised on columns gives easy access from the students' corridors through the round-headed door in the angle. Similar galleries lead to the chapel and recreation hall in the main front, and to the library and museum on that facing the park. The plan, as a whole, is distinguished by its extreme simplicity and straightforwardness, while there is a marked absence of

No. 2.—Carved Panel in Chapel.

those dark corners and cramped apartments so often met with in older buildings of the same kind. Each student has two rooms, a bedroom and a sitting-room, and one is as large and well lighted as the other. The service-rooms are not dark cupboards, like the "scouts' holes" and "gyp-rooms" of Oxford and Cambridge, but neat pantries, with every convenience, even to a small cooking range, for the manufacture of that "tea and toast" which ought to be in good demand in a ladies' college.

The extraordinary completeness of the service arrangements may be imagined from the fact that a subterranean tunnel has been constructed from the offices below the kitchen to a block of buildings, also half underground, some three hundred yards off; these consist of engine-houses, laundry, gas works, coal and wood sheds, and other useful, but not exactly ornamental, erections of a similar class. Through this subway all coal and other fuel will be taken into the college, and seeing that there are over eight hundred fire-places, the quantity is not likely to be small. The staff of porters and other workmen employed upon this service, upon the management of the steam-heating apparatus—for the whole building is to be warmed by pipes as well as fires—upon the conveyance of linen to and from the laundry, upon the removal of refuse, and upon the introduction of provisions, will of course be of considerable strength; and the subway is intended to do away with the necessity for their continual presence in the quadrangles.

What may be called the front of the college stands some sixty yards back from the main road between London and the west. Its three hundred and seventy-six feet of length is broken at its two extremities by the great turreted pavilions in which the side buildings end, and in the centre by the chief gateway and porter's lodge, over which a massive tower rises to a total height of one hundred and thirty feet from the ground. In this tower there are several sets of rooms for professors and heads of departments.

This gateway is flanked on one side by the chapel, on the other by the recreation hall. The chapel is quite peculiar in its arrangements. It is one hundred and thirty feet long by thirty feet wide, and thirty feet high, or a little smaller than

No. 3.—Holloway College. Engraved by R. Paterson.

the chapel of Merton College. At present its only furniture consists of stalls for a congregation of about two hundred; and as the services to be held in it are to be entirely of a non-denominational character, it will neither be consecrated nor provided with any such fittings as might seem to favour one Christian denomination more than another. At present its sole decorations consist in some elaborate plaster work modelled by Signor Facigna, of whose sculpture on the exterior we shall presently have to speak. The ceiling is a plain barrel vault in plaster, but in the pendentives between the circular heads of the windows a number of figures and decorative accessories are introduced. The windows and the wall space between them are decorated with much elaborate work in the Italian style of the fifteenth century, and the whole interior would lend itself to a thorough illumination in colour. At each end there are roomy galleries for the use of any students who may be incapacitated by illness or otherwise from attending service in the ordinary way. The recreation hall or ball-room on the other side of the gateway is the same width and height as the chapel, but it is only one hundred feet long. It is lighted by a row of tall windows on each side, coming down to about ten feet from the floor, so that our readers may understand that it is not very well suited for the purpose to which it is for the present applied, namely, the exhibition of the expensive collection of modern pictures Mr. Holloway began to form in the summer of 1881. This recreation-room, the dining-hall, part of which is seen in our fourth Illustration, the museum, and the library, are all practically identical in shape and decoration, except that the two last-named rooms are each bisected crosswise by a partition. Beneath the museum there are twelve piano-rooms with deadened walls, and one or two class-rooms for music; beneath the library there is a gymnasium, and beneath the south-western corner pavilion a lecture theatre. The central pavilion on this façade (Illustration No. 5) is occupied above the ground-floor by suites of rooms for professors, like those over the gateway on the western front.

But after all it is chiefly by its external design that Holloway College demands our attention. Its architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, is a pupil of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and in his earlier work for Mr. Holloway, the Gothic Sanatorium at Virginia Water, the influence of his master is

obvious enough. In the later and greater undertaking, however, he has made use of that phase of French Renaissance

No. 4.—North-eastern Corner of Lower Quadrangle. Engraved by R. Paterson.

of which the Château of Chambord is perhaps the finest, as it is certainly the most important, example. Chambord is built of white stone and on the endless flats of Touraine, while Holloway College is of red brick faced with stone, and stands on a commanding height; but the general effect of the two structures is not dissimilar, principally from three causes. The angles of both are marked by circular projections—bastions we may call them in the case of the French château, turrets in that of Mr. Crossland's college; the decoration of the walls is mainly confined in both cases to panelling and simple pilasters of slight projection, while the sky line of both is broken by countless *mansardes*, conical roofs, dormers, many-pinnacled towers, and tall elaborate chimneys. In choosing such a style Mr. Crossland seems to me to have been singularly well advised. A building so designed might be quite out of place in the streets of a great town. The bold arrangement of sky line, upon which it depends almost entirely for effect, would there be thrown away, as it could only be seen across a very wide open space, while it would be so surrounded by horizontal lines and by buildings imagined on totally different principles, that it would look fantastic. But when the warm red, green, and yellow of its roofs are seen rising above dense but irregular masses of foliage, they appear so thoroughly in harmony with the natural forms about them, that the first thought they suggest is one of wonder, of wonder that the want of flexibility that looks well enough in a street should ever find its way into the fields at all. Imagine the mile-long front of Versailles by the side of one of these pinnacled façades! The one would charm while the other would merely astonish.

The details in our fourth Illustration are on so small a scale that I can hardly appeal to them in support of my notion that this eastern façade is one of the most successful pieces of design recently carried out in England. If there be a fault to find with it, it is perhaps that the construction of the central pavilion is a little too "telescopey;" the transition between one stage and another of the superstructure might perhaps have been managed with a little more delicacy and flexibility, but the design of what one may call the curtain walls, the fronts of museum and library, is most happy both in its expression and in its reticence. But of the larger details the most entirely satisfactory are, perhaps, the pavilions facing the quadrangles, in which the four main staircases are enclosed, and above all, the octagonal hall and water-tower which divides the kitchen from the dining-hall and forms a kind of centre for the whole building (Illustration No. 5).

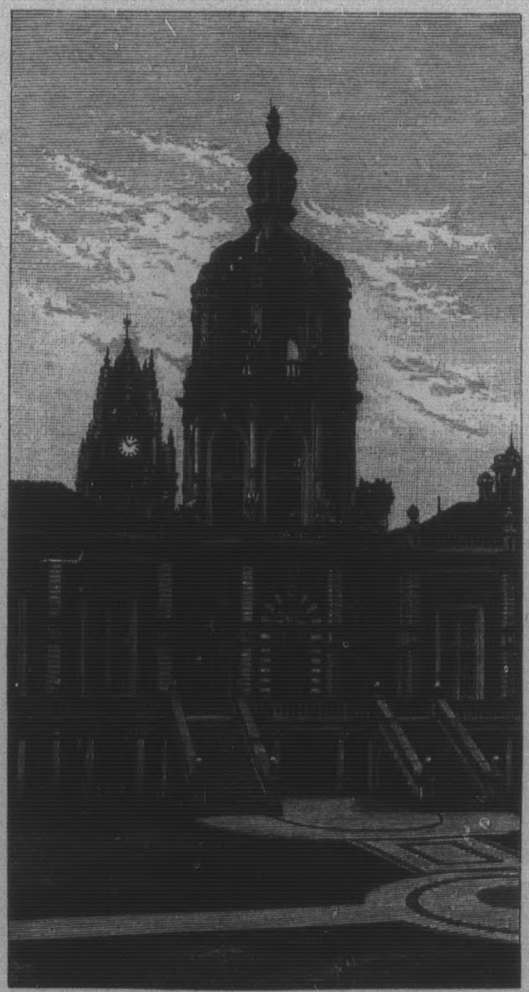
From the ground line to the finial this tower may be divided into four stories. The first is a basement in which the low-pressure boiler for the heating apparatus is fixed. The first floor provides an octagonal vestibule to the dining-hall; the second a chamber for low delivery water tanks (the high delivery tanks are at the top of the eastern tower), while the highest story consists of a kind of open work crown, a renaissance parallel to the crown of St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh, or the spire of St. Nicholas at Newcastle. In general proportions this water-tower reminds us curiously of Wren's bell-tower at Christ Church, but instead of losing its effect when its details are examined, it is not until we turn to them that we become fully alive to the success scored by Mr. Crossland. The main story is crowned by a fine open-work balustrade upon whose angles are crouched eight winged lions; the second story has swans at the corresponding angles (No. 1), while the open crown is adorned by crocodiles and storks. These animals may not, perhaps, have any special fitness for their places beyond one of shape, but they are happily allied to the architecture and mark the junction of the stories very pleasantly. Another notable detail is the fashion in which red brick is combined with stone in the lighter parts. The one criticism that suggests itself is, that Mr. Crossland has not allowed quite so much as he ought for the foreshortening effect of height on the arches of his crown; their proportions are, if possible, more pleasing in elevation than in perspective, a result that might, perhaps, have been avoided by making their upper curves a little steeper.

Another original feature of the design is the colonnade or loggia which runs along two sides of each quadrangle. The supporting columns are of no particular order; their capitals are more Ionic in general shape than anything else, and they are arranged in triplets, the middle column of each three having the lower part of its shaft surrounded by swelling reeds (Illustration No. 5). Such an unexpected arrangement has a piquant flavour of its own.

Taking them altogether there is a great deal of ornamental sculpture on the four façades and in the two quadrangles, although carving is not thrown over them broadcast as on some modern buildings. The sculptor employed was Signor

Facigna, an Italian artist since dead, and the high quality of his work may be guessed from the three examples we reproduce. For skilful adaptation and general grace of conception and treatment it would not be easy to point to anything much better in its way than the pediment reproduced in our Illustration No. 7. This is one of four by which the staircase pavilions are crowned, the other three being only slightly less excellent.

At present the whole building is without decorations, further than those which may be looked upon as part of the architecture and the sculptures of Signor Facigna. By the latter, indeed, the chapel ceiling, a plain vault in plaster, has been ornamented with the groups of which I have spoken above. As yet these are white, but it is, I believe, in contemplation to finish them with colour and to gild the spaces about them. The Gothic entrance-hall, staircase, dining-hall, and recreation-hall in the Sanatorium at Virginia Water Station, have been illuminated in colour by Mr. Moyr Smith and other artists, the general result being not unlike that of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. But such a treatment would be quite unsuited to the internal architecture of the College. This, as I have hinted above, is simple in the extreme in all parts of the building, except the six great halls included in the two cross wings. In these Mr. Crossland has broken up the walls with slender pilasters and string courses, which suggest decoration by furniture and fittings rather than by any elaborate scheme of colour.



No. 5.—Water Tower between Hall and Kitchen. Engraved by J. J. Cocking.

So far as I know, the only modern building in this country to which Holloway College can be fairly compared as an architectural achievement, is Keble College at Oxford. That took some twelve years to build, and all the more costly parts of it were paid for by a single benefactor; it is the work of a single architect, and therefore, as an artistic conception, we are justified in looking at it as a whole. Now I think that no one who compares the two buildings can fail to acknowledge that Mr. Crossland has been governed by the right idea, and that where a great edifice has to be reared for a certain well-defined purpose, and that a purpose implying a very great community of life between those by whom it is to be used, it should be endowed with as much of the coherence we look for in any living organism as the conditions will permit. I do not plead for absolute symmetry, although I think a far better case can be made out for it than most contemporary writers on architecture seem inclined to allow; but to me it appears to go without saying, that every building, great or small, which is the creation of a single man, should bear evidence of that fact on its face; that we should be able to see at a glance that it is the result of one act of conception, of what we may call the successive stages of a single intellectual effort. In this respect Mr. Crossland's building is quite satisfactory, and in spite of a plentiful lack of originality in the minor details, the taste with which those details are used, and its fine general arrangement, will lead visitors to inquire eagerly for the name of its architect, when they will hardly suspect that the building at Oxford had one at all. In writing like this I run some risk of being counted among those who cannot see the real beauties of Mr. Butterfield's work, or that he gets more, perhaps, of the real Gothic sentiment, and of the grace to which we owe such things as the nave of Westminster and the west front of Wells, into his buildings, than any other contemporary architect. But it is quite possible to appreciate such qualities, and yet to hold that the real unit for a great artist is the widest he can embrace.

Before bringing this account of the college as a building to an end, we must find space to record that the contract for its erection was signed in July, 1879; that the work was finished well within the stipulated time, and that there was not a shilling of extras over the contract sum of £257,000. Of how many great buildings can the like be said?

Most of our readers will remember that no little interest was excited in the summer of 1881 by the purchase at Christie's of several famous pictures of the English school by a mysterious Mr. Martin, whom some declared to be an American millionaire, but who was known to the better informed to be the relation and agent of Mr. Thomas Holloway. These pictures, and many bought since then by the same Mr. Martin—now Mr. Martin Holloway, and the most active of the Holloway trustees—are now placed for the time upon easels in the ball-room. The gems of the collection are James Holland's 'Verona,' Landseer's 'Man proposes, God disposes,' Copley Fielding's 'Travellers in a Storm,' a good 'old Crome,' an excellent Troyon, a Lycian landscape by Wm. Müller,

Stanfield's 'Battle of Roveredo,' Millais' 'Princess Elizabeth' and 'The Princes in the Tower,' 'Borrowdale,' by W. Collins, and 'Jerusalem,' by David Roberts. Such canvases as Mr. Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' and Mr. Frith's 'Railway Station,' help to give an interest to the collection which is not purely artistic. It is difficult to see how these pictures are to be fitly accommodated in the college. There is no large room with a top light, and those with side lights have them on both sides, while their walls are so cut up with pilasters that there is no room to hang big pictures. Perhaps the best way out of the difficulty would be to build a proper gallery, in a *dépendance*, as was done at Dulwich.

No. 6.—Detail of Sculpture. Engraved by J. J. Cocking.

The declared object of the college is to afford a suitable education to women of the middle, and especially of the upper middle classes. The trustees are to form a corporate body with all the usual powers and privileges. As time goes on and the position of the college becomes established, they are to apply for a Royal Charter or Act of Parliament, or any other instrument that may be necessary to enable them to confer degrees after due examination; and meanwhile the students are to pass the women's examination of the London University, or any similar test afforded by the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. The twenty-one governors are to be appointed partly by the University, partly by the corporation of London, and a certain number of them are always to be women. Every student is to be allowed complete freedom in religious matters; the domestic life of the college is to be that "of an orderly Christian household," but the chapel services are to be so arranged that no sect of Christians could object to take part in them; no permanent chaplain is to be appointed, the services are to be arranged for by the Lady Principal from time to time, and no church or chapel other than that provided within the college is ever to be erected on the estate. In fact, the founder seems to have exhausted precautions in order to prevent any extraneous question whatever from interfering with his main object, which was to provide an institution in which the largest number of women could best fit themselves for the work before them in this world.

Before many months are over the whole institution will be ready, in all human probability, to commence work, and then England will be in full possession of the most magnificent endowment ever made upon his country by a single man. Taking the cost of the Sanatorium and its endowment of £50,000, the cost of the College, its endowment of £200,000, and the cost of the pictures placed in it, the total value of Mr. Holloway's gift to the nation reaches, if it does not exceed, the sum of a million sterling.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

No. 7.—Carved Pediment in Lower Quadrangle. Engraved by R. Paterson.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE engraving which forms the headpiece to this notice is a faithful reproduction, so far as photography can give it, of one of a series of alto-relievos which have been placed upon the new General Post Office now in course of erection at Sydney. Concerning these the Art world of the capital of New South Wales has been very much exercised during the past few months. The Colonial press has raised its voice against them, and a demand for their removal has been almost universally endorsed by the public. The ministry has, therefore, been compelled to arraign the architect, Mr. James Barnet, who is answerable for the designs, but he having appealed to the verdict of "England, Paris, Milan, and Rome," they are spared for a time, and it is feared may be left as a permanent disfigurement of these public offices. It is not our custom to assist in handing down to posterity representations of caricatures such as these, but we have in this instance felt it a public duty to do so.

We gather from Mr. Barnet's defence, which is published as a State paper, that he was led to treat the sculpture upon his building from a realistic rather than an ideal point of view by a perusal of Pugin's "Public Buildings in London," a lecture by J. H. Chamberlain, whom he styles "an almost infallible authority on Art," and a lecture of Mr. Gosse's, wherein he expressed a wish that Birmingham should erect as statues a welder of gun barrels, a caster in an iron foundry, and a true Warwickshire man in his shirt-sleeves and apron, rather than effigies of her more famous men. Thus educated, the colonial architect designed alto-relievos which represent Telegraphy, Commerce, Mining, etc. The one before us he thus describes:—"'Banking.'—Illustrated by a clerk paying money over the counter to a young woman who is presenting a draft. In the lower corner of the spandrel is a little boy with money in a bag and crying because he has lost some of it whilst bringing it to the bank. 'Post Office Business.'—Represented by a letter-carrier heavily laden, as on a mail day, giving to a young woman a letter which she gladly receives. Below is a little girl reading a letter." Mr. Barnet considers that "the result is admirable, both as to decoration and illustrative of the customs and costumes of the present day. The superiority of the bold and dashing stroke of the chisel in work which is seen at a distance, shows the artist's power of producing a masterly effect of life and reality with a few touches, and is evidence of fine handling." A Board who sat in judgment upon him, and who unanimously recommended that the carvings should be cut out, he stigmatises as "idealists unable to understand the subjects upon which they reported." And so he has appealed to Europe. The first opinion which has been tendered is that of Sir F. Leighton, who says, "I saw the photographs with nothing short of consternation, and I fear I must add with disgust; you have indeed an uphill fight where such things are possible." We have lately had occasion to see how varied are professional opinions upon questions concerning "artistic merit," but we imagine that if ever there was a matter upon which they could not possibly differ, it would be in the case of the sculptures on the Post Office Buildings at Sydney.

THE FORERUNNERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

EVEN after all the attention that has been lavished in these latter years upon the works of the very early Italian artists, the painters and sculptors who were dead and gone before the masters of Leonardo, of Michelangelo and Raphael were born, we were till the other day without a history of their career at once concise and comprehensive. Mr.

* "Les Précurseurs de la Renaissance," by Eugène Müntz (Bibliothèque Internationale d'Art).

Symonds's great work can hardly be described by the first of those adjectives; and besides, its author stands at a point of view so much more that of a writer and scholar than

Portrait of Piero di Medici. From a medal in the collection of M. Armand.

of an artist, that he leaves much unsaid as to the complete relation of the Fine Arts to one another, and of all these to literature, during the most critical years of their growth. The work whose title is quoted at the foot of the previous page will do something to supply this want, even if it finds no translator. It is from the pen of M. Eugène Müntz, who is already favourably known to both French and English readers by his life of Raphael. M. Müntz tracks the great revival to its seed in the sudden resumption of classical studies in the thirteenth century, and from that starting-point he follows its development, stopping now and again to notice in detail the most characteristic of its episodes, and to account for the curious order in which sculpture, literature, architecture, and, last of all, painting, took up the chorus that swelled into what is called the Renaissance. That in such a work the Tuscan artists should occupy a preponderant place was a matter of course. Some may think that the *fine fleur* of the Renaissance is to be gathered in Venice, but the great champions of the new ideas were natives of Florence and of the small townships that lie among the Tuscan hills. They penetrated into every part of Italy, carrying with them the new-found alliance beween pagan beauty and Christianity. At Naples, Donatello and Michelozzo decorated the Brancacci Chapel in St. Angelo. Antonio Rossellino and Benedetto da Majano worked at Monte Oliveto, while Giuliano da Majano raised the Capuan Gate and the Poggio Reale. As for Rome, it was, until the very end of the sixteenth century, no more than a Tuscan colony in the matter of artists and literature. A complete list of the Florentines who laboured within its walls would take too long a space to be given here; they included the architects L. B. Alberti, G. da San Gallo, and Baccio Pontelli; the sculptors Filarete, Mino da Fiesole, Verrocchio and Pollajuolo; the painters Masolino, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Andrea del Castagno, Piero della Francesca, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Sandro Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Perugino, and Luca Signorelli. With the exception of Venice, Florentine influence reached and greatly modified the practice of every local school in the Peninsula. Perugia, Urbino, Mantua, Ferrara, Padua, Milan, all had Tuscan artists at work within their walls in the first half of the fifteenth century. Even the Queen of the Adriatic herself may be drawn into the vortex, if we admit that the chief share in making her only horse and the grandest of her statues, the bronze Colleoni, belongs to Verrocchio rather than to the Venetian, Alessandro Leopardi. This, however, we are not inclined to admit, and Venice remains the only important city in Italy whose Art was not directly affected by citizens of Florence. The secret of the Tuscan supremacy, and of the final victory of the Florentines over their ancient rivals of Sienna, is to be found in their greater familiarity with antique models and the better methods to which it led, and in their possession, at the critical moment, of such munificent patrons of Art as the Medici. M. Müntz devotes his fourth and fifth chapters to an account of the three princes who must be put at the head of the lay authors of the Renaissance. He treats the whole period over which their influence extended, from 1412, when Cosmo bought his first manuscript, to 1492, when Lorenzo died, with a calmness of judgment which some who have covered the same ground have failed to show. Especially is he fair to Piero,

Antique Sarcophagus in the Riccardi Palace, Florence.

the second of the Medici, in whom too many writers have seen nothing but a material link between his great father and magnificent son. Our space forbids us to quote the eloquent

page in which he defends the conduct of the princely bankers against the fanatical strictures of Rio; both in style and argument it shows its author at his best.

The latter part of M. Müntz's work is taken up with an account of the reception the new principles met with in the more remote regions of Italy, and of the modifications imported into what he calls the Florentine programme by those tributary schools which in time became her rivals. Over the outlying part of M. Müntz's scheme considerations of space have compelled him to hurry, and we may echo his hope that it may be treated at greater length at some future opportunity. His pages are illustrated by some eighty woodcuts and Dujardin fac-similes, all of them sufficient for their purpose, and some—the cut from an antique sarcophagus in the Medici, now Riccardi, Palace, for instance—possessing no little merit on their own account.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE books in which Dr. Samuel Smiles has preached the gospel of self-help have been nowhere more popular than in Italy; and the seed sown by an English hand is already bearing fruits, not only in the achievements of many Italians, but also in a literature which records those achievements. Such a work is the "Autobiographical Memoirs" of Giovanni Dupré, which has been translated into English by E. M. Peruzzi (Blackwood and Sons). In this the story of a sculptor's life, from its days of poverty and hope long deferred to those of affluence and fame, is told with a genuine frankness of manner and in a pleasant style. The son of a woodcarver, his first recollections were of his father's employment at the Palazzo Borghese at Florence. That was a prosperous time, to be followed by one of depression, when the carver earned less and when the number of mouths to be fed increased. But, nevertheless, the happy glimpses of his own history as a husband and as a father are among the pleasantest parts of the volume. Besides the actual record of his artistic career, Dupré gives a great number of impressions and thoughts on matters connected with artists, their ways of life, their attitude towards each other, and their relations with their patrons.

Rouen Ware. From "French Pottery."

Another artistic biography, the appearance of which in America should be chronicled, is that of 'Eugène Fromentin' (J. R. Osgood & Co.), which Mary Caroline Robbins has translated from the French of M. Louis Gonse, editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, in which journal it has appeared. The reprint is made in an attractive form, and contains a number of the Arab sketches by which Fromentin added an artistic reputation to that which he won as an author.

Among useful handbooks recently issued are two in the South Kensington series (Chapman & Hall), one of which is devoted by MM. Paul Gasnault and E. Garnier to "French Pottery," while "Russian Art and Art Objects in Russia" have been treated, or partially treated, by Mr. Alfred Maskell in another.* The series of "Illustrated Handbooks of Art History" (S. Low & Co.), has had an addition in a volume on "Spanish and French Painting," written by Mr. Gerard W. Smith and profusely illustrated; while "Classics for the Million" (Griffith and Farran) now include a popular treatise by Mr. Henry Grey concerning "Trowel, Chisel, and Brush."

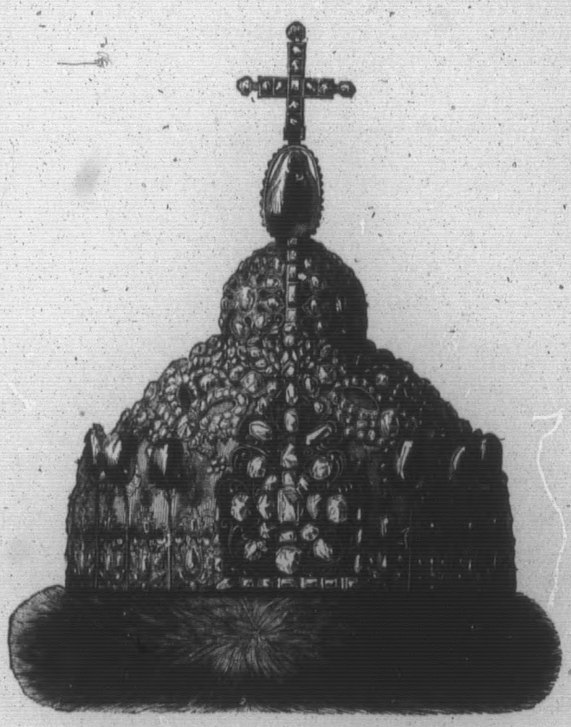
A curious and beautiful volume is the "Biblia Pauperum" (Unwin Brothers), illustrated from original blocks which have been unused for nearly four centuries, and cannot be traced to any known artist, or connected with any known printed book. These blocks were purchased about sixty years ago at Nuremburg, by the late Mr. Sams, and have now for the first time been used to illustrate an edition of the New Testament, Wiclif's translation being taken as contemporaneous or nearly so with the designs. In these the Teutonic character is strong, and the typical and allusive intention very interesting. The book, beautifully printed and charmingly bound, is rather marred by the silly spelling of the title-page. Another "picture-book" is "The Seven Ages of Man" (T. Fisher Unwin), wherein Shakespeare's famous twenty-eight lines are illustrated by seven designs reproduced in photogravure. The mewling and puking age is drawn with uncommon grace by Mr. Church, and Mr. Shirland makes a powerful and even terrible picture of the last scene, expression and action being admirably conceived. But the intermediate ages are hardly so good. The schoolboy has no hold of the ground on which he stands, and the soldier lacks movement. In "A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls" (J. C. Nimmo), Nathaniel Hawthorne's gay versions of classic myths for modern children are illustrated rather unequally by Mr. Church.

"Rambling Sketches" (Office of *The British Architect*) is a volume of architectural drawings, skilfully and rapidly made, by Mr. F. Raffles Davison, accompanying which are some brief notes by Mr. W. E. A. Axon. The sketches, which are reproduced mechanically, and lose thereby much of their charm, cover a wide field, from 'Rosebuds,' a fancy picture of a girl sent to an exhibition, to the new Law Courts, with its

* Specially interesting in this volume is the chapter upon Moscow. Here, within the Kremlin, is a Kazna or treasury, which, for the number and completeness of its contents, has no counterpart. Its riches are not confined to Russian Art, but include specimens of the best work of every European country. Notable amongst them is the regalia of the ancient Tzars. We give an engraving of the crown of Peter Alexeivitch, remarkable for the rubies and emeralds which surround it, fixed upon the top of pliant stems, and an immense ruby which supports the cross.

million cubic feet of brown stone and its thirty-five millions of bricks.

AMONGST boys' and girls' books which have reached us we



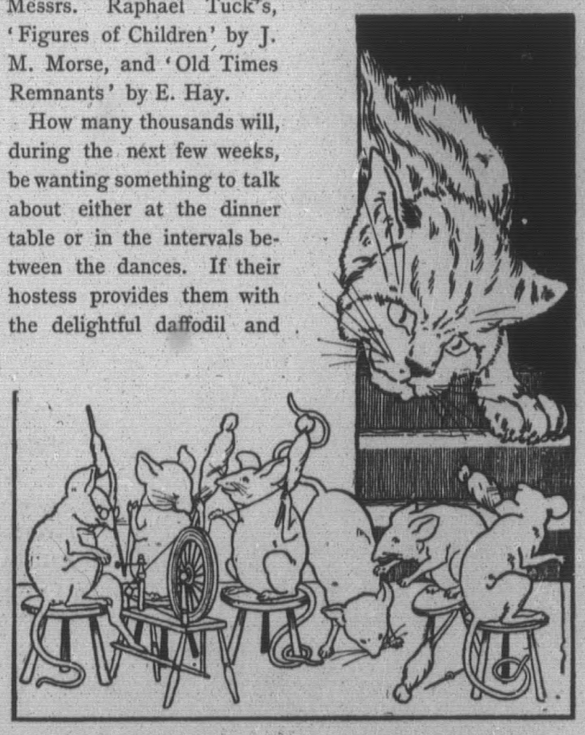
Crown of Alexeivitch. From "Russian Art."

are sure that "True Tales of Travel and Adventure" (Hodder & Stoughton) will be deservedly popular, and many of the elder ones will like to refresh their memories of the stirring deeds of England's heroes. Boys and girls will also be interested in "A Long Lane with a Turning," and "The Autocrat of the Nursery," which come from the same publishing house. Judging from experience there will be no more popular book in the nursery this Christmas than "Nursery Numbers," which deals with the old rhymes. The book is issued by Marcus Ward & Co., so that nothing need be said as to the excellence of the chromo-lithographic illustrations; we give a reduction of one of the plain lithographs, and only regret that we cannot add the name of the artist. With "Dicky" Doyle as illustrator, and Andrew Lang as author, "The Princess Nobody" (Longmans) should command success, spite of the fact that the drawings were the product of the artist's later years, and a fairy tale written to illustrations can never have the same brightness as an original conception. Mrs. Houghton has hit upon a capital subject for illustration in Herrick's verses of "The Grange," and his "Book of Littles" (Marcus Ward & Co.); but, in constantly aiming at balancing her composition, she has made her work somewhat stiff, and it will consequently be appreciated more by grown-up persons than by young children. She has also failed to preserve a uniformity of date in her dresses, and has not even secured a correct likeness of the poet, as she might easily have done. Mr. Wyndham Hughes, in his illustrations to the old carol, "Nowell, Nowell" (A. R. Mowbray & Co.), has lighted on a seasonable subject, which he has clad in a mediæval garb.

"THE Birthday Book of Art and Artists." Compiled by Mrs. Davenport Adams (J. Hogg). This is a work after the usual style of birthday books, having the space for signature, but with the interesting addition alongside of birthdays of the most famous painters, and notes of their pictures. Besides this there are two supplementary lists, one of artists whose exact birthday the compiler has been unable to ascertain, and one of Art writers; but the latter cannot in any sense be called complete. These notes, however, give the book a value far beyond that of ordinary birthday books, and make its circulation assured in circles where such works never reach.

THE Christmas and New Year cards which we have received are, as usual, as excellent as specimens of chromo-lithography as they are deficient in novelty of subject. This latter defect does not lie at the door of the publishers, for they apparently have searched through the artistic world for new ideas. The following call for special comment: amongst Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's, a dainty volume, entitled "Home, Sweet Home," and cards designed by Miss Alice Havers; amongst Messrs. Marcus Ward's, 'Salt-water Sketches' by H. S. Wright, and 'Sporting Sketches' by Georgiana Bowers; amongst Messrs. Mansell's, 'Marine Studies' by the Cavaliere de Martino, and 'Beautiful Faces;' and amongst Messrs. Raphael Tuck's, 'Figures of Children' by J. M. Morse, and 'Old Times Remnants' by E. Hay.

How many thousands will, during the next few weeks, be wanting something to talk about either at the dinner table or in the intervals between the dances. If their hostess provides them with the delightful daffodil and



"Six little mice sat down to spin." From "Nursery Numbers."

peacock-feather menus and programmes of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., they will have a subject ready to hand.

PAINTED BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY J. C. ARMYTAGE.

NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co. LIMITED.

LADY HILDA'S TOWN.

THERE are few places in this country where change is more to be dreaded than at Whitby. Forty years ago there were no lodging-houses on the West Cliff; the tide flowed in to the foot of Bagdale, and a pretty little stream, called Bagdale Beck, ran down to the sea close by the ship-builders' yards, which occupied the site of the present railway-station. Even yet this view is very beautiful, and rarely has a railway interfered less with the picturesqueness of the scene into which it forced its iron way. The view of the Old Town from the West Cliff is perhaps still more wonderful. Some marvel of Eastern colour and antiquity is finely pictured in an Oxford prize poem as

"A rose-red city, half as old as Time."

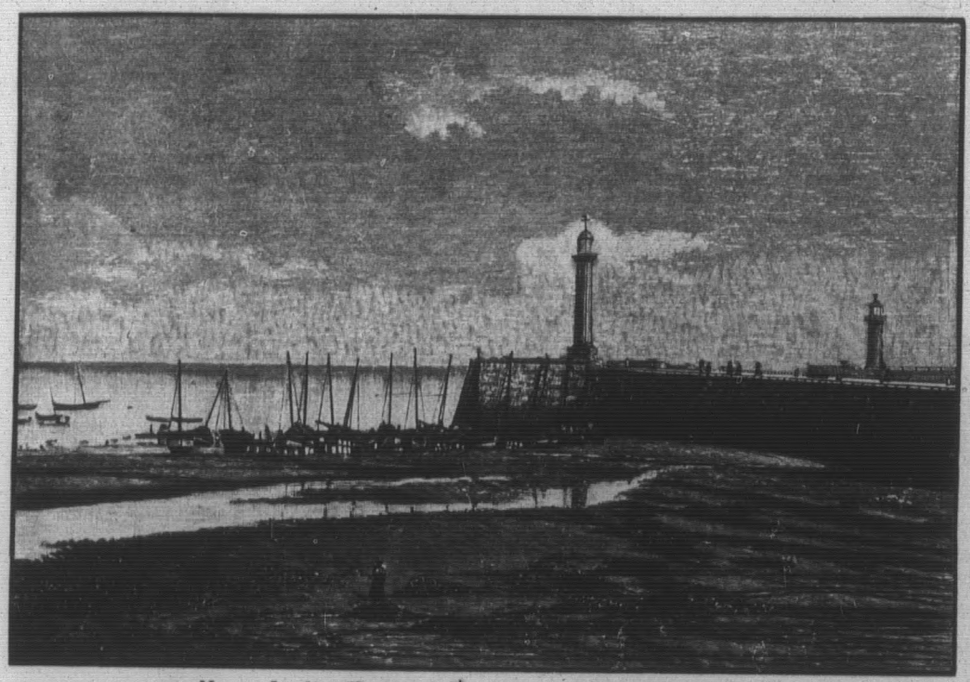
And on a perfectly calm summer's evening in 1872, I saw the full glow of sunset poured over such a mingled mass of red-roofed houses, yellow cliffs, and antique walls stretched out in a long sweep by sea and river-side as I had never dreamed of, and which for sweet rose-redness was surely not to be over-matched in the world. It was old too—some of it very old—and telling of a great historic past; and it was full of the life of the present, for all the murmur of a busy town rose with the smoke at the base of the cliff, and sails of all shades of softly brilliant orange and red were gliding down the river below in clusters and little companies, which spread themselves out when they had passed between the piers and gained the open sea. That view of Whitby differed from the views of all succeeding years in this, that the eye could range without interruption from the distant moors and pasture fields under which the Esk ran—a beautiful woodland stream—down to its outcome as a harbourage for ships, and onwards by the whole length of the red-roofed town, until beneath the church, with its field of grey memorial stones and the thin worn arches of the abbey on their lofty cliff, it mingled with the sea. Such was the view from the East Terrace; but since then a castellated sort of house has been built, which entirely cuts in two this wonderful range, and the exquisite continuity of lovely impressions can be enjoyed no longer. It is, however, still possible to look down from the eastern side upon that strange mass of beautiful colours made up of red roofs and old gables, of smoke wreaths drifting over crowded streets, and crumbling cliffs of yellow sandstone, with church and graveyard and abbey rising against the sky above all, and to enjoy the colours as well as the grand and sombre facts which underlie them.

It was no rose-redness either of cliff or building which gained the place its name. That is supposed to have been given by the Danes, and to signify the white dwelling or dwelling-place. Here, in all probability, we have a bit of early word-painting descriptive of a peculiarity that often brought woe on the little town in question, which was most likely situated on the highest point of the East Cliff, and perhaps built of the white stone which is still found there.

No. 1.—The Harbour, Whitby. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

Traces of the foundations of an old and long-forgotten town are indeed said to have been discovered between the abbey and the sea, and waifs and strays belonging to its inhabitants, which have survived the lapse of centuries, have

sometimes, after a great landslip, been detected among the débris at the foot of the cliff. Doubtless this ancient town, besides being a landmark for all native seafarers, was only too familiar to Norse warriors, and had salient features which it was easy for them to describe to such of their sons as chose the sea as their profession—or, in other words, came to Britain to plunder. Many a terrible visit was paid by the Danes to Whitby. An account of one of them, from the Norse point of view, which, it is needless to say, entirely differs from ours, is to be found in the "Ragnar Lodbrogs Saga." King Ragnar had been put to death by the Northumbrian King Ælla, and to revenge this, Ragnar's sons came to "Hvitaby." They revenged him thoroughly, though at first they were much harassed by the cow Sibylia, a fierce beast endowed with wondrous strength, and a roar so terrible that it routed nearly all assailants. The Danes were very much at home in Hvitaby, and have left their mark on most of the places in the neighbourhood, as many a name will testify, for all the waterfalls are fosses; a steep road from the sea is Upgang, and we have even such names as Thordisa, now lamentably changed for the worse into East Row. Streonshalh was the early name of the place, but Whitby gained the mastery over it.



No. 2.—Landing Herrings at Low Tide. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

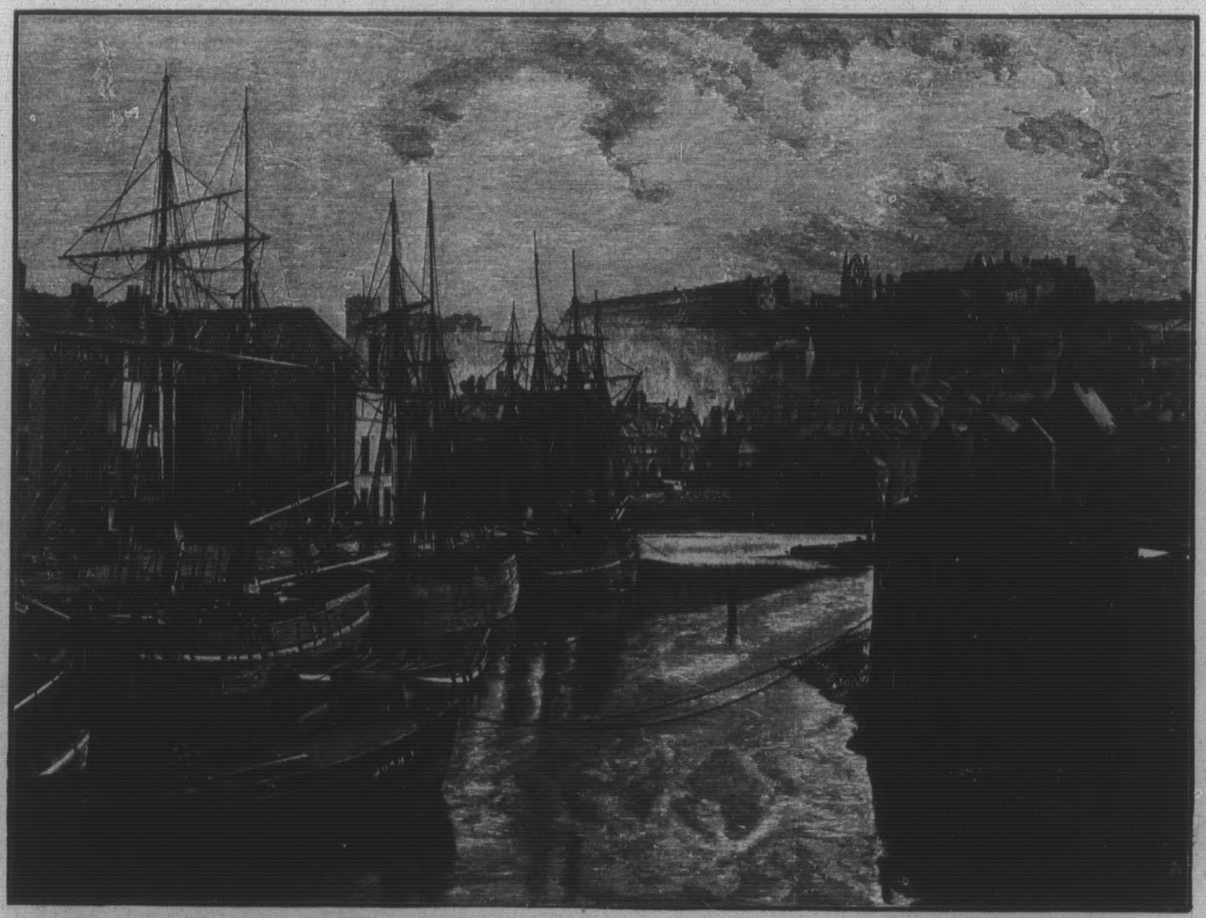
St. Hilda is the first person who dwelt here whose name rises up out of the darkness of antiquity. She was of the blood royal of Northumbria, had been baptized with King Eadwin by Paulinus, and after being Abbess of Heruteu (Hartlepool) for two years, came to Streonshalh, in 629, with ten of her nuns, and founded a monastery for monks and nuns, over which she ruled. It was the school of learning of the north, and had the honour of educating at least half-a-dozen bishops. Besides this, Streonshalh, for so we must call it when speaking of it at this time, was the home of the first English poet, Cædmon. He was a humble peasant, and lived half his life without being aware of his gifts; indeed, he was so convinced he had none, that whenever he attended a feast and saw the harp coming round his way, he always rose up from table and retired to his home to escape the disgrace of being mocked for not being able to sing a song of his own making. Once, after a flight of this kind, he was sleeping in a cowhouse with some cows which were in his charge, when an angel appeared to him and said, "Cædmon, sing me something." He replied, "I cannot sing, and for this cause have I come hither from the feast." The angel said, "But you must sing to me." "What must I sing?" inquired Cædmon. "Sing the beginning of creation." Upon this Cædmon sang some verses to the praise of God the Creator. When he awoke, the remembrance of these his verses had not departed from him, and henceforth he was able to write poetry, that is, compose it, for he was unable to read or write. He became a monk in Lady Hilda's monastery, and his paraphrase of the Scriptures was written there while she was still abbess. She died in 680. The name of Streonshalh is well-nigh forgotten, but that of Lady Hilda is still held in affectionate remembrance at Whitby, and traditions of all kinds gather about it. One of these seems strange when told of a woman and a saint. St. Francis preached to the birds, St. Cuthbert lived in the most kindly intercourse with the eider ducks, but holy St. Hilda took certain measures which caused, and, as folk-lore has it, still cause, every sea-bird to drop down dead, if in its flight through the air it chances to cross the abbey. The only way in which we can account for her enmity to the sea-birds is to suppose that her monastery was on a very simple scale, and had a thatched roof, and that they came and carried the thatch away to make their uncouth nests. Another bit of legendary lore tells us that those who are in the abbey churchyard at certain seasons of the year may see St. Hilda standing in a particular window. It is quite true that when the moon (Sir Walter Scott says that the vision is to be seen in sunlight) is in a certain quarter its light is thrown on the inside of the arch of the window in a way that produces an appearance not at all unlike a woman's figure shrouded in grey; though why St. Hilda should haunt an abbey which was not that where she lived and worked and prayed, is hard to say. That which she founded was burnt to the ground by the Danes in 867, when the abbot of the time fled away to Glastonbury, saving little in his flight but the holy lady's relics. After this the monastery lay in ruins for more than two hundred years.

The best-known legend of St. Hilda is that of her having been beset by a legion of devils sent against her and her monastery by the arch-fiend, on which occasion she prayed so fervently and with such good result, that they were all

turned into snakes and took to flight. They fled with such wild haste and confusion that they fell over the cliff, breaking off their heads in their fall—a catastrophe which makes the fortune of many a smallware shop in the town, for St. Hilda's headless snakes (scientifically known as ammonites) are a favourite article of commerce. Sir Walter Scott has introduced this tradition into "Marmion," but has made two blunders in doing so. He makes an abbess of St. Hilda's sail with her nuns from Whitby to Lindisfarne, whereas there were no nuns at Whitby Abbey after the Conquest; and what is still worse, he makes the nuns of Whitby describe the wonders of their own home to the nuns of Lindisfarne. It is difficult to understand how Sir Walter's antiquary friends, to whom he so constantly referred, can have permitted him to place nuns on St. Cuthbert's own island, when it is well known that the saint had such a deeply-seated horror of the female sex that he would not even allow himself the comfort of having a cow, because "wherever there is a cow there is a woman, and wherever there is a woman there is mischief."

In spite of this hard saying, the first voyage from Whitby of which we have any record is one made by Ælfleda, the next abbess, twelve hundred years ago, when she sailed to Coquet Island, having prevailed on the obdurate saint to meet her to confer on matters of importance to the Church.

Enough of ancient times: let me try to describe the Whitby of the present day. It is built on the Esk, which, with many a winding turn, descends from the moorlands and falls into the sea at right angles to the line of coast between two high



No. 3.—The Old Graving Dock, from the Railway Station, with the Abbey in the distance. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

cliffs. On these cliffs are built the two distinct parts of the town, the old, with its work-a-day houses and grey ruins, and the new, which is entirely composed of ugly stucco lodging-houses. A bridge (see Illustration No. 1) which flies open whenever a ship or tall-masted fishing-boat approaches, connects the two parts, and is one of the most noteworthy features of the place, for nowhere can all sorts and conditions of men be seen crowded together in more picturesque confusion. When you have crossed this bridge, and are among the houses, whose roofs and gables have made up the splendour of the view from the opposite side of the river, you find yourself in a long, narrow, and remarkably dirty street, with still dirtier courts opening out of it. This is Church Street, and, according to Young, it used to be covered by every tide, so that people had to walk along raised paths or staiths. It is almost a pity that it is not still periodically submerged. And yet what pretty glimpses you have from it of curious old houses, with external staircases and galleries, painted in every shade of soft blue or green, and of bright fragments of gardens won by hard labour from the desolate cliff which rises behind. Still more delightful is it when you look on the other side of the street, and through some alley sloping harbourwards catch sight of intricacies of masts and spars and cordage glancing in the sunshine.

At the north end of Church Street are the Church Stairs, a flight of one hundred and ninety steps leading up to the church and abbey. These stairs are very ancient; it is on record that they existed as early as 1370. When you are at

the foot, you see them rising up like Jacob's ladder to the heavens. Above them nothing is seen but sky. Side by side with the steps, but on a much lower level, runs the old Monk's Road, steep, rugged, and paved with blocks of stone, up which, in days gone by, more than one whose name lives in history must have toiled, for many a fierce struggle of men-at-arms in battle, and priests in synod, raged on the cliffs above.

The church of St. Mary at the summit (see Illustration No. 3) is of great antiquity, but has suffered much at many hands. Its tower is low and massive. It would be difficult to describe any other part of it except by saying that it is a mere collection of additions; one piece has been tacked on to another until all trace of the original outline has been lost. And yet, though these additions are of the most atrocious Georgian type, and have apparently been carried out under the direction of some ship's carpenter (especially inside the building, where the white-boarded, smoothly-painted flat roof and rows of square skylights might readily make you believe yourself in a ship's cabin), the result, seen from a little distance, is all that an artist's heart can desire.

No. 4.—Whitborough, Low Tide. Arrival of the Scarby Steamer. By G. du Maurier.

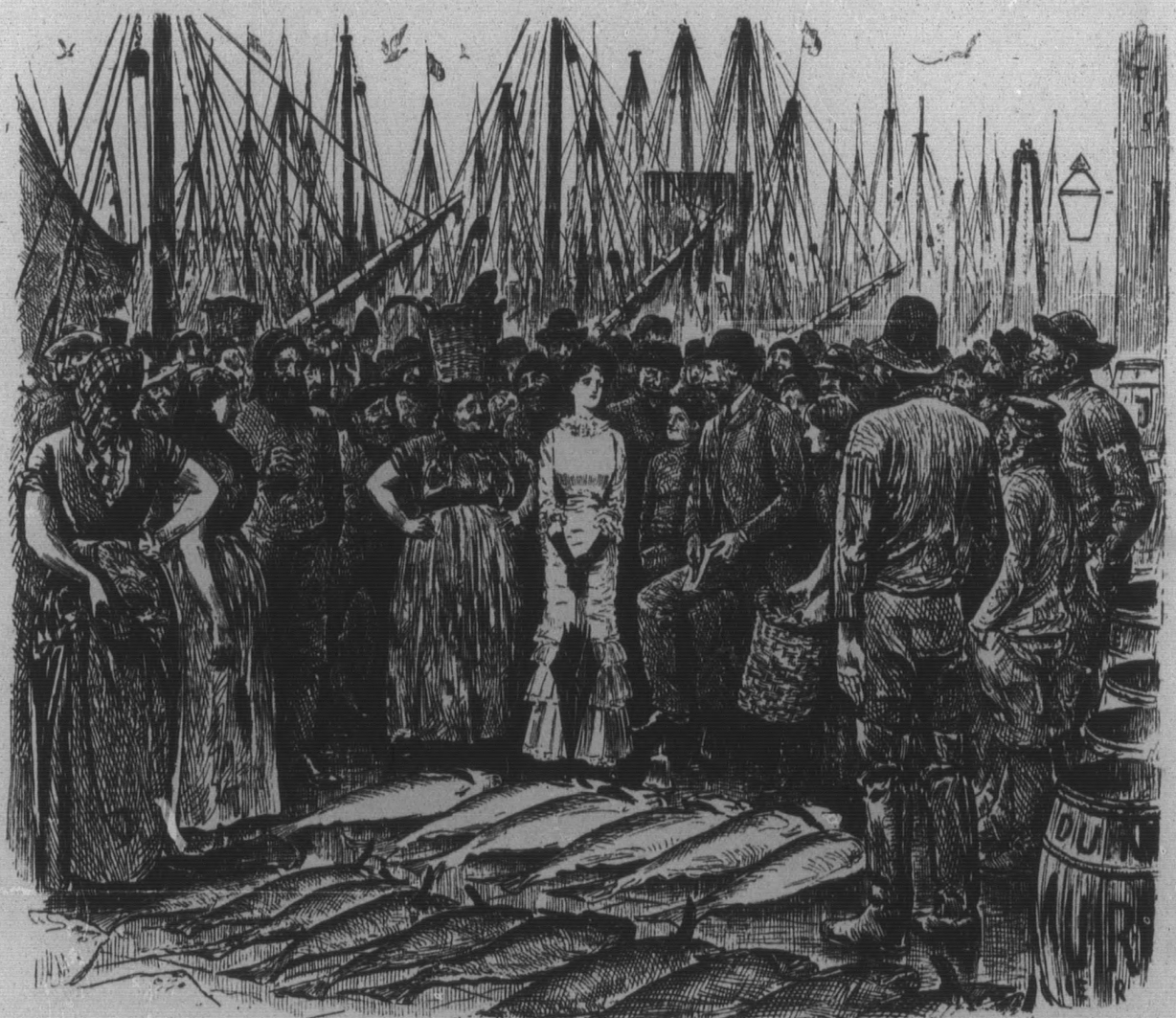
The churchyard, too, hanging as it does above the harbour, and almost over the sea, was formerly strangely pictorial, with its serried ranks of ghostly grey gravestones crowding every part of it, even to the very edge of the cliff; but a few years ago the fatal spirit of tidiness interposed, and they were moved nearer to the church, set straight, and had a fresh coat of paint given them. Many of these gravestones record a tragedy. Whitby sailors do not, as a rule, live to be old. The coast is rocky, and the entrance to the harbour narrow and perilous, consequently "drowned by the upsetting of the life-boat," "cast away on the sea," "having been by sad Providence drowned," form part of many an epitaph. The epitaphs of those who have died in their beds show that Whitby people either die young or live to extreme old age; if they escape consumption, they have little to fear from other complaints. Behind the church is the small bit of common land left to the town; a forlorn cross rises in the centre of it, and beyond this is the abbey. It is still a fine ruin, though each year sees it grow smaller. Little now remains but the choir, north transept, and part of the nave of the abbey church. The central tower stood until 1830, when it was blown down in a gale. The manor-house, built from the ruins of the abbey, stands hard by.

After the Dissolution the abbey bells are said to have been shipped for London, but sank with the vessel which carried them on the outside of Whitby Rock, and were never recovered. Whitby Rock is no doubt the Scar, a magnificent stretch of flat rock under the East Cliff. The line of cliff is so fine that it is a most beautiful walk, but it is a very dangerous one except at "low water," for the tide comes stealthily in and cuts off all retreat.

Whitby is full of old memories. In 1793 there was a terrible riot against the press-gang, and an unlucky farmer who took some part in it was seized and carried to York, and there hanged. This painful incident has been used by Mrs. Gaskell in her excellent novel, "Sylvia's Lovers," the scene of which is laid here. Mrs. Gaskell describes the place very well, but has not caught the dialect. Captain Cook, though not a native of Whitby, spent his youth here. Tradition says that while serving his time to seamanship he lived with his master in an old house in Grape Lane, a by-street leading from Church Street to the bridge. This house is still standing, and on its walls you read A.D. 1688. Here, in company with other apprentices, he spent some years. The story goes that a certain Betty, cook in the house, preferred Jimmy to all the others, and would have done anything for him. In course of time he sailed away in the *Resolution* (a model of which may be seen in the museum on the quay). After Captain Cook had sailed round the world he was of course a very great man, and the first time he came to Whitby he was treated with much honour. His old master invited him to dinner, and told Betty who was expected, and that she must not only do her best to cook a dinner worthy of such a guest, but also restrain herself and remember that she must now treat him with great respect, and by no means call him Jimmy as of old. Betty promised, and intended to keep her word, but hardly had Captain Cook entered the house than he exclaimed, "I must run into the kitchen to see poor old Betty;" and no sooner did he enter it than she ran and flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him, crying, "Oh, Jimmy, my own canny bairn, have I got thee back again?"

The ship in which Captain Cook sailed round the world was built in the old graving dock near the railway station,

(see Illustration No. 3), the last remains of which are now so rapidly disappearing. Many a good vessel was built there besides the *Resolution*, among others the *Sea Adventure*, which, as Young relates, was "built in 1724, braved the storms of eighty-six years, and when she came to an end in 1810, on the coast of Lincolnshire, did not go to pieces even at the last, but was carried by the violence of the wind and flood into the midst of a field, and there left high and dry." The *Sea Adventure* was one of many vessels which sailed to Greenland for whales. Greenland fishing was diligently pursued by the Whitby men for a great number of years. Sometimes no less than twenty ships sailed to the North Sea. The most successful years were 1811 and 1814, when seven ships brought home one hundred and seventy-one whales. Smuggling, too, went on briskly at Whitby. There had been a Custom House there ever since the reign of Charles II., but what did that signify so long as there were dark nights and houses built close by the edge of the river, with windows or doorways which are always hidden except at low tide, through which valuable cargoes could be conveyed into large vaulted cellars, the existence of which no one ever suspected? Such vaults are said to exist under the shop of the principal draper



No. 5.—A Fish Sale. By G. du Maurier. "By a mere nod of her head, thrifty little Mrs. Mildmay becomes the owner of six splendid cod, a dozen fine black jack, and fourteen magnificent skate, all for half-a-crown. She suddenly remembers that her family cannot bear fish, and that her husband has been forbidden to eat it."

in the old town, and in many other houses besides; and when some alteration was being made in the bank some years ago a large strong room was discovered wedged in between two houses, and unknown to the inhabitants of either.

Whitby has been long celebrated for its jet, but it is so expensive to work that it no longer repays those who undertake the labour. It is now brought from Spain, but as the Spanish jet is a very inferior article that will not bear heat, malicious persons seem to remark that jet has everywhere withdrawn to the shady side of the street.

The herring season is the busiest time of the year at Whitby, and it is a perpetual delight to watch the boats going out in the evening and returning in the morning. These boats have such anxiously hopeful names, one being called *Aim Well*, another *Good Intent*, and a third *Hope*, that one cannot but rejoice with the fine manly owners when they enter the harbour next day with their boats laden to the gunwale with their slippery silver freight. All danger is over when they are once in the harbour, but it is quite possible that most of the sailors infinitely prefer the struggle with the sea

to that with the London dealers. The herrings are put in baskets containing one hundred each, only the hundred is made to consist of one hundred and twenty-four. The sailors fill the baskets with great precision, taking two herrings in each hand each time, until the so-called hundred is made up. Women then take the baskets and climb up the steep steps or ladders on to the quay with them. For this they receive sixpence for every ten baskets. The dealers may receive the herrings and at once pack them in barrels, and send them off by rail; but it is said that the dealer is often lying in wait to pick a quarrel with the vendors, so that the cargo may be put up to auction again, and he may have an opportunity of getting it for less.

No. 6.—On the North Shore. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

Herrings may be bought at the quay-side by enterprising housekeepers for eight or ten a penny; in the shops they become a much more expensive article. Good housekeepers, too, always attend the weekly market. It is held in the market-place, but overflows into Church Street, which is for the time so crowded with sellers and buyers, fish stalls, fruit stalls, carts of young pigs, and baskets of live fowls, that it is all but impossible to move. It is really a very pretty sight. Everything is wonderfully cheap, too, by comparison with London prices, so, as lodging-house keepers refuse to cater for their lodgers, these almost always end by finding their way to the market, or even to the dealer's market at "Coffee Corner." I have seen a lady who, when at home, considers that she has performed the whole duty of woman when she has had a brief interview with her housekeeper, staggering under the weight of a sixpenny cauliflower, and Mr. du Maurier's extremely clever etching has recorded a similar experience in buying fish.

MARGARET HUNT.

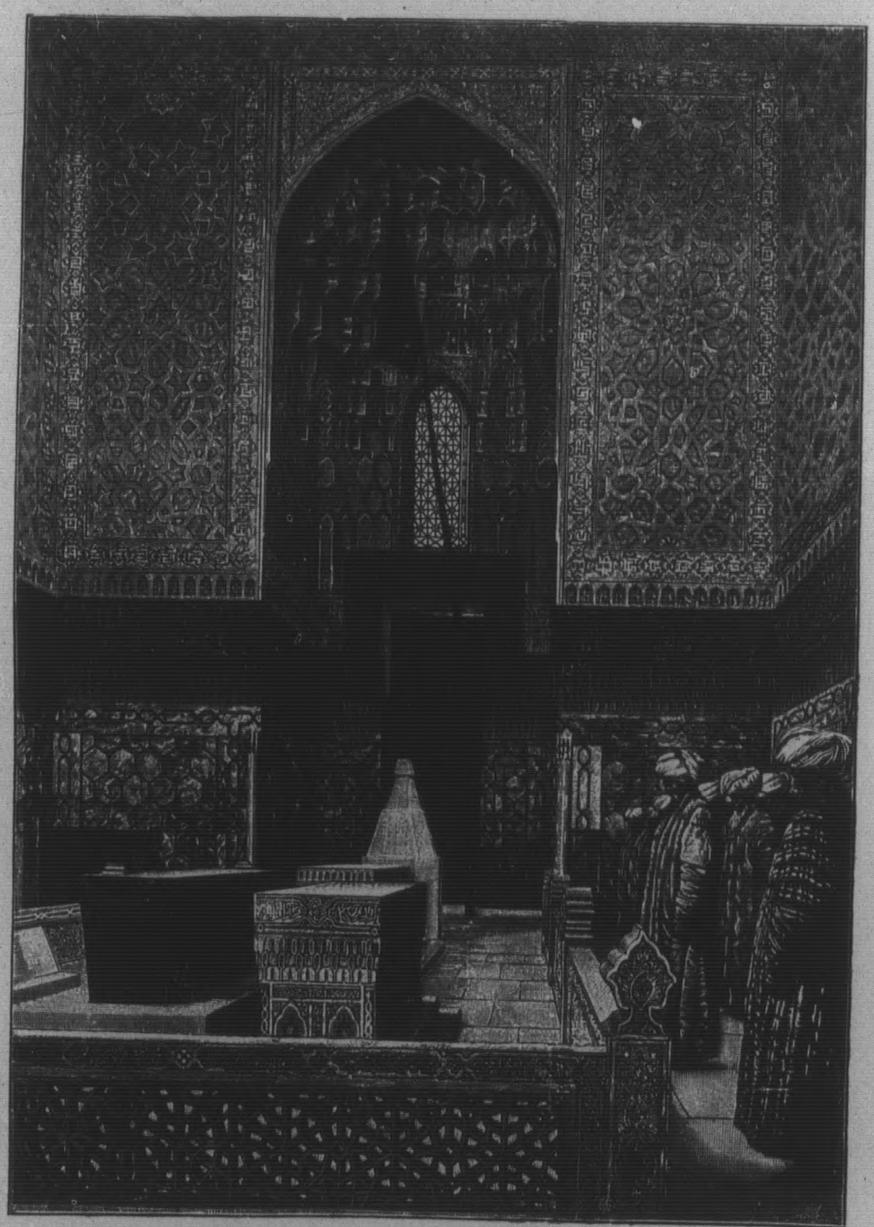
Several of our views are engraved from photographs taken by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe, a very successful landscape photographer at Whitby; and we have to thank the proprietors of *Punch* for permission to reproduce Mr. du Maurier's drawings, Nos. 4 and 5.

AN EASTERN PAINTER.*

IT is in Maison-Lafitte, within an easy railway journey from Paris, that Vereschagin has built a studio according to his own design. Situated in the clearing of a wood, surrounded by trees, with no one but his wife to share his solitude, he here works and lives whenever his nostalgia after brighter skies and more gorgeous scenery allows him to settle down. Few persons visit this foreigner, around whom quite a legend has gathered in the neighbourhood, for the lively sociable French peasant cannot comprehend the man who paints from morning to night, who never addresses them, who when he walks forth is only accompanied by a couple of bloodhounds. But Vereschagin cares not for them or their cackle, he is quite content, painting away in his studio, which is perhaps the largest in the world, being one hundred feet long by fifty wide, the windows measuring no less than forty feet by twenty-seven, while the roof above is thirty-three feet high. Thus he manages to dwarf his largest compositions to the proportions common to genre. Besides this he has an open-air studio like that at Munich, only larger. Here after his return he painted industriously at his Indian pictures with a view—in his own words—"to embody them into two picture cycles, a longer and a shorter poem," for which he hoped to get much money, not for himself—the produce of his labour has never been expended on himself—but for the schools he desired to found. While thus occupied the Russo-Turkish war broke out, and Vereschagin, who had only kept away from the complications in Servia out of regard for his wife, could now remain quiescent no longer. He wanted to be on the scene of action to study, if need be to fight, and preparing himself for death he quitted Paris and turned up soon after in the Russian head-

* Continued from page 12.

quarters. Here he was made welcome by the Emperor and his staff, and every facility was afforded for him to see the whole course of the campaign. The Russian autocrat can scarcely have been flattered by the result. For Vereschagin, who already in his pictures of the Turkestan war had represented all he saw with uncompromising truth, now in his advanced strength and vigour put to canvas works of incisive force that preached ocularly, as it has never been preached before, the horror and misery induced upon people by this bloody sport of kings. The living word and the dead letter, both have often protested against those duels between nations that are a disgrace to civilisation, but Vereschagin is the first to put arguments graphically on canvas so that all who run may read. Not but what we have had war painters by the score, but how have they painted this flail of mankind? They have depicted pretty uniforms, a monarch or general on a prancing steed, waving banners, a theatrical skirmish and puffs of kindly shielding smoke wherever scenes of butchery would otherwise be seen; official pictures, in short, where victory is displayed but never defeat, a species of art that lived by war and which was calculated to immortalise it. Vereschagin lifted the curtain off all this braggart untruth, and when certain journals gave him the surname of the Horace Vernet of Russia, he had a right to feel indignantly calumniated, for the general impression left by his work is not an admiration of princes or a glorification of their favourite game; he is rather the satirist of ambitious despots, the moralist among painters. He has been reproached with thinking too much of horrors. His answer is that his pictures are as nothing compared to the frightful realities he has witnessed. Others censure him for making war appear to be the only curse of humanity, while there are many other miseries as great, such as epidemics and earthquakes. His answer is straightforward: "I am a painter, and I paint what I have seen. I have seen war, so I paint war. Show me an epidemic or an earthquake and I will paint that."



No. 4.—Thanksgiving. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

At the desire of the Grand Duke Nicholas, Vereschagin had joined the advance guard under the elder Skobeleff. Determined to see everything, he even insisted on serving on a torpedo launch, a dangerous duty, from which the officer in command in vain tried to deter him with, "Russia has many hundreds of officers but no two painters like you." His obstinacy cost him a serious wound, and for two months he lay in Bucharest hospital, chafing that he could not follow Gourko in his expedition beyond the Great Balkans. As soon as he was recovered he hastened to Plevna and was in time to see the fortress stormed. Of the assault he has painted a picture that may take rank among his strongest, bitterest bits of satire painting, telling his tale with a simple directness that is masterly.

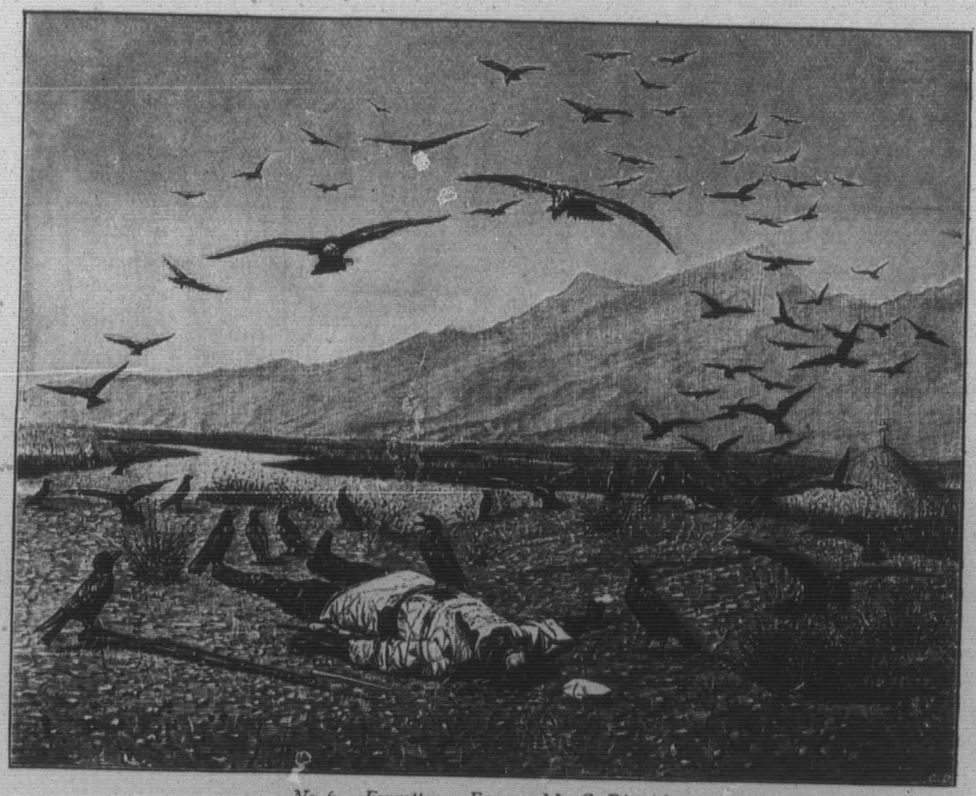
Another picture is named 'After the Assault.' The day succeeding the battle the field hospitals were choked with wounded, for the number of casualties had exceeded the estimate beyond all proportion. The doctors were heroes and the sisters of charity something higher in their zeal and devotion. But, in spite of this, most of the wounded were left without treatment or food for two or three days. For all that, Vereschagin tells, there was scarcely a murmur of complaint among those suffering thousands, though the neglected and helpless wounded literally swam in the rain and dirt that

covered the ground. Thus he has delineated them, a heart-rending spectacle, their story distinctly emphasized and deeply pathetic. They were waiting their turn of treatment and their still more remote chance of a place in an ambulance to Russia. Some attained the latter. In his 'Wounded Returning' Vereschagin shows how this hope was realised. The great road from Plevna to the Danube was literally covered with ambulance waggons and all kinds of country carts, full of wounded going home. It was a journey to their last home for most of them. The bad construction of roads and carts combined aggravated their sufferings beyond hope of recovery, while the heat, dust, and neglect they met with, developed their wounds until they became hideous cankers of sores and vermin. Yes, Vereschagin spares us no details. We are to see the *revers de la médaille*, and that war is something else than champing steeds and flashing armour. We also see how the Turks cared for those who fought in their ranks. The Plevna road was covered with their wounded who were distributed among the population, so that every house was turned into a hospital. The wretched creatures received little or no attention. Vereschagin relates how he visited a foul den and asked the owner if he had any Turkish wounded in his house. "I had a few," he said carelessly, "but I think some of them are dead; let us go and see." He led the way to a shed at the back and found it full of corpses. They had simply been forgotten. This is the scene Vereschagin has put to canvas. And those whom this fate did not overtake were frozen to death upon the roads, for the cold came suddenly and was intense, so that the brave defenders of Plevna fell down dead like flies. The picture is called 'Our Prisoners,' but of the prisoners indicated by the title there is no sign. On the snow-covered road no living man is to be seen. The ground is strewn with corpses half buried in the snow. It was so littered for fifty kilomètres in length, the artist tells us. In their coloured rags the bodies look like bundles of old clothes, but the crows that are approaching in dense flocks and

No. 5.—The Apotheosis of War. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

"Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour,"

know better. Others, evidently already sated, sit ranged along the tall telegraph wires, ready after a while to descend again and resume their ghastly meal. Certainly it requires strong nerves to look on these pictures unmoved, and it is little



No. 6.—Forgotten. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

wonder that Czar Alexander II. seeing them said, "This man is a revolutionary." The last-named picture, 'Our Prisoners,' plays no unimportant rôle in the artist's life. Exhibited with the whole series at St. Petersburg, the then heir-apparent remarked, "This man is mad or —." Vereschagin suppresses the final word, but says it was a very strong expression that the Grand Duke used. He only remarked in reply, "I have always said my pictures were not suited for palaces." Next day the artist was summoned to appear in the grand ducal residence, as the Prince wished to make his nearer acquaintance. He went, but after waiting a long while was told that His Imperial Highness had no time to receive him that day, he was to come again on the following at the same hour. But when the next day came Vereschagin found that his engagements would not permit him to appear, he was on his way out of Russia, for he feared that by staying longer he might be sent on an involuntary journey of some years to Siberia to study landscape painting there. Since that time he rather shuns Holy Russia. No less powerful is his picture 'The Victors.' A wide plain is covered with the mutilated corpses of dead Russians, for immediately after their success the Turks sallied out of the fortress, finished the wounded, stripped the dead, and put on their clothes in a sort of hideous masquerade, in celebration of the victory. We see a group of these fellows in the foreground of Vereschagin's canvas, which is strewn thick with headless corpses lying in the sparse grass. They crowd round a fellow of African extraction who has put on the decoration-covered coat of a Russian Major, and whom his comrades salute with ironical honours in due accordance with his improvised rank. For a second a naïve merriment has checked the beast in these men, but we know that the joke once over these hyenas of the battle-field will fall upon new victims and continue their hideous work. Around them stand others who assist them into their coats or admire them as they flaunt their borrowed plumes. The scene is filled with a bit of that curious humour that makes us smile amid tears and shudders.

Mournfully impressive too is the picture 'Forgotten' (No. 6) which we engrave. A yellow evening light pervades the wide plain. In the foreground lies a dead Russian soldier, the gun that has fallen out of his lifeless hand rests beside him. Beyond the little stream his comrades are marching away towards home, while in the nearer distance we behold a cross-surmounted mound, where sleep other of his brethren, more fortunate in finding decent burial. For him there is nothing but the vultures and crows that are approaching with hurried haste, aware by the chattering of their fellow birds of the fat meal that awaits them here. One crow in especial has seated itself upon his breast and calls out loudly to its comrades to come and join the feast.

'Vanquished' depicts how the Russians strove to give their comrades decent burial. On one occasion one thousand three hundred had fallen. They were laid side by side in a great open trench, all naked as they were, then covered up. We see the vast army of corpses lying amid the thin leafless brushwood that covers the ground. A priest, clad in the rich stiff brocades of his office, swings a censer whence uprises thin pale blue smoke. This holy benediction of incense almost strikes us like a last derision of fate. The priest's fine Christlike head is surrounded by long fair curls; his aspect is gentle and yet dignified; his eyes are filled with tears of pity and Christian sorrow. At his left stands a soldier told off for the nonce to serve as his ministrant. His hands, holding the prayer-book, are clasped behind his back; he looks on with the stolid indifference that long familiarity with horrors has given him. And these are the only two sentient beings in a wide world of dead. Above, a grey stormy sky gives a harmonious tone of completion to the scene. Vereschagin also painted those unmitigated ruffians, the Bashi-Bazouks, and a very effective picture he got out of these picturesque rascals, as they sit, tied back to back, waiting to know their doom, which, whatever it was, was too good for them. Vereschagin's touch upon the feelings is very keen. In pose and expression he can tell a story better than it is told in pages of description. All the eloquence of a sinister tragedy is endorsed in the triple picture called 'All quiet at Shipka.' This, it appears, was the report that General Radetzky, who was in command, used daily to send to headquarters, but that the quietness was that of death no one guessed at the time. The Turks made enormous efforts to gain the pass, and the Russians had to keep a sharp look-out against surprises. Daily a number of soldiers were shot down, but the number that perished were as nothing to those who were frozen to death as they stood sentry. One whole division was thus decimated, entire columns were reduced to eight men and three officers. Vereschagin shows us one of these victims who has just gone on guard. He is closely enveloped in a thick overcoat, his head ensconced in a hood; he clasps his musket with his gloved hands. Already he stands ankle-deep in snow. He strives to hold himself upright, though the blinding downpour beats against his face. In picture two, he begins to yield to the numbing effect of the cold. His body is bent, his hood drawn over his face, his hands are enwrapt in his sleeves, he grasps his musket with his arm. The snow is drifting high around him; this is desolation and solitude indeed. In the third, all is quiet, truly, at Shipka. The drift has enveloped him. We only see his bayonet and hood protruding above the white mass that will soon make a nameless grave above his body. Meanwhile, the storm is abating and bits of blue sky are seen through the rent clouds. The pictures make one shudder to the marrow. There is something unutterably solemn in the firm, distinct way in which Vereschagin has painted this three-act tragedy. This is no picture drawn for an illustrated journal and worked up for effect. It is full of heart-wrung pity and high sense of duty to truth. Vereschagin will calmly abandon beauty when he has a purpose to serve, and he views his ends sternly. It has been truly pointed out what a moral superiority there is in this triptych to the famous picture of the battle of Eylau. Redolent of cold too is the picture 'Snow Trenches on the Shipka,' where we behold the hoods and bayonets of the soldiers on guard peeping up above huge blocks of blue-green ice and spotless white snow. The way in which Vereschagin paints the monotone of the snowflake is masterly. In the choice of theme his strong dramatic insight and instinct never forsake him for a moment, and it is little short of marvellous how he can represent with such extraordinary truth to nature events some of which he can only have seen once in his life.

In another picture is the tomb of Tamerlane, with an Emir and his train returning thanks for a victory (No. 4). Vereschagin shows that he treats them as inferior parts of his work by placing them at the corner of his canvas. The architecture, with its white marble walls and floors, its golden arabesques and perforated marble balustrades, against which the dark green tombstone stands out, energetically produces

a stereoscopic delusion of light and space. This and another large architectural picture, 'The Door of a Mosque,' evince with what mastery Vereschagin can treat and animate large surfaces. Eastern architecture, with its grotesque and massive piles, its finikin ornamentation, its marvellous detailed general effects, are presented by him in a manner that is unique. He often reproduces their plastic effects by laying on his colours in thick impasto, and thus seems literally to mould the fantastic Indian confusion of ornament.

Sainte-Beuve somewhere expresses his astonishment that a good gentle-natured man like Flaubert could depict all the horrors that occur in 'Salammbo.' The same wonder might escape those who know Vereschagin's kind, humanitarian temperament. But in him the painting of terrors is undertaken from an inner spur that neither rests nor reasons. Vereschagin conceives war as one vast misery, one terrible dance of death. It is quite amusing to turn over the extracts from German papers that he collected while his exhibition was on view in Berlin. The tendency of the pictures clearly did not please these critics, they deprecate this mode of treating war. They even went so far as to say that such a conception of war was a lie. Where, they ask, is its enthusiasm, where its victory songs, where its heroism, its idealism? Ay, where indeed! Whoever has seen it once can never forget that canvas inscribed by the artist, 'The Apotheosis of War' (No. 5) underneath which he has written these words, "Dedicated to all conquerors of the past, the present, and the future." It is a pyramid of piled up skulls, monuments such as not only Tamerlane, but less known curses of mankind, erected throughout Asia in memory of their warlike deeds. We see skulls, skulls, nothing but skulls, clean-picked, grinning, gruesome, eerie. No comment is needed to this work, which forms a symbolical key to the whole war cycle.

It is not surprising to learn that by January, 1878, Vereschagin felt himself nervously prostrate in consequence of all the horrors he had witnessed. After assisting as secretary in the peace negotiations, he once more returned to Paris and began ardently to utilise his recent impressions. By 1880 the whole cycle of over twenty works was finished and sent to St. Petersburg for exhibition. Again the Art patron, Tretjakow, bought nearly the whole collection, and again Vereschagin gave the money result to charities. In especial he this time endowed free music and drawing schools, also colleges for the furtherance of female medical education, for he had learnt the value of women's aid in the battle-field. The following years his war pictures were exhibited in most of the European capitals, and again all the proceeds went to the aid of free education. So great was the success of the exhibition in Vienna that placards had constantly to be hung out to say the gallery was full to overflowing, and what delighted Vereschagin above all was that not only the upper classes but the people came to see his pictures, and understood their drift if not their artistic merit. As before, he held aloof from all personal distinctions. A royal decoration offered to him he bade the bearers carry where they listed, he would none of it. The Sclavonic students in Austria arranged a banquet in his honour. Before the official intimation of it reached him he left the city and telegraphed, "I greet the students and thank them for the honour they do me, but I cannot be present. We shall all labour for the advancement of mankind according to our strength."

Vereschagin protests that he is no agitator. Not, perhaps, in the more vulgar sense of the word—certainly in the subtler, and a far more dangerous one than if he merely sowed theories broadcast with his tongue. He graphically delineates his stand-point, and he fights against barbarism and despotism with weapons more deadly and dangerous than even theirs. It is not always, or, indeed, often, that a painter is a thinker, but Vereschagin is both thinker, philosopher, and politician. He has also in him a strong touch of the poet.

His war pictures finished, the gorgeous colour-steeped land of India once more exerted its charm over Vereschagin, and he went thither in 1882, bringing home thence an enormous number of sketches. Early last year he went there again. He is now busy painting a cycle of twenty huge pictures that shall illustrate the history of India from the earliest times to the present day. The series is intended for the Prince of Wales, who is a great admirer as well as personal friend of the Russian artist.

It is always interesting to learn a worker's method from himself. In answer to an application of mine for sketches, Vereschagin wrote to me saying that he never makes sketches for his pictures. "I carry the idea of a picture in my head for a long while, rarely as little as six months, more often one, two, three, four, and five years, after which it passes on to the canvas quite arranged, all but the petty details. This has, perhaps, its inconveniences, as it may happen to me to have to change later, and to displace costly patches of light, but on the other hand I use the best of my ardour and of my *élan* on the picture instead of the sketch. I can even say that I feel myself almost incapable of occupying myself twice with the same theme, on the sketch and the large canvas."

Such this Russian painter, moralist, philosopher, agitator, revolutionary, as he is variously called, according as he appeals to or offends the idiosyncrasies of his spectators.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE ARTIST AND HIS PALETTE.

IN many quarters it is a generally received notion that an artist has no business with scientific subjects. How this absurd idea originated we do not concern ourself. It has no foundation in the practice of the "Old Masters," for with them the case was in many instances quite the reverse, as, for example, that great scientist, Leonardo da Vinci.

Our plea for a knowledge more extensive than that of merely manipulating a few pigments, does not infer that artists should subject themselves to a severe scientific training, neither are we advocating in the present papers researches throughout the whole domain of physical sciences, but we plead for something more than the less than superficial knowledge artists generally now possess regarding the chemistry of the palette.

If artists only knew what the results will eventually be of the many mixtures they make on the palette—mixtures which

in changing are always disastrous to the harmony of the whole colouring in the picture—much greater care and thought in compounding two or more colours would be observed. The result would be greater transparency, luminosity, and pureness of tone in the colours, for a physical property of a compound of pigments is that every additional colour to the compound mixture lessens its pure colour or brightness.

Reynolds, we know, was for ever striving to gain an accurate knowledge of the best mixtures; his chief idea, however, was not so much permanency as brilliancy of colouring. Yet where has there been a more lamentable failure? For instance, had he possessed the merest elementary knowledge of the action of sulphur and lead on each other, would he ever have conceived, much less put in practice, such a method of laying the palette as the following—"first, lay carmine and white of different degrees; second, lay orpiment and white, ditto; third, lay blue, black, and white ditto"?

Let us consider these mixtures from a chemical point of view. The first mixture of "carmine and white"—remembering that the white used was undoubtedly a lead white—was alone sufficient to affect or destroy the subsequent compounds laid over it. Carmine, unless of the madder series, is, as most artists have experienced, fleeting in hue, even when alone; its depth of tone depends on the presence of oxygen, consequently when it is brought into contact with the oxygen of the white lead its colour is entirely bleached. We have many—too many, alas!—examples of this bleaching of the carmines, which Reynolds was so fond of using as glazing in his pictures.

The second lay of "orpiment and white" is, if possible, still more disastrous. Orpiment is a compound of arsenic and sulphur. Now sulphur alone, when brought into contact with white lead, is a most destructive agent as regards the tints produced, since it rapidly decomposes the lead pigment, the metallic lead disengaging itself from its companions, carbon and oxygen, to unite with the sulphur and form a different compound, sulphide of lead, the hue of which is black. Any compound formed of white, red, or other lead pigments, and one containing sulphur, will turn to black if given time enough, the successive stages being marked by varying shades of brown, according to the progress of the decomposition taking place. *En passant*, we may point out that there is not a worse mixture made on the palette than that of a lead pigment with one containing sulphur. If it is white lead and a sulphur compound, the resulting hue will range from grey to a blackish drab or sepia tone, having a bluish cast as it deepens to black; if a red lead pigment and one containing sulphur, the particles of black sulphide formed, commingling with the undecomposed particles of red lead, produce a reddish brown tone; while in the case of a yellow lead pigment, as in yellow chromate of lead, and a sulphur compound, the result of the decomposition will be the production of a dirty ochreous drab, deepening to a brown according to the amount of black particles commingling with the undecomposed yellow ones.

To return. Not alone, however, do we find Sir Joshua using a sulphur compound with lead, but using it in the character of *orpiment!* The action of this latter pigment is to powerfully deprive other pigments of their oxygen—which white lead is rich in—and consequently not only does it suffer change itself, but induces change in every other pigment the colour of which depends on the presence of oxygen. Hence orpiment mixed with white lead is doubly destructive.

The third lay, "blue, black, and white," was also not a good one to employ. For this reason: white lead saponifies with the linseed oil incorporated as a vehicle, which permits two disastrous results. First, since the oil does not afford a protecting coating to each particle of pigment, as it should do, there is easier access to the lead of any injurious element, as sulphur. Second, the union of the white lead and the oil is a chemical one; linoleate of lead is formed, which is miscible in water. Now it is a notorious fact that lead pigments, white lead especially, eventually lose their opacity and allow the ground colour to be seen. This may be thus explained. At some period of the picture's career it is brought under varying degrees of temperature, with the result that when in a moist or damp atmosphere, moisture settles on its surface, and every time this moisture is wiped off, it washes away some portion of this soluble linoleate of lead.

In these mixtures employed by Sir Joshua Reynolds he could not have selected three more dangerous pigments than white lead, carmine, and orpiment. The latter two are now discarded by artists who value their reputation for permanent work; but the first, white lead, all present and future artists should resolutely set their faces against using, notwithstanding that it is "so easy to work with" in comparison to other whites. Reynolds's pigments for painting the flesh in his early years were "black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow ochre, ultramarine, and varnish," gaudy colours and all dangerous. It is pitiable to see this great man continuously struggling after the right path by such laborious methods as ever-varying experiments, when a remedy was so close to his hand if he had devoted one-hundredth part of the time these experiments cost him in learning a few principles of chemical science, although that science was then but in its infancy compared to its present only child-like growth. Still stranger it seems that his repeated failures should not have acted as a warning to those that followed in his wake. But, no; ever petulant, ever impatient of advice, artists in their perverseness seem ever unwilling to listen to suggestions that come from without, and unceasingly plod on, slavishly following the footsteps of those who have gone before, whether those they imitate were in the right track or not. Nearly a hundred years have elapsed since Reynolds laid down his brush, yet the echo has scarcely died away of the cry that was raised a few years ago about artists being still ignorant of the knowledge of their materials.

The following list gives the pigments constituting the palette of a well-known modern artist. *Reds:* light red, Chinese vermilion, orange vermilion, rose madder. *Yellows:* yellow ochre, Naples yellow, brown ochre, and burnt sienna. For *green*, emerald oxide of chromium. For *blue*, cobalt; and for *black*, ivory black; while the *white* made use of is not stated whether flake or Constant white. For the sake of our argument (*infra*), however, we will assume that it is the much used but deservedly abused lead white. Let us now consider the mixtures and the results therefrom that may be made by this palette.

If a landscape is the subject of the artist's skill, it is possible he may form a mixture for sunrise or sunset clouds of light red and Naples yellow. This mixture is not a choice one artistically considered (the Naples yellow being too opaque where transparency and brilliancy is desired), and it is a bad one when chemically considered. For the Naples yellow may be either a mixture of zinc and antimony, antimoniate of lead and oxide of zinc, or simply the basic lead antimoniate. If the

latter, it should on no account be mixed with ferruginous pigments.* For the compounds made by such mixing would be subject to change. Further, light red is a pigment of iron either powdered artificially or of native formation, and consequently if brought into contact with Naples yellow of the lead antimoniate composition, it will have a deleterious effect on the latter, since it parts with its oxygen to oxidise ferruginous pigments. If Indian yellow were stable in oil, light red with this yellow would be the best mixture for these clouds if orange in hue; not only chemically, but also artistically, for the Indian yellow has not the opacity of Naples yellow. Unfortunately, however, the former yellow is fugitive in oil, and in combination with white lead as a tint.

The compounds that may be made with safety are those formed by yellow ochre with either light red or Indian red. The latter is a ferruginous pigment, being made from the peroxide of iron. But care, however, should be taken, not only that no Naples yellow is brought under the influence of either of these reds (both having iron as a foundation), but also any temptation to mix the Naples yellow with yellow ochre should be avoided, the artist hoping thereby to lessen the opacity of the former, owing to the transparency of the latter, for the edges of the clouds, because yellow ochre is also a pigment obtained from iron.

In the case of trees and foliage, the artist would be tempted when he wanted light spring hues to use Naples yellow in place of the yellow ochre on his palette, with indigo, or Prussian or Antwerp blues. In such a case he would again be forming a dangerous compound, since Prussian blue and Antwerp blue are both pigments of a ferruginous foundation. While for rocks a mixture might be made of Naples yellow, burnt sienna, and indigo; or light red and Prussian blue. In either mixture iron, in the light red and burnt sienna, is brought into contact with two pigments, Prussian blue in one case and Naples yellow in the first case, that would act deleteriously.

The only safe conclusion to draw from the above three cases is that Naples yellow is a wrongful choice on the palette, for out of eleven colours it is excluded from admission with four, namely light red, yellow ochre, brown ochre, and burnt sienna. At the same time we see it is unsafe with two blue pigments,† and from what has been stated it will at once be seen that Naples yellow being unsafe with iron pigments, produces injurious mixtures when compounded with all ochres as well as all reds obtained from iron. Consequently it should be abandoned. Better give up one so dangerous than so many useful pigments.

The vermilions of the palette are not the best of the kind. The so-called Chinese vermilion is too frequently contaminated with some of the yellow chromates of lead to give it an orange hue, or red lead to produce a scarlet tone, while one Chinese vermilion is frequently made from arsenic sulphide. In either case many serious results are likely to occur from the unsuspecting use of the lead adulterant. Likewise with the orange vermilion, even if the orange hue has not been brought about by admixtures with any of the yellows, but produced in the legitimate manufacture of the pigment. It is an unsafe colour, because vermilion even when well made is altered by temperature and length of time into a brownish hue, and as the orange hue occurs in the process of manufacture of the true vermilion, it is an imperfectly made pigment and more easily affected by changes of temperature. Vermilion to be well made must be kept at a constant temperature of about 50° centigrade for a considerable time to allow it to assume this beautiful red tone; if heated a trifle longer after the red tone has appeared it will become brown and remain so. Besides these drawbacks, vermilion has another; it cannot be safely used with the lakes, for with them it fades. Suppose again in its flesh tints a mixture of Naples yellow, vermilion, and white, or for shade in the complexion Naples yellow, light red, and white, were used, how disastrous would be the hue of the flesh subsequently, since Naples yellow is so destructive. What sort of hue would result from a mixture of white, Naples yellow, and rose madder for the delicate complexion of a child or female face, when the yellow had worked its fell action on the white? Simply the hue of the madder. If, however, such mixture be replaced by white, Naples yellow, and light red, nothing whatever of the tint produced by the artist would be distinguishable in the near future, after the chemical reaction of the pigments on each other. Neither would there be if such a compound as light red, brown ochre, black, and Naples yellow was used in strengthening shadows.

Inferentially from the deductions made we see the above palette is far from chemically correct, although set by one who has "won his spurs," and is one of our foremost artists of the day. Although we have prohibited Naples yellow from use, and spoken disparagingly of vermilion, we do not intend to veto the use of the latter, for with all its drawbacks (they are comparatively slight to those of other pigments) it is too useful to be rejected, being without an equal in tone among the reds, whereas Naples yellow is scarcely missed, the tones of yellow being so varied. The Naples yellow made by many modifications from zinc and antimony is a good pigment, and may be safely used in oil.*

A favourite process with some artists is to lay white lead as a priming over a dark ground. This should not be done, as in time the flake white will lose its capacity, become transparent or semi-transparent, and permit the dark ground to show through.

Thus we see that the very action between white lead and oil that makes flake white such a favourite with artists, namely, its saponification with the latter, which renders it easy in working, is the most dangerous to the stability of the picture.

With zinc white there is not such easy working (and there is not so much opacity as with the white lead), but there is no action between it and the oil. Zinc white is the safest white to use, consequently if artists will persist in using white lead for the purpose of gaining an opaque ground, let them lay over it a priming of zinc white. Red lead and all lead pigments, as the chromates, to wit, possess the same drawbacks as flake white, so the utmost caution must be observed in their use where they find a place on the palette.

Besides the disintegrating saponification of the flake white, all lead pigments undergo rapid deoxidation when mixed with oil. This may be partly if not entirely averted by locking them up in paraffin as a vehicle.

H. C. STANDAGE.

(To be continued.)

* Pigments having iron as a basis of their colouring.

† We are fully cognisant that Prussian and Antwerp blues are not on the list of colours of the palette under consideration, but the supposititious cases are thrown in as a warning against the admixture of these blues with Naples yellow as a further argument against the use of the latter.

* Professor Church, in his R.A. lectures, said that the continental Naples yellow is permanent.

Inconsequent combination of creatures.

GROTESQUES.

Monsters merely filling a space.

THE grotesque treatment of human and animal forms is so essential a part of Italian arabesque ornament that it cannot be passed over as a mere blot upon Renaissance Art, confessed only to be deplored. Those who least admire it must in fairness admit that something at least of the variety and grace of quattro- and cinque-cento design is attributable to it.

In Gothic Art the excuse for the grotesque lies more in the piquancy and character which it gives to the design. The humour, the satire, the humanity of the monkish artist finds vent so; and we like it because it reveals to us something more of the man than would otherwise be expressed in his work. So in the Art of the Japanese it is not so much for any grace or beauty of form that we accept the extravagances as for their drollery. It is the spirit not of art but of fun that informs them, though indeed occasionally they take exquisitely graceful shape. In Italian ornament the grotesque plays a more important and a more serious part, and one more intimately connected with design. Its humour is not always spontaneous; nor is it for its individuality or quaintness that we are interested in it. Rather we accept it as, what the artists themselves seem to have taken it for, a means of getting variety of form and balance of composition. The besetting danger of mere ornament is that it is so apt to be monotonous and all-over-ish; and there is no readier way of obviating this, and attaining graceful and evenly-poised variety, than by the introduction of grotesque forms.

How far such forms justify themselves may be open to dispute. The taste of the artist and the prejudices of the critic will in every case go for something in judgment. Whoever may determine to repudiate the grotesque, must be prepared to give up with it some elements of design which we can ill spare, some qualities most difficult to get in pure ornament—and worth having, I think, even at the risk of some abuse of human and animal form. And the risk is considerable. Instances do occur of so tasteful and artistic a use of the grotesque, that only a purist could find it in his uncomfortable conscience to reject forms of such absolute beauty. Nevertheless one cannot but recognise the temptations to its abuse, and the comparative unanimity with which the artists of the revival succumbed to it.

It is impossible to define in so many words the precise limits within which it is lawful to take liberties with familiar natural forms; but whenever a monster has the appearance of having been put together, those limits have been surely passed. On the other hand, if only while you look at the creature you accept it, without being conscious of any impropriety or impossibility in it, it matters little how strange it may be. It would seem as if the artist might do just whatever he can make seem right to us. A romancer like Dumas may create all manner of impossible persons, and involve them in the most impossible adventures, because he can make you, while you read, accept them and be interested in them. In fact you believe while you read: for you he has created them. To the

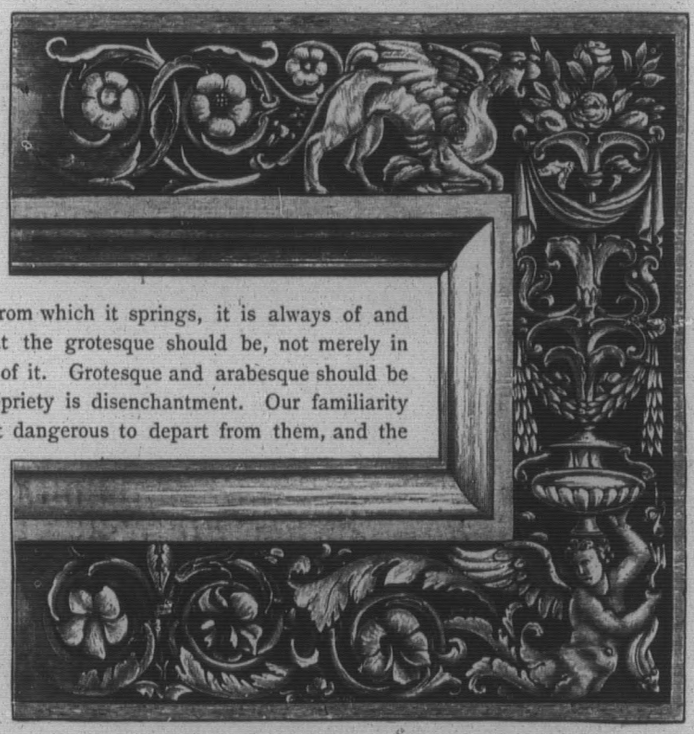
Scroll breaking out into creatures (Siena).

ornamentist also it is permitted to invent what never was, nor was possible, if only he can persuade you to believe, while you

look, in the impossible creatures of his imagination, or even to accept them. Such outrage upon possibility as occurs in the example of French wood carving engraved on the next page is not altogether unacceptable to the lover of ornament. There is a sweep, a swing, about the little boy figures, which in his judgment go far to compensate any departure from anatomical likelihood. It is pretty clear that the man who could so twist the human figure to his purpose, could, if he had been so minded, have kept closely to nature; but he sought instead balance, line, grace—and found them.

What strikes many persons is the absurdity of such things. Yet the association of even the most grotesque creatures with ornament is more strictly logical than the introduction of animal and human forms among arabesques, either in separate panels, medallions, niches and the like, or frisking about at large amidst the scrollery. A grotesque is so absolutely amenable to the necessities of ornamental design: no consideration of nature enters into the mind of the designer to hinder the play of his fancy. The nature of the grotesque is to conform, to fit—that is its very *raison d'être*. As the artist blots in his design—intent as yet only upon the lines of his composition and the distribution of the masses—the shapes of unimagined creatures are suggested by the half-accidental forms he has roughed in, much as one sees faces in the fire. Where such suggestions are followed the grotesque that is developed is inevitably in its right place. Whether it appear to be the culmination of the ornament or the root from which it springs, it is always of and belonging to it. That is the one essential thing, that the grotesque should be, not merely in harmony with the surrounding ornament, but a part of it. Grotesque and arabesque should be one growth. Any shock to our sense of fitness or propriety is disenchantment. Our familiarity with certain forms and proportions in nature makes it dangerous to depart from them, and the creations of the artist are therefore happiest when the creature belongs entirely to the imagination. We cease to judge it then by any other standard than that of its beauty, grace, appropriateness. The grotesque that reminds us too obviously of the animal that suggested it is always rather *risqué*. The more it is like a lion or a horse, the more danger is there that you will feel some discrepancy in any departure from the natural type. On the arms of the stalls in the choir of S. Pietro, at Perugia, are carved sundry creatures so much like the ordinary varieties of bird, beast, and human, that one cannot be quite reconciled to their developing into ornament. Indeed, they do not develop into it; they change into ornament. That is the head and front of their offending.

A fabulous creature should be more consistent in itself than the artists of Renaissance seem to have thought at all necessary. They had for the most part no hesitation in making the most substantial of beasts suddenly taper off into a wiry line of obvious and absurd disproportion to it. An instance of this occurs in the exquisite panel from an altar in the cathedral at Orvieto (here engraved), where our delight in the beauty of the arabesque is marred by a feeling of dissatisfaction that the tail of the animal should be continued in the shape of a scroll. Of what is so evidently a tail we are led to expect a different termination. It should have been more, or less, of a natural appendage. Even though the creature's legs terminate in foliation instead of feet, its tail seems as if it needs must end in some other way than by sprouting out into luxuriant vegetable growth. The animal is already too complete to go off again in that unexpected fashion. The little boys below, who develop into scroll-work from the waist downwards, show by contrast what is wanting in the animals above, who may be said rather to have scrolls for their tails than to end in scrollery. The absolutely perfect sculpture of this work does not quite reconcile us to such a defect in taste on the part of the artist. Another fault frequent in Italian design is the sudden attenuation of a monster's neck. Where the feature happens at the same time to be abnormally lengthened, the effect is peculiarly unfortunate. One is apt to lose sight of the fact that it is a neck; and the head at the end of the scroll comes upon us, when we find it at last, quite as a surprise—and not a pleasant one. The defect is exaggerated if the head be after all (as in the example illustrated) out of proportion or out of character with the body to which we are asked to suppose it to belong. Worst of all is the scroll which proceeds from one creature and ends in the head of another. Even of a myth we expect a beginning and an end. A single scroll may, so to speak, blossom into any number of creatures—but a monster that has not only two heads but one at either end of its body, shocks us in a way that is in no wise pleasant. The matter is not mended when he has two of these heads where the tail ought to be, as in the example given on the previous page. Not only is all this contrary to every idea of *growth*, but it indicates besides (though here we begin to tread on ground that is more than artistic) a certain absence of anything like artistic conscience on the part of the artist. Let him be a law to himself, and we are scarce inclined to quarrel with him, however far away may be his ideal from our own—but we want him to recognise that there is such a thing as law.



Animal forms changing or developing into scroll-work (Orvieto).

There is not necessarily any offence against such unwritten and unwritable law in creatures that begin and end in scrolls, in creatures whose legs, arms, wings, fins, hair, and so on branch off into ornament. In many cases the development appears to be quite a matter of course, what nature under

certain impossible conditions might possibly have done; as, for example, in the case of wings which grow from human

Grotesque from Perugia.

shoulders in the place of arms. But even when there is no suggestion of that kind, it is wonderful what a degree of expression and life an artist can put into beings so far removed from human possibility as to be endowed with foliated scrolls in the place of any natural or imaginable limbs of their own. For the mere monster that forms part of no scroll, simply filling a space, there is less excuse perhaps; but if he does fill it we need not be hard upon any inconsistency that is consistent with the conditions of ornament.

The attempt to combine in one the forms of several distinct animals is seldom happy in result. An elephant, for instance, at S. Pietro, Perugia, with wings, fins, and a dolphin's tail, is not a thing of beauty, nor is there any charm in the attempt to mix up features that have no natural affinity. One of the least fortunate efforts in this direction in the same church is a peculiar combination of foot, face, and helmet, not precisely ungraceful until one sees what it is, but then most offensive.

The grotesque should not be so much a combination of natural creatures as the hybrid offspring of varying creatures in the brain of the artist—a dream, a reminiscence, a fancy, anything but a patchwork. Where, for example, the neck (however fantastically prolonged) of some more or less familiar quadruped ends at last in a human face or masque, the effect is inharmonious and unsympathetic. There exist, no doubt, impossible-looking animals in nature, such as the giraffe, with its preposterous neck and the absurd little misfit in the way of a head at the end of it; but that is a very lame excuse for disproportion in Art. Certainly it does not prevent our disappointment at the occurrence (only too frequent) of such faults of proportion and taste as disfigure, for example, the in many respects admirable arabesques of Perugino on the ceiling of the Sala del Cambio, at Perugia.

Chubby boys astride on grotesque horses, cupids that end in scroll-work from the waist downwards, and lions of like development, one can enjoy; but when a scroll, which is the continuation of a human torso, breaks out at the other end into the head of an animal which the boy caresses, our enjoyment is no longer unalloyed. There is no occasion for such inconsistency, least of all on the part of an artist so consummate

Grotesque without homogeneity.

as he who designed the carving of the stalls in the cathedral of Siena. Had it been necessary (which it was not) to have the two separate heads, it would have been the simplest thing in the world to have given to each its own independent ending, the one intertwined with the other. Or there would have been no objection to any number of creatures growing all from one central scroll, like so many flowers on a single stem. Something like this occurs in one of the superlative panels, enriching the sides of the pulpit steps in the cathedral of Siena, of which a portion is illustrated on our first page, engraved with the others by Messrs. J. and G. Nicholls. The scroll breaks out into creatures, every branch of it, as it were, flowering into some fantastic animal shape. It is disturbing to find that this scroll itself is the development of another monster. Apart, however, from this mistake, the absolutely ornamental conception of the creatures themselves is beyond praise. The lines they take are those of animal form more or less, but of grace always and entirely. Yet their limbs are for the most part more scrolls than anything, having at least as much affinity with ornamental foliation as with legs, tails, wings, and so on. You can scarcely say where the scroll ends and the creature begins, so entirely

Graceful outrage upon possibility (French).

do they both belong to one scheme of ornamental design. In another of these panels there is an added element of comicality in the way in which the parent monster contemplates the abnormal growth of his own tail—and well he may!

Again, in the cloisters of the Doria Chapel, at Genoa, enriching the armour of certain mutilated statues are to be found grotesques conceived in the very spirit of grace. And in the crypt of the same chapel, very cleverly modelled in stucco, are monsters endowed with members that are neither arms nor wings, but yet something more alive than mere scroll-work. Some equally graceful conceptions on the soffits of arches appear to disadvantage inasmuch as they are inverted. This is not by any means an uncommon failing in Italian design. In the border round the panel at the base of one of the splendid transept altars in the cathedral at Orvieto (the companion to the panel engraved), vases and grotesque creatures are reversed in the most reckless manner. The artist has, in fact, accepted the panel itself as a centre

from which the ornamental border radiates, instead of taking into account the position of the altar in its entirety. There is some limit, however difficult to define, to the liberties one may take with the most fanciful of imagined creatures. One looks for recognition of the laws of gravity even in ornamental composition; and in some of the most beautiful work we look in vain. Even Signorelli's arabesques, in the chapel hard by, are not free from reproach in this respect. In the ornamental panels below the famous pictures the design is very naturally repeated round the central medallion. Unfortunately the figures included in it are treated in the same way, regardless as to whether they appear to stand horizontally or head downwards. It looks as if the whole thing were meant to revolve, so that each section of it might in turn be seen from the right point of view. It is obvious that the actual point of view of the whole has not been taken sufficiently into consideration in the design, arguing a sort of stupidity on the part of the artist to which one cannot be lenient. There is no excuse for it. A modern decorator might have pleaded economy; but to the fertile brain and facile hand of a Signorelli it would have been so easy to modify the creatures wherever the repetition of the design happened to place them in a false position.

The device of grouping together a number of monsters, terminating more or less in scroll-work, and so forming a sort of grotesque enrichment, can scarce be said to result in ornament. Rather, it might be described as the effort in that direction of men who were adepts only in figure-work, and who relied for inspiration almost wholly upon human and other animal forms, with which they were so much more familiar than with any severer types of ornament. One seldom sees a consistent scheme of ornament designed by an artist who excels in figure-work. Signorelli is an exception to the rule. An important example of arabesque consisting largely of unsatisfactory monsters, not always taking the most graceful lines, occurs in the ceiling of the Sala Piccolomini, at Siena, painted by Giovanni da Udine, to whom a great deal of similarly questionable ornament is to be attributed.

When it comes to painting, the difficulty of the artist is increased; the carver's task is easy by comparison. One cannot quite dissociate the natural colours from the various human or animal forms, and so the inconsistency between the several parts of the composition is emphasised instead of softened. In the decoration of the roof of the Sala del Cambio, at Perugia, the recurring female figure which ends in the haunches of a quadruped, offers this difficulty, that the flesh colour, natural to the upper body, strikes us as incongruous in the lower half of the creature. Yet if each were shown in its natural tints the incongruity of the conception would be made more apparent. One may see, in places where a partial obliteration of the forms has happened, how useful is anything that helps to remove them from actuality. The flat-looking creatures inlaid in the pavement of the Baptistry at Florence, are none the less satisfactory that they are somewhat the worse for the wear of a few centuries. Details and even outlines are effaced; but this vagueness of form becomes a monster admirably. The more a monster is realised the more impossible he appears. When hair, and scales, and feathers, are all naturally depicted, you miss the naturalness of the creature to which they belong. But you cannot resent the unreality of these ghostly creatures.

To return to the Perugian ceiling. Even the little boy figures issuing out of brightly tinted foliation, seem to suggest a want of continuity in the design. In the same way the richly coloured wings of sphinxes and cupids scarce seem to belong to them; and so we find that the monsters in monochrome are by far the most satisfactory. In all this grotesquerie some removedness from the actual is essential to complete success on the part of the doer, or to unalloyed enjoyment on the seer's part.

One makes all manner of reflections concerning the right and wrong of this proceeding or that in decoration; but in the presence of a master's work we are bound to confess that our theorising is applicable only to those who are not masters. In Luca Signorelli's delightful arabesques in the cathedral at Orvieto, the combination of human, animal, grotesque, and arabesque forms, all in rich and varied colour, which in the decoration at Perugia seemed so little satisfactory, is effected in a manner which one cannot but admire. As the colours are here managed there is no abruptness in the transition from human to animal or ornamental shape. The effect is that of a rich diaper, only without any of the monotony of a repeated pattern.

Nor is one disposed to complain, in the presence of such work as this, that the ornament is made up so largely of human forms. In the pilasters, painted in white and amber (in imitation of carved relief) on a ground of black or gold, there is little else than nude human figures arranged in ornamental order. But it *is* so ornamental; the figures fall into such graceful lines; and the artist is, in short, so much of an ornamentist that it is not only ornament, but ornament of the most masterly though not of the finest kind. You can see that every pose was determined by considerations of ornament, that each figure was designed for its place, and not merely worked in. The artist could never have done such work from the model. He must even have relied more upon his memory than upon his sketch-book. It is obvious that he was so familiar with the human form that he could do with it whatever seemed good to him, and compel it to subserve the purpose of ornamental composition. It is singular, too, notwithstanding the ornamental composition of the various figures, a sort of reason for the pose is always shown. Perhaps only a designer would realise how studiously the lines have been chosen for their decorative fitness, and even suggested by distinct considerations of ornament.

No one in his senses would pretend to lay down any hard and fast rule as to the use of grotesque forms; suffice it to make a note of the fact that satisfactory grotesques are invariably characterized by considerable removedness from reallty; they are fancies, not facts misshapen or distorted—and they should be beautiful. The difficulty of dealing with the grotesque is in the matter of taste. We cannot safely follow precedent. That would warrant every imaginable extravagance. Nor is grace in itself enough. It is probably altogether to the tasteless abuse of the grotesque that we owe a popular prejudice in the Philistine English mind against it in any shape. There is, I remember, in the church of the Carmine at Florence a monument to one of the Corsini, in which the artist (and he was by no means one by himself) has bedecorated the human skull with arabesque additions enough to make one loathe, for the time being, the very thought of the grotesque. Yet it fills a distinct place in ornament—and fills it well. A man may like it or not; but he will be a very clever fellow if he can do without it all that the craftsman of the Renaissance did with its help.

LEWIS F. DAY.

ART TEACHING AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

EVERY public school has, I suppose, for a century or more had a drawing-master. The teaching has been upon the lines in vogue from time to time; but until a period very recent indeed, it has been conducted by means of copies, formerly of the drawing-master's own studies, in later years by these largely supplemented by lithographic prints. As far as my inquiries enable me to form a judgment, any attempt to draw from nature, from the concrete object, has been rarely if ever attempted—at any rate in the form of a lesson.

Much, however, has happened in the last quarter of a century to transform a feeble accomplishment into a creative power. The facilities of travel have brought nearly all the regions of the earth within the range of a vacation tour, and in consequence every tourist or sportsman who explores new ground, or has the good fortune to discover or experience some novelty, "rushes into print." Whatever its merit, the narrative will be enhanced by illustrations, and the most highly appreciated are those drawn by the traveller himself.

In another direction drawing is an excellent preparatory study for an exact acquaintance with that ancient Art which embodies so much of our classic learning.

We have lately heard a great deal about technical education; perhaps this does not directly concern the public-schoolboy on its mechanical side, but in its relation to design in architecture, furniture, to all the decorative objects in sculpture, glass, pottery, and metal work that reflect pure or betray bad taste, we can never hope to see the best type of good Art prevail till the patrons for whom beautiful objects are produced are fitted, by an education in the principles of Art, to appreciate what is excellent, and discard what is poor, gaudy, or vulgarly obtrusive.

In dealing with the subject of Art education of boys in the great public schools, there are certain conditions to be noted which do not exist elsewhere. As a rule, we cannot expect boys to take up the study of Art in the way they are obliged to pursue their regular school course. Usually the study is voluntary—at Rugby it is entirely so—and the problem to be solved is how to make the education as complete as practicable, considering the period that boys are at school, as well as the portion of time which can be devoted to it. Drawbacks are numerous; "form" work naturally engages the chief time and attention; cricket, and the hundred tasks, attractions, and excitements of school life—not to mention indolence—cause Art to be heavily handicapped.

Drawing at Rugby School being a voluntary subject, any boy may take it who is disposed to give up half-holidays for the purpose. The three half-holidays, as well as Saturday morning, are available for the study. It is a rule that every drawing pupil must be present at least once a week; but some of the boys contrive to attend six or eight hours a week, and it is curious that those who stand well in their forms are the most regular in their attendance at drawing. This voluntary system has its drawbacks, but its great advantage is that, the attendance being voluntary, the pupils come for work, and not simply to get through a lesson.

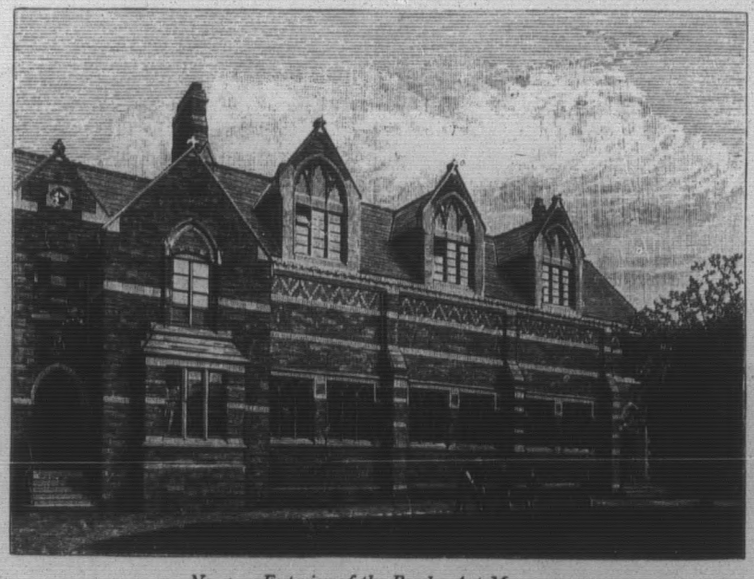
At Rugby School there is no drawing from flat copies; we begin at once to draw from the model, and, as the greater includes the less, it should excite no surprise to find that a pupil who can fairly delineate solid objects can also, when it is desirable, draw with facility from the flat example. Free-hand work should be essentially free; it should represent graphically what the eye sees or the mind apprehends, and it appears to me to be a misnomer to apply it to the methodical—I might say mechanical—mapping out of flat examples. With Rugby boys the teaching must be personal and direct; so a boy is at once put to draw from models, beginning with simple forms, such as vases. He is also initiated into the practical use of perspective, not as a trial of patience or temper, but as a friendly guide. When a boy has attained such ability in freehand as to be able to draw a simple group of objects correctly, he takes up the shading of carefully selected models in plaster—vases, bits of good ornament, and casts of fruit and foliage from nature, such as are found in all the Government Schools of Art. After this course the

No. 2.—Pottery from the Castellani Gift.

study of the human figure from the cast comes naturally; considerable use being made of a series of grotesque masks after

Michael Angelo. The pupils are greatly interested in these, and when a student has got thus far, there is seldom any difficulty about his future steady attendance. I also manage to get the boys to make studies from the sections of the face of Michael Angelo's 'David;' if not in light and shade, at least in firm pencil outline. These are followed by masks: those of the Venus of Milo, Juno, Clytie, and 'Evening' are preferred, followed by such busts as those of Dante, the Hermes, Giuliano di Medici, and the young Augustus. The boys choose the medium in which they prefer to work, the Conté chalk, the stump, or a combination of both; rubbing in stumping-powder with washleather or with the finger, or with a stiff brush. But I prefer the use of chalk in the first instance, as with it the drawing can be made more rapidly and also more accurately; and these conditions are all-important to boys whose time is comparatively so limited, and whose desire is to get to painting as fast as they possibly can. For more than a year we have used the draped life model with excellent results. To "take a portrait" is at once fascinating and serious, and there is considerable excitement when the model is sitting. At first we had some difficulty in our quiet little town in finding a suitable model with a characteristic face. Most of those who were solicited considered it a practical joke, and one old man believed it was not unconnected with chemistry and dissection, or other occult learning. We usually devote five sittings of two hours each to a model, and it is wonderful the amount of work which can be accomplished in this race against time. Any boy who can shade moderately well is permitted to use the brush, but only on the condition that painting must in no way interfere with the regular study from the cast. On the one hand, other work is pursued with more earnestness, in anticipation of this promotion, and this, in its turn, reveals difficulties which the intelligent pupil sees can only be surmounted by painstaking study with the chalk or stump, in simple light and shade. Saturday afternoons are devoted to instruction in painting, or sketching out of doors. But as the same boys take both subjects, and sketching depends on the weather, they are prepared, if it is favourable, to go off at short notice, with their stools, colours, and blocks, or simple tinted sketch-books, for pencil and chalk studies. Many of the pupils have these sketch-books, but a little coaxing has at times to be employed to induce some of them to make an experimental trial of their graphic powers. Fortunately Rugby is well situated for out-door study; the Avon is close at hand, and in a radius of a few miles are old churches and other buildings susceptible of artistic treatment. The sketching trips are by no means confined to warm weather; I have lately seen sketches, one dated Jan. 5, 1884, the other taken in the preceding December. In each case some half-dozen boys persuaded me to go for a run and a sketch, and in a weak moment I consented. Rugby boys are proverbially hardy, but the second venture was too much of a trial for one of the party. Some of the more artistic boys require but slight inducement to go out alone, or in small parties. Last autumn I met a boy returning from Ashby St. Ledgers, having walked alone out and home, a distance in all of eleven miles, for the purpose of making a pencil drawing of a certain fine old gate-house. Not a few of the boys bring back well-filled sketch-books from holiday tours. One, of an architectural turn, has a number of sketches of English cathedrals, not rough and incoherent, but drawn with some exactness and refined feeling; another boy has a series of old castles; while another has effective drawings of the ancient crosses and stones of Cornwall; and a juvenile Isaac Walton paints the trout and pike he catches before they are committed to the fish-kettle.

No. 3.—Ancient Glass from the Cypriote Collection.

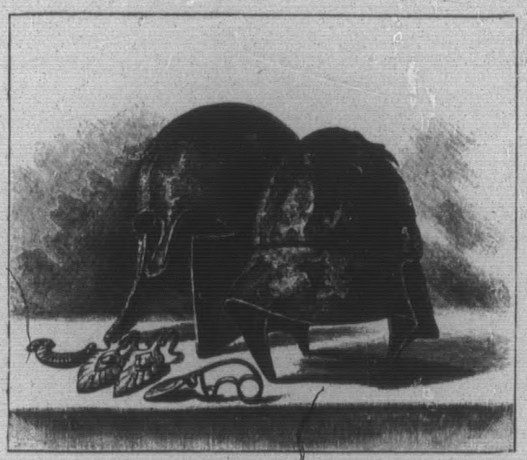


No. 4.—Exterior of the Rugby Art Museum.

The boys too are most helpful. I recently gave a course of lectures on Ornamental Art in the Big School; it was copiously illustrated, and many of the diagrams used were the work of the boys, either done in the drawing-school or in their own studies. This afforded them no small excitement, and gave a better insight into the decorative forms of ancient, mediæval, and Renaissance Art than could have been obtained by merely examining the diagrams shown during the progress of a lecture.

Twice in the year the boys attending the drawing-school are thoroughly tested, the examination being under the personal supervision of the Head Master, who also inspects the works done during the term. The examinations are similar

to the Oxford senior middle-class examinations—at times a trifle more difficult. For the shaded group we had, last Christmas, a large pestle and mortar, a roll of paper, and the lid of the box on which they all rested; for this work two hours



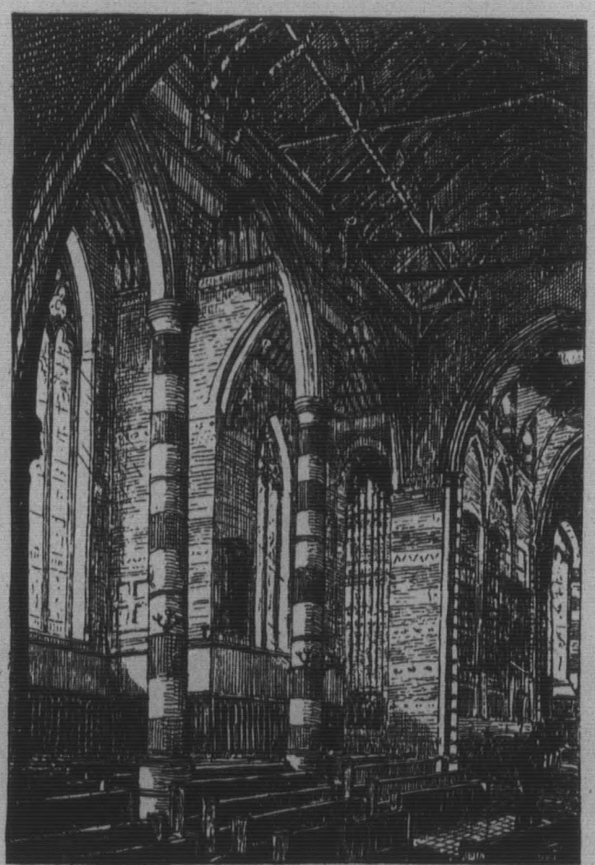
No. 5.—Bronze Objects from the Bloxam Collection.

were allowed. The model drawing was from a large Greek vase on a drawing-board. The vase was difficult, having curiously curled handles, and was profusely ornamented. Until recently the whole of the boys copied a piece of ornament from the flat, such as is given for an easy Second-grade South Kensington paper; and it was curious to note that boys who had never before drawn from a copy generally made the most intelligent transcript of the work. The practice in oil and water colours at the drawing-school is in monochrome, from casts or from large objects in colour, or from good examples in the Art Museum.

This sketch of the studies carried on would be defective if I omitted all mention of geometrical drawing. It is taken by pupils whose destination for the army, or for any pursuit requiring such knowledge, renders it indispensable that the elements of practical geometry, and of architectural and machine drawing at least, should be acquired at the school. At the last examination forty-nine boys did the model group in outline (time one hour), some taking more than the one paper; thirty sat for the shaded group, ten worked the geometrical paper, and seven took either architectural or machine construction.

The Art Museum—more than once referred to—is a brick structure with light stone dressings, an engraving of the façade of which is given. It stands within its own grounds, not far from the Great School. The lower story contains the Temple Library, and the Art Museum, a sketch of the interior of which is also given, occupies the upper floor. Fortunately the office of curator of the Art Museum is united with that of drawing-master, so that he can utilise the collection for the benefit of his classes. Though the Art Museum was only built in 1879—and it was, I am told, predicted that it would be a failure—its treasures of Art have gone on increasing by gifts and purchases, so that it is now a really efficient collection, comprising statues in plaster and marble, bronzes, pottery, pictures, great numbers of photographs of *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient and Renaissance Art, autotypes, coins, engravings, etchings, &c. The pottery includes twenty-five objects given by the late Signor Castellani, of Rome, several being very valuable. It can boast of two undoubted Turners, one in oil, the other a water colour in monochrome, the latter presented by Mr. Wm. Agnew, M.P. One venerable benefactor, Mr. Matthew Bloxam, has enriched the collections by a hundred drawings by old masters, many of which once belonged to his uncle, Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Rugby School is greatly indebted to the zeal and perseverance of the head master, the Rev. Dr. Jex Blake, in promoting the subscriptions for building the Temple Library and Art Museum, at a cost of £9,000. Already the Art treasures the Museum contains have a money value of more than £6,000, and every year adds to the wealth of the collection.

But a permanent collection might of itself be insufficient to keep up the interest in the place; so every term—that is, three times a year—a loan collection, chiefly of pictures, is exhibited. The obtaining of these is an anxious matter for the Head Master and the curator; but hitherto their solicitations have been most generously responded to, and owners of fine works of Art have thus liberally enriched the walls of the museum by stripping their own. The authorities at South Kensington very kindly sent a collection of works on three occasions, but recently they have signified their intention not to do so again. This I take to be unfortunate. It is a pity that a self-supporting museum like ours, which costs the country not a penny piece, should not be countenanced and fostered in some degree by the display of objects which would not be missed from the national collection. The previous loans were not merely gazed at hurriedly by a crowd of people



No. 6.—Rugby School Chapel.

out for a holiday, they were examined again and again, lectured upon, and used as a means of education for boys,

many of whom are destined to have a marked influence in the land of their birth, and some a world-wide recognition.

Through the winter months we often have lectures on Art matters by gentlemen of the highest qualifications, such as Mr. R. S. Poole, of the British Museum, Prof. Percy Gardner, Dr. Charles Waldstein, &c., while the curator has given several courses of lectures in the Big School, as well as familiar chats in the Art Museum. The Head Master, too, as well as several of the assistant masters, have given pleasant accounts of their visits to places of interest at home and abroad. Attached to the Art Museum is a considerable library of illustrated works on Art subjects.

No. 7.—Interior of the Rugby Art Museum.

We have some curious and interesting examples of the way in which some of the boys utilise their ability to draw. There is a Natural History Society, in which several of the boys have not only read papers, but have illustrated them by diagrams of their own production; among the papers so illustrated have been several of an archæological type. In another direction this talent has been employed to make drawings for the illustration of a monthly publication appearing under the modest title of *The Leaflet*, from which our illustration of the chapel has been taken. It has appeared regularly since last March, and may now be considered as a success.

THOS. M. LINDSAY.

'NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."'

ENGRAVED BY J. C. ARMYTAGE, AFTER THE PICTURE BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

THE treatment of a popular subject is in some ways the greatest test of an artist's power. The well-known figure of the great Napoleon was, indeed, one to attract the attention of most of the public at the Royal Academy, and the majority of the visitors would probably have derived a certain amount of pleasure from Mr. Orchardson's well-known picture if it had been painted with less skill and treated in a more commonplace fashion. On the other hand, to make a real artistic success out of a hackneyed subject, is a triumph of Art; and when a painter has succeeded in delighting both artists and the public he may well be congratulated. In this case it may be added that the work has obtained a repute in two countries—in France as well as in England—so that perhaps it is needless for us to say anything in praise of such an acknowledged masterpiece of design and colour. It may be more useful to our readers if we recall to them some of the facts connected with the famous incident in European history which has been so tellingly depicted by Mr. Orchardson.

After Napoleon's flight from Waterloo, his intention was to have proceeded to the United States on board a French man-of-war. Two frigates, the *Saale* and the *Méduse*, were ordered by the French Government to convey the late Emperor and his suite from Rochefort, but the vigilance of Captain Maitland, of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, in watching the entrance to the port, and the frigates which were anchored off the Isle d'Aix, made it hopeless for them to attempt to leave with any fair prospect of getting clear away. It was at one time proposed that Buonaparte should escape in a Danish sloop, concealed in a cask stowed in the ballast, with tubes so constructed as to convey air for his breathing; but this was abandoned as too hazardous. So at last Napoleon wrote his famous letter to the Prince Regent, dated the 13th July, 1815, and two days afterwards was received, without conditions, by Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*. His suite was divided between this ship and the *Myrmidon*. In attendance on Napoleon were five general officers, Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal; General Savary, Duc de Rovigo; Baron Lallemand and Count Montholon, aides-de-camp of Napoleon; and Count Las Cases, Conseiller d'État. Other officers on board the *Bellerophon* were Colonel de Planat, M. Maingaut, chirurgien, and M. Las Cases, page. The following description by Captain Maitland of some of these officers may assist our readers in identifying the individuals who compose the group represented by Mr. Orchardson on the quarter-deck. Count Bertrand was a man about forty-four years of age, five feet ten inches in height, of a slight make, and prepossessing appearance. General Savary, Duc de Rovigo, was a tall handsome man, then about forty-six years of age, of a cheerful disposition. General Lallemand was about forty-two years of age, of a thick, strong make, his manners not pleasing, and his appearance by no means prepossessing. General Montholon was an officer in the cavalry, about thirty-two years of age. Count Las Cases was of small stature, being little more than five feet high, and slightly made.

The following is the passage in the "Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte," by Captain Maitland, referred to in the catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1880, when this picture appeared:—

"Sunday, the 23rd of July, we passed very near to Ushant: the day was fine, and Buonaparte remained upon deck great part of the morning. He cast many a melancholy look at the coast of France, but made few observations on it."

In one respect the artist appears to have departed from strict accuracy. According to Captain Maitland, Buonaparte always wore shoes when on board the *Bellerophon*. He writes (pp. 208–9):—"Napoleon Buonaparte, when he came on board the *Bellerophon*, on the 15th of July, 1815, wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small feet, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes."

This fine picture is now the property of the nation, having been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest.

THE EARLY MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL.*

No. II.

THE unmistakable influence of Perugino was apparent in the two first Madonnas of Raphael, engraved in *The Art Journal*, at pages 15 and 16; equally imbued by the style and manner of his master are the third and fifth of the series illustrating the present notice. This reproduction of the ideas of a painter of note by a pupil is not uncommon; numerous examples can be cited; but when the scholar proves to be the greater name, we naturally examine these early essays with more than common interest, deepening, of course, as the indications of original genius unfold and display themselves. One question, which has been the subject of much discussion, arises in the mind on examining these earliest works of Raphael, and that is, what was the course of his artistic training? Admitting that he, like many of the great painters, had acquired a certain amount of technical skill at the time of his father's death, in 1494, where, and in whose workshop, did he attain the mastery shown in his earliest pictures? The family of Giovanni Santi, at the time of his decease, consisted of Raphael, his only son by his first wife, and Bernardina Parte, his second wife; his brother, Don Bartolommeo, a priest, having been appointed by Giovanni the guardian of his son. The lad's predilection for painting being so evident, the first consideration with his family would be to whom he should be apprenticed. His friends would not be ignorant of Giovanni's estimate of contemporary masters; they might also consult the elder Santi's patrons at the court of Urbino, where doubtless Raphael was not unknown. The personal charm and fascination of Raphael are continually referred to by his biographers and those who speak of him in after life; the same winning manners and graceful presence in boyhood could scarcely fail to induce his father's friends at the court to take a warm interest in his future career. These considerations all point to the selection of a painter of established reputation for his master. Urbino could boast of no artist fulfilling these conditions.

No. 3.—The Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Francis. Berlin Museum. Size, 13½ in. by 11½ in. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

It has been suggested that Raphael received instruction from Timoteo Viti, who came to Urbino from Francia's workshop in 1495, Timoteo being then twenty-six years of age. His art never rose above mediocrity, and it is

* Continued from page 18.

highly improbable that a promising lad would have been placed under his direction, when he himself had only just ceased to be a journeyman; moreover, there were men at the ducal court capable of very accurately judging of his abilities.

Further, against the Timoteo theory there is no evidence of the influence of the style of Francia in the early work of Raphael; neither is there any indication of artistic influences other than that of Perugino, which it is likely would have asserted themselves had he remained at Urbino until the end of the century.

One exception may perhaps be made in respect to a very remarkable picture in the gallery at the palace. It is related that Duke Federigo had a great admiration for the works of the Flemish masters. He induced Justus of Ghent to settle at Urbino, and employed him in decorating his own private apartments; an important picture by Justus, the 'Communion of the Apostles,' is now in the Town Museum at the ducal palace. Federigo had panels by Van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden; by the former he possessed a picture of women bathing, which is spoken of by Fazio and Vasari as a work of extraordinary merit. We know the marvellous qualities of these small panels by John Van Eyck. Those in our National Gallery, at Bruges and Paris, once seen, remain indelibly fixed in the memory; and in this picture of the 'Bathers' one feels sure that Van Eyck lavished all the resources of his art. It would be safe to assert that no picture in the Peninsula would compare with it in the quality of flesh painting from the nude; and we may also be equally sure that its power of execution would be thoroughly appreciated by a nature so keenly susceptible of this essentially pictorial quality as the born painter, Raphael. We insist on this prodigious faculty of representation in the work of the Flemish master, because it would appeal to the deepest instinct of the student. That Van Eyck's art had also a profoundly imaginative side, is shown in small panels, like the St. Francis at Turin, as well as in the larger compositions of Ghent and Berlin. All trace of the Urbino Van Eyck is lost, and its disappearance is one of the greatest of the many mischances the historian of painting has to record. But its influence in the work of Raphael may, we venture to think, be traced in two notable instances, in the flesh painting of the 'Apollo and Marsyas,' and in that of the 'Three Graces' in Lord Ward's collection. Both these works display excellences of manipulation which can certainly not be matched in the work of any other Umbrian painter of the period.

No. 4.—Sketch for the Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Francis. The Albertina Collection.

Vasari relates that Giovanni Santi himself took steps to place his son under the direction of Perugino. In this particular the historian is proved to be in error; but the main fact of his narration, that with the exception of the first lessons from his father Raphael derived all his later direct teaching from Perugino, is accepted by the most distinguished biographers of the master. The question is fully discussed in the Lives of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Passavant, and M. Eugène Muntz, and is especially so exhaustively treated by the first-named writers, that their conclusions must be accepted as final, unless direct evidence to the contrary be discovered in the future. Knowing the system of instruction common to all the Italian schools of painting, it is no matter of surprise that the first works of the scholar reflect the manner of the master. There were perhaps instances of a pupil manifesting his individuality while still serving in the workshop, as in the kneeling angel painted by Leonardo da Vinci in Verrocchio's 'Baptism of the Saviour.' Raphael's genius was more docile: his first efforts were strictly within the lines of Perugino's art, and their strong similarity to his master's work implied a relationship extending over a lengthened interval. Five years' apprenticeship was none too long a time to attain such a thorough assimilation of the spirit of a highly refined artistic procedure.

In reviewing the career of Raphael and remembering his subsequent versatility, his immense facility of execution, and his untiring application to his art, one cannot help feeling how fortunate was the conjunction of circumstances whereby his early years were spent in the workshop of an Umbrian painter. One of his biographers speaks of his being worn out at thirty-seven—a questionable statement, since his death probably resulted from his neglect of ordinary precautions and the unskilfulness of his physician. But undoubtedly if he had begun life at Florence, in the atmosphere of feverish activity prevailing in artistic circles in that city, there would have been a serious danger of a premature deve-

lopment of his powers. On the other hand, the ideal region in which Perugian painting moved, and also its restricted aim, limited the exercise of the imaginative faculty at the same time that it encouraged its votaries to strive after technical proficiency and delicacy of touch. Rarely has the Art of any period shown such sublime indifference to the interests that governed, and the passions that influenced, the community at large. The artists with placid industry multiplied and reproduced on stereotyped forms their pensive Virgins and simpering saints, while civil war raged in the streets and the market-place was heaped with the dead. Burckhardt, in his "Cultur der Rennaissance in Italien," remarks that Raphael was a student at Perugia at the time of the sanguinary conflicts of the Baglioni. Some of the episodes may be reflected in his later pictures, the only reference in his contemporary work is the slight drawing of the 'Massacre of the Innocents' in the Venice sketch-book. Signorelli painted the *bravi* and men-at-arms in their costume and armour, as they were seen at the palace-fortress doors of their employers. He caught their fierce looks, and sharply outlined their stalwart limbs. His frescoes ring with battle-cries, with the shouts of the victors and the groans of the conquered. An anecdote of Pope Sixtus IV. shows the manner of the age. Hearing that some soldiers of his guard had determined to settle a quarrel by a duel to the death, *al steccato chiuso*, and that they had fixed on a spot outside the city walls, the Pope commanded that the fight should take place at the foot of the palace stairs, and also forbade them to commence until he arrived. When all was ready, he appeared at the window, stretched forth his arms, made the sign of the cross, gave the combatants his blessing and at the same time the signal to commence. In the first encounter one of the soldiers was killed on the spot, in the second the two adversaries were so grievously wounded they were unable to continue until one received a finishing stroke. The Pope, remarks the chronicler, took great delight in this combat, and expressed his desire to see another of the like nature.* In reading this narrative the student of Italian Art will recall the well-known engraving by Pallaiuolo, of the 'Combat of Gladiators,' and remembering that the artist executed the tomb of Sixtus, it might almost be supposed that the subject was suggested by the above incident, were it not that such a performance, though perhaps not under such distinguished patronage, was of common occurrence.

Umbrian Art stooped to no similar

No. 5.—The Madonna Connestabile. St. Petersburg, the Imperial Palace. Size, 7 in. in diameter. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

No. 6.—Sketch for a Virgin and Child. Pen and Umber. From the Louvre Collection.

* "Stefano Infessura, Diario Romano." T. iii., p. 11. *Rev. Ital.*, p. 1184.

sensational effects. It disdained the interest dependent on actualities. None the less did it respond to a popular and universal sentiment. While at no period was passion so unrestrained nor violence so uncurbed, neither also was faith ever more deeply rooted or devotion more ardent. Men spared no expense in the acquisition of an altar-piece. A shoemaker gave the savings of a lifetime in payment for a Madonna by Perugino.* The visible symbol of a divine mystery was the object craved for. In the horror and uncertainty, in the instability of everything making social relations possible or life endurable, men turned the more eagerly to the consolation of religion, and clung the more closely to the eternal verities. The central point of their belief was the Incarnation, its most direct symbol the representation of the Virgin and Child. The earliest triumphs of Raphael are associated with the sacred love, the eternal beauty and abiding hope of immortality; he infused into this the simplest and, at the same time, the most perennially interesting subject for pictorial art.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle place the Madonna with St. Francis and St. Jerome (see Illustration No. 3), in the Berlin Gallery (No. 145), third in order in the series of Raphael's Madonnas, and their judgment will doubtless find general acceptance. It is on a similar scale to the Solly Madonna, but the design displays the attempt to render a more complex motive, and in the execution the aim at more subtle effects of tone and colour is also evident. When placed side by side with the Solly Madonna (at page 15), it possibly rather suffers by the comparison, on account of the relatively more perfect state of the former; the present work has sustained serious damage, and the signs of the hand of the restorer are only too palpable. A drawing in the Albertina collection at Vienna (see Illustration No. 4) gives one of the first sketches for the picture. It was formerly attributed to Perugino, but is now seen to be by Raphael. A masterly discussion of this point will be found in a paper by Dr. Lippmann, "Raphael's Entwurf zur Madonna del Duca di Terranuova und zur Madonna Staffa Connestabile," in the *Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* for 1882. Dr. Lippmann remarks that the original suggestion may have come from a print by Martin Schongauer (Bartsch, No. 28); that German engravings found their way into Italian workshops is well known. The reader may at a glance note the changes in the composition which Raphael made when he translated the design into colour. The Virgin's head, with the arrangement of the vest and mantle, should also be compared with the same figure in Raphael's 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Vatican; the position of the head, its sentiment, the cast of the drapery, and the linen underdress falling in loops from the sleeves, are almost identical. The Virgin's mantle is dark blue, her robe is of lake; both are ornamented with delicate gold embroidery; so also is the cushion on which the Child is seated. The heads are relieved by a grey twilight sky and an indication of mountainous landscape, in which are seen two churches, having reference to the two saints. Highly wrought manipulation leaves none of the forms slurred or inexpressed, a solid basis of pigment underlies the delicate final painting, and on these, which no engraving can render, depend the rare and refined sentiment of the conception. Pictures like the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' Lord Ward's 'Crucifixion,' and the Citta di Castello compositions afford opportunities for the wider display of more various accomplishments; the germ of these, however, may all be found in the present panel, and from this point of view it is of especial value, if we desire to attain an accurate knowledge of the early dawn of the art of Raphael.

No. 7.—Study in Pen and Umber for the Madonna Connestabile. Berlin Museum.

All who have studied the work of the master will remember the number of distinctly typical conceptions to be found in the series. He was gifted with the rare faculty of embodying an idea in such felicitous form that the presentation may almost be considered as final. First among these happy inspirations stands the 'Madonna Connestabile' (see Illustration No. 5); it is the first striking success in a series of triumphs, which was to culminate in the 'Madonna di San Sisto.' The majesty of the divine Child in the 'San Sisto' is drawn in heroic proportions; the 'Connestabile' panel scarcely exceeds the dimensions of a miniature. According to records

* Now in the National Gallery, No. 1075.

published by Professor Adamo Rossi, the picture belonged to Alfano di Diamente, uncle of Raphael's friend, Domenico di Paris Alfani; it passed into the possession of the collateral branch of Connestabile Staffa, and was sold by Count Scipione Connestabile, of Perugia, in 1871, to the Empress of Russia, the price being £13,000. Without pretending to assert that the complete history of the incubation of the design can be set forth, at least there is evidence respecting some portion of the procedure. The motives of Raphael's Umbrian Madonnas refer to some typical incident. The book the Virgin reads symbolizes the Book of Life; the apple in her hand has reference to the fall of our first parents; the bird the Child holds in captivity is the soul of man. These themes the artist varied continually, substituting one for the other, possibly on the demand of the person commissioning the picture. A drawing in the Berlin Museum (see Illustration No. 7) has reached the ultimate stage previous to transferal to panel. It is the same size as the Connestabile picture, and, it will be seen, is in the general nature identical, only instead of the Virgin holding a book she holds an apple; her mantle is also more open, and a handkerchief is tied over the bosom. The latter detail imparts richness to the costume, the movement of the mantle improves the arrangement of line; instead of four lines meeting at a point in the drawing, the edge of the mantle cuts the shoulder of the Child, and thus removes an unpleasant superfluity of angles at one point. Some short time after the arrival of the Connestabile Madonna at St. Petersburg a split came across the panel, which suggested the desirability of the transferrence of the picture to canvas. In the process the original priming was revealed, and on it was discovered the outlines of the Berlin cartoon, with the apple in the Virgin's hand. Any attempt to determine the motive for the change must needs be a mere guess; it is not, however, unlikely that the success of the 'Solly' picture may have influenced the intending purchaser of the 'Connestabile.' Two reproductions of Raphael drawings are here given to illustrate other renderings of the two incidents. The Virgin with the pomegranate (No. 8) is from the Albertina collection; if produced in colour, the picture is either lost or destroyed. The same also must be stated respecting the other design (No. 6), which is one of the pearls of the Louvre collection. The resemblance of motive, and also of the disposition of the figures, to the 'Solly' picture (at page 15), has suggested the possibility that the original idea for the latter may be found in the drawing. But a fatal objection to this conjecture is the fact that the grace of line in the drawing is absent in the completed work, and it is impossible to conceive that Raphael's sense of beauty and quick perception would have permitted him to omit the rarest qualities of the design, even supposing, as has been put forth, that it is not from his hand. Respecting the attribution, the execution matches other Raphael drawings in minute particulars; so also does a drawing of nude children in the *verso*. None can fail to see how entirely Raphaelesque is the sentiment of the design; at the same time it may be pointed out that no contemporary artist can be named possessing the power of rendering the special qualities distinguishing the work, saving only Raphael himself. It may be desirable to remark for those who have not seen the original at the Louvre, that no reproduction which has to be printed in the text can give an adequate notion of its exquisite manipulation.

No. 8.—Virgin with the Pomegranate. Black Chalk Drawing. The Albertina Collection. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

With the engraving of the Connestabile Madonna before the reader, any description of its composition is unnecessary. The execution is of rare finish and refinement, and the colour is deep and forcible, though without opacity. Raphael never endowed the maid Mother with more grace and suavity, nor conceived a landscape of more tranquil beauty. The repose of the quiet lake is in perfect harmony with the sentiment of the Virgin as she walks through the fields, and the snow-capped summits of the eternal hills suggest the thoughts and imagery of the Psalmist, whose words she is reading.

HENRY WALLIS.

(*To be continued.*)

MODERN PROCESSES OF AUTOMATIC ENGRAVING.

No. I.

AUTOMATIC Engraving, it is generally supposed, is a product exclusively of the present century. Those who favour this opinion notably overlook the circumstance that etching, which may fairly claim to be considered as coming under the appellation of automatic engraving, was practised as far back as the fifteenth century. Some ambiguity exists as to the correct use of the term "automatic" when applied to the engraver's art. In the various photographic processes, in which the act of engraving—or that which supplies the place of engraving—is performed entirely by the agency of light, no question can arise as to the applicability of the term. There are, however, other methods employed in reproducing pictures, which, although not dependent upon the aid of photography, equally dispense with the labour of the engraver. All methods of performing the work without actually employing the artistic skill of an engraver, and without using his ordinary implements, may be considered as properly classified among automatic processes, notwithstanding the fact that, in some cases, other means of manipulation may be substituted.

Automatic processes may be divided into chemical, mechanical, or photographic.

Of chemical processes we have instances in the various methods of zincography, in etching, and in both the intaglio and relief forms of aquatinting. In zincography the artist need not see the plate upon which his drawing is to be reproduced until the work has been accomplished; in etching and aquatinting, on the other hand, the artist draws his design directly upon the plate. In either case the work is autographic. The hollows upon the surface of the plate necessary for the purpose of printing are, in the older form of the art, the work of the engraver; but in the automatic processes this work is performed by means of acid biting away portions of the surface of the metal plate.

In lithography also the actual work of the engraver is dispensed with. The design when drawn upon the stone by the artist, only needs the application of an acidulated wash in order to render it fit for the printer. Although this application is technically called "etching" the stone, the result obtained is not the same as that produced by the art which is known by this name. The *rationale* of the process is thus described: The chalk or crayon used in making the drawing, being mixed with saponaceous matter by way of vehicle, is soluble in water; and the lines or marks made in this material would naturally spread under the damping required in printing. The stone being washed by dilute nitric acid flooded over its surface, or applied by a wide flat brush, the saponaceous character of the chalk is destroyed, and the drawing is rendered fixed. Here it is desirable to combat the popular

No. 1.—Diana Reposing. Reproduced by Hentschel's Photo-zincography.

notion that the process of etching consists in the work of biting by acid. On the contrary, etching is the act of drawing, or scratching, the design upon the plate; and the subsequent fixing the design, either in intaglio or in relief, upon the plate, is the biting process. Any one may perform the biting portion of the work, but a trained artist is required for the etching. This distinction between the two processes of biting and etching will be rendered still clearer, when we come to describe in a future paper another method of etching, which is accomplished altogether irrespective of the chemical agency.

Of mechanical processes of engraving there are but few,

and these are not of a sufficiently artistic character to render them entitled to detailed notice in this place.

Photographic processes, which are already numerous, seem almost daily to increase in number, although not a few of these so-called new processes appear to be novelties chiefly in name. The scientific principles which lie at the foundation of photography have only been discovered within the last fifty years: and all photographic processes of engraving may therefore be designated as essentially modern. It is a curious and highly significant fact that both lithography and photography were described by their inventors as methods of engraving. The correspondence which is on record as having taken place between Niepce and Daguerre, to whom we owe the discovery and first application of photography, indisputably proves that the sole purpose and aim of their researches was to discover the means of engraving automatically the pictures reflected in the camera.

The most popular of all the chemical processes in use is known in this country by the name of Zincography, which appellation is derived from the circumstance of zinc plates being used upon which designs are to be engraved. Zincographic blocks are now largely used for the purposes of typographic printing. It is generally acknowledged that the invention of zincography was due to the researches and experiments of M. Gillot, of Paris, who in 1856 submitted to the "Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale" the particulars of a new process which he then styled "Gravure Paniconographique," and which had engaged his patient attention for upwards of six years. At first, as may be supposed, considerable uncertainty attended the working of the new process, and the results were not uniformly satisfactory. Besides this, the new method naturally encountered not a little professional prejudice.

The French engravers of that day were averse to helping the new method by any encouragement, seeing that the process was expected to supersede their own art. The Parisian booksellers, too, hesitated to employ a process which was at the time under a cloud and spoken of disparagingly as "the process." In consequence of the disrepute with which the term was thus associated, M. Gillot was induced to adopt the title of *Gillotage* for his work, and to give the name of *Gilloteurs* to those persons who worked the process. The first public recognition of its value was at the Exhibition of 1855, when the distinction of an "Honourable Mention" was conferred upon the inventor. Previously to the date named, whenever illustrations were required to be incorporated with the text of a book, wood-engraving had to be employed; and it was the hope of producing similar typographic blocks, but on a less expensive scale, that actuated M. Gillot to persevere in his experiments. The advantage of having the text and the drawing which illustrates the text, upon the same page, has always been admitted as offering great facilities for the reader in books for study, as well as those intended merely for amusement; and it gradually came to be recognised that the new art offered facilities for thus meeting the requirements of typographic printing, and at a cheaper rate.

No. 2.—A Sketch. Reproduced by Gillot's process.

The following description of M. Gillot's process, *Gillotage*, equally applies to most of the methods known in this country as Zincography.

The zinc plate to be used may be either polished on its surface or grained, according to the requirements of the picture to be reproduced. Whatever the character of the plate, it must be scrupulously clean, and should be about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The image or picture is now to be produced upon the plate, which is done by having it laid down or transferred in the ordinary method employed in lithography. When the resulting block is to be a reproduction of a copper-plate engraving, a "transfer" printed from the original is laid on to the zinc plate; if an original drawing be required to be reproduced the artist makes his picture with lithographic ink upon transfer-paper. These arrangements are only applicable to reproductions which are identical in size with the originals; but when the block is to be either a reduction or an enlargement of the original the aid of photography is necessary. The drawing having been obtained upon the zinc, the plate is "rolled up" with an ink in which a varnish, bitumen, or some other acid-resistant is mixed. The varnish is also coated over the back of the plate and upon the margin of the front surface, so as to prevent biting those parts of the plate uselessly. The plate having been "rolled up" is ready for the first biting, which need not be either very severe or greatly prolonged. For this purpose it is placed in a shallow

bath of dilute nitrous acid, and carefully watched by the operator in order to avoid losing any of the drawing. In the course of the work of biting, nitrate of zinc is generated; and with a view to prevent this accumulating upon the plate, which would fall upon the parts already bitten, and hinder the progress of the work, the bath is kept in constant gentle motion. The effect of this mineral deposit if allowed to remain would be to stop the process of biting vertically and to encourage lateral biting, to the manifest injury and weakening of the lines forming the picture. The more open the work of the drawing—that is, the greater the distance between the various lines, the deeper is it necessary to pursue the biting. This is an important matter, because the inking-roller is apt in printing to drop where there are open spaces, and so produce a dirty appearance in the prints in places where absolute whites are required. In M. Gillot's establishment the rocking motion given to the various baths in use is communicated by steam-power; in less extensive establishments the work is done by hand. The acid is by these means kept constantly flowing over the surface of the plate, and any deposit of metallic oxide is prevented or reduced to a minimum. The first biting, upon which the delicacy of the picture entirely depends, is performed with acid so much diluted as to be scarcely perceptible to the taste. About a quarter of an hour is allowed for this preliminary biting. It will now be necessary to protect the lines of the drawing still further, previous to continuing the use of the acid. The plate is sponged and dried, and then placed upon a metal table heated from underneath by a jet of steam. The effect of the warmth thus imparted to the plate is to liquefy the ink remaining upon its surface, which is thus enabled to run and spread upon the lines. The plate is then allowed to become cool, and finely-powdered resin is sifted over the surface and adheres to the ink. In the bath the superfluous resin is soon removed and the biting is recommenced with acid less diluted than before, and is continued and repeated as often as may be required. At each fresh biting the strength of the acid is necessarily renewed, and when all but the large whites have been sufficiently bitten, acid that is nearly pure is employed. The biting being finished, the plate is dried and the grease of the ink is removed by benzine, and afterwards washed in potash.

In the case of any alteration in the relative dimensions of the block being required, the negative of the picture is obtained by means of the wet collodion process, and is printed photographically upon a zinc plate previously sensitized. The plate is coated, according to M. Davanne's account of the process, with *bitume de Judée* dissolved in benzine, one hundred parts of the latter to four of the former. When the plate is dry the negative is applied, and the whole exposed to the light. After a sufficient exposure the plate is washed in spirits of turpentine, which dissolves the bitumen in all the parts where it has not been rendered insoluble by the action of the light. The difficulty which is presented in this stage of the work is that there is no sufficient distinction between the solids and the half-tints. To meet and overcome this difficulty it is necessary to produce a granulation upon the plate, so that the biting may develop those gradations of light and shade so essential to a satisfactory picture. M. Gillot has suggested that the outline of the drawing should be made by the artist upon an enamelled paper, and that an instrument resembling a roulette should be passed over it, so as to cut uniform lines upon the surface of the paper. The artist should then complete the drawing of his picture in pencil or chalk, the markings only resting upon the tops of the lines left on the surface of the enamel. Latterly a "lined paper" has been employed, which has this channelling of lines upon its surface already made. Upon this paper the artist draws his picture, thickening certain parts for the "solids," and altogether scratching away the lines where the "whites" are required. The diagram above will give a satisfactory explanation of the appearance presented by this prepared paper.

Fig. 1. *Fig.* 2. *Fig.* 3.

No. 3.—*Examples of a Drawing on Lined Paper.*

Fig. 1 shows this lined paper in its unused condition; Fig. 2 exhibits the effect of the pencil drawing; and Fig. 3 is the same drawing after the surface of the paper has been scratched away for the lights.

The discoveries of M. Gillot and of his son have given rise to many adaptations and modifications of the process. As in other descriptions of artistic industry, the operators have separated themselves into two classes, those who imitate indifferently the chemical arrangements, and those who, on the other hand, bring to their task the artistic ability to add some discovery or practical knowledge to the general store. In this latter class the "Direct-Photo Engraving Company" may be mentioned, the artistic arrangements of which are under the management of Mr. A. Hentschel, who has undoubtedly produced some of the best results which have been obtained in this country. The main features of the work of Mr. Hentschel are identical with those adopted by the Paris establishment, but he has added a considerable discovery which may thus be briefly described. The photographic negative obtained in the camera in the ordinary way, is printed photographically upon a specially prepared and sensitized carbon paper, which possesses the advantage of retaining the half-tints usually so difficult to obtain in zincographic blocks. This carbon-paper print is laid face downwards on a polished zinc plate, to which it is securely attached. The plate is then laid in a bath and the paper washed away, leaving only that part of the carbon surface which carries the drawing. In this state the plate is ready for biting.

An example of *Gillotage* from the house of Mons. Gillot accompanies this paper; it is printed from a typographic block which is a reduced reproduction by photography of a drawing by Bouchardon entitled 'Le Semeur,' from the collection of the Louvre. The specimen of photo-zincography by Mr. Hentschel is a reproduction from an engraving by Cornelius Bloemart (1603-1680), after a painting by Petrus Berettinus Corton (1596-1669).

J. S. HODSON.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE enterprise of the English government in paying, or rather advising the payment of, £70,000 for a Raphael has quickly found a parallel in Prussia. The trustees of the Berlin Museum, with the Crown Prince of Germany at their head, have bought a famous portrait by Albert Dürer for the sum of one million marks (£50,000). The portrait in question is little more than a head. It represents Jerome Holzschuher, a friend and contemporary of Dürer, and one of the septemvirs of Nuremberg. It was painted in 1526, when the artist was fifty-five and his sitter fifty-seven years of age, and may be said to be the very last picture on which the extraordinary diligence of Dürer was expended. It is on panel, in excellent preservation with the exception of the background, and still keeps its original frame, or rather case, with the arms of Holzschuher on the lid. For some years past the picture has been lent by the family to the *Germanisches Museum* at Nuremberg. Following up this purchase the Berlin authorities have also—it has been announced as we write—bought a magnificent Fra Angelico which has long been in the collection of Lord Dudley; for this they have paid ten thousand pounds.

The dispersal of the Blenheim collection has not made much progress within the last month. The fine Rubens known sometimes as 'The Hesperides,' sometimes as 'The Three Wives of Rubens,' and by other names as well, has been offered to the National Gallery at £25,000, and the same price has been asked for Reynolds' great portrait of the third Duke of Marlborough and his family, but so far in vain. Meanwhile the famous set of one hundred and twenty copies made by Teniers for the Austrian governor of the Netherlands, the Archduke Leopold, are on view in London; for them the Duke asked £12,000.

President Arthur's message to the Congress of the United States, dated December 1st, contained the following ambiguous passage respecting the recent large addition to the duties upon imported works of Art. "It would be well to consider whether the present discrimination in favour of the productions of American artists abroad is not likely to result in the practical exclusion of American painters and sculptors from the benefits hitherto enjoyed by them abroad."

Another collection, about which many contradictory rumours have lately been afloat, is the Basilewski gathering of enamels, china, early Christian works of Art from the Catacombs and other things, which until the last few days has had a home in Paris, in the Rue Blanche. Among the most famous of its items were the 'Fortuny' vase of hispano-moresque pottery, four pieces of Henri II. ware, an Italian plate with a portrait of Charles V., and a large Limoges enamel, by Penicaud the elder. The whole was advertised for sale in the early spring at the Hôtel Drouot; the catalogue was far advanced and ran to over seven hundred and fifty lots, when it was suddenly announced that the collection had been sold *en bloc* to the Russian Government for six millions of francs, or £240,000; so that M. Basilewski has reached the crown of every real collector's ambition; he has seen his gatherings pass intact into the keeping of his native country, and at his own price.

Within the last few days it has become known that all the purchases made by a syndicate of gentlemen at the Fountaine sale have been taken over by the authorities of the British and South Kensington Museums, with the single exception of a pair of Palissy candlesticks, which were so poor in Art neither the one body nor the other would have them, in spite of their undoubted rarity. The sum paid for the rest amounts to £9,924.

At the sale of the library from Syston Park by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, a copy of the Mazarin Bible, which was offered on December 13th, fetched £3,900; Mr. Quaritch was the purchaser. This excessively rare edition has been known as the "Mazarin Bible" ever since a copy was discovered by Debure in the library of Cardinal Mazarin.

The authorities of the Berlin Museum are about to publish an exact fac-simile of the Botticelli Dante, which was bought by them nearly three years ago with the rest of the manuscripts belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. The edition will be prepared under the direction of Dr. F. Lippmann, who negotiated the purchase.

It is asserted that M. Edmond Durighells has discovered, in the neighbourhood of Sarepta, a Phœnician cemetery never before opened or violated in any way. If this announcement be well founded, a great boon is in store for archæologists, for all the graveyards yet explored in Phœnicia by M. Renan and others had been rifled again and again.

The Cesnola controversy has been re-opened by a series of letters to the *Courier de l'Art* from M. Henri de Morgan, who attempts to throw doubts on the genuine nature of the finds at Curium, through the contradictions of General de Cesnola's narrative and its want of corroboration by other explorers on the same site. Dr. Schliemann's new book, with an account of his excavations at Tiryns, is now in the press, and will be published simultaneously in England, America, France, and Germany. The next digging campaign of its author will be in Crete.

The historical collection of casts brought together at South Kensington through the energy, mainly, of Mr. Walter Copeland Perry, has lately been supplemented by a cast from a famous statue in the Vatican, namely, a Roman copy of the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles. The statue in question was provided with a drapery of tin under the orders of the last Pope Gregory; for its temporary removal Mr. Armstrong, the Art director of the South Kensington Museum, sought and obtained authority. Judging from the cast the figure itself is very poor; the limbs are ill-proportioned and weak; the hands coarse and shapeless. The smaller copy at Munich is better in nearly all respects.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who has for many years been collecting every variety of English pottery and porcelain, has

offered her collection to the South Kensington Museum, and the gift has been accepted. The objects will be shown in the Ceramic Gallery. The catalogue of the collection is being prepared by Lady Charlotte herself; the number of specimens will not be far short of fifteen hundred. The collection is especially rich in the less known and more early varieties of pottery, notably salt-glazed ware and the earthenware of the middle of the last century.

The Scottish National Portrait Gallery starts under extraordinarily favourable conditions, so far as money is concerned. Its total endowment amounts to £47,500, of which £7,500 is for a site; £20,000 for the erection of a suitable building, and £20,000 to form the nucleus of a fund for the purchase of portraits. Of these sums £30,000 has been given by an anonymous benefactor, while the rest has been voted by Parliament.

Under its present curator, Mr. Arthur J. Evans, a determined attempt is to be made to make the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford a worthy sister to the Archæological Museum at Cambridge, which is now directed by Dr. Charles Waldstein. In the event of the building being fitly constructed there is some hope that the offer made once, but withdrawn, of one of the finest private archæological collections in Europe would be renewed.

A curious donation has been made to the French government in the shape of a great collection of things relating to the worship of the ancient and modern inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and America, gathered by M. Guimet during his travels in all parts of the globe. The collection includes numerous specimens of Oriental china, a library of books on Pagan religions, and a regiment of Oriental priests, Buddhists, Brahmans, &c., who are supported by M. Guimet and spend their time in translating the sacred offices of their various religions into French. For all this a special building—a 'palais'—is to be erected on the Place de Jena; it will be opened to the public in about two years from now.

The forthcoming exhibition of Gainsborough at the Grosvenor Gallery will comprise nearly two hundred pictures. Very few of his more famous works will be absent. In the smaller rooms a collection of some one hundred and fifty works by the late "Dicky" Doyle will be arranged.

The winter show at the Academy is also expected to be quite up to the average of the fifteen which have preceded it. Among other things it will have one of the finest of the Blenheim Rubenses, the 'Venus and Adonis,' which was presented to the first Duke of Marlborough by the Emperor; and a number of fine examples of the *quattro centisti*.

The gallery space at Burlington House has been increased during the past year by the addition of a very large room for water colours and two more for architectural drawings and "black and white." This will leave all the old rooms free for oil pictures, with the exception of the galleries for sculpture.

It is rather soon to speculate as to the contents of the next Academy, but rumours of a few pictures are afloat. Mr. Colin Hunter, for instance, has been to America to paint a large picture of the rapids above Niagara, of which report speaks well. Mr. Millais is engaged, among other things, on a new portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Linton is busy over his picture of the wedding of the late Duke of Albany, which promises to be very unlike most pictures of royal "functions." At the present writing a collection of Mr. Linton's works is on view in the galleries of The Fine Art Society, and is likely to add to his reputation.

The French monument to Gambetta is to be entrusted to MM. Aubé and Boileau. Their design is unsatisfactory, so far as we can judge from the published illustrations. It consists of a stunted obelisk mounted on a base, with figures of Truth and Force on either side. Gambetta himself stands gesticulating in front of the obelisk, which is crowned by a winged lion bearing an allegorical figure, the "Jeune République."

The accounts of the fourth Salon which has been held apart from Government, and under the management of the Society of French Artists, will be scanned with interest. The total receipts amount to 352,000 francs, which include 12,000 francs interest on investments, 11,000 and 31,500 francs from the refreshment and catalogue contractors respectively, and 289,000 francs from entrances. On the other side, the disbursements amount to 280,000 francs, of which 54,000 francs is spent in medals and diplomas, and 12,000 francs in charity. The garden, which is so delightful an adjunct, and which we hope some day to see imitated on a small scale in the courtyard of Burlington House, cost 14,000 francs. The Society has now, besides its capital of 200,000 francs, a reserve of 225,000 francs. The receipts from entrances show a considerable falling off, which is set down to bad trade. The four years compare as follows:—1881, 314,302; 1882, 343,874; 1883, 298,497; 1884, 289,293.

The committee of ninety for the regulation of the Salon for the next three years has just been elected. Peculiar interest attached to the proceedings in consequence of the declared intention of the French government to hold the triennial Salon of 1886 at the time and in the building usually occupied by the annual exhibition. The artists elected had all previously declared their intention of doing all that lay in their power to insure the holding of the Salon as usual, in spite of its triennial rival. In the section of architecture the first name was M. Bailly; in that of sculpture the first three were Etienne Leroux, Chapu, Guillaume. In that of painting the first four were MM. Tony Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, Jules Lefebvre, and Bonnat. In "Black and Whites," the first three were MM. Gaillard, Didier, and Waltner.

The contemporary French school has suffered a great and premature loss in the death of M. Bastien Lepage at the age of thirty-eight. Ever since the appearance of his 'Jeanne-d'Arc' at the Salon of 1880, his name has been one of the best known of the younger Parisian school; and although none of his more recent works had quite borne out the high promise of that first masterpiece, he would, had he been blessed with health, have surely done much more for his own fame and for that of his school.

The deaths are also announced of Mr. Joseph Middleton Jopling, author, rifleman (he won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon some twenty years ago), artist, and one of the most familiar figures in English Art circles; of Mr. John Edward Freeman, a well-known American painter, long resident in Rome, where he died on the 21st ult., in his seventy-sixth year; and of Mr. Denison, the English banker, whose heroic biddings have been a feature of most sales at Christie's of recent years.

In the front rank of Art books of the season will certainly be found the handsome volume which contains Fitzgerald's English version of "THE RUBAIYÀT," or quatrains of Omar Khayyám, illustrated by Elihu Vedder. Omar's song has had a fascination beyond its deserts for this artist. Even he is bound to admit that its burden is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" and that the only god who figures therein is Sensuality. When to this is added a constant reminder that there is no compensation after death for self-denial in this world, no prospect of aught save annihilation, is it a wonder that the artist's pencil lags and is infected thereby? It is only thus that we can explain a sensation which has been experienced by others besides ourselves, who, taking up the work with a delighted surprise at the strength of draughtsmanship and novelty of treatment, have laid it down with a feeling of weariness and disappointment. Mr. Vedder is hardly to blame for this. His illustrations are dignified in treatment, finely conceived, and well composed; note as examples those illustrating the quatrains Nos. 18 and 49. It is true that he seldom makes sufficient of the surroundings which the imagination conjures up of the beauties of the Orient; he has hardly attempted the delineation of a lovely face, and his drawing of the figure is occasionally open to question, especially when foreshortening comes into play. But, on the other hand, he has reaped the very material advantage of having his drawings, which are in grey and white chalks, reproduced in a manner which reflects the highest credit on the firm engaged, the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts; their lithographic work alone will make the volume of value to those who collect the finest specimens of the art; we can therefore well understand Mr. Quaritch, the English publisher's assertion, that nearly all the two editions of the work have been taken up, spite of their price, which is thirty and five guineas respectively.

On a North-Holland Boat. From "Sketching Rambles in Holland."

Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., can dismiss the fear he entertains that he will be told to stick to his own last; for he has written a very pleasant volume, "SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND," (Macmillan & Co.), illustrated by Mr. E. A. Abbey and himself. There is a flavour of American wit about his literary style, as there is of American delicacy about the manner in which the illustrations have been rendered under Mr. Abbey's skilful eye; and the volume altogether is produced with much finish and taste. Mr. Boughton has stepped into the ranks of writers by an accident, a process which is not always attended with results so happy as have here been shown. Mr. Abbey had invited him to wander over the "untrodden ways" of unfrequented Holland as one of a party designed to include "a writer of charming sketches of travel," which Mr. Abbey proposed on that occasion to illustrate. But the "artist in words" did not make his expected appearance at the start, and as the others "meandered on through the placid, dreamy lowland landscapes of Cuyp and Ruysdael, even into far north Holland, never did they descry on the horizon's farthest verge a single bright speck that told the coming of the mislaid author." Sketches, however, had accumulated, and the travellers at length had "the unblushing humility which suggests that, after all, such writing as need be done

we might attempt ourselves." Mr. Boughton has already in his oil pictures made us familiar with those passages of flat land and breezy waters and those quaint figures which most captivated his artistic eye. Here, besides extending his representations to such fine specimens of the architecture of the country as the Town Hall at Veere, he gives us descriptions which add a certain human interest to his pictures, and are, in their way, excellent bits of art. The character of Jacob is admirably portrayed, and the impressions made on the author by the scenery are graphically told. The last of these was that he would like to buy a few spare Swiss mountains and have them ground up and distributed about over the land to raise it a few feet more out of the water. This not being immediately feasible, before leaving

Black Wedgwood Ware, from "English Earthenware."

to go on board the steamer he carefully scraped his boots, so as not to carry off a single ounce of scant Dutch soil to a land not in need of it.

A book about Holland has at least something to recommend it above a book about Italy in the matter of freshness, but this is not the only advantage which the volume of Mr. Boughton and Mr. Abbey has over "ON TUSCAN HILLS AND VENETIAN WATERS" (Fisher Unwin), written by Linda Villari and illustrated by Mrs. Arthur Lemon. It need not, however, be alleged against Madame Villari that she has treated a hackneyed theme in a hackneyed manner. On the contrary she has devoted a great deal of attention to subtleties which other authors might easily overlook. Whether the monk who acts as *cicerone* in a church or who is casually encountered on the road is lean or fat, is a subject of rather excited comment at the time, and is calmly recorded for the benefit of an interested posterity. The same kind of happy irresponsibility is displayed in the treatment of places which visitors ordinarily find poetical, and perhaps even sacred. Nor do Mrs. Arthur Lemon's sketches supply the seriousness which the text lacks, although she could hardly help being suggestive and charming when cypresses with a tower in the background supplied her with one of those subjects which may be said to be ready-made. More happy throughout in landscape than in figures, her sketches are nevertheless a decided gain to a volume, which with all its lightheadedness should secure a certain measure of popularity.

It is not often that so soon as two years after the death of a public man it is possible to present a detailed notice of his life, and a critical examination of his works. But Mr. D. C. Thomson found in the "LIFE AND LABOURS OF HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE—'PHIZ'" (Chapman and Hall), a career and works belonging practically to a prior generation, while the private life had been so quiet and uneventful that there was little either to reveal or to conceal. The interest of "Phiz" lies entirely in his professional work, and here Mr. Thomson found admirable artistic material. It is interesting to learn the few details of Browne's life, and to read of his amiability of character, his quiet life, and his gentle ways; of the true humour of his letters, full of funny drawings, and of the cheerfulness with which he bore that "eternal lack of peace that vexes public men"—all these things bespeak a kindly feeling towards one who so prominently ministered to the amusement and delight of the public. But it is as the delineator of character in book illustrations that Browne must be known in the future, and it is well that the world should obtain, in Mr. Thomson's book, a worthy record of one so well described in *Punch*, "who gave us troops of friends—delightful 'PHIZ.'" The work is copiously illustrated, having above fifty etchings, nearly sixty wood engravings, and a large number of humorous initials, head and tail pieces, and thumb-nail scraps.

Following closely upon the South Kensington Hand-books mentioned last month, comes another by Professor Church, on "ENGLISH EARTHENWARE" (Chapman and Hall).—It will be news to the majority of our readers that the most important national collection of English earthen and stone wares is to be found at the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, and that the remainder is in part housed at the British Museum and in part at South Kensington. The volume, by dealing first with an example at one, and then with one at another of these institutions, affords a strong argument in favour of their fusion. Professor Church does not in his capital brochure confine himself to a survey of the national collection, but culls many examples from those of Mr. Willett and from that of Lady Charlotte Schreiber, which he styles as "large, instructive, and splendid," and which, in a previous page, we have the satisfaction of announcing as having been given to the nation. The work contains sixty-five illustrations, of which we give one of black Wedgwood ware.

The advent of the New Year brings with it Messrs. De la Rue's budget of useful almanacks. This firm is wise in adhering to types and sizes which have proved their worth by the test of experience. There are few of one's belongings in which conservatism is so strongly developed as in the shape and construction of a pocket calendar.

PAINTED BY W. DENDY SADLER

ETCHED BY FRED SLOCOMBE

"FRIDAY"

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF THE CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED

IN ARDEN

AY, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place: but travellers must be content." So sighs Touchstone. Yet the modern traveller in Arden may go farther afield and fare worse. Traces of Shakespeare's forest remain in noble parks round about the grand old houses which abound throughout the district lying between Nuneaton and Stratford-on-Avon. Arbury, which George Eliot has immortalised in Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, and Astley—the Lantern of Arden—close by; Packington, too; and Baddesley Clinton with its moat; ruined Kenilworth Castle and Kenilworth Chase; Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwick, and beautiful Charlecote; all these were within, or close upon, the limits of the Arden—the forest half of South Warwickshire, as distinct from the Folden—the plain which stretches down to the confines of Oxfordshire at Edgehill and Burton Dassett. And through the land, a silver cord on which these glorious English homes, these historic castles, these quiet old-world towns are strung like beads upon a rosary, steals the tranquil Avon—

> "The current that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
> And so by many winding nooks he strays
> With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Away in bleak Northamptonshire, on Naseby Field, the river rises. It creeps, little more than a brook, past Rugby School, and Dunsmore Heath, where Guy the Saxon giant slew the dun cow. Then it flows, fed by side streams, past the cosy, black-timbered, red-brick cottages of half-a-dozen of our Warwickshire villages, through the rich woods, the rank clay lands of the country hunted by the North Warwickshire hounds, till it reaches Stoneleigh Park. Now we are in Arden. And we can well believe that Shakespeare may have seen the magnificent oaks in the Deer Park when he went over with his father from Stratford, a boy of eleven, to see the Queen's entry into Kenilworth, hard by.

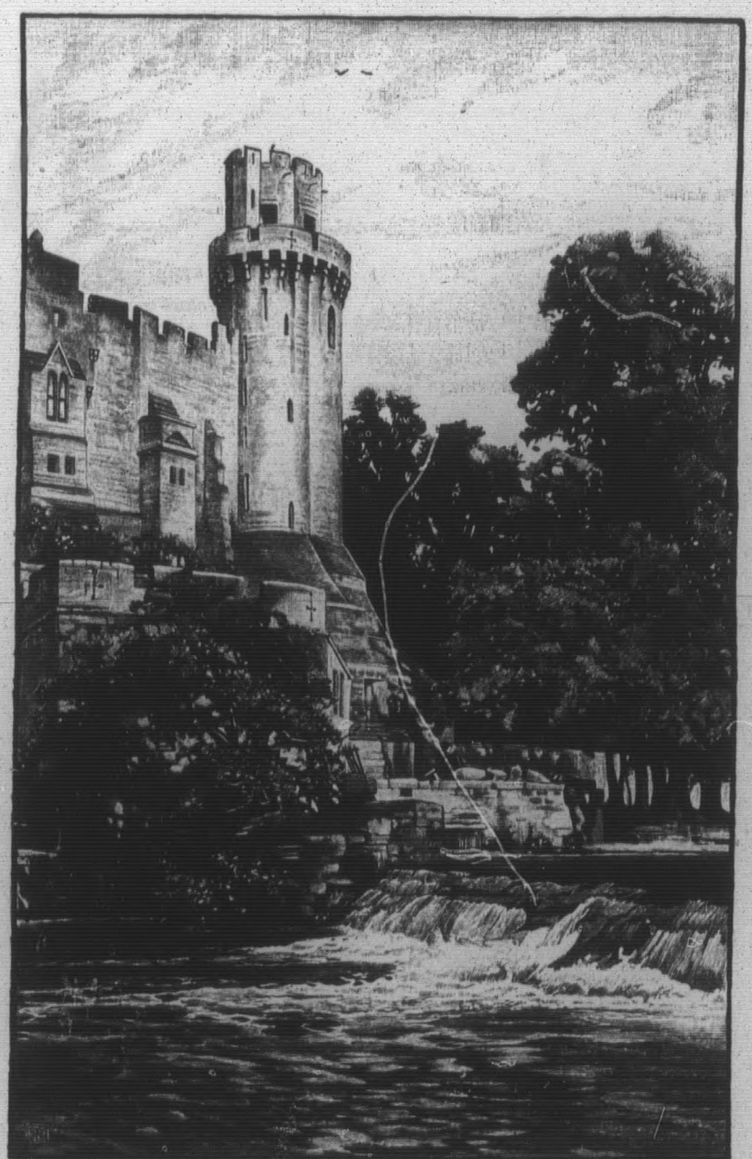
Stoneleigh, or Stanelej, in early days was a great Cistercian abbey, a branch of the famous abbey of Radmore in Canok. But its history seems to have been troubled from time to time, like the waters of the Avon that runs through it. There were jealousies and duels, ay, and even hangings, in this forest retreat. William de Guilford, the ninth abbot, a man of singular wisdom, was deprived through jealousy, "because he countenanc'd a shepherd belonging to the monastery to fight a Duell, and to hang a Thief that had privately stole away some cattell of theirs." Just retribution came upon the abbey, however, for this "deposal;" for it was burnt within ten years, about 1285, and the King allowed the monks for repairs "forty oaks out of his woods at Kenilworth, which the Shiriff of this county had command to deliver." The thick wood on the north of Stoneleigh, called "Echels," which Dugdale mentions, must have joined the Royal Chase of Kenilworth, and both were bits of this same forest of Arden that covered all the land. In Dugdale's map of Warwickshire the forest runs as far north as Sutton Colefield and Tamworth. East it stops at the Watling Street; west it is bounded by Worcestershire; and south by the Avon. This forest land gave its name to many a family who dwelt within its borders. Dugdale's delightful pages abound in records of Ardernes of Ryton, and Ardernes of Hampton. Starton, close to Stoneleigh, was granted by Henry I. to his cook, called Simon, "surnamed Hasteler de Arderne, and his heirs, by the service of a soar sparhawk yearly." And an Arden, connected by blood or marriage with most of the great Warwickshire families, Grevilles and Beauchamps, Poins and Verneys—who was, moreover, descended from Guy, the Saxon giant—was destined to the far greater distinction of being the grandmother of William Shakespeare.

Stoneleigh Deer Park is as perfect a remnant of the old forest as one can find. One looks for Jaques watching the

"poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,"

under one of the magnificent oaks that grow along the Avon, which runs through the midst (see illustration, p. 65). Or higher up, away from the little river, among ancient limes and beeches, we can fancy the banished Duke and his court of foresters finding

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."



Cæsar's Tower, Warwick. Engraved by R. Paterson, from a Drawing by Alfred Parsons.

Or we can listen to Amiens as he sings "Under the greenwood tree" in one of the grassy, ferny glades by the deer keeper's lodge, while the fallow deer trot daintily down the slopes with nodding antlers, and slim feet that seem hardly to touch the ground in their light tread—

"A careless herd,
Full of the pasture."

Below Stoneleigh the Avon begins to show distinctive features. It widens into broad reaches, brimful in flat green meadows, with silver-grey willows and warm red osier beds along its banks; and here and there a hanging wooded cliff that in spring is snowy with wood anemones or heavenly blue with hyacinths. But the Avon is a fair deceiver. "Il n'y a pire eau que l'eau qui dort." For all its tranquillity—and it is apparently the most placid, quiet, contented, well-conducted river one can see—our Avon has a pernicious habit of suddenly overflowing its banks. Melting snow, a few days' heavy rain, will turn the whole valley into a lake; and during the last wet seasons the meadow lands round Stoneleigh and Warwick have been under water for weeks together, savage brown swirls marking the course of the gentle current as it carries away tons of hay, and destroys the pastures with its legacy of the fatal blue rush, dreaded of farmers.

"Guy's Cliffe" hanging high above the river on its sandstone cliff (see illustration opposite), is out of the reach of all floods. Guy's Cliffe, "to which in the Saxon days did a devout heremite repair; who finding the natural rock so proper for his cell, and the pleasant grove, wherewith it is back'd, yielding entertainment fit for solitude, seated himself here." The sandstone rock is all hollowed out into caverns, the work, it is said, of those devout "heremites;" caverns which make one wish to be a child again, to experience the delightsome terror of hide-and-seek in such a place.

But Guy's Cliffe, with its avenue of grand Scotch firs, its gay gardens, its smooth lawns, the fair grove of lofty elms overshadowing it, is all haunted with the memory of our Warwickshire hero, Guy, the Saxon giant. Bidding farewell to worldly pleasures, he chose this "place of so great delight" as his hermitage, and here, "receiving ghostly comfort from that Heremite, he abode until his death." His statue, rudely carved out of the live rock, still stands in the chapel which Richard Beauchamp founded as a chantry for two priests in 1422, and at the foot of the cliff is a little cave in which it is said Guy lived his life of piety and penitence, sleeping on a slab of stone hewn out of the solid rock.

Every sort and kind of tradition has gathered round the heroic Guy and his hermitage. Among them the prettiest is that his wife, the Lady Felicia, used to come and confess to the saintly hermit beside the Avon, oftentimes feeding him with her own hands and giving him alms, without knowing that her counsellor was none other than the husband who had deserted her, and whom she believed to be dead or a prisoner with the Paynim. When he was dying he sent her his wedding ring by a trusty servant, bidding her to take care for his burial, and prophesying his death in fifteen days. The Lady Felicia came as she was desired, with the Bishop of Warwick. She found her lord lying dead in the chapel; and when, not long after, she died, she was buried in the same place.

Another well-established tradition is, that "fame had nois'd thro' every corner of the land, how that a dreadful and

monstrous beast, formed by mageck skill into the likeness of a cow, or rather a cow of vast bulk possessed by some tempestuous spirit, did terrifie the neighbouring plains, destroying the cattle round about, and putting all their keepers into flight, being so strong and swift in motion that it was thought no human force could have destroyed it: the monstrous description of her, as followeth, is affirmed by *authors of great integrity and worth;* that she was *four yards in height, six in length*, and had a head proportionable, armed with two sharp horns, growing direct, with eyes all red and fiery, which seemed to dart lightning from afar, she being of a dun colour, from whence she was named the Dun Cow, and the place, not many miles distant from Warwick, where she haunted, from that monster took the name of *Dunsmore* Heath, which name it keeps to this day." This agreeable monster Guy set forth to slay, King Athelstan having offered knighthood and gifts of great worth to her destroyer. He found her in a thicket of trees "where she had used to lodge," with carcases of men and beasts lying about. Roaring horribly and "with dreadful eyes" she made for Guy, who, being one of the expertest archers in England, bent his bow of steel, and "drawing an arrow to the head, let fly." But it rebounded from the cow's hide "as from a wall of adamant." He then attacked her with his battle-axe, and wounded her under the ear, "the only place she was sensible of being wounded in;" whereat, perceiving that she was mortal, he, "alighting, hewed upon her so long, that through her impenetrable skin he battered in her skull, till, with a horrid groan, she there expir'd." One of the ribs of the "dreadful and monstrous beast" was hung up in Warwick

Guy's Cliffe. Engraved by H. S. Percy, from a Drawing by Alfred Parsons.

Castle, and as it may be seen there to this day, the story must be true.

But the most striking confirmation of the truth of tradition about the great Sir Guy, is a discovery made some six years ago by a Scotch antiquarian, in Guy's Cave. After many days of labour, he deciphered under the names of Dick, Tom, and Harry, who have seen fit to inscribe their own entirely unimportant initials on the rock, an inscription in Runic characters, repeated below in Anglo-Saxon, to this effect:—"Lord, I thank thee for removing this weight. Guy." After this, we who rejoice to think that King Alfred burnt the cakes, and that William Tell shot the apple off his son's head, may surely be allowed to believe in our giant hermit, and the dun cow, horns, ribs, and all.

From Guy's Cliffe to Warwick is but a mile; yet the river dawdles along, turning hither and thither like an idle child on his way to school, upon a course fully three times as long, picking up the Leam as a companion in laziness from the gay little villa town of Leamington. Together they creep down slowly through the flat meadows, their banks haunted by soldiers from the depôt at Warwick, who fish as persistently and with as little success, as Frenchmen along the Seine. And yet I have a kindly feeling towards those soldiers. Their scarlet tunics along the river's brim give one the bit of positive colour one so often longs for in the dull, sordid, unimaginative dress of the English lower classes. And then they are so charmingly unconscious of their surroundings. What does it matter to poor Tommy Atkins that this pleasant land has been fought up and down by Warwicks, by De Montforts, by Cromwell and his Roundheads? That every yard is resonant with sieges, alarums, excursions? That Elizabeth has crossed the Avon more than once on one

of those splendid progresses of hers to Kenilworth? That up among the trees on Blacklow Hill—above the broad and pleasant road that leads past Guy's Cliffe to Coventry—Piers Gaveston was executed by the "Black Dog of Arden," who had sworn a mighty oath that the wretched favourite should feel his teeth? Tommy Atkins cares for none of these things. Perhaps he gets on just as well without them. But to us, who cannot live in quite such a primitive condition of happy ignorance, Warwick teems with interest.

The castle, its old mill, its pictures, its cedar-trees, its river, must always remain unique as a perfect specimen of the mediæval castle. Even the ceaseless stream of tourists who infest it cannot spoil its charm. Go where you will, you return to Warwick with more than satisfaction. In summer time, when the air is heavy and breathless as only our midland air can be, there still is freshness and coolness to be found down by the river-side, as we watch the water tumbling over the weir below the broken piers of the old bridge, now all covered in a tangle of dainty white roses, and look across to Cæsar's Tower (illustration p. 66), built on the live rock, with its ponderous machicolations, through the dense foliage of the tall trees that stand on guard along the river's bank. But in spring time it is yet more beautiful as you come across the bridge on the Banbury road, and catch a sight of the great mass of the castle through a cloud of white May blossoms over a foreground of red-roofed, half-timbered houses that nestle up against its walls, with delicate wreaths of blue smoke rising in the fresh spring air from their chimneys—a most suggestive little remnant of feudalism. We can well believe that king-makers have lived here. Nay, more—that their ancestors were men like Morvidus, the British Earl, "who slew a mighty Gyant in a single Duell; which Gyant encountered him with a young tree pull'd up by the root, the boughs being snag'd from it, in token whereof he and his successors earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittans, bore a *Ragged Staff of Silver in a sable shield* for their cognizance." And if we admit giants with ragged staffs, what about the great white bear that plays from time to time in the castle courtyard? Or the man in armour who, in the great fire fifteen years ago, was seen to leap from the blazing central window of the hall, and disappear in the waters below? The spirit of the Middle Ages, may be, vanishing in the flames of the nineteenth century.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

(To be continued.)

MR. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.

MR. MARCUS STONE, of whose work some reproductions are offered on this occasion, shares with one contemporary the rare distinction of being the second of his family who has been received into membership of the Royal Academy. This coveted honour, always an object of eager competition, has indeed been hereditary among sculptors and architects, as the Westmacotts, the Smirkes, and the Barrys can testify; but among the painters, with the exception of the Leslies and the Stones, it is difficult to recall an instance where two successive generations have acquired the right to append to their names the cabalistic letters, which are the aim of nearly every artist's career. The father of the two Landseers undoubtedly was an Associate, as was the late Mr. Francis Holl, but the talents in each case which won for them recognition were those as engravers. That kinship to the "Immortals" may be and has been an aid to one struggling *per aspera ad ardua* will not be doubted; but relationship to those who have risen beyond the rank of demigods high enough to have created rivals and aroused jealousy, but not high enough to have commanded allegiance, might be more of hindrance than of help to a young artist of independent habits and sensitive mind. So far as outsiders are able to judge, Mr. Marcus Stone fell within the latter category. His father, Mr. Frank Stone, had never aimed higher in his art than the taste of the day—and from the death of Lawrence popular taste in Art had, it must be admitted, been steadily declining. His death, moreover, preceded by a long period of forced inactivity, took place just as his son was passing from boyhood into the critical stage of his education as an artist; and to this cause among others may be attributed the strong line which from the first marked off the son's from the father's work. In Mr. Marcus Stone's first exhibited work (1858) it was clear that he owed nothing to his father's influence, that he cared nothing for that transitory phase of Art of which his father had been a popular exponent. If, however, the son had nothing to unlearn when the action of "Modern Painters" was preparing the way for that revolution in Art-taste which this generation has witnessed, he had at all events to educate himself in the work of his profession with little or no assistance from without. For some unexplained reason the younger Stone had never received the Art-training which lay within his reach—and neither as a student at the Academy, nor at the drawing classes of Leigh or Cary, did he receive that instruction which was the starting-point in the career of so many of his contemporaries. In his father's studio he in a way must have learnt the rudiments of Art education, and in the familiar intercourse of his father's friends and contemporaries he would naturally find ready helpers and competent advisers. By a strange accident, moreover, he became as it were their fellow-student. Some twinges of conscience, perhaps, some doubts set in motion by the "Student of Christ Church," seem to have stimulated many

of the artists of that time to revive their recollection of nature, and to have compelled others to return to the study of the almost forgotten "life model." Royal Academy teachers of Art could hardly be expected to take their places beside the Art students in the classes held in Trafalgar Square; so a small body of them—scarcely more than a dozen or so—agreed to meet once or twice a week in a room they had hired on Campden Hill, then a far off, out of the way place, and scarcely known except as the seat of numerous young ladies' schools, and the haunt of one or two artists whose instincts of *sauvagerie* induced them to place a toll-bar between themselves and the rest of London. In a large room situated in a mews, and now the very centre of the Art-world, Frith, Egg, J. Philip, Mulready, Elmore, F. Stone, Holman Hunt, H. O'Neill, and a few others, met together, and with a life model before them set themselves diligently to relearn the forgotten lessons of their youth. To this *cénacle* it was young Stone's good fortune to be admitted; and here he obtained the only Art instruction which could be regarded as systematic. It was here too that he must have learnt either by ear or eye those lessons in refined execution, rich colouring, and careful drawing, which distinguished Mulready amongst his contemporaries; and it is perhaps scarcely an exaggeration to say that Mr. Marcus Stone is probably not only the natural development of Mulready's style, allowing for the general changes in both the popular and professional view of Art, but that he is—more than any contemporary artist—Mulready's pupil.

Another influence, perhaps even stronger than that of the hard-working, painstaking Royal Academician, was powerfully working upon the young artist's imagination. From childhood he had lived on terms of intimacy with Charles Dickens—had been a constant inmate of his house (only next door but one to his own father's), and had there mixed freely with Dickens's friends and followers; whilst after Mr. Frank

No. 2.—"Softly."

Stone's death and Dickens's departure from London, Mr. Marcus Stone kept up at Gad's Hill the close intimacy which had existed between the two families in town. To this close relationship, and to the habits of thought and life it engendered,

No. 3.—The Sacrifice.

may be fairly ascribed at once Mr. Stone's artistic power of telling his whole story—or, rather, a complete story—in such a way that every one can read and understand it, and at the same time to throw behind the story a deeper meaning and pathos which those who pause can with little difficulty unravel.

It was in 1858, when barely eighteen years of age, that Mr. Marcus Stone's first picture, 'Rest,' a knight in armour asleep under a tree, was first exhibited. Possibly his good fortune may have been due to his father's position, but this view is open to doubt, for in those days the Associates had no consultative voice in the management of the yearly Exhibitions, and were looked upon as a body with little favour by the full Academicians. Be that as it may, the advantage, if it were one, could have been but fleeting, for before another year had come round Mr. Frank Stone had died, and in the course of the next two or three years was followed by his friends Mulready, Dyce, Maclise, and Egg—in fact by those who might have aided his son in his professional career. But the son had already asserted his independence, and in spite of the want of official support his pictures were hung without a single year's intermission until he was able by right to claim his place upon the line. All his earlier works dealt with historical episodes, but especially with such as could be touched with domestic sentiment or permanent interest. In 1861 he had received the medal of the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts for the best historical painting of the year—the marriage scene from *Much Ado about Nothing*, the medal for genre painting being at the same time awarded to Mr. Calderon. This was the only occasion on which he went to Shakespeare for the subject of

a picture; and, in spite of his success, he was probably well advised in seeking inspiration in sources where his own conception might have more free play. The distinction thus

No. 4.—A Type of Beauty.

gained, however, was not one which carried much meaning to the outside world, although it established his reputation in the then narrow Art world. But he had not to wait long for the public recognition of his talents. Two years later fortune or fate (as it may please the reader) paid her visit to the artist's studio, and, as not always happens, found him ready. 'The Return from Waterloo,' exhibited at the Royal Academy (1863), at once placed Mr. Marcus Stone in a position which year by year he has improved. The subject, taken from Béranger's exquisite poem, "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," represented Napoleon resting in his flight at the peasant's cottage in Champagne, "suivi d'une faible escorte," of whom one is drying the Emperor's drenched cloak. There was a simple pathos in the treatment of the incident, apart from the artistic qualities the picture revealed, which at once established the painter in popular favour, and it was generally admitted that he had before him the promise of a bright and successful career. This impression was further strengthened by Mr. Stone appearing as the illustrator of Dickens's new serial, "Our Mutual Friend," which began to appear during the year. As to the value of the illustrations opinion was much divided, and, compared with the contemporary illustrations of Mr. F. Walker and Mr. Millais, the latter of whom was working for Anthony Trollope, it is no discredit to Mr. Stone to say that his work fell short of theirs. But this did not prevent his name becoming more widely known, and to establish on a broader basis the reputation he had so well earned by 'The Return from Waterloo.'

In connection with these illustrations to "Our Mutual Friend," there is an amusing story, very characteristic of the author of that work. According to the custom of the day the serial was to have an illustrated cover, on which were to be found allusions, more or less oracular or allegorical, to the characters and incidents of the work. According also to the custom of the novelist, he was in writing scarcely more than a month in advance of what was being printed. When the first number was sent to Mr. Marcus Stone to make the necessary illustrations and to design the cover, he concluded that Mr. Wegg was likely to play a prominent part in the story, and consequently applied to Dickens to know whether it was Mr. Wegg's right or left leg which was wooden. The author was at first staggered by such a question, but after mature deliberation decided for the left leg, and so Mr. Wegg appeared. But in the second or third number Dickens must have forgotten all about this honourable understanding between himself and his artist, for he then described, with his careful precision, that it was Mr. Wegg's right leg which had been supplied to him by the carpenter.

In another case, some years later (1869), he was illustrating for Mr. Trollope the story, "He knew He was right," which, like all that author's more recent works, did not reach the public until one or two more had been turned out from his literary machine, and carefully consigned to his pigeon-holes. But even this anticipation of the printer's needs was of little use to the artist, for the publishers would not print in advance of the month's sale, and Mr. Stone had to seek from Mr. Trollope some details of the characters the latter had introduced into his novel. His inquiries, however, only tended to show that that prolific author had as great facility in turning his characters out of his recollection, as he had in turning them out of his machine. He had forgotten all about the personages in his (to him) two years' old story; and probably had waited patiently to renew his acquaintance with them until they should have been introduced to the public. Mr. Marcus Stone only illustrated one other work, 'Young Brown' (1874), of which the anonymous author is supposed to have been the versatile Mr. Grenville Murray, with whom it would have been somewhat difficult to place an artist in direct communication at any particular moment. Mr. Stone had recognised, what few will dispute, that his "forte" did not lie in illustrating other people's ideas, and he preferred to "mount his own drama," conscious that he could make himself better understood in his own language, than by any attempt to translate that of others.

No. 5.—"The Last Chapter."

But before this moment arrived his art had had to pass through more than one phase, gaining each year in character and delicacy. Of his historical pictures, those relating to the

Tudor period (1868-70) were amongst the most popular. 'The Princess Elizabeth forced to attend Mass,' and 'Henry VIII.

No. 6.—The Mirror.

and Anne Boleyn,' suggestive of Catherine's first aroused suspicions, touched every-day feelings and were intelligible to the most casual spectator; whilst in 'The Royal Nursery,' where the Princess Mary is neglected and left to herself whilst all the father's (and the courtiers') attention is bestowed upon the son, Prince Edward, there was a telling suggestion of the domestic drama of Dombey and Son adapted to the nation's history. This was, however, the last of his liberties with English history. Content with having "invented" Henry VIII. and the drawing-room drama of the Tudor period, Mr. Marcus Stone left the field, of which he had opened the gate and shown the way, to others who, without his sense of humour, have succeeded in carrying out his ideas *à rebours*. It is to this school of artists that we are indebted for the constantly increasing number of anecdotal pictures, treated in the most conventional spirit, which, because their subjects have been taken from history, are foisted upon the public as "historical paintings" in the sense in which such work is understood in no history of Art. Mr. Stone, meanwhile, was searching nearer our own time for subjects which have satisfied his wants and tastes—a period of pretty dress and plain-speaking emotions. For an art with these tendencies, no better transition period could be found than the French Revolution, of which the costumes as well as the characters had something more than a passing charm. To this phase of his art some of Mr. Marcus Stone's most popular pictures belong. It was on the strength of 'Rejected'—the man turning away broken in spirit, the girl leaving the room half broken in heart—and of another picture exhibited in the same year (1876), 'The Appeal for Mercy,' that Mr. Marcus Stone was elected an Associate. At that time, however, his style underwent a further change, and domestic idyls such as 'The Sacrifice'—a girl burning her lover's appeal in order to save her father's credit, of which the principal figure is given in Sketch No. 3; or the 'Offer of Marriage,' in which we read at a glance the struggle between love and duty in the girl, and between self and sorrow in the father's bent head—have since become almost exclusively the vehicle of his thoughts and aims. At first the scene was laid indoors: tapestry, furniture, and bric-à-brac were useful accessories in illustrating a tale or in fixing its date. But of late years Mr. Marcus Stone has gone into the open air for the setting and drawing of his figures; to raised terraces of old gardens, alcoves, and yew-sheltered walks—for the story he has to tell. Opinions may differ as to how he renders his story; some may think the thoughts he attempts to seize are too transitory, or others may hold that, as in 'My Lady is a Widow and Childless,' he aims at telling too much. But few will deny that for technical arrangement, for careful drawing, and for accurate perspective, Mr. Marcus Stone ranks very high amongst contemporary painters. His later work has been reproached by some as too French in its treatment, but it certainly will be classified with no existing school of French Art. But if Mr. Stone's excellence lies in the French refinement and academic completeness of his work, in these also lurk the dangers which threaten it. As not unfrequently happens with men who have made their own unaided way, and found most encouragement in their own sense of independence, Mr.

No. 7.—In Dreamland.

Marcus Stone runs the risk of making what is attainable his only ideal. He sees, realises, and reproduces "prettiness"

in all its varieties—prettiness of face, form, and accessories. There are, no doubt, some who will say that of the higher inspiration which can alone come with the belief in, and yearning after, ideal beauty, his Art gives no trace. But this is

No. 8.—A Game of Bowls.

only saying, in another way, that he is essentially sceptical in Art, and, unlike many of his contemporaries, he is not afraid or ashamed to avow his scepticism; and, after a time, he will show this is only a passing phase, and that he has in store fresh successes, reposing on the solid foundation of his undoubted power.

The "Old Court Suburb" of Kensington, which lies midway between his home and London, has afforded materials of some of his happiest adaptations. The brick building behind the Palace, known as Queen Charlotte's Summer House, is introduced into the 'Post Bag' (1878), and the terrace steps into 'Il y en a toujours un autre' (1882), the picture purchased by the Royal Academy out of the Chantrey Fund. The little summer house, now the refuge of children and nursery-maids, close to Palace Gardens, forms the background in the 'Offer of Marriage' (1883), easily recognisable, and at the same time a reproach to those who, having the care of such memorials of the past, are heedless of their present maltreatment.

It is needless to say more of the position which Mr. Marcus Stone occupies, or of the strength and weakness of his art. It is essentially individual, attaching itself directly to no English school. It recalls, it is true, in some degree the art or rather the skill of Watteau or Boucher, but with all the difference that there is between the real and the artificial—between nature and its reproduction on the stage. There is, in truth, in common between the French artists of the last century and the subject of this notice nothing more than a certain delicacy of touch, and a fineness of perception for both form and proportion; for, whilst the former suggest that, in spite of all their dexterity, they were but the last exponents of a failing academic teaching, the latter shows the result of careful self-instruction, combined with singular independence of thought and much resoluteness of purpose.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

"FRIDAY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. W. DENDY SADLER. ETCHED BY MR. F. SLOCOMBE.

IN countries where facile jokes are made on the internal habits of monasteries, it is against the Franciscans that the satires of a well-fed world are generally launched. There is something evidently soothing to people who are particular about their cooks, in the thought that the brown-frocked friars, whose bare feet and unchanged garments and bean soup might be supposed to be a reproach, are more or less astute hypocrites, cunning in dishes and learned in vintages. This is why a friar who is fat—a sleek-headed man, and one who sleeps o' nights—has been hailed with peculiar delight by the Italian civic *flâneur* of all times. But all the more welcome, as we have said, is the sight if the friar be one of those poor Franciscans who profess to sleep on boards and to fast six times in the week. And while it is piquant to charge the Franciscan, who is often well born, and who renounces every form of personal ease, with secret indulgence, it is considered interesting to accuse the energetic Dominican of low forms of ambition and egoism. Mr. Sadler, however, has launched the light shafts of his satire into a Dominican refectory, where the Friday dinner (this order, by the way, keeps Friday fare almost all the year round) is the subject of the keen and critical anticipations of the brotherhood. In this uncommonly well-painted picture, the artist has perhaps passed a little beyond the line within which he had hitherto paused in his gentle jesting with monks and friars. There are many quaintnesses in cloister life that are not necessarily connected with the rather ignoble disbelief in the sincerity of men, or of classes of men; and such Mr. Sadler has treated more than once with more comic effect than can be got out of the various expressions to be attributed to a row of clerical gluttons. Painters hardly know how much they lose by neglecting the inimitable charm of truth and the fun of facts for the sake of ready-made jokes, inevitably touched with *banalité*. But if Mr. Sadler's joke is just a little ready-made, so is not his painting. The heads of his Dominicans are dramatically individualised, and the accessories of the whole interior are painted with a singular completeness, great imitative skill being united to that rarer quality—a sense of the *ensemble*. And the excellence of Mr. Slocombe's work with the point in our present reproduction will not be overlooked. It should be added that the picture is etched by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool, by whom it has been purchased and hung in the permanent collection of the Walker Art Gallery.

SILVER PLATE AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

THE domestic plate of England will always possess attractions, apart from its intrinsic value in metal, to those who take an interest in the industrial arts, and their influence on the manners and customs, household decorations and utensils of the English people. Possibly the farther we go back, the greater the interest becomes; since we find that in the older examples the material, either gold or silver, played a very secondary part. In the specimens which have been preserved to us the art value was everything, the bullion value comparatively nothing. Later the weight in silver or gold became a more considerable element, probably from an increase in the supply of metal, or still more from a desire on the part of those who could afford the luxury, to make the ornaments and decorations of the sideboard and table of more importance, and an addition to the general festive effect of the banquet and its surroundings.

The contrast between the best Mediæval examples of plate and those of the latter part of the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the early nineteenth century, that is, the period of William and Mary, Anne, the three Georges, and the Regency of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., is very marked, and to a certain extent instructive; especially in the adaptation of the construction and designs to actual use at the table.

No. 1.—Two-handled Silver Vase with Cover.

Weight of metal, strength in construction, and consequent durability under wear and tear, became a more decided consideration than the elaborated ornament or elegance of detail, however artistic and exquisite, which is found in the

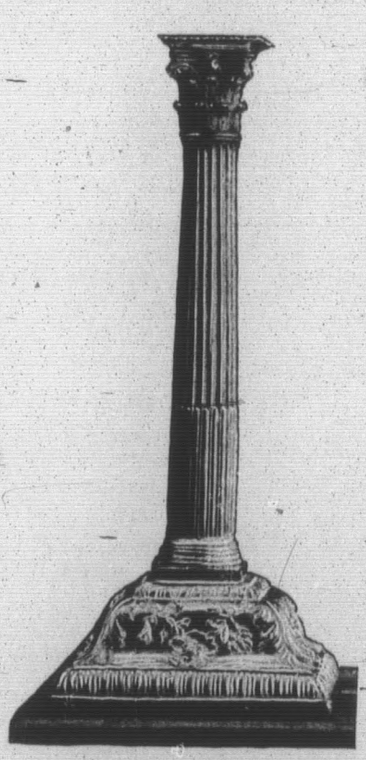
No. 2.—Two-handled Silver Vase and Cover.

works of the gold and silversmiths of the Mediæval and Renaissance periods; casting and chasing taking the place of the shell-work and *repoussé* of the earlier time.

As a representative collection of silver-plate of the period above alluded to, the examples brought together by Mr. Joseph Bond, and lent to the Bethnal Green Museum, may be considered, if not exhaustively, yet as a fairly complete illustration of the leading characteristics of the silversmith's art of the time, comprising as they do examples of the various works in silver produced for domestic use, or as decorative adjuncts to the table and sideboard.

Perhaps the two-handled silver vase with cover (Illustration 1) is as elegant a piece of silver of its class as English Art workmen ever produced. Designed by John Flaxman in his happiest period, when at the height of his matured powers, it is characterized by fine lines and a perfect proportional division of the parts. The manner in which the handles unite with the lines of the body of the vase, and complete the upper line of the composition with the lion which crowns the cover, is a lesson in design. The foot is simplicity itself, bearing all the weight of the superincumbent body with a perfect sympathy of contour, the reverse of the "stuck on" effect sometimes produced by feet as a support. The acanthus leaves and acorn-crowned finials which fill the interspaces form, or rather suggest, an elegant husk from which

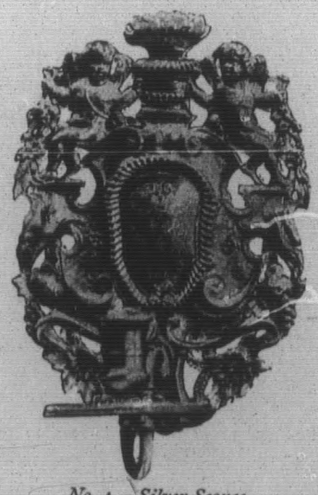
the body of the vase springs. The Hercules and Hydra on one side, with the motto "Britons strike home," and the "Britannia Triumphant" on the other, are an endeavour to commemorate Nelson's victories. The decorative details, scroll work, &c., round the upper portion of the body are singularly appropriate; but the triumph of fine modelling, casting, and chasing is to be found in the delicate olive wreath round the neck of the vase, which is perfect in its adaptation to its position as a crown to the whole, and as an example of ornamental treatment in silver.



No. 3.—Silver Candlestick.

The next vase in size and importance (Illustration 2) is of an earlier date, as it has the hall mark of 1771. The lines are elegant, and in sympathy with each other, and the whole is another almost equally happy example of those qualities which appear in Flaxman's design; whilst the details, though decorative throughout, do not overload the form, as is sometimes seen in examples of this class. The festoons are well subordinated, the husk from which the body rises, and all the other decorative details, are artistic and effective. The handles sweep well into the body, though but for their well-considered lines and appropriate details they might be thought a trifle out of proportion; but they really are not so, the main lines being within an equilateral triangle.

There are several pairs of candlesticks of elegant design and decorative workmanship; but in all the adaptation of the form to the use is a special feature. One pair has the upper portion admirably decorated with ram's head enrichments, excellently modelled; but the festoons in the base are not well arranged, and, though fanciful, have a somewhat broken effect. The largest pair (Illustration 3) are massive and effective, simple in the columnal arrangement, and of excellent workmanship in the treatment of the relief ornaments on the foot.



No. 4.—Silver Sconce.

Among the smaller and more delicate examples are a pair of sugar bowls, with blue glass linings, of the date of 1785. The perforations are vertical, but being crossed with elegant festoons in *repoussé*, a charming effect is produced by very simple but successful means. A set of three sugar vases is also of a special type, but more solid in effect. The festoon work and the feet present examples of the best class of English silver work of a good period, that of 1773.

A pair of sconces should probably, in point of date, have been named before, as they belong to the Queen Anne period, and bear the hall mark of 1703. They were made by John Rand, of Lombard Street, and were formerly in the Sackville Bale collection. They are perfect specimens of sconce lights of the period, when domestic illumination had to be carried on by very simple but at the same time effective means; and a room illuminated with a series of sconces like these must have been very charming. The designs of the wall-plates are appropriate and effective, well adapted to the use as suspended lights and to the nature of hammered-up or *repoussé* work (Illustration 4).

No. 5.—Two-handled Silver Cup and Cover.

In contrast with these, and as a work of a totally different type, is a two-handled cup and cover. The form is massive without being heavy, whilst the lines of the body and cover run gracefully into each other. The small and admirably designed details, by their very minuteness, help to give value to the plain and simple lines of the general contour and surface. The handles certainly have a tendency to heaviness of effect at the uniting angles with the body, but are suggestive of strength and a certain weight in material (see Illustration 5).

A coffee-pot with ivory handle may be taken as another contrast. This last-named example is of classical form, a

series of braided ornaments and other small details harmonizing with good effect with the festoons and other decorative features of the body.

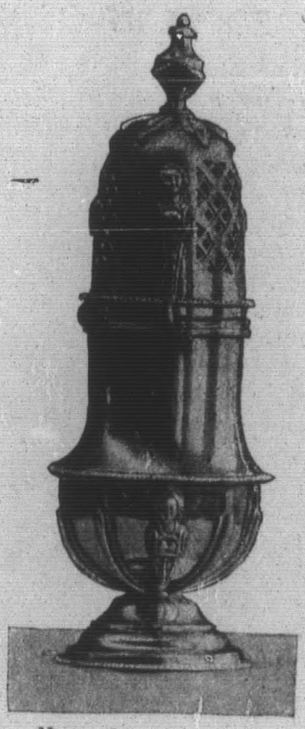
As an example of Irish plate of the middle of the last century, a small boat-shaped tureen and cover, with two handles, the body in *repoussé*, is a pretty and interesting example. The date is 1764; and of not dissimilar character are a pair of small vases of English make, dated 1762, having covers decorated with shell work.

The castors produced during the last century for a variety of purposes, afforded subjects of very varied design, and some are of considerable elegance and beauty. The large castor (see Illustration 7) is well proportioned and characteristic in its appropriate and simple details, wrought with exceptional skill and good effect. The perforations in these castors are not always treated as they might be, and as they are in this instance, as part of the decorative details, the designer sometimes failing to duly consider the form and arrangement of the holes.

No. 6.—Helmet-shape Silver Ewer.

Helmet cups, so called from the shape of the body being based upon the form of an inverted helmet, were a good deal affected by certain silversmiths of the end of the seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth century. There is a famous one of considerable size in the possession of the Goldsmiths' Company, the work of Paul Lamarie. A severe artistic taste in silver work has a difficulty in tolerating the inverted helmet and the elaborate character of the decorative details, in spite of the skill shown in the workmanship. The small example in this collection is, however, anything but objectionable on these grounds. The shape is so happily modified as to make it fairly successful as a vessel for use. The figure which forms the handle is modelled and chased with skill, and the decorative details of the husk from which the body of the cup springs are excellent. The foot is a model of appropriateness for this kind of vessel (see Illustration 6).

A square silver salver, the engraving of the female figures on which is attributed to Hogarth, is of considerable interest in this connection. The figures have all the characteristic vigour of line of the artist. The hall mark gives the date as 1722-3. Now Hogarth completed his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, the silversmith, in 1718, that is six years from 1712, and his part of the work on this tray may be reasonably attributed to the period after he had commenced business on his own account, or worked for the trade as an engraver, before he began fairly to practise the style of art in plate engraving which ultimately led to his position as the practical founder of an English school of engraving and painting.



No. 7.—Large Silver Castor.

We have no space to notice other important pieces of English silversmith's work in this collection of from fifty to sixty specimens, but must conclude with specially commending, as perhaps the most elegant works of the whole series, a pair of candelabra for two lights (Illustration 8). They are designed with great delicacy and skill, and treated in the modelling and chasing with good feeling. A production like this pair of candelabra proves exceptional Art power on the part of the older silversmiths. The treatment of the winged caryatide does a great deal to reconcile one to this often much-abused feature in silver plate.

No. 8.—Two-light Silver Candelabrum.

GEORGE WALLIS.

PORTRAIT OF MISS FENTON, AS POLLY PEACHEM, BY HOGARTH.

THE *Beggar's Opera* was produced in the season of 1727-8 at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, then under the management of Rich. It at once took the town by storm; its smart sayings were in everybody's mouth and its songs became popular melodies, hummed by the beaux at St. James's and whistled by the bullies of Drury Lane. Its original intention was to satirize the Italian Opera, which was thought to be detrimental to the prosperity of the national drama. Professedly a burlesque, it had the honour of introducing a new species of dramatic composition on to our stage, it initiated the English Opera. Such unexampled success naturally brought prosperity and notoriety to all connected with the piece. The profits were prodigious: a wit said that "it had made Rich gay and Gay rich." The actors also participated in the general good fortune, the largest share of applause falling to Miss Lavinia Fenton, who performed the part of Polly Peachem. She had previously been, if not absolutely unknown, but little regarded. No sooner had the success of the piece been declared than she became the favourite actress of the day. Engravings of her portrait were displayed in all the print-shop windows and her life found a place on the counters of the booksellers. Verses addressed to her appeared in the journals and her sayings and jests formed the subject of pamphlets. For climax she attained the highest rank within reach of a subject, when she was led to the altar by the Duke of Bolton.

Miss Fenton, as Polly Peachem. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

It would probably have been when she was at the summit of her popularity that she was painted by Hogarth. At that period he had married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and set up as portrait painter in a house in Leicester Fields. He also had a considerable success; his portraits and conversation pieces taking the fancy of the fashionable public. It was, however, only a passing caprice; Hogarth had little of the courtier in his address, and he had not the art of infusing courtly airs into his portraits. He was clever in catching a likeness, his expression was often spirited, and the delineation solid, careful, and truthful—too truthful to please the majority of his sitters. The portrait of Miss Fenton is among the happiest of his female portraits. Without any attempt at ideal grace he has rendered the good looks and sprightly air of the fascinating actress with admirable skill. Its merits received due recognition from the admirers of the lady, who were warm in their praises, both in prose and verse. One effusion, evincing perhaps more fervour than originality, found such favour that it was reproduced in several journals. It begins in the following way:—

"To *Chloe's* picture you such likeness give,
The animated canvas seems to live."

No personal motives influence the visitor to the National Gallery as he stands before the portrait to-day; none the less will he be swayed by the charm and geniality of the pleasant English face. He will certainly not subscribe to Walpole's dictum, that "as a painter Hogarth had slender merit." The painting is solid and masterly, the touch sure and decisive; texture is indicated with truth and dexterity, and the colour is at once natural and harmonious.

NATURE THROUGH A FIELD GLASS.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."—*W. C. Bryant.*

MANY of "Nature's visible forms," as Bryant has it, are difficult, or impossible, to study, unless we call to our aid artificial means. Certain forms can best—many can only—be explored with the help of the microscope, whilst the telescope permits us to know much of things otherwise quite beyond our ken. But the particular side of Nature to which I now refer is best studied through a Field Glass. It is an aspect of Nature which is to the majority a sealed book, though one which we study in every country walk and in every stroll by the sea-shore.

Take, for instance, Birds. It is true we can see them without the help of artificial means, and see them, too, wherever we go—sparrows in our streets, robins and finches along the hedgerows, linnets on the common, and gulls and gannets all around our coast. We see them, yes, and that is about all that can be said of our experience. Suppose all our relatives and friends were suddenly to be reduced to the size of sparrows, endowed with wings, and also with the instinct to make use of them on the near approach of any mass of human life of the size of a mortal man—do you think you would recognise even your own father if you saw him thus metamorphosed, and perched on a bough, say, at the distance of fifteen paces from you? You know you would not. But now, lifting up your glass, and not approaching nearer for fear of scaring him, look at him attentively, and trace his eye, his mouth. "Ah!" you say, "that's he." So it is that we know, and can know, nothing of our songster friends when they are kept at such a very long arm's length. The glass, however, does good service in bringing them up to our very eye, and we can then scrutinize at our leisure their varying expressions. We can watch their crests rise as excitement comes over them, or note how the lids gradually close over their eyes as they give themselves up to the tranquil siesta. By our unaided sight we should only discover a mere black spot, large or small, as the case may be, and if we advanced near enough to make out any detail, the chances are a hundred to one we should immediately scare our black spot away, and our "visible form" would become completely invisible to us, either with or without a glass. Birds will not allow a close inspection. We do not blame them, but such being the case, if we really wish to study them, and learn something of them, we must call in the aid of the glass, which, whilst allowing our respective bodies to be kept a safe distance apart, will bring our eye to within a few inches of the object we desire to study. There are also other forms of life that do not object to a close scrutiny, and yet even with them the glass is of use. Sheep ascending some spiral mountain path, or swans on the lake below us—all are brought close up to us, and our eye can, in a morning, range over a tract of country that we could not walk through in a week.

The use of a glass is good, too, because it centralizes our observation. We cannot take in, and make our own, a whole mile of mountain-side; we cannot keep in sight, amongst the distracting thousands of leaves and boughs, the squirrel as he climbs about in the beech-tree. But once get your glass well on him, and cut off from your sight all unnecessary surroundings, and you may then watch him with ease and pleasure. The mind has time to grasp and note all the little peculiarities of his actions and ways, so long as the eye allows no new picture to be presented and registered. Shut off from all the besetting objects, we can give ourselves up to the study of one thing, and though that study only lasts for a few short minutes, yet we shall have learnt a lesson that may last our lifetime.

Our Field Glass. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

Nowadays we allow one picture to fill our "mind's" eye long before we have properly thought out the preceding one. We see a thousand things, and know nothing of any one. We return from a hurried scamper over the open moor with much the same dazed feeling that we experience after a long journey in an express train. To prevent that, and to gain some exact knowledge of things as they are, and not as we suppose them to be, nothing can be better than the use of a good Field Glass. The few notes that I have here gathered together are the result of my own practical experience.

I may say, that my glass is small, but I have found it sufficient; a large glass is a serious weight, and handicaps one considerably in a long walk on a summer day. But a glass about four inches by six inches, is easily stowed away in one's coat-pocket, and would not cause a sore shoulder to the most thin-skinned. The quiet pleasure that it adds to every walk, when once appreciated, will certainly lead to its being as constant a companion as one's beloved walking-stick. I have had walks over the most miserably, uninteresting parts of a country-side (for instance, the highly cultivated midland counties), made red letter days by the added interest that my glass has given me, and I have learnt more of the ways of the timid hare and the skulking partridge in one such walk than I should have from reading every book in the British Museum on these two common creatures. One great result of these observations has been the certainty that the usual pictures of the commonest creatures are mostly artificial and unreal, so seldom do the wild birds and beasts take those formal positions that I have seen in every natural history book since my childhood's days; also that as a whole the public know so little of the matter, that were they to have their right poses placed before them on the printed page, they would generally think them wrong, and would prefer the old-fashioned faulty figures that they have been accustomed to see for generations past.

But to return: let us avoid generalisations and be particular.

Time after time I have found the glass of great service

Evening in the Fields. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

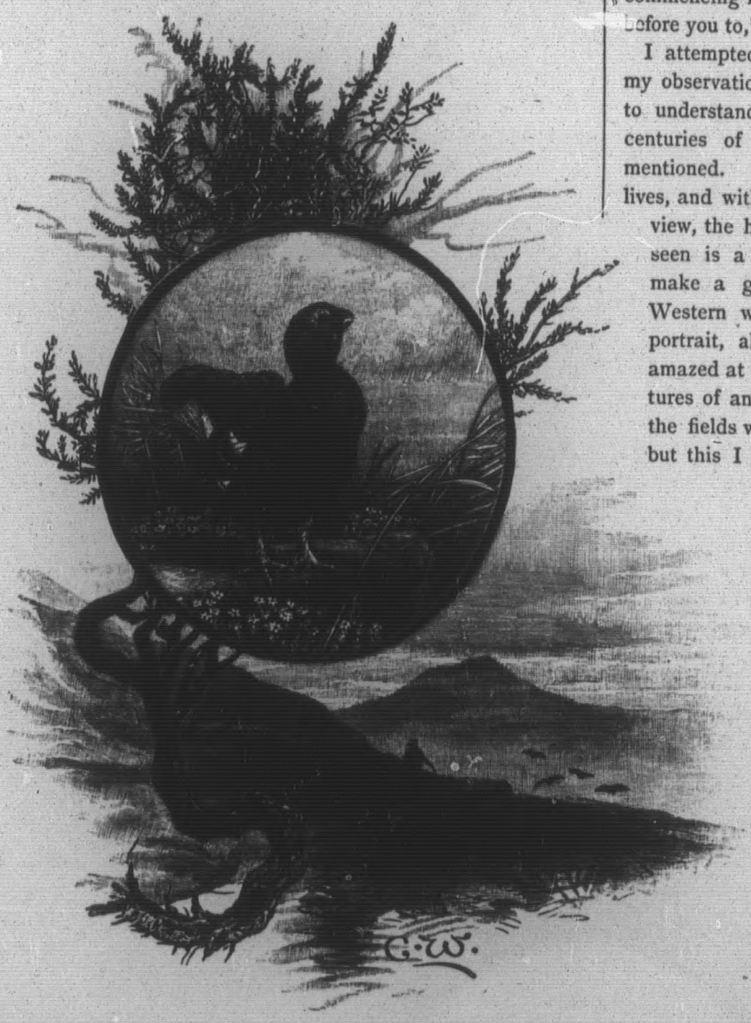
when staying in the autumn months by the seaside, which is pre-eminently the finest field for its use; most delightful it is to have the sea-birds brought so close to the vision that it is possible to make out the feet held tightly up to the body, and the head turning quickly to this side or that, as passing along overhead they look down and search the shore and the waves for scraps of food. At Whitby I once watched a flock of gulls which had been feeding in the harbour on all sorts of odd things, from live herrings to apple peelings, when suddenly they all rose in a confused mass and sprang into mid-air. Gradually they began circling round, ascending with every curve, until the naked eye could no longer see them. However, with the glass I could still trace them, and suddenly I made out above them, even higher still, a great white solitary stranger—a gull, some distant cousin whom they knew not. They seemed striving to rise above him, but in vain. Round and round he swept, and higher and higher he rose, until I at last lost sight of him, and presently of all the pursuing flock as well. It was a very beautiful sight, as when sweeping one side of the circle, they told all dark against the sky, and then in a moment, as they turned round, they all became pure white on the blue heavens.

I have often watched the rooks thus rise into mid-air before a change of weather. Farmers say that they consider the movements of rooks, when in the air, a very certain indication of what the weather will be—averring that when they sport and tumble and go through all sorts of fantastic manœuvres, bad, and even terribly stormy weather is imminent. And I have found that this is very frequently true; indeed, the amount of truth that there is in what many call old wives' fables, anyhow as far as those that concern natural phenomena, is surprising.

Now let me recall another day, and come from scanning the skies to lowly earth.

I was sitting on a moor, one August day, under the shade of a small clump of ash, and well screened by the bracken which rose high around me, when I suddenly heard the whirr-r of wings, and looking up cautiously, with my field glass in hand, saw a fine old blackcock skimming along. His pinions

were now almost motionless, and I noted, by the gradual alteration of the angle of his body, that he meant to alight on a rock on the other side of the little valley in which I was, and not more than thirty-five yards off my seat. This he did, dropping his legs neatly down just at the right moment to break the fall, and clapping his wings to his side. Fortunately for my observations, his head was looking away from me, and such wind as there was blew from his direction. Quietly he walked to the edge of the rock, drew himself up with dignity and began to discourse. He was very portly and sleek, and reminded me irresistibly of a city magnate, ambitious of parliamentary honours, addressing his constituents. There



My Friend the Blackcock. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

was a great deal of chuckling in his throat, and he fussed and fumed as he stepped from side to side. Then there was more gurgling and his neck was yet more swollen, and if his face had not already been purple and black, I feel sure it would have become so from the excessive excitement under which he was labouring. But it soon ended, and he then calmly rubbed his beak on the moss and began prosaically to search cracks and crannies for anything suitable for a mid-day meal. Knowing something of the habits of black game I was hoping to witness one of those strange meetings of sexes, and expected hens to jump up from every clump of heather. But nothing of the sort happened. He was apparently only in high spirits and desirous of rehearsing a little, so as to be in grand voice for the forthcoming spring. All this time I had my glass up. His eye twitched, but I cannot say I saw that complete closing of the lids which old sportsmen say is one of the constant accompaniments of his noisy challenge. Possibly he knew there was no need for him then to "pile on the agony" to the last point, as he had no audience of languishing love-sick ladies. His whole appearance, however, was totally altered, and he swelled to a huge mass of feathers. Every feather seemed to rise from his body and appeared glorious in purple and pink, and deep blue iridescence, of which our drawing gives not the faintest idea. In the picture he is represented advancing to the edge of the natural platform and, as it were, commencing his discourse with, "Friends, we are here to-day before you to," etc., etc.

I attempted to note down in my sketch-book the result of my observations, and though used to drawing birds, began to understand some of the reasons that have forced upon centuries of animal artists the formal positions I have mentioned. Birds are like fish in the simplicity of their lives, and with most birds in a perfectly exact forshortening view, the head being in a line with the body, all that is seen is a head and two little legs underneath, which make a grotesque Japanese-looking object which our Western wits can hardly take in as a seriously right portrait, although it most distinctly is. I have been amazed at the astonishing rightness of most Oriental pictures of animal life. Whether or no the Jap artist walks the fields with a Negretti and Zambra glass I know not; but this I have with shame to acknowledge, that they have over and over again seized the soul of a thing in a most marvellous manner, and they have given the spirit of motion to flying birds better than any living or dead European artist. But leaving Orientals, I am certain that if our own countrymen would but try to increase their knowledge of all the little odds and ends, and waifs and strays of animal life, it would bring about a great change in all animal painter's work. At present the public knows nothing of any animals save domesticated ones. All the countless rest are as if they were not, and woe betide the poor student who elects to take them as his life study and work; he is treated as a sort of outcast in Art, and serious doubts as to his saneness will be expressed by his best friends.

That none should plead they have no chances of studying nature in her far-off haunts, we will tell how even in a cramped and dusty little town garden we have benefited by our glass.

The idea of hanging up a piece of pork as food for the various sorts of birds that frequent our mighty modern Babylon is not new. It is not, however, very well known, and as it is a mode of bringing several very interesting birds within reach of close observation, we will give some slight account of our experience. Early in October, we cut a cube of pork, with the rind on, about two inches square, and, boring a hole, passed a stout string through it, and hung it dangling about a foot from a bough of a large privet bush that is close to the window. For weeks nothing happened, not a single bird came to it. Later, sparrows

venturing near, looked down at it from a respectful distance with head on one side, but seemed to come to the conclusion that it was "no canny," and twittering out an alarm, off they went. A great-tit now and again came into the garden, and sometimes would even come in an excitable way on to the very tree, but after twirling about and poking and prying up two or three branches, away he would go. Now it is very different, for at every hour of the day the cord may be seen swaying to and fro with its pretty little burden. Morning, noon, and even till dark, if I leave my work and go and look through my glass out of my window, I am met with this charming sight. Great-tits, cole-tits, and blue-tits all come, and on one occasion I saw specimens of all three sorts on the same tree. They seem to prefer to take their meals standing on their heads. With great agility they fly straight up to the swinging morsel, and catching it with their feet, begin hammering with their sturdy little beaks. It is most marvellous to observe the way in which they will, when startled in this hanging position I have described, at once start off flying in a straight horizontal line. One would have thought they must at least turn over, and get their bodies in the usual position before they could get their wings to act. But this is not the case. Quicker than one can follow, they can, in some extraordinary way, start off flying in one direct line, be their body placed as it may.

You may search bird-books in vain for any help on this point, or on any other of a similar kind. For our books on birds are still lacking in very many particulars. Ruskin has poured forth some of his magnificent scorn on the compilers of natural history books, and much that he says is richly deserved by the modern scientists, for they have so encumbered the subject, that to examine it is made more difficult each year. They have occupied the ground for naught, and they have made the study of ornithology, even to those who love it, irksome and dreary. I know no truer picture of a modern English bird-book than this.* "It is vulgar . . . by its arrogance and materialism. In general, the scientific natural history of a bird consists of four articles. 1st. The name of the gentleman whose gamekeeper shot the last that was seen in England; 2nd. Two or three stories of doubtful origin printed in every book on the subject of birds for the last fifty years; 3rd. An account of the feathers from the comb to the rump; and lastly, a discussion of the reasons why none of the twelve names which former naturalists have given to the bird are of any further use, and why the present author has given it a thirteenth, which is to be universally, and to the end of time, accepted." You may fancy this is a caricature, but the abyss of confusion produced by modern science in nomenclature, and the utter void of the abyss when you plunge into it after any one useful fact, surpass all caricature, and with this statement in its entirety I would most heartily concur. The *way* birds fly, and the *how*, has yet to be explained, and any who would find out the secret must betake themselves to the study of Nature herself, and to elucidate such mysteries I know of no more likely means than the close and continual watching of our feathered friends through our helpful glass. The number and variety of birds that visit an ordinary London garden would hardly be credited. I have had the pleasure of seeing not only the different kinds of tits already mentioned, but the robin and chaffinch, the linnet and greenfinch, the gentle hedge-sparrow and the impudent little wren, as amongst quite ordinary visitors, and we believe that the list might be greatly extended. Probably most of these, if ever glanced at by the average dwellers of the city, would have been simply designated "cock-sparrows." Passing over my garden, I can often make out jackdaw and rook, starling and swallow.

So whether we sit in our town rooms or walk in our cramped little gardens, we can equally use and get help from our glass, whilst in our rambles in the more open country it will add yet more to the banquet of good things upon which we can feast our eyes. Fed with a gradual accumulation of such pictures of Nature in her varied forms, we obtain far more concise and accurate notions than we could ever gain from the most complete course of reading in natural history books. We do, therefore, press the claims of our little friend on all, be they artists, pure scientific naturalists, or simply lovers of every good and beautiful thing, whether old or young. They will each and all find something profitable in this study of Nature through a Field Glass.

C. WHYMPER.

* Ruskin's "Love's Meinie.—The Robin."

"Our Robin."

ARTIST AND APHORIST.

I.

THOSE who know Fuseli chiefly through Haydon's account of him, have only a very indistinct portrait of the most characteristic of all the Keepers of the Royal Academy. To the young student he may have been "the terrible Fuseli," but to Mary Wolstonecraft he was the charming Fuseli, and (as that too ardent lady discovered when she entered into some sort of rivalry with his wife) he was the tender and constant Fuseli in his own home. If he swore in several languages—there are oaths and oaths, and Fuseli's were not very impious ones; nor were they inconsistent with such piety as led him, we are told, to read the Bible frequently, and "rarely without tears." No doubt he chose badly when he donned the black gown in his native Zurich, and he himself hinted a consciousness of his own mistake when he chose for the text of his first sermon the words, "What will this babbler say?" Whatever he said, he said it not for long in the pulpit, which was certainly an inappropriate platform for one who, if he read the Acts of the Apostles with unction, read also with emotion—patriotic and otherwise—may I say the drivellings? of Jean Jacques.

Coming to England and London in search of a literary rather than an artistic career, the lonely and awkward young man of twenty-four prepared, in 1765, a translation of the Abbé Winkelmann's "Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks." This volume was pushed into circulation by the publisher, a Mr. Millar, who gave Fuseli the whole proceeds of the sale, deducting only the expenses of paper and printing—an anecdote which the modern author may be tempted to treat as a curious legend of publishing hagiology; nevertheless the authenticity of it is attested by John Knowles, Fuseli's painstaking executor and biographer-in-chief. Smollett and Falconer were among Fuseli's earliest English friends. But it was his introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds which altered the course of his life, since Sir Joshua praised his drawings and encouraged him to paint in oils, which he diligently did both in London and in Italy. A fever from which he suffered in 1772 changed the colour of his hair from flaxen to pure white, and his well-cut features must have been made the more imposing by these early snows, which perhaps encouraged him in the idea that he really was—what he certainly looked—a great historical painter. The public, however, was not inclined to accept him with any cordiality in that capacity, and it is, after all, by his literary rather than by his artistic efforts—by what he spoke and wrote, rather than by what he painted—that he will be longest remembered and distinguished by posterity.

Fuseli was not a great admirer of academies—"symptoms of Art in distress," as he called them—nor was he more in love with the "Forty," or at least with thirty-nine of them—for we are speaking of a time subsequent to his own election—as individuals than as a corporate body. "I feel humbled, as if I were one of them," was one of his sayings, and one not unworthy of Mr. Whistler. Nevertheless the Royal Academy had its uses for a painter whose canvases did not readily sell, but whose knowledge of his art was both varied and profound. A more official Academician could hardly be discovered, even in the presidential chair itself; for Fuseli was successively Professor of Perspective, then Professor of Painting, then Keeper of the Academy; and he united the two last-named offices in his own person after the death of Opie in 1807, the law against this plurality of posts being annulled in his favour. Not on this occasion only was Fuseli's nomination memorable in academic records for having raised some curious question of academic propriety. His appointment to the Professorship of Perspective had involved no less an event than the resignation of the President himself, for Sir Joshua had favoured another candidate, at whose rejection he was so huffed that he asked to be relieved of his presidency and of his membership, a request which was withdrawn as soon as the high dudgeon had passed away. A less voluntary severance from the Forty was the incident which led to Fuseli's appointment as Professor of Painting, for in that post he succeeded Barry, when Barry was expelled by his brethren for those criticisms on their works with which his lectures were wont to be most unofficially seasoned. Not so important is the episode which marks Fuseli's appointment to the Keepership, yet it has its value as an illustration of the academic manners of the moment. This time it was Fuseli himself who was huffed. Northcote and Opie, though they voted against him, called the next day to show that professional opposition was not inconsistent with personal friendliness. But Fuseli would have none of it. "I shall lose my character in the neighbourhood by being called upon by two gentlemen, one of whom looks like a Jew creditor, and the other like a bailiff." And he hurried them out of the house.

Fuseli was eighty-five years old when he died. It was while he was on a visit to the country-house of a friend, the Countess of Guildford, that the painter who had lived to imagine and depict the weird and the terrible, passed peacefully and almost painlessly away. Standing on the terrace of Lady Guildford's house at Putney, a few evenings before his death, he was much affected by the beauty of the stars. "I shall soon be among them," he said to the daughters of the house; and so it was. The tenderness of these ladies soothed his last hours; and their wealth afforded him a funeral of such state as gratified their friendship, and could not any longer displease the unostentatious man whose ashes rest in St. Paul's between those of Reynolds and Opie. By Opie rather than by Reynolds he

takes his place in the order of artistic merit. "The enthusiastic poetry of his art," says Redgrave, "was hardly for the multitude. He was a congenial student of Michael Angelo, terrible often in his bold and energetic style and the wild originality of his inventions, never tame or commonplace; the action of his figures was violent or overstrained, very mannered, yet often noble and dignified. His females were without beauty, all framed on the same model, unfeminine and coarse. Yet as an illustrator of Shakespeare he stands before all of his contemporaries. Wanting in the proper training of his profession, he has no refinement or accuracy of drawing, and in some cases his attitudes are impossible. He is equally defective with regard to the laws of colour and the processes of painting, and many of his works are fast going to decay." More permanent than his oil colours will be his ink, his handling of the pen more durable than his handling of the brush. If Mr. Redgrave's verdict on his technical ignorance be accepted, some persons might conclude that he was very unfit for the Professorship of Painting, and that his lectures and writings were of little account; but it must be remembered that—omitting two or three giants from the survey—the general level of artistic capability was lower then than it is now; also, that it is quite possible for a poor enough painter to be very learned about painting, as some of the more recent records of the Academy Keepership have shown.

"The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli, M.A., R.A., Keeper and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy in London, and Member of the First Class of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, the former written and the latter edited by John Knowles, F.R.S., his executor," were published in three volumes in 1831. The first volume is occupied by the biography, written in the prose of the period—obvious, stately, and fatiguing. The second volume contains the lectures on painting, which certainly delighted the students who heard them—Haydon among the number—and which may perhaps strengthen the suspicion that Fuseli's theoretic knowledge of perspective, composition, and colour was by no means generally deficient, however ill he may have practised them. His judgment on the various schools and masters and masterpieces—a judgment evidently based upon and tested by a scientific study of the arts—is one which modern critics, as a rule, would ratify. "Bravo, Fuseli, thou hast an eye!" Dante Gabriel Rossetti has been constrained to write opposite to a passage in praise of Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the margin of one of these volumes, in the copy owned by the poet and painter, and sold among his books when he was dead. Often, indeed, does Rossetti mark his approval of Fuseli's opinions, and sometimes he seconds them with a vigour of expression in which it is somewhat surprising to find Rossetti to the fore and Fuseli behind him. The dictum of Mengs, for instance, that "the character corresponding with that of Christ is a mixture of the characters of Jupiter and Apollo, allowing only for the accidental expression of the moment," is tamely rebutted by Fuseli with the observation that "the critic forgot the leading feature of the Master's humility," but by Rossetti is roundly written down as "*Rot*."

Not that Rossetti was always in agreement with Fuseli; for in the same bold yet also delicate handwriting, with a certain Italian character about it, the pencilled marginal note to the Keeper's uncomplimentary comment on Sandro as "the least qualified" of all the Tuscan group of contemporaries to superintend the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, is simply:—"Poor Fuseli." Similarly, "Blunder, blunder, blunder!" is the despairing ejaculation which greets Fuseli's assertion, when he is treating of Michael Angelo as a painter of women, that "beauty did not often visit his slumbers, guide his hand, or interrupt the gravity of his meditation." This fidelity of Rossetti to Michael Angelo (whose greater works, by the way, it is curious to think he never saw) finds further expression; for to Fuseli's estimate of his women in the Sistine Chapel as being "little discriminated by character, and more expressive by action than by emotion of features," Rossetti adds the emphatic annotation, "Incomparably more beautiful than any Raphael." Elsewhere Rossetti carries war into the enemy's camp, supplementing Fuseli's reference to the forms of Raphael's poetic style as being in Raphael's own opinion ideal, by the statement that "they are frequently dwarfed and mean." Nor is Fuseli's generality—unscientific as generalities must always be—that "the attitudes and motions of the figures of Raphael are graceful because they are poised by nature," allowed to pass without an added "Not always by any means." Fuseli's description of Andrea Mantegna as one who never verified his study of the antique by an appeal to nature, and of Andrea Mantegna's time as one in which "nature seems not to have existed in any shape of health," is naturally branded by the modern artist against whom the same sort of charges were levelled, as "quite unjust." While the bare and neutral record of Fuseli that Annibale Carracci "attempted to combine in his time the appearance of nature with style, and became the standard of academic drawing," led Rossetti to insert before the word "standard" a qualifying "D—— bad!" Elsewhere, "Hullo, Fuseli!" and "Well, I'm sure, Fuseli!" are the sallies with which he receives the little extravagances of our aphorist's style—sallies which give us a glimpse of the Rossetti of jovial days, when the pathetic poet and painter was a punster and an improvisor of odds and ends of witty rhyme, over which he was wont to muse for a moment with his hand over his eyes before the wit flashed out. Alas! the tricksy spirit cannot often have visited in later years the oppressive and mournful house in Cheyne Walk where Mr. Hall Caine kept Rossetti company till near the end.

II.

But we have already digressed from the "Lectures," which fill the second of the three volumes of the "Life and Writings of Fuseli," to the "Aphorisms," which occupy nearly a hundred pages of the third. These undoubtedly form the Keeper's best legacy to the world. Containing so much that shows sound judgment, extensive observation, and correct taste, they have, besides, a value derived from those very lapses which are historic of the time and biographic of the man. What an artist of such uncommon sense thought in those days, must always be interesting to posterity, even where posterity repudiates and disagrees; just as the "Caudle Lectures" and many of Thackeray's ballads must always live, not because we smile at them any longer, but because we are curious to see the sort of things at which our fathers and grandfathers grew merry and held their sides for glee; or just as Joanna Baillie may be read by persons keen to discover what was "passion" to Lord Byron, and "genius" to Walter Scott; or Crabbe be studied by those who hear from Greville that men of parts, like Lord Holland, thought him "the greatest genius of modern poets," holding "Wordsworth cheap!" But these faults of judgment on the part of Fuseli are, after all, few and

far between. So are those other faults which pertain to the aphorism inevitable. A great French military painter has said that, in battle pieces, finish is obtained only and always at the expense of force; and in an aphorism, too, in which a sort of *guerilla* is made on the ignorances of mankind, a certain dogmatic, brief, and generalised assertion is the most effective for the purpose. Half the truth can be told at times with more cogency than the whole truth. Nevertheless, Rossetti was sometimes inclined to add a certain completeness to Fuseli's pronouncements. Where Fuseli says: "Grace is beauty in motion, or rather grace regulates the air, the attitudes, and movements of beauty," Rossetti appends, "but is not beauty, which is purely form:" a statement which itself appears to call for revision—beauty surely comprehending colour no less than form. In another instance the temptation to be concise has been too much for Fuseli. "Colour in Raphael," he says, "was the assistant of expression; to Titian it was the vehicle of truth; Correggio made it the minister of harmony." To which Rossetti appends the obviously just remonstrance—"Surely not *more* than Titian, though more exclusively."

But these are limitations incidental to strong individual opinion, or are faults of expression which lie upon the surface or near it. Fuseli as an aphorist makes a memorable, and ought to be a more familiar, figure. There is an embarrassment of riches in those hundred pages of his; and in giving some examples, I shall take them only from those passages of which Rossetti has pencilled his approbation. These come with a double impress upon them—the impress of two minds between whom there was little other similarity than this, that each had in his measure larger literary gifts than artistic ones; Fuseli's measure diminishing, even dwarfing, beside that of his annotator. Rossetti's interest was keen for aphorisms defining the details of the artistic *technique*, as well as for those which deal with vaguer and more imaginative things—those fascinating theories, for instance, which disturb the heart of the artist, now making him impatient with, and again giving him courage to endure, his dull apprenticeship of drudgery, more prolonged than Jacob's servitude. On the subject of composition Fuseli enjoins: "Distinguish between composition and grouping;" adding that "though few can compose without grouping, most group without composing." And again, "Fancy not to compose an ideal form by mixing up a mass of promiscuous beauties; for unless you consulted what was homogeneous and what was possible in nature, you have hatched only a monster"—a result ascertained by Zeuxis when he collected the belles of Agrigentum to compose from them, as he thought, one perfect woman. On the subject of beauty itself, Fuseli has much to say. But he must have been thinking of what was possible to authors rather than to artists, when he laid down the law about the advantage of vagueness in the delineation of loveliness, and advised that much should be left to the reader's and spectator's taste and fancy. "Homer's Helen," he says, "is the finest woman we have read of, merely because he has left her to be made up of the Dulcineas of his readers"—a method evidently adopted by Lord Beaconsfield, when he largely told us that his heroine had a face such as might be seen in Asia Minor! For the painter, such vagueness is out of reach; he cannot escape the delineation of form, the presentation of colour. But in the mind of Rossetti, no less than under the necessities of his art, there was a definite conception of a woman's face—an individuality and a mannerism, which Fuseli would have had him modify and abandon. That Rossetti did not intend to force a type of beauty of his own upon the public taste, but, when he forswore faces of the familiar and much controverted type, tried rather to produce an impersonal and universal face, is suggested by his scoring of the passage quoted. That he failed in his aim is obvious; for his types, whether he knew it or not, were positive and not negative. Others of his school, however, have carried the theory into more successful practice, notably Mr. Burne Jones. He, when accused of feminine monotony, may well hurl Fuseli at the head of the critic, and plead that he is painting womanhood rather than a woman. Wherein once more we have an illustration of the literary instincts and derivations of the modern pre-Raphaelites, as they are indiscriminately called.

Fuseli is equally at home in defining the sublime and the historic. "Whatever," he says, "hides its limits in its greatness, whatever shows a feature of immensity—let the elements of nature or the qualities of animated being make up its substance—is sublime." "That which tells us, not what might be, but what is, which circumscribes the grand and the pathetic with truth of time, place, custom, and which gives a local habitation and a name, is historic." Literary as well as artistic producers have reason to remember that "the copious is seldom grand"—a humiliating confession for human effort to make in the midst of that Nature which is most imposing where she is most prodigal. A more definite limitation he places on mediocrity when he says that "he who depends for all upon his model should treat no other subject but his model." Tone, Fuseli describes as "the moral part of colour," adding, "If tone be the legitimate principle of colour, he who has not tone, though he should excel in individual imitation, colours in fragments and produces discord." Of "historic colour"—the colour used by painters of the grand style—he says with concise neatness that it "imitates, but copies not"—Nature, understood. He could distinguish nicely, also, between the relative claims of creative and of inventive power on the admiration of mankind; and Rossetti, be very sure, appreciated the distinction. "Creation gives, and invention finds, existence," he insists; and it is with something of the warmth and sensibility of one who has known the joy of producing what is great, that he says: "Invention being confined to one moment, he invents best who in that moment combines the traces of the past, the energy of the present, and a glimpse of the future." He is of opinion that "second thoughts are admissible in painting and poetry only as dressers of the first conception, no great idea being ever formed in fragments." Nor is he less emphatic when he writes, what Rossetti with special emphasis approves: "Consider it as the unalterable law of nature that all your power upon others depends upon your own emotions. Shakespeare wept, trembled, laughed first, at what now sways the public feature." Fuseli continues, "and where he did not, he is stale, outrageous, and disgusting;" but, beyond "feature," the more reverent Rossetti, with his double scoring, will not go.

That the Aphorist's principles stood him in good stead when he allowed them to regulate his judgment may be seen by the excellent criticisms he was able to make. The following are a few of many instances:—"Poussin painted *basso-relievo;* Algardi chiselled pictures." "When Spenser dragged into light the entrails of the serpent slain by the Red Cross Knight, he dreamt a butcher's dream, and not a poet's; and Fletcher, or his partner, when rummaging the surgeon's box of cataplasms and trusses, to assuage hunger, solicited the grunt of an applauding sty." "At the Martyrdom of

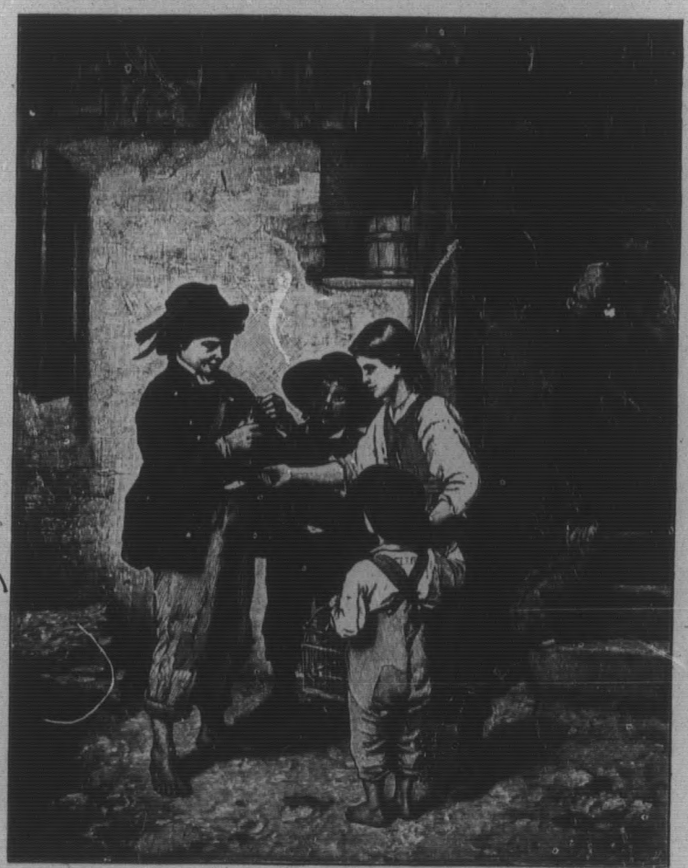
St. Agnes, in one of Raphael's cartoons, you saunter amidst the mob of a lane, where the silly chat of neighbouring gossips announces a topic as silly, till you find with indignation that instead of a broken pot, or a petty theft, you are to witness a scene for which Heaven opens, and Jesus rises from His Throne." "On beauty, unsupported by vigour and expression, Homer dwells less than on active deformity. He tells us in three lines Nireus' parentage, his power, his effeminacy, and that he led three ships; but opens in Thersites a source of comedy and entertainment." "Rosso carried anatomy, and the Bolognese Abbate the poetry of their art, to the court of Francis. To the haggard melancholy of the Tuscan, and the laboured richness of the Lombard, the French added their own cold gaiety; and the French school arose." A better brevity than this, which embodies so much knowledge and acumen, could not easily be found; but a sentence which must have been yet more prized by Rossetti was that in which Fuseli, who has so often provoked the younger man by his preference for Raphael, does at last declare himself about Michael Angelo and about Raphael himself in these terms:—"The line of Michael Angelo is uniformly grand; the child, the female, meanness, deformity, were indiscriminately stamped with grandeur; a beggar rose from his hands the patriarch of poverty; the hump of a dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. The Madonnas of Raphael, whether hailed parents of a God or pressing the Divine offspring to their breast, whether receiving Him from His slumbers or contemplating His infant motions, are uniformly transcripts from the daily domestic images of common life, and of some favourite face matronized. The eyes of his Fornarina beamed with other fires than those of sanctity; the sense and native dignity of her lover could veil their fierceness, but not change their language." With equal discrimination the characteristics of the figures depicted by two other masters are set forth:—"The male forms of Rubens are the brawny pulp of slaughtermen, his females are hillocks of roses; overwhelmed muscles, dislocated bones, and distorted joints are swept along in a gulf of colours, as herbage, shrubs, and trees are whirled, tossed, or absorbed by vernal inundation." "The female forms of Rembrandt are prodigies of deformity; his males are the crippled produce of shuffling industry and sedentary toil."

Other sayings of the old Keeper of the Academy peradventure awakened a more personal echo than any we have quoted in the heart of the poet and painter of a later time. There are aphorisms of life, as well as of Art, to be found in these pages—aphorisms which will retain their truth for successive generations.—"If you wish to give consequence to your inferiors, answer their attacks. Michael Angelo, when advised to resent the insolence of some obscure upstart who was pushing forward into notice by declaring himself his rival, answered: 'He who contests with the base, loses with all!'" When Fuseli wrote thus, perhaps he had Barry in his eye—Barry, who had exclaimed in presence of Fuseli's pictures: "Talk of the beau-ideal, it is the beau-frightful you mean!" And, perhaps, Rossetti, when he scored what Fuseli wrote, had before him a vision of Mr. Buchanan. Michael Angelo is again quoted—this time as saying of a plagiarism from himself, on which he was asked his opinion: "I commend it; but when on the Day of Judgment each body shall claim its original limbs, what will remain of this picture?" To the modern founder of a school in both poetry and prose, the saying must have had strange significance. One can imagine what a flight of angels and maidens would rise from the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery and turn their faces Chelsea-wards, if a dread summons of resurrection and identification were to sound forth above the babel of tongues on any day during a summer exhibition. A less whimsical train of thought is suggested by the reflection: "Mediocrity despatches and exalts; the man of talent congratulates himself on the success of his exertions; genius alone mourns over defeated expectation." In making a final quotation, I take a passage which Rossetti has doubly scored, and which I have had occasion to remember during my happy task of making two teaching voices heard, rather than my own: "The collector who arrogates not to himself the praise bestowed on his collections, and the reader who does not fancy himself the author of the beauties he recites to an admiring circle, are not the least of men."

WILFRID MEYNELL.

FRANZ DEFREGGER.

WHILE darkened by deplorable decadences, this nineteenth century is distinguished at least by the vigorous growth and the wide diffusion of genre painting. England, France, Germany, even Italy, having in various ways worn out high Art, and no great inspiration coming to the rescue, an inevitable and not unwholesome reaction, brings all modern schools down to simple naturalism. Not that the ideal is absolutely dead, but certainly for a time Art born of the imagination lies comparatively dormant. The interlude is filled by a countless company of men, some of whom are as remarkable after their kind as any that shine in the world's history. And Franz Defregger, for reasons appearing in the sequel, stands in the foremost rank among painters who, forsaking the high and the mighty, prefer to dwell with the lowly and meek. Holding the position of Professor in the Munich Academy, and decorated with the brightest of ribbons, he dedicated the best possible art to the unadorned peasant, to rustic races happy in honest poverty and frugal cheer. Defregger is a man with a mission: he nobly serves the Tyrolese as Burns celebrated the Scotch; thus the Bavarian Highlands are illustrated through the art of painting, as our British Highlands and their peasant homes were signalised by the hand of poetry.



The Pet Bird. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Professor Defregger served in the school of suffering: his early struggles were severe: the story of his youth he told Friedrich Pecht, the Art biographer, as follows. His birth, on 30th April, 1835, was at a small hamlet in a mountain valley near Botzen, in the Austrian Tyrol. His father was a hard-working, well-to-do peasant, and the boy Franz—the only child—shared till the age of twenty the common labours of the field and cattle-shed. But the future painter recounts that, "As long as I can remember, within me was a strong impulse towards Art. While yet a child I made animals in paste, cut figures in turnips and potatoes, and later with scissors I fashioned landscapes in paper. What was my joy when first I got a lead pencil! My chief toil till the age of fifteen was within cattle huts, and this occupation left time for drawings which gained such renown in the village that my father allowed me more pencils. I now began to draw on walls and all other surfaces which came within my reach. The neighbours on Sundays called in to see. My father grew proud of my talents; but unfortunately a fifty-gulden note I copied with such fidelity that he was summoned by the Burgomaster to answer the charge of forgery! A yet more serious misfortune followed when I had to leave the cattle-shed to join my father as servant; and now in the evenings, and even on Sundays, I found myself too tired to indulge my passion for Art."

The sudden death of the father in the prime of life was an instant trial, which brought nevertheless ultimate deliverance from uncongenial drudgery. The son, though already twenty-two years of age, was according to his own account wholly unfit to stand alone. As often as he went to market to sell or to buy cattle he felt humiliated, and on his return home found himself defrauded. In short, agriculture soon proved so distasteful that he proposed to sell all and exchange the Tyrol for America. But the project could not be accomplished quietly, because of the outcry raised in the family. At last, however, disgust grew so great that the farm and its belongings were sold to a relative. This break up of home, if an immediate reverse in fortune, opened the possibility of the wished-for career by present cash in the pocket, the proceeds of the sale. The situation could hardly have been so forlorn

as we are given to suppose, for the young adventurer delights to tell how the idea flashed as lightning across his mind, "I can go to Innsbruck and make myself an artist."

Arrivals at the Dance. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Armed with a friendly introduction from the parish parson to the Professor in charge of the Innsbruck School, the aspirant for fame set out on his pilgrimage. He was received kindly, and for a month or more worked to his master's satisfaction. But ambition or restlessness soon carried him to Munich, and satisfied with nothing short of the highest mark, in the year 1860, with a letter of introduction, he presented himself before Professor Piloty. The great painter had then on the easel the well-known picture of 'Nero,' and the sight of "the noble figures," we are told, "was as the opening of a new world" on the mind of the simple rustic. Defregger at the moment, it must be allowed, presented personally a plight not quite up to historic pitch, and Piloty, it is said, viewed with no slight amazement the youth standing before him in rude leather gaiters and an old Tyrolese girdle. The great master was kindly, but failed to recognise a vocation, and recommended the humbler sphere of art industry with a beginning in the elementary classes of the Academy. But neither the Munich climate nor teaching proved congenial, and so the novice moved on to Paris, only, however, to encounter as a foreigner difficulties with the language and the Academy. Hence, after the lapse of little more than a year, the young student, with renovated health and some additional knowledge, returned in the autumn of 1864 to Munich. Unfortunately, Piloty was away, and so to pass the time Franz visited his native village, and being now reckoned a genius, painted countless portraits of friends and relatives. Also, among the picturesque surroundings came ready to hand the materials for a telling picture:—a wounded poacher was brought to the house, and the wife and child followed. Proud of the pictorial exploit, the painter returned to Munich, and met with a warm reception from Piloty. But as ill-luck would have it, the pledge of his future fortune was cracked and ruined by being put to the fire to dry and harden!

Piloty above all other teachers could supply just the tuition now imperative. Poor Defregger, like other geniuses which spring up in the wilds of nature, might have flourished and faded as a weed by the wayside, but transplanted to Munich the needed culture came. The born painter Munkacsy, a waif and a wanderer in Hungary, is a case in point; his art was but a bastard growth till pruned and brought into shape in the school of Düsseldorf. Defregger, in like manner, at the outset showed himself little else than a clever mechanic. Such, indeed, is the invariable experience all the world over, especially in territories lying somewhat outside the circuit of Art and civilisation. The Tyrolese peasant, however gifted, did not find reading, writing, or painting come by nature, he could not spell out his thoughts, the grammar of Art was as an unknown tongue. In the school of Piloty he became soundly grounded; he learnt how to cast the mind's image into pictorial form, and to work out a picture as a strict problem of proportion, light, shade, and colour.

Defregger had for fellow-pupils men distinguished by talent: at no other time has the school of Piloty shone with like lustre. Hans Makart, whose fertile imagination and fervid colour revived the sumptuous art of Venice, Gabriel Max, whose subtle sensitiveness and mystic meanings recall, with a difference, the supersensuous art of mediæval Italy, worked side by side as brothers. In such company was seen Defregger, still clad in leather Tyrolese gaiters, standing before his easel. Nothing about him told of the ideal, the imaginative, or the supernatural; all was strong in realism, and simple as the unsophisticated nature in which he had been born and reared. Piloty already with pride pointed visitors to the mountaineer as signal in promise. That these three men, so widely diversified in gifts and divergent in Art, should submit to the rule of one master and go forth as the products of the same school, speaks volumes for the system and mode of academic training. And the dissimilarity among the students were less remarkable, had Piloty been among weak or easy-going men without strong convictions, defined principles, or strict methods. The catholicity of his school and teaching may be said to lie in a certain large comprehension of Art in its historic and world-wide manifestation, in a generic and cosmopolitan view which merges or mingles accidents and abnormal phases in universal laws, in a tuition based on immutable truths yet permitting freest play to the individual mind. Hence pupils with opposite aims met on common

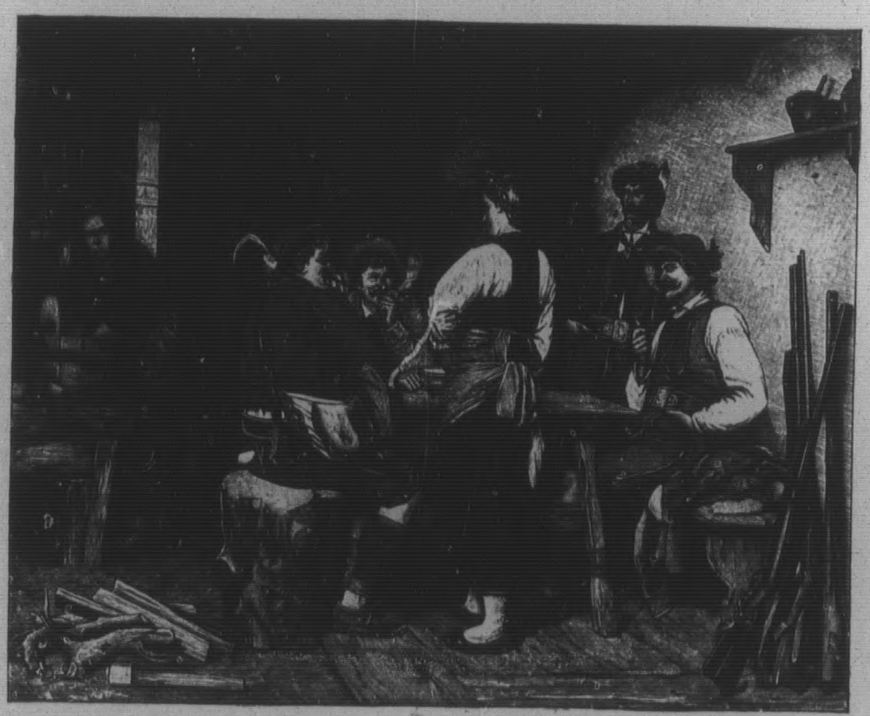
grounds; thus, whether a spirit appeared to Max, a syren to Makart, or a peasant to Defregger, each learnt the treatment appropriate to the occasion. And neither was accounted inferior to the others: "the honest man though ne'er so poor, is king of men." Indubitably Piloty's teaching invokes the noblest traits in humanity, and Defregger, with the power peculiar to the school, demonstrates how heroism, honesty, and happiness shine in "the simple annals of the poor."

The rise of Art in mountain lands, whether in Scandinavia, Scotland, Switzerland or the Tyrol, presents aspects for interesting speculation. The battle of life is hard, the conflict with the elements severe, nature presents a hostile attitude, the cold is pinching, the fields are sterile, and hardship and poverty lie heavy on a struggling people. Life being taxed to the uttermost in order to gain scanty necessaries, luxuries are few, and the Fine Arts, when at length they obtain precarious footing, are wholly simple and elementary. The phase consequent on these conditions, as might be expected, is that of naturalism. Thus Defregger, and others similarly situated, paint with fidelity the scenes by which they are surrounded: the peasant grows into a primitive artist, the eye observes, the hand executes, but imagination remains dormant.

Nevertheless the fire of imagination has been known to kindle in mountain lands. And the coincidence is singular that Defregger, an artist cold in colour, hard in handling, material in subject matter, should have been born among Alpine heights, not far asunder from the wild scenery which cradled Titian, Giorgione, Pordenone and Bassano, masters who revelled in colour, imagination, and passion. Three centuries divide that great epoch from the present, the face of nature remains unchanged, the grand mountains and the glowing sunset skies beheld by Titian are seen by Defregger, yet the art of the two lies wide asunder as the antipodes. The cause of this divergence is not easily assigned: opposite phases of individual mind, degeneracy of race, altered aspects in civilisation, may help to the explanation. But simply to accept the concrete facts without analysis, we may safely affirm that the humble life and the national ardour of the Tyrol are no less completely embodied by Defregger in his great picture, 'The Return Home of a Hero,' than were the pride and exultation of Venice expressed in Titian's triumphant 'Assumption of the Madonna.' Each art after its kind is national and representative.

Yet the Tyrol presents at least two phases of Art answering to the twofold conditions of nature. On the north reign the rigours of winter, while the south stands in close propinquity to the sunny and fertile plains of Lombardy. Connecting the two extremes is the facile pass of the Brenner, which for centuries has carried the commerce and the arts of Italy into Northern Tyrol and Southern Germany. The whole region, in fact, north and south of the Alps, has been permeated with a certain mongrel and composite style of painting. Pilgrims to the Passion Play discover in the district of the Ammergau a wayfaring art on roadside chapels and house fronts. And a Tyrolese painter about the middle of last century got so far as Munich, and there executed on a church vault a fresco not unworthy of the school of the Carracci. I have also found in the Innsbruck picture gallery a local talent above mediocrity; and in the pretty cemetery on which the snowy Alps look down, I have seen the Tyrolese historic painter, Alois Plattner, at work on wall paintings which show him a skilled disciple in the school of Cornelius. Lastly may be mentioned, in the neighbourhood of Botzen, a castle decorated three centuries ago with frescoes illustrative of the Niebelungen Lied and the Knights of the Round Table. But Botzen, for years the dwelling-place of Defregger, offers materials more tempting, at least to a modern painter: the town is picturesque, the streets, on market days and at annual fairs, are crowded with cattle, waggons, and groups of country folk in the most pictorial of costumes. Defregger on the spot had his choice between the two arts, and he preferred the prosaic peasant to the poetic knights of the Middle Ages: he turned from shadowy legends, and a traditional art suffering decadence, and made himself the leader in a healthful reaction which leads back to nature.

Yet Defregger has his limitations: character and costume, his strongest points, do not suffice to carry him into the regions of historic or religious Art. But though he does not rank among historic painters, yet as a patriot he could hardly refrain from celebrating his country's heroes. The Tyrol is renowned for deeds of courage: the hunter or sportsman carrying a gun and braving danger is, on emergency, the soldier; and free men, bred of the chase and braced by the keen air of the mountains, rise in revolt against the threatened



Hunters in the Herdsman's Hut. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

tyranny of the stranger. This spirit breathed in Defregger: 'The Return Home of a Hero' is a scene truly national:

Wrestling. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

a fine fellow decked in gay toggery worthy of a stage spectacle has been to the wars and is back to his native village; snow mountains look down upon the narrow street crowded with comrades and neighbours; drums, flags, warm greetings, and loud acclaims make a merry picture. The scene is the painter's own creation, and if not a work of imagination, proves his power of invention, knowledge of composition, and lively, lucid way of telling a story. More strictly historic are pictures commemorative of two native patriots, Speckbacher and Andreas Hofer, the brave and skilled leaders in 1806 of the Tyrolese war of independence.

It would far outrun the limits of this paper were I to enumerate and describe the many pictures which, over a period of more than fifteen years, have come from the painter's prolific pencil. The illustrations to these pages will indicate their line of subject and mode of treatment. The scenes are invariably laid in the hill countries which lie round about the Alps; the actors or living inmates, all born and bred in the Tyrol, are the sons and daughters of toil.

Defregger has fairly won his great renown. Born with exceptional talent, he brought to Art unusual industry and ardour. Animated by high motives, the humblest of his themes are never low: to the best of my knowledge he has not once grovelled in the mire; his beggar may starve and receive charity but will never steal, and his mendicant respecting the laws of property conforms all the better to the canons and concords of Art. And the painter in no small degree owes success to his being essentially one of the people; he is, as it were, their mouthpiece and speaks their patois. His pictorial diction and presentment are plain and legible as a child's primer in clear type, his handling of the brush on canvas is strong and clinching as the grip on a huntsman's gun. The whole picture is in perfect keeping; 'mid the ruling harmony I have seldom detected a false note. In fine, the art has the power and persuasion of strong convictions. Defregger virtually says, "I believe, therefore have I painted."

Defregger's studio in Munich singularly befits his art. The situation is sylvan and quiet; the handsome dwelling-house looks over the wooded streams and glades of the so-called English Garden, and in the rear, 'mid flowers, lie the artist's painting rooms. I have seldom entered a more inviting snuggery. The dimensions are not vast as the quarters wherein high art is enacted, but in more fitting proportion to simple domestic scenes. The light from the outer world receives modulation from the shade of embowering trees, the windows are draped by ivy, and within the casements are induced to enter creepers entwined as tracery. A small room is given up to pictorial properties; conspicuous is an ancestral cradle, and I counted some fifty Tyrolese hats of every conceivable variety. Another cabinet is sacred to old coats, waistcoats, trousers, leggings, petticoats, waistbands and girdles. The central room, the studio proper, displays countless curiosities as a museum. The eye is caught by old cabinets, stoves, tapestries, ironwork, crockery, guns, stags' antlers and other trophies of the chase. Carved woodwork abounds of the rough-and-ready peasant kind, and odds and ends of all sorts picked up from time to time in out-of-the-way places, are huddled together awaiting their turn to serve in pictures. Such consonant surroundings put the artist's mind in tone and train for his daily work. The walls are hung with incipient pictures, studies of heads and costumes, scraps of buildings and landscapes for backgrounds. The artist's hero, Andreas Hofer, is a favourite guest, figuring in sundry compositions. Easels stand about the floor with works in progress; on one appears the artist's son in Tyrolese costume, but evidently aspiring to a higher social grade than the occupants of adjacent canvases. I quitted this prettiest of garden studios with happy thoughts of Defregger as an artist and a man.

To my mind there are few greater delights than to mark the growth of a painter true and good as Defregger, and the struggle and success of a youth thus heroically fashioned cannot but serve as a help to those who, under like stress and strife, are ready to faint by the way. Surely amid much often disheartening in contemporary Art, the spectacle is reassuring when a rude mechanic advances to a skilled artist, when poverty is exchanged for something more than comfortable competence, when an obscure villager, by works which exalt our common humanity, makes for himself a name honoured in all lands. A hard-fought life thus crowned fortifies our faith as well in human nature as in Art.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

CHARDIN.

JEAN BAPTISTE SIMEON CHARDIN, a man of the *bourgeoisie* as original as Hogarth,—the only man indeed of all the eighteenth century, in France, whose originality claims fairly to be placed beside that of Watteau—was born on the 2nd of November, 1699. It was in Paris, in the quarter of St. Sulpice, in the trading quarter where shopkeepers and skilled artisans wait on the wants of the neighbouring Faubourg St. Germain. He was of humble and decent parentage, as befitted the place, and he had for godmother, when he was christened, one Anne Bourgine, wife of Jacques Riche, who declared herself unable to sign her name in attestation of the event. Chardin's father was a cabinet-maker: a dexterous artist, with a speciality which, along with such honour as it afforded, he passed on to one of his sons. He made, as Chardin's best biographer has told us, "ces billards monumentaux dont une planche de Bonnart nous a gardé le dessin," and he made them for the King. But, though he worked successfully and well, the burden of a family weighed upon his fortunes, and his thought about his children was chiefly that they might find means of support. Chardin was given little education, and he was to have followed his father's trade, but he showed, in his quite early youth, enough of promise as a painter for it to be held reasonable that he should enter M. Cazes' painting-room. Cazes was not at this time an unknown artist, but Chardin learnt almost nothing from him. The inventor of a genre, Chardin must needs be his own best teacher. Time and his own individuality alone could allow him his sturdy facility of touch. Only in working for himself could he acquire the schemes of colour, the tones, the delicate justice of expression for which we admire him to-day. And if he was already independent of a master in the selection of his method, still more his own was his choice of the world which he observed to record.

That world, of which Chardin has given us so veracious yet so poetic a chronicle, was the world of his daily life. His art concerned itself with the familiar pursuits of the lower middle class, homely because it was bound to be frugal, but refined because it was French. The grosser manners which reflected accurately—as manner is wont to do—the duller thoughts of our English lower middle class of a hundred and fifty years since, would never have afforded to an artist who desired inspiration from that class alone, such an opportunity as was offered to Chardin by the lower *bourgeoisie* of France. The ruder civilisation of the London of that period provoked from English art no such exquisite transcript. And had it come, it could hardly have been welcomed, for in the two countries the taste of the day was different—the one was ahead of the other. A similarity in coarseness in imaginative literature—the unquestioned grossness of Rétif de la Bretonne placed by the side of the grossness of Smollett—may seem to deny it. But pictorial art makes the contrast evident. In France it was possible not only for Chardin to exist, but for him to be valued.

In a life that was eighty years long—a life mainly calm, mainly filled with peaceful work—Chardin was able to accomplish much, and to labour with variety; but whatever may have been his successes in other departments of Art than that of refined genre-painting, it is by his mastery and originality in that, that he may be expected most to interest us. It was to that, that he chiefly devoted the middle years of his career. Other successes first established his fame: other successes came happily to its support long afterwards when he was failing. We do not note, indeed, in Chardin's rapid transitions, sudden transformations—the one occupation was apt to overlap the other—but until we are to look into his course in great detail it may be accepted as roughly true that it was first still-life that engrossed him, then scenes of the domestic interior, and then, in the late days, portraiture. Of the two first he was a painter in oil. For the third he employed pastel.

That, putting it briefly, was the course of his work. What was the course of his life apart from work?—the course, I mean, of that second life of the artist in Painting or Literature which is separate from his production, yet may affect it so much? How about the people who were nearest to him?—those whose society gave him his pleasure or withheld it? Chardin was twice married. While he was still engaged in the struggles of his youth, before his position was assured, he had met a young girl, Marguerite Saintar, at some modest *bourgeois* merry-making, where his parents planned that he should find her. Whether or not he knew of their aims, his own wishes seemed to have been at one with theirs. He liked Marguerite Saintar, who liked him in return. The attachment appears indeed to have been so mutual that in their loves there was no place for the proverb of the "one who kisses" and "the other who holds out the cheek."

In 1728, Chardin being twenty-nine, he was received into the Academy, and by 1731 he was permitted to marry the young woman to whom he was devoted. She was still but twenty-two, but in the few years that they had waited, their positions had a good deal changed. Chardin had won a reputation to which already a certain money value was happily attached, and the girl had lost her small fortune. The painter's father was now opposed to the marriage, but his objections were overcome. The wedded couple were wedded for but four years. Their only child, a son, remained to Chardin, when his wife died, after a time of union troubled as to outward matters, and which, in the wife's declining health, it must have needed either satisfied love or a happy temperament to make even fairly bright. Chardin's was a temperament of calm—the shrewd smiling face, painted by himself when he was seventy years old, shows that he was elastic and vivacious:—

> "A strong, since joyful man, who rose distinct
> Above slave-sorrows, to his chariot linked."

At forty-five—it was nine years after the close of the first domestic episode—Chardin married a second time. Still in the parish of St. Sulpice, to which from his youth he had been constant, he married a youngish widow, Françoise Marguerite Pouget. Later he was to paint, in her agreeable features, a "rêve de femme et la philosophie de ses quarante ans." She bore him company during the rest of his life, from the days of his eminence to the days when fame forsook him. And on the

whole he was fortunate. He worked so slowly and deliberately that it would not have been easy for his painting to have made him rich, but he had no unsatisfied ambitions, and he enjoyed his art and his home, and his assured friendships. No very heavy or disabling blow fell on him till he had entered upon his later years. Then his son died, who had been in a measure his pupil and follower. The remembrance of this and his own gathering age and the neglect of his art, affected him in the end, and he was a martyr to the disease which caused Bishop Butler, who himself suffered from it, to say that the keenest physical pleasure in life was the cessation of pain. In the last days dropsy followed upon stone. On the 6th of December, 1779, Doyen wrote to a familiar friend of Chardin's, M. Desfriches—"Madame Chardin begs me to inform you of her situation, which is very pitiable." The last sacrament had been given to the aged painter. "M. Chardin a reçu le bon Dieu." "He

"La bonne Education."

is in a state of exhaustion which causes the greatest anxiety." Later in the day he died.

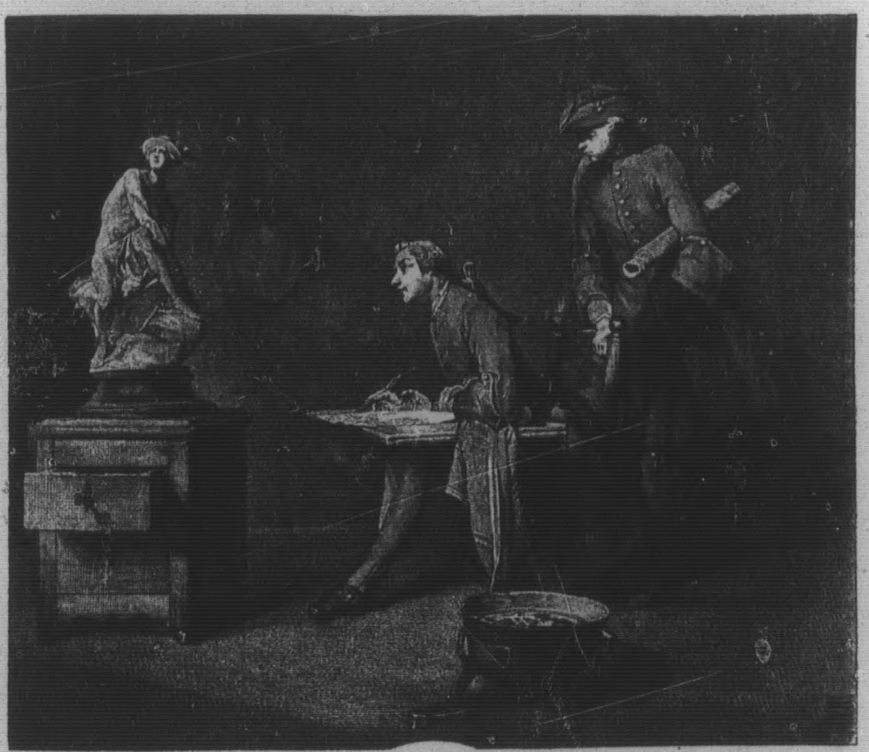
The placid and yet vivacious cheerfulness of Chardin's temperament affords some key to the things which his art chose, and the things which it left aside. Contentment with the daily round, and with the common lot, alone could have allowed him to confine the subject of his work within the limits of a narrow experience. He painted what he saw, and he saw the *bourgeoisie*, nor was he anxious to extend the field of his vision. He is the artist of 'Le Bénédicité,' of 'La Mère Laborieuse,' of 'L'Econome,' of 'La Bonne Education'—that is, he is the painter of decent middle-class life, in its struggles with narrow means, and in its happiness, which is that of the family and of tranquil and ordered labour. Even the pursuits of his youth when he painted still-life, and the pursuits of his age when he was drawing portraits, accorded with that chronicle of the Parisian *bourgeoisie* which was the work of his mid-career, for the portraits were yet of every-day folk, and the still-life, the fruits, the china, the copper vessels, the silk-lined workboxes in whose familiar textures, colours, tones, he revelled so adroitly, were the natural accessories and accompaniments of an existence led always within the limits of the home. Thus regarded—and this is the fair way of looking at his course—there is really no sudden change of route to be discovered in his artistic progress. His was the record of the things he saw: in his youth he did not feel himself strong enough to pourtray, in what he saw, that which was one day to interest him most—Humanity.

He began very humbly. It was in 1728, when he was but twenty-nine, that his picture of 'The Skate' attracted some notice; and other objects of still-life were grouped with it at the Exposition de la Jeunesse, in the Place Dauphine, when M. Largillière—not a bad judge, one would have thought—inspected his things, and, not knowing that they were Chardin's, protested that they were the work of some very excellent Dutchman, and that Chardin would be wise if he copied them. Soon after that, as we have seen, he was accepted at the Academy, and from that time forward he exhibited at the Louvre. An exhibitor for forty years, he was for twenty years a hanger. That was a capacity in which he was sure to make enemies; but at least he was never blamed for bestowing any unmerited prominence upon his own work.

Chardin won, and he would have deserved to retain, a reputation by his still-life pictures alone, for the truth is, none of the older Dutchmen had conceived of common matter so nobly; and, sentiment apart, none had brought to its representation a touch quite so large, a palette quite so rich. To Chardin belongs at once a reality without meanness, and an arrangement without pretension or artifice. The very gathering of his groups of household things has a significance; it is characteristic; it reveals in him that sense of human interest with which his forerunners were never occupied, and which we, in these later days, have missed equally in men as different as Blaise Desgoffe and William Hunt. Nothing is put into Chardin's pictures thoughtlessly; and, possessed as he was of a perception uniquely keen to note the varied individuality of matter and its artistic interest, he yet had little of mere pride in his ability to paint so well the object and the substance of his choice. The simple materials gathered on his kitchen-slab have their place there of right, and tell the story of modest and frugal provision—from the little red jar of rough but highly-glazed pottery to the eggs and the saucepan. In one picture there will be exactly the material for the humblest meal, and the things that are required to prepare it—that and no more—a transcript from his own limited home in the early days, when he was an ill-rewarded painter and the husband

of an ailing young woman whose fortune was gone. In another, and it is most likely of a later time, there are the fruits for the dessert of the well-to-do, and with them is the silver and the gold, and the sugar-bowl of now famous Dresden. But though Chardin does justice to a luxury of colour, as in the 'Goblet d'Argent,' and in that picture—both are in the Salle Lacaze—of the brown wooden jewel-box, whose pale blue soft silk lining catches so discreet and delicate a light, the charm of the very simple never escapes him. A tumbler of water and three tiny onions, and there is a subject for him. And in all the still-life of his earlier and of his middle years there is an unfailing vigour of draughtsmanship, a quiet truth of chiaroscuro, an effect of unforced picturesqueness, and with easy decisiveness he executes intricate schemes of colour. His hues, above all, are blended and fused; the influence of colour upon the colour that is near it he is found to have studied to perfection. He is a master of the elaborate interchange of reflections between the silver cup and the glazed copper-hued pottery, on which its light chances to play. And now the reflected light is cold and clear, and now it is vague and warm. To see these things as Chardin saw them is really to see them for the first time. He opens to us, in a measure that is entirely his own, the charm of the world of matter.

No engraving—hardly even the soft lights and the opulent shadows of mezzotint—could render the character of this still-life of Chardin's. No etching, short of Jacquemart's—nothing but his method of infinite subtlety, and continually varied—could do justice to work in itself so subtle yet apparently so bold. But the manly and refined line-engraving of the French engravers of the middle of the eighteenth century was happily able to translate, with singular excellence, the work of Chardin's middle age, a work in which the rendering of matter counted indeed for something, yet in which character, sentiment, story, counted also for much. It was in 1734, and still at the Place Dauphine, that Chardin showed that which seems to have been the first of his genre pictures—a picture of a woman sealing a letter. From that time onward to about the beginning of his last decade, the painter's work consisted chiefly of the record of the daily life of the civilised *bourgeoisie*, on whom Fortune never smiled too lavishly, but from whom she rarely turned with a quite empty hand. The beauty—such as it is—of *bourgeois* virtues, of reticent affection, of subdued love, of calm persistency in uneventful and continually recurring labour, Chardin himself must have felt. Unlike too many of his Dutch brethren, he saw life, and dealt with it, where life was not gross. His children have an unconscious innocence along with their reflectiveness; his youths, from the tavern waiter to the student of drawing, are ingenuous; his young women bring the delightfulness of grace to the diligent doing of household work in the kitchen or parlour; and his seniors, in gaining experience, have not lost sweetness. And with the interest of pleasantness you have in Chardin's case the assurance of the interest of truth. Hogarth was as true, but he was less agreeable; Morland was as pleasant, but he was less veracious. Hogarth painted an individual; Morland generalised or idealised the individual and was contented with a type. Chardin's figures do not cease to be typical of the race, while they retain the delicate accuracy of individual studies, and betray an untiring reference not to a few models only, but to all the nature he lived amongst. Always without exaggeration, always with directness and with simplicity, the self-effacing art of Chardin accomplished its task, writing for us in picture after picture, or print after print, the history of the quietest of refined lives that the eighteenth century knew;



'Etude du Dessein.'

arresting for us the delicate gesture, in itself so slight, yet so completely revealing; and tracing on honest and sensitive faces every expression that rises above broad comedy or falls short of high passion.

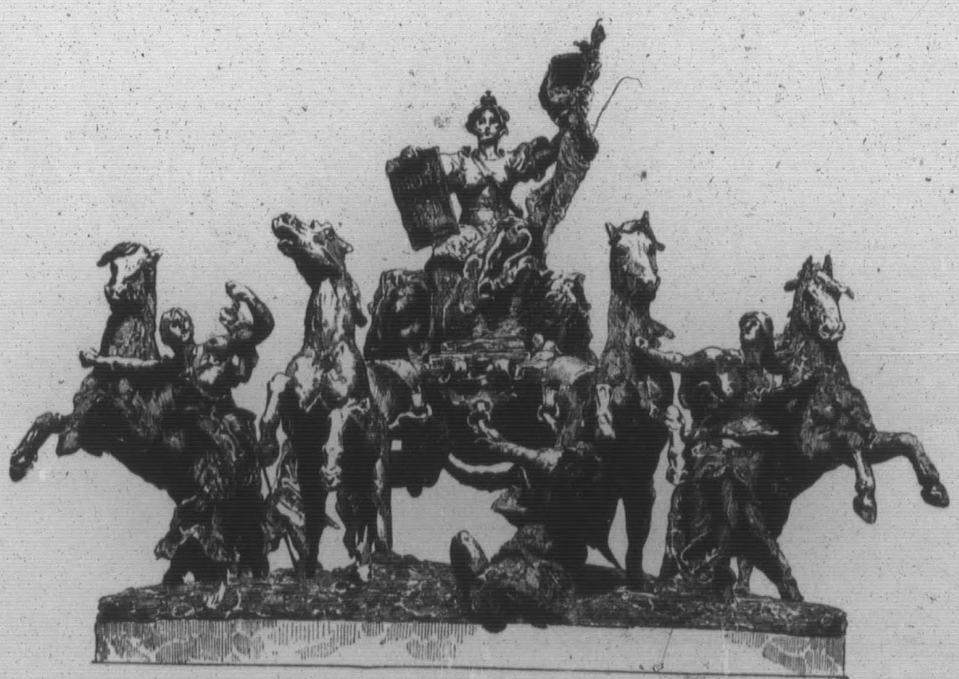
Unaccustomed though it was to the sincere portrayal of homely things, Chardin's own generation became quickly appreciative of the finest phase of his art, and from 1738 to 1757 (as M. Emmanuel Bocher has so laboriously and carefully recorded in a volume which is the inevitable supplement to the De Goncourt's literary study) the best engravers of the time—Laurent Cars, Lépicié, Surugue, Le Bas, and others besides—were busy in the translation of Chardin's work. Such accomplished draughtsmen with the burin could not fail, of course, to express his obvious subject, and to retain in the black and white of their copper-plates the sentiment of the canvas. But they did more than this—their flexible skill allowed them to retain also Chardin's manner and method; so that the very men

who had rendered best, or as well as the best, the trembling light of Watteau and his immense and airy distance with all its delicate gradations and infinite planes, are found to be the complete interpreters of Chardin's peculiar breadth and simplicity, and of that deliberate firmness which is opposed the most to Watteau's masterly indecision. The low prices at which the prints were issued made the prints saleable and popularised Chardin's art among the educated middle class. Often but a couple of francs were charged for an engraving, worth, if it is in fine condition, some three or four guineas to-day.

Contemporary criticism, and especially the criticism of Diderot, was favourable to Chardin, and may have assisted his fame. There were years in which "the father of modern criticism," occupied as much with intellectual charm and moral teaching as with technical perfection, fairly raved over the painter whose work was the eulogium of the *tiers état*, the idyl of the *bourgeoisie*. Lafont de St. Yonne, in 1746, places him very high in the ranks "des peintres compositeurs et originaux." In 1753, the Abbé le Blanc writes of him:—"Il prend la nature sur le fait." And a few years later it is Diderot who writes: "It is always nature and truth. M. Chardin is a man of mind. He understands the theory of his art." And again, "M. Chardin is not a painter of history, but he is a great man." Then there dawns upon the critical mind some sense that the painter is repeating himself. From the old mint he reissues, with but slight modification, the old coins. Still-life apart, he can give us no new subjects; and the familiar ends by being undervalued, and the excellent is held cheaply. At last, from Diderot, in 1767, there comes the undisguised lamentation, "M. Chardin s'en va!"

Fortunately, however, though popularity passed from him, the old man was able to interest himself in a fresh department of work. He had painted a few portraits at an earlier time, but now his attention was attracted to portraiture in pastel—that was the medium in which an artist as masculine as himself and as penetrating had obtained an admitted triumph. Why should Chardin fail where Quentin Latour had succeeded? Nor did he fail altogether. He was able to draw back upon himself, in the last years, a little of the old attention. And the pastel portraits if they had the *fragilité* had also the *éclat*, which the well-known verse attributes to the then fashionable method. And in subjects which were portraits only, the flesh tints were no longer, by any possibility, effaced by the stronger reality which somehow Chardin had been wont to bestow upon the accessories in his pictures. As a painter of the texture of the flesh, Chardin had been confessedly inferior to the greatest of the Dutchmen; hardly in anything else had he been behind even Van der Meer and Metsu. Pleasant to him and well merited as must have been that slight return of appreciation which came to him in his eighth decade, it is not by the labour of that time that we are now likely to class him. With the galvanized revival of a classical ideal, his name, after his death, fell into dishonour. Some of his worthiest pictures tumbled, neglected, about the quays of Paris. Only within the last quarter of a century has there been evident the sign of an intention to do justice to his work, and for us his principal distinction is, as I have said already, that he is not only foremost, but was for years alone, in the perception of the dignity and beauty of humble matter and of the charm which Art may discover in the daily incidents of the least eventful life.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.



Study by A. Falguière for Group surmounting the Arc de Triomphe, Paris.

FOREIGN ART BOOKS.

WE live in an age of luxury, and our taste, ever changeful and ever dissatisfied, longs for novelties. No sooner have new productions made their appearance than we get tired of them, and fastidiously ask for newer things. This is especially noticeable in the art of book illustrations.

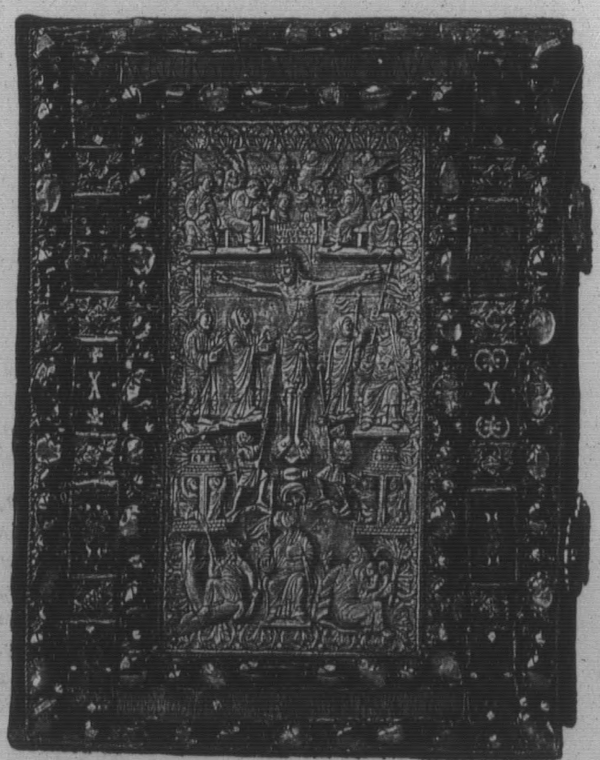
Charles the Fifth. Medal by H. Reitz.

Among those publishers who have understood, and succeeded in gratifying, the most recent taste must certainly be classed M. Quantin, of Paris.

"Son Altesse la Femme,"* by M. Octave Uzanne, is an example of what can be achieved in the way of coloured illustrations to books. A remarkable feature of this work is that both letterpress and plates are in the style of the period described in each chapter. Thus, beginning with the sixteenth century, and ending with the nineteenth, M. Uzanne successively and successfully imitates the language of Rabelais, Marot, Racan, the pleiad of writers of the eighteenth century, the emphatic and pretentious mode of speaking of the "Directoire" and "Restauration," and the liveliest modern French; whilst the illustrations, the first of which is an imitation of a page of an illuminated manuscript, and the last a reproduction of a water colour, recall the various processes of printing in colour hitherto employed.

A new and very accurate translation of "Gulliver's Travels,"† by M. Gausseron, has enabled M. Poirson to give full scope to his talent and imagination in depicting the chief incidents in the voyages of Swift's hero. The inhabitants of Lilliput, Brobdingnag, and Laputa, are drawn with great spirit by the artist, who displays considerable versatility in his compositions, though perhaps too fond of the Japanese style. All the illustrations are in colours, and are a new departure; there are no full-page engravings, all being "covered" by the letterpress: the mixing of coloured drawings with type is carried to such an extent that, in some instances, the printed matter trespasses on the ground of the picture. Perhaps it should be here mentioned that in France "Les Voyages de Gulliver" is as well known as any English book, with the exception, may be, of De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," and that both are given as presents to children; a natural thing enough as far as the latter work is concerned, but somewhat contrary to English ideas with regard to the former.

Except to those who are thoroughly acquainted with the history of French Art during the eighteenth century, the very names of "Les Adam et Clodion"* are well-nigh unknown, although most of their works, or at least their chief works, are familiar to many who have travelled in France, and especially in Germany. Among the works of the Adams we may mention the central group in the "Bassin de Neptune," at Versailles, and the series of allegorical figures which adorn the gardens and the palace of Potsdam. As to their relative, Claude Michel, better known under the name of Clodion, his



Carved Ivory Book-cover, Ninth Century.

elegant terra-cotta and Sèvres porcelain groups and statuettes, and his larger marble statues in the Louvre and in the Cathedral of Rouen, have been so often reproduced in bronze and pottery as to appear to us as old acquaintances when we see them in the splendid photogravure plates of

* "Son Altesse la Femme," par Octave Uzanne. Paris: A. Quantin. 1885.

† "Voyages de Gulliver." Traduction nouvelle et complète par B. H. Gausseron. Paris: A. Quantin. 1885.

* "Les Adam et Clodion," par H. Thirion. Paris: A. Quantin. 1885.

the interesting volume devoted by M. H. Thirion to this family of Lorraine artists.

The readers of *The Art Journal* have more than once had their attention called to that highly useful series of Art handbooks called "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," which, like the above-mentioned volumes, is published by M. Quantin. The two latest additions to this valuable collection are a capital work on Coins and Medals,* by M. Lenormant, of the "Institut," and a very interesting volume on Manuscripts and Miniature Painting on Manuscripts and Books,† by M. Lecoy de la Marche. We give two woodcuts, representing a German medal of Charles V. and a curious carved ivory binding, from these books, which, for valuable information, abundance of illustration, clear and legible type, good paper, and general excellence, are fully equal to those precedently published, and of which some are already out of print.

All lovers and students of Art will welcome with satisfaction the publication of the first volume of a new French translation, by M. Henri Hymans, Keeper of the Belgian Royal Library, of Carel van Mander's "Book of Painters,"* of which no complete translation has yet been published. In the first volume, now before us, we find the lives of no less than one hundred and fifty painters, together with thirty-eight portraits reproduced in fac-simile from old engravings. At a time when Art literature is so much and so justly appreciated, and the history of Art has become a study of no mean importance, the publication of such a work as that so successfully undertaken and carried out by M. Hymans, and which is likely to throw a flood of light on the history of the school of painting of the Netherlands, is particularly opportune. We must congratulate the publisher, M. Rouam, on the care he has bestowed on this beautiful book, which is worthy of the Flemish Vasari.

ART NOTES.

WE with pleasure learn that the Parliament of New South Wales has voted the sum of £10,000 towards the erection of a portion of the Colonial National Art Gallery, which is expected to be completed during this year.

Artists and others selling pictures to the public museums in the colonies will do well to note the copyright arrangements in force there. For instance, by Act of Parliament any resident in New South Wales may "repeat, imitate, copy, and otherwise multiply any painting, drawing, work, sculpture, or photograph, in or belonging to any gallery wholly or partly endowed from public funds." One picture there certainly is which would never have gone thither had the vendor been cognisant of the existence of such a license.

The high duties imposed upon works of Art entering the United States have had an immediate effect on the number of artistic productions sent thence from France. According to statistics collected in Paris by the Consulate of the United States, the value of works of Art exported from France in 1884 had fallen to 3,474,870 francs, from 6,805,438 francs in 1883, and 9,693,263 francs in 1882.

One of the few surviving line engravers, Mr. F. Joubert, died at Mentone on the 17th Nov., 1884. Born in Paris, in 1810, he belonged to an old French family, ruined, like many others, by the Revolution. Having to choose a profession, he became a pupil of Henriquel Dupont. After some years of study Mr. Joubert visited England, married an English lady, and became a naturalised English subject. Many of his works are well known. We may mention 'The Play-ground,' after Webster; 'The Sisters,' 'The Little Archers,' and 'The Little Anglers,' after Eddis; 'Penserosa,' after Winterhalter; 'Agatha,' after Greuze; and 'Nina,' after Greuze. One of his latest works was a large engraving of Poynter's 'Atalanta's Race.' For many years Mr. Joubert engraved the dies of the English postage and court stamps, and also those of many other nations. Mr. Joubert introduced into and patented in England the "acierage" process, now greatly used, and of immense value in copper-plate printing. Mr. Joubert, however, like most inventors, was not the one who profited by the success of the invention. For some years also he spent a great deal of time and money in working out a process of permanent photographic printing. Mr. Joubert, at the time of his death, had just finished a plate for *The Art Journal*.

Since the foregoing lines were written we have received a notification of the decease, on December 28th, 1884, of another of our small band of engravers. Mr. George Stodart had been connected with this Journal for upwards of thirty years as a facile and dexterous reproducer, in stipple, of sculpture.

From researches lately made by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson among the sasines of the Aberdeen Record Office, it appears that George Jamesone, whose biography recently appeared in *The Art Journal*, was not his father's eldest son, and that his birth must therefore be dated after 1587. Nor was Isabella Tosch the painter's only wife. His life by Mr. Forbes-Robertson will shortly be published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

The illustrations to "The Mask of Silence," which appeared in our January number, were executed from photographs by Messrs. Valentine & Co., of Dundee. By a mistake, which we much regret, they were attributed, in the First Edition of the Journal, to another firm of Scottish photographers.

We are also asked to correct a statement (at page 28) that the Holloway Sanatorium was endowed by the late Mr. Holloway with £50,000—such not being the case. Several thousands of pounds have, in fact, been spent upon its completion by Miss Driver and Mr. Martin Holloway. Count Gleichen has received a commission from the last-named gentleman to execute important groups of statuary for the quadrangles of Holloway College. One of these will represent the Queen, and the other Mr. and Mrs. Holloway.

* "Monnaies et Médailles," par H. Lenormant, de l'Institut. Paris: A. Quantin.

† "Les Manuscrits et la Miniature," par A. Lecoy de la Marche. Paris: A. Quantin.

* "Le Livre des Peintres, de Carel van Mander: Traduction, Notes et Commentaires," par Henri Hymans. Tom. I. Paris: J. Rouam. 1885.

The sixteenth winter exhibition at Burlington House, London, not only shows no falling off from most of those which have gone before, but its general standard is even higher than that of most of its predecessors, and among the two hundred and fifty-six pictures of which it is composed, a very small number indeed are unworthy of a place in any permanent collection in the world. The arrangements which have now become traditional are followed: in the first room there is a gathering of the smaller works of deceased British members; in the second the Dutch and Flemings monopolize the walls; in the large gallery the great masters of Britain face the Italian *cinquecentisti;* while Gallery IV., the last now open, is devoted to the *quattrocentisti* and to the early schools of the Low Countries and the Rhine.

Among English masters Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Morland, Hogarth, Turner, Bonnington, Landseer, James Ward, and Constable are well represented, especially Gainsborough and Hogarth, both of whom are in great force both as to quality and quantity. The Dutch pictures in the second room are only inferior to the great collection of four years ago, when Mrs. Hope of Deepdene lent the gems of her gallery. In the large room three magnificent Rubenses from Blenheim fill the place of honour at one end; at the other hangs a magnificent portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck. The Italian pictures on the north wall are hardly so interesting as usual, but the early works in the corner room as fascinating to the lovers of early art and as puzzling as they have ever been. Few of the attributions in the catalogue will remain uncontested, but as to the charm of many of the works themselves, no two opinions can be expressed. Among the finest are a small tondo ascribed to Raffaellino del Garbo, a saint ascribed to Fra Bartolommeo, and a fresco assigned to Cosimo Roselli. The most astonishing picture in the room, however, is the great Mabuse from Lord Carlisle's collection at Castle Howard. This is one of the most marvellous paintings in the world. It is said to have cost seven years of unremitting labour, and well it may. The subject is 'The Adoration of the Magi.' It is treated with a patient elaboration as great as that lavished by Van Eyck on the 'Adoration of the Lamb,' or by Memling on the 'Joys and Sorrows of the Virgin,' but in the matter of Art it is far indeed below either of those famous works.

The collection of Gainsboroughs at the Grosvenor is just a little disappointing, but it contains some ten or a dozen pictures which are enough to show that had his *character* been rather different from what it was, Gainsborough had it in him to be one of the greatest landscape painters and perhaps the greatest portrait painter that ever lived.

The collection includes 206 pictures in all, of which a considerable sprinkling are landscapes, and we may at once confess that as the rival of Richard Wilson, Gainsborough has never before been so well seen. And even as the rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough might rest his case on more than one portrait in these three rooms. Most visitors, of course, turn at once to the 'Blue Boy,' but it is in the full-length of Lady Sheffield, on the same wall, that we find a picture that Reynolds could hardly equal, and that no man that ever lived could surpass. This is the full-length figure of a beautiful woman in a wooded landscape. She is dressed in a petticoat of a colder blue than that of the 'Blue Boy,' with a silvery grey tunic above it. Her head is covered with a great mass of powdered hair, and that again by a large hat trimmed with the same blue as the petticoat.

Grace and sincerity are the two qualities by which Gainsborough has won his position in Art; the first of the two is seen at its best in this 'Lady Sheffield,' in the 'Blue Boy,' in the 'Lady Mulgrave' at Burlington House, in the 'Mrs. Siddons' at Trafalgar Square, in the 'Mrs. Graham' at Edinburgh, and in the 'Mrs. Sandby' of this same collection; the other quality may be seen at its strongest in the artist's own portrait lent by the Royal Academy, a picture which is so modestly conceived that it runs some danger of missing the admiration it deserves. A comparison between it and the portrait of Sir Joshua, belonging to the same body, is full of instruction as to the respective characters of the two men.

The South Kensington School of Art has presented twenty-two copies of portraits in various English collections to the newly founded National Portrait Gallery of Canada.

In London another Art Society has been formed, or is in course of formation. This is a Society of Medallists. Among the members are Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Mr. Legros. The secretaries are Mr. R. S. Poole, the eminent Egyptologist and keeper of the coins in the British Museum, and Mr. Grueber of the same institution. We wish the society all possible success.

From Paris we hear that it will be three or four years before the new galleries in the Orangerie Feron, which forms an annexe to the Palais du Luxembourg, can be ready to receive the whole of the collection set adrift by the determination of the Senate to re-enter the rooms which have become famous all over the world as those of the Musée Luxembourg. Very extensive alterations and additions are required, and the scantiness of the funds available makes it impossible for the work to be done otherwise than very slowly.

The accounts of the Paris Exposition of 1878 have been finally closed. It seems that the total expenses amounted to 55,343,474 francs, against an estimate of 35,313,000 francs, while the receipts fell short of the estimate of 25,235,000 francs by 1,549,803. Such results are not very encouraging for the proposed Exposition of 1889.

There has been much talk of a tower, 300 mètres high, to be erected on the occasion of the Exposition of 1889. And M. Bourdais, the architect of the existing buildings on the Trocadero, proposes to build one 370 mètres (1,230 feet) high! This is nearly two and a half times higher than the Washington monument or the towers of Cologne Cathedral. M. Bourdais calculates that a tower, with porphyry for its base, could be raised to a height of 1,000 mètres without any fear of crushing its foundations, so that with the comparatively modest elevation proposed, security would be absolute!

The site for the new Musée des Arts Decoratifs seems to be finally decided. After much argument and counter argument, in which, on the whole, those who contended for a site in an industrial quarter of Paris, the Marais or the Faubourg St. Antoine, had the best of it, the Minister of Public Instruction has arranged with the Union Centrale for its erection on the site of the ruins of the Cour des Comptes, on the Quai d'Orsay. The cost of the building, which is to be

erected at the expense of the Union Centrale, is estimated at four million francs. Besides its distance from the workmen for whose benefit it has been projected, the Quai d'Orsay site has another great disadvantage; it is large enough for all present requirements, but if its collection grows as its model at South Kensington has done, its capacity will soon be exceeded.

French artists are still much exercised as to whether their Salon will have to give way in 1886 to the Triennial Salon of the Government. Our readers will remember that it has been decided by the authorities to hold their exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie, and at the date hitherto devoted to the annual Salon. The question now to be decided is whether both exhibitions can go on at once in the building in question, or whether it will be necessary (and possible) to find another *locale* for the less official show.

The bequests made by the late Baron Davillier to the National Library, the Sèvres Museum, and the Louvre, have been formally accepted by the French Government. Those given to the Louvre have been placed in what used to be known as the Musée des Souverains.

An exhibition of the works of Adolph Menzel, the great Prussian caricaturist, has been recently opened in Paris.

The French Ministry of Public Instruction have commissioned M. Gustave Lebon to visit India for the purpose of studying and describing the architectural monuments of the country, from the earliest now in existence down to those of the Mogul period. Such a work should have been undertaken by our own Government long ago.

The scanty stock of knowledge of English Art of which the continent of Europe can boast, will soon be increased by an opportunity for the study of a good collection of English pictures without crossing the terrible "Manche." Mr. G. C. Schwabe, of London and Yewden, Henley-on-Thames, has presented his fine gallery of some ninety pictures, the great majority by leading British artists, to his native town of Hamburg. Among the conditions of his gift, is one that the municipality of the town provide fitting rooms for their reception, and that the pictures hang in them without disturbance or intrusion by other works or collections for at least twenty-five years. The master work of the collection is Mr. Orchardson's 'Voltaire,' but there are also good examples of Millais, Landseer, Leighton, Pettie, Calderon, Bonnington, Auguste Bonheur, Creswick, Dyce, Edouard Frère, Louis Gallait, Colin Hunter, Henry Woods, and a great many more.

The International Exhibition at Antwerp, which is to be opened in May, will include five sections:—(1) Education, Liberal and Industrial Arts; (2) Industries; (3) Navigation, Commerce, Fisheries, and Pisciculture; (4) Electricity; (5) Agriculture, Forestry, and Horticulture. All this will be kept separate from the Fine Art collection, to which artists of all countries will be invited to contribute.

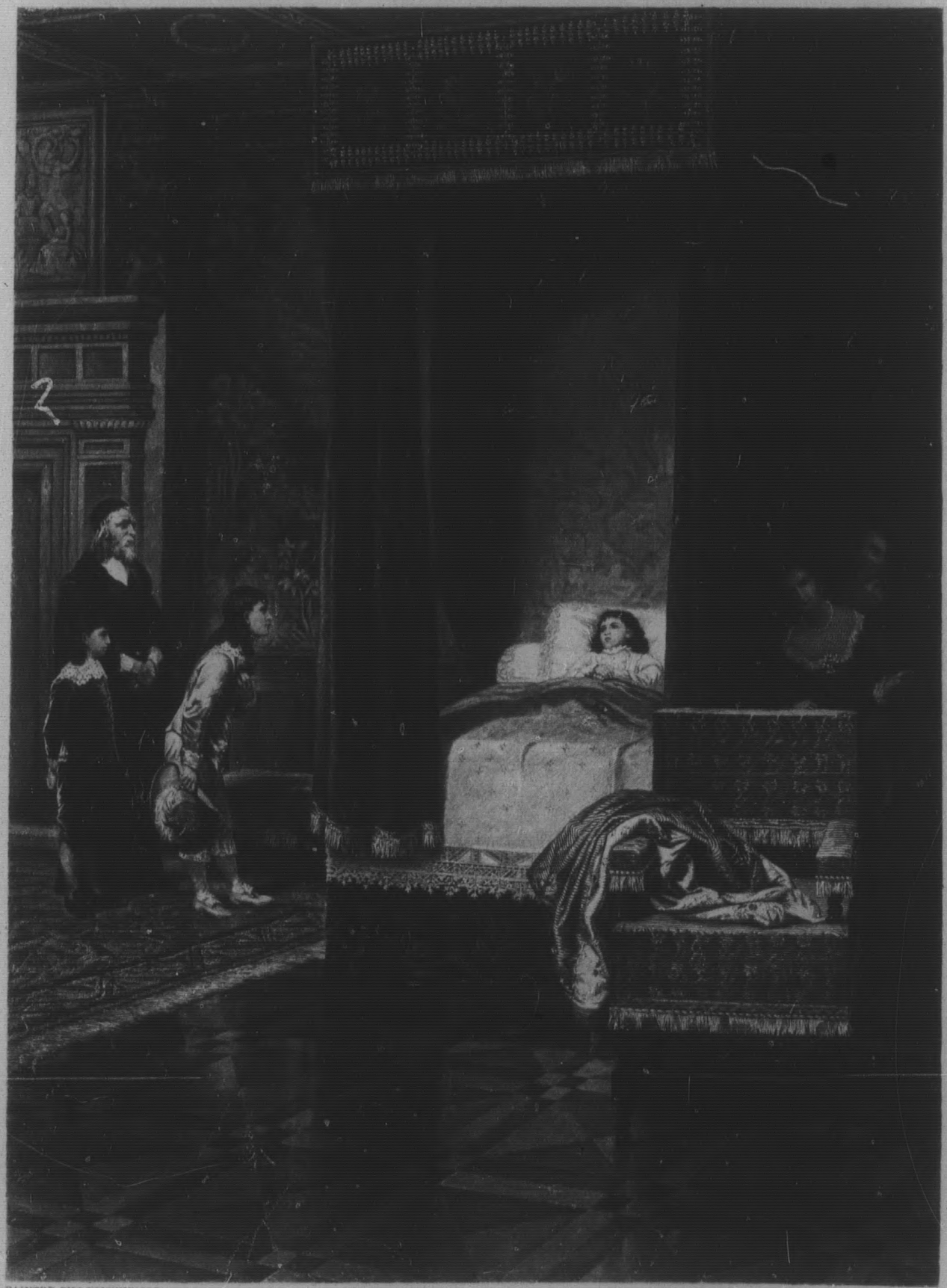
The City of Aberdeen has had bequeathed to it, by the late Alexander MacDonald, of the Aberdeen Granite Works, a large collection of works of Art, valued at about £13,000. They embrace paintings by Millais, Orchardson, Hook, Alma-Tadema, Joseph Israels, Watts, Jules Breton, and many Scottish painters. The chief value of the collection, however, lies in a portrait gallery representing eighty of the principal artists of the present day, including the chief members of the Royal Academy. Mr. MacDonald has also left a third of the residue of his estate, estimated at £15,000, for the purchase of works of Art, all of which are to be hung in the new gallery now being completed.

Five stained-glass windows have been placed in the chancel of All Saints' Church, Cairo, in memory of the soldiers who fell in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. The windows, which were executed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, represent the Lord of Hosts attended by various saints. The inscription states that the windows were executed to the glory of God, and in memory of their comrades who died from wounds or sickness during the autumn and winter of 1882, by some officers of the British expeditionary force.

The sixth issue of a hand-book, which will prove of great service to those interested in Art in the United States, has just taken place. "The Year's Art," 1885 (S. Low & Co.), is a work which gives complete and accurate information on all Art matters occurring during the coming year in Britain, and it has a large and increasing sale.

A quaint little children's book has just been published, called "My Wife's Relations, a Story of Pigland" (Appleton & Co.), which is said to be the work of a daughter of Professor Huxley. The idea of the book is for pigs to represent human beings, and the various adventures of the youngsters of Pigland are recorded and illustrated with considerable humour and good taste.

"WHAT IS ART?" By J. S. Little (W. Swan, Sonnenschein).—This question is certainly not answered by this pretentious manifesto to the public, which claims to be an outcry against oppression and prejudice, and a demand for freedom and fair play. The oppression appears to be the rejection by the Royal Academy of the author's work, and the refusal of the dealers to traffic in them unless he will consent to paint miserable pot-boilers. His acquaintance with the Art-world must be very limited when he puts into the mouth of the "agonised popular painter" such words as these—"Am I not a great social figure, more petted, more adored by the best blood of England than her leading statesmen? It is true I am not happy. I pine for the sympathy of the inner few, for whom in early days I hoped to work. But my daughters are leaders of fashion, and my sons possess the tastes called aristocratic—which tastes my money must sustain. No! I cannot desert them." His own opinions on Art seem unfledged, for we find him in one part of the book holding forth as a principal fruit of the Renaissance the productions of Murillo and Velasquez, whilst a little farther on he is of opinion that the former cannot be said to hold the first rank in Art. Nor is a literary knowledge which assigns to Mr. Seymour Haden the authorship of the proverb, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," an extended one. It is easy enough to talk of "the heavy pomp of the much-vaunted St. Paul's Cathedral, and the meaningless and positively offensive façade at Hyde Park Corner." Such sweeping criticisms will hardly add weight to any one's estimation of the author's right to answer the question he has set himself.



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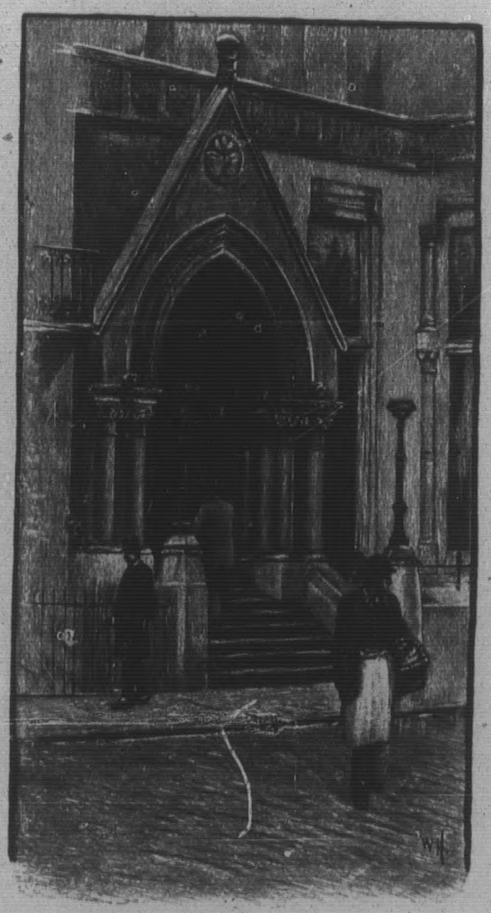
LONDON CLUB-LAND.

"I STARED to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses," wrote Horace Walpole, in 1759. What would be his sensations if, revisiting "the glimpses of the moon," he could see the Piccadilly of to-day and the adjacent regions of club-land, St. James's Street and Pall Mall? Of all the busy scenes at these head-quarters of the clubs, so full of historic associations with his name and his time, the one landmark that would catch his puzzled gaze would be St. James's Palace. It stands in the very heart of the club country, and its story is the history of England.

Since the roystering days of club life in London, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street have been rebuilt. St. James's Street is redeemed, from an antiquarian point of view, by the dingy towers of the Palace, and there are quaint suggestions of age in the Queen Anne façade of the Cocoa-tree Club, and in the red-tiled roofs and dormer windows of two adjacent houses, on the same side of the street. Otherwise the architectural picturesqueness of the days of Anne and of Walpole have disappeared. You can only find it in the prints that hang in the local shop-windows, or, to go farther afield, in modern revivals of old brick houses that nowadays one comes upon everywhere.

There is a singular fascination about these print shops. As you walk down St. James's Street, and turn round into Pall Mall, note how the pictorial reminiscences of old London attract people. It is not only the collector, the man of taste, whom you will find gazing at engravings of streets with sedan chairs in them, Birdcage Walk in the days of Charles, scenes at Vauxhall assembly and gardens, cock-pit encounters, portraits of racing squires, and illustrations of ancient sports; but the commoner folk contemplate these things with an effort, in their dull way, to realise the changes that have come over this world of London. A reformer who has worked all his life in extending the franchise, because he believes the working classes are to a man against wars, should note the kind of persons who block the pavements where the shop-windows contain military pictures. The bright uniforms of the household troops, the gallant charges in the battle tableaux, these collect audiences of working men. So long as writers, poets, and women make a hero of the warrior, so long will there be wars; and so long as gold is the key to all doors, so long will men gamble for it.

The famous old clubs of this famous region of club-land were originally taverns and gambling-houses. To-day St. James's Street looks so smug and respectable, Pall Mall so like a region of palaces, that you might fairly think we had indeed got far beyond those wild days of gaming when whist and piquet, and hazard and faro, were the chief amusements of the time; when the palate of a gentleman required the constant titillation of strong wines, and the rattle of the dice-box was music to his soul. These days are past, it is true, but the spirit of gambling is with us still, busy as ever, inspiring its votaries with as keen a relish for speculation as that which ruled in 1770, when Walpole wrote, "The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Staverdale, not one-and-twenty, lost £11,000 there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard." We gamble in a more general and scientific way in these days, and every class engages in the excitement all over the country. The modern phase of gaming is well represented in the old street where Sheridan and Fox, and the Prince of Wales and Brummell, and the rest, drank and gamed and fought, and, according to the tenets of their day, proved themselves gentlemen. At the top of the street, on the west corner, with an entrance to Piccadilly, there is a West-end Stock Exchange, Limited; and another kindred institution on the east side, near the bottom. You will find in the windows the opening prices of consols, rentes, Eries, Midlands, Egyptians, &c., with their varying quotations during the day and their closing prices at night. You can go in

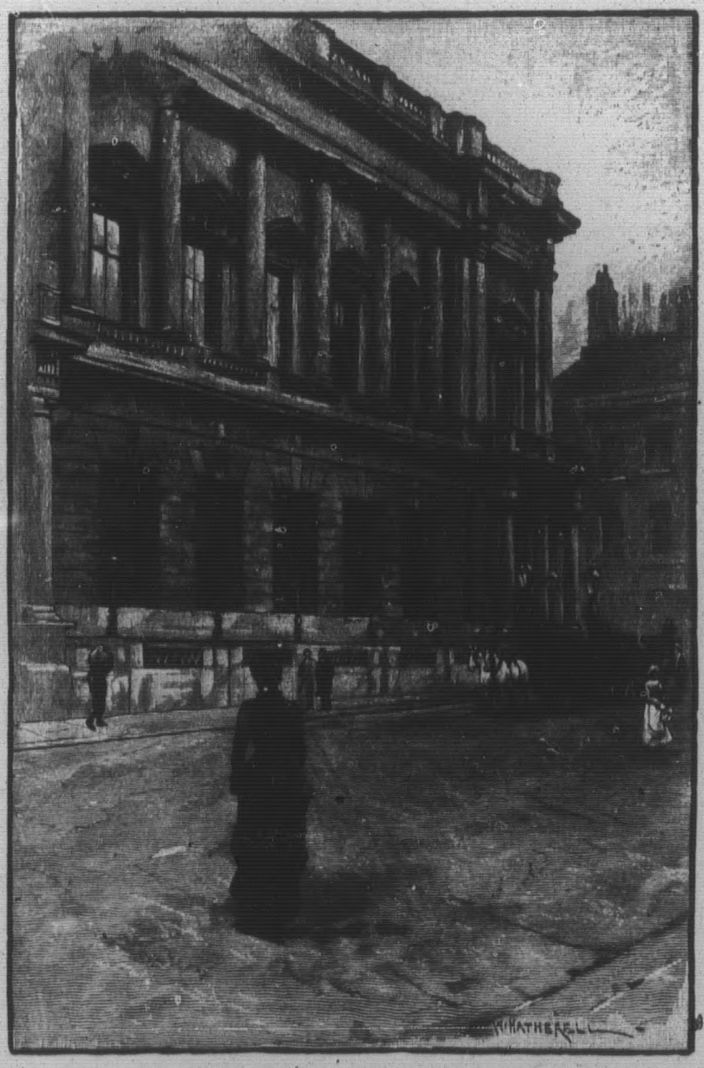


The New University Club. Engraved by R. Paterson, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

and speculate and gamble, at a rate never dreamt of by those wild, tearing, duelling gamesters of Walpole's time: you can do it in cold blood in your morning coat, then take a ride in the park, lunch calmly at your club, go home unruffled to dinner, and escort your wife to the Opera in the evening, or to a meeting at Exeter Hall with the mild air of a bishop. Those topers and gamblers of old, they had sport in company over their speculations; they dined and wined, and fired off ribald jests; they made the welkin ring; they troubled the watch, sometimes shot each other, and made a noise. I suppose our modern system is best.

Do you think streets and houses have a physiognomy? Then note the clean, self-conscious air of respectability and wealth of St. James's Street. The houses have both a city and a country manner. Even the Stock Exchanges have a West-end expression in their windows, as much as to infer that they only deal or associate with county men, with officers and gentlemen. The one at the Piccadilly end has the air of a rich broker, well dressed, with a rose in his button-hole, a fifty-guinea chronometer in his watch fob, and in his mind the consciousness of his little place at Richmond or Twickenham. Then there is White's (see Illustration opposite), on the other side of the street, a solid stone building, with its thick iron railings and balcony, painted white, its two heavy lamps at the entrance, its mahogany swinging doors, and its aristocratic bow window. It looks its history: it is modern, but with an expression of "long descent," even in its blinds. Tory, it looks as if its foundations were deep in the soil, as if they were on the rock; as if the cellarage was grouted in with concrete; as if, in its modern dress and manner (the present house was built by Wyatt in 1851), it retained its old port-wine constitution, and accepted the luxuries of the present only as supplementary to those of the past. Compared with the stock-broker at the corner, it is lord-lieutenant of its county, chairman of quarter sessions, and has sat in Parliament all its life. Idealising these inanimate things in a physiognomical spirit, such are the characteristics that strike one in a general way. I am not straining the idea either, nor is the thought original, since Theodore Hook likened a once well-known bow window, at the other end of St. James's Street, to an obese old gentleman in a white waistcoat.

It is an eminently aristocratic street, St. James's. Even the club waiters and the tradesmen feel it. They live up to this idea. The tradesmen are of "a superior cut." Their manners are courtly compared, for example, with Strand manners, and they have cultivated, if not a higher order of intelligence, certainly a show of it. They charge for both in their bills, and rightly. The hall porters at the clubs have the hauteur of the most upper of upper servants. They have even some of the repose that belongs to their masters of the Vere de Veres. It would be an education in social tone for an ignorant person to live in St. James's Street. How much more so might this have been said when St. James's was in fact, as well as in name, the metropolis of the Court. How well the Palace carries on its calm, time-worn features, the grand old story of its life! It takes us back beyond the Norman conquest, for it occupies the site of a hospital founded before the Conqueror set his foot on these shores; it has associations with Edward I. and with three Henrys, in whose reigns it was built and rebuilt; and to-day it is still the palace that the eighth Henry built, that the first Charles enlarged, and in which most of the latter monarch's children were born—including his "merry" son, Charles II. Palace, prison, council house, it can bear witness to the greatness and the littleness of royal life, and it characteristically represents the idea that whether our forefathers were less moral in their habits and customs than we are to-day, at least their vices, like their dress, were more picturesque.



The Conservative Club. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

The best known among the old existing clubs are in St. James's Street—Brooks's, White's, Boodle's, Arthur's, and the Cocoa-tree. There are other important, and even more palatial club-houses here than these, such as the New University, the Conservative, and the Devonshire. The lofty front and fine semi-ecclesiastical portal of the New Univer-

sity (see Illustration p. 97) is in striking contrast with the old Cocoa-tree house, and the characteristic courtyard of the adjoining hotel; as is also the entrance-hall of the Junior Army and Navy, with the unpretentious portals of White's. From a modern point of view, the handsomest club-house in St. James's Street is the Conservative (see Illustration opposite), which occupies the site of the old Thatched House Tavern. It was built in 1845, from designs by Sydney Smirke and George Basevi. Mr. Timbs has described it for us:—"The upper portion is Corinthian, with columns and pilasters, and a frieze sculptured with the imperial crown and oak wreaths; the lower order is Roman Doric; and the wings are slightly advanced, with an enriched entrance-porch north, and a bay window south. The interior is superbly decorated by Sang; the covered hall, with a gallery round it, and the domed vestibule above it, is a fine specimen of German encaustic embellishment, in the arches, soffets, spandrels, and ceilings; and the hall floor is tesselated, around a noble stair of marqueterie." And so on. You need not be told that the rooms, morning and evening, are spacious; that they are decorated and furnished in harmony with the front and entrance. Mr. Timbs says the kitchen is larger than that of the Reform Club, wherein, it must be confessed, he touches a vital part of clubbism. One knows that the drawing-room of the Reform is the handsomest and most elaborately decorated; but how subtle is the Conservative suggestion that its friendly rival has a larger kitchen!

A vicious Whig in the old days ascribed the first cause of

St. James's Street. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

the atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Jacobites to the fact that they foregathered without eating and drinking. At least so says a French authority on clubs, who illustrates his own belief in the efficacy of eating and drinking in company, as an antidote to conspiracy, by a further quotation from English literature. "I have even read somewhere," he says, "in an English work, that the French monarchy owed its fall to famine, that hebdomadal feasts would have greatly delayed the Revolution, and daily banquets have saved the monarchy." Nevertheless the Mohocks, Blasphemous, and kindred clubs encouraged each other to commit public outrages over their meat and drink.

There were in the reign of Queen Anne and later many such clubs—notably "the Mums," "the Hectors," "the Sorcerers," and "the Nickers." The chief delight of the latter was "to smash windows with showers of halfpence;" but "the Mohocks" were a ruffianly and blood-thirsty crew. "Their avowed design was mischief, and upon this foundation all their rules and orders were framed. They took care to drink themselves into a condition beyond reason or humanity, and then made a general sally, and attacked all who were in the streets. Some were knocked down, others stabbed, and others cut and carbonadoed." The fiends spared neither sex nor age. They were the subject of a Royal Proclamation in 1712; but they held their orgies and flourished in their villainies until the end of the reign of George the First. Victor Hugo revelled in the doings of these and similar clubs (the accounts of some of whose brutal frolics are, in many cases, no

doubt much exaggerated) in his graphic, if often curious and misleading, pictures of the English in *L'Homme qui rit*.

But touching Walpole's amazement at some changes in Piccadilly, it is worth while to dwell upon the pictures of the past and present of a street that is the home of the most ancient and aristocratic of the London clubs. Take White's of to-day, the original White's, and the house and its tenant preceding White's as it is. To-day you shall see the successors of the beaux of Walpole's day at their bow window. If the opportunity offers, as it sometimes does, of ogling a pretty woman as she passes, it is quite possible these county gentlemen would be nothing loath. In the old days the members stood at the window to ogle, and the fine ladies went by on both sides of the street to be ogled. In the early days of Walpole and Addison, White's was close to St. James's Palace, and the life of the street is well shown in the pictures of the time. Contrasted with the modern street the change is startling. There were notable clubs before Brooks's, Boodle's, White's, and Arthur's, and if one were professing to write a history of clubs they would have to be mentioned. White's has a curious history. It is the outcome of White's Chocolate House, 1698, which stood a few doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's Street. There was a small garden attached to the house. Doran says "that there more than one highwayman took his chocolate, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse and rode down Piccadilly towards Bagshot." The house was burnt down in 1733. The King and Prince of Wales were present, and encouraged the firemen by words and guineas in their efforts to subdue the flames. Cunningham says, "The incident of the fire was made use of by Hogarth in Plate VI. of the Rake's Progress, representing a room at White's. The total abstraction of the gamblers is well expressed by their utter inattention to the alarm of the fire given by watchmen who are bursting open the doors." In the first number of *The Tatler* it is promised that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of 'White's Chocolate House.'" Originally the house was public. It became a private club in 1736. Among the members were the Earls of Cholmondeley, Chesterfield, and Rockingham; Sir John Cope, Major-General Churchill, Bubb Doddington, and Colley Cibber.

A gambling-house at first, White's for many years had a bad reputation. Pope, in the "Dunciad," has a shot at it—

> "Or chaired at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
> Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit."

If Brooks's is, as Mark Lemon in his "Up and Down the London Streets" says, "probably the most aristocratic of London clubs," time was when White's was the fashionable club of the town; and it still holds a distinct and enviable position, though some of its members think the Turf and the Marlborough more amusing. "The men at White's," an old *habitué* tells me, "still belong to the higher ranks of club men, and it is a pleasant thing in the season, before dinner, to listen to the veterans who occupy the two arm-chairs in the window, talk sports and pastimes, wars and rumours of wars, and discuss current gossip." Dinner at White's is a ceremonial business, wax-candles, stately waiters, carefully decanted wine, courses that come on with procession-like solemnity, a long sitting over the wine, and with the older men a "white-wash" of sherry before your coffee and cigar. The old "bet-book" is still preserved and used. Walpole mentions it in a letter of 1748, and in no very complimentary terms. "There is a man about town, Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's that the first baronet that will be hung is this Sir William Burdett."

There are still some curious and interesting bets registered at White's, dealing as in the past with love and marriage, with horse-racing and with politics. Some of the modern entries in the bet-book are as eccentric as those that fill the earliest volumes. Mark Twain, when he described the speculative character of "thish-yer Smiley," who would bet on anything, had probably never heard of White's, though the members of that ancient institution, when in their own house, were all Smileys. "Jim was always ready and laying for a chance; there could be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it; if there was a chicken fight he'd bet on it; why if there was two birds sitting on a fence he would bet you which would fly first. . . . Why it made no difference to him, he would bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife lay very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he came in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy—and coming on so smart, that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet; and Smiley before he thought says, 'Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't.'" The sacred philosopher was indeed right, there is nothing new under the sun. More than a hundred years before "thish-yer Smiley," the men at White's not only betted on anything and everything, but registered their transactions in black and white. They betted on births, deaths, and marriages, the length of life of their friends or of a ministry, "on the shock of an earthquake or the last scandal at Ranelagh or Madame Cornelys's." They were as grim in their premeditated bets as Smiley in his thoughtlessness at Parson Walker's. "A man dropped down at the door of White's, he was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds that the man was dead, protested that the use of the lancet would affect the fairness of the bet."

White's removed to its present site in 1755, into the house previously occupied by the Countess of Northumberland, widow of the tenth Earl. Walpole says, "She was the last who kept up the ceremonious state of the old peerage." She died in 1688. "When she went out to visit, a footman, bareheaded, walked on each side of her coach, and a second coach with her women attended her."

It would be odd if our present White's did not suggest to a visitor something of the starchy affectation of "the good old days."

JOSEPH HATTON.

(*To be continued.*)

The Clopton Bridge, Stratford-on-Avon, from a Drawing by Alfred Parsons.

IN ARDEN.*

ABOUT Warwick the Avon loiters awhile, with the white roses and black cedars reflected in its still surface. Then it flows away in sweeping curves through the park, under high banks of rich wood, over bars of sand and mud that make navigation difficult even in the lightest craft, past pleasant villages and quiet farms. At Barford and Sherbourne it has completely developed its chief characteristics—fringed with willows, with great beds of feathery-flowered reeds and water plants—

"The flower-de-luce being one!"—

with arrow-head and loosestrife along its borders. And so it glides on by Wasperton and its pretty old cottages and dovecotes; under Hampton Wood—a fine wooded cliff—till it runs through the deer barrier in Shakesperian ground at Charlecote.

Charlecote is a very pearl among our houses in Arden, standing on its bright terrace-garden above the river. There is a stately harmony about it all—about its warm red brick and soft white stone, its noble trees, its wide-stretching glades, where the deer pose themselves as if waiting for Landseer to come back and paint them. One of the prettiest sights at Charlecote is to watch the herd of red deer cross the river to their evening pasture. Their crossing-place is close under the windows, and one dull November afternoon there was a cry in the great library that they were coming. The fog, which all day had hung damp and white over the country, had lifted. The low red and gold rays of an early winter sunset flashed down a long reach of the river; and as each "hairy fool" reached the farther bank and shook itself dry, the shower of drops from its chestnut-brown coat framed it in an aureole of diamond and topaz. It was quaint to watch the various ways in which the herd took the water. One would walk delicately, like King Agag, down to the brink, and with mincing steps wade slowly in till forced to swim. Another trotted up with antlers well set back on his proud head, and took a flying leap into mid-stream, sending a cloud of spray into the air. While a third seemed to hesitate and coquet with the prospect of its icy bath, advancing and retreating as if it did not do the same thing twice every day of its life, till its wavering mind was made up and it took the momentous plunge.

From Charlecote every step along the Avon's banks is haunted with remembrance of its mighty poet. The flowers, the weeds, are all Shakespearian. At every turn we can say—

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

These Avon willows are superb at all seasons of the year. The river's course is marked out by them in the flat green meadows—now golden red, now glaucous green and grey; some narrow-leaved, some broad-leaved—soft, cloudy globes of unsubstantial tender colour. And so the Avon runs peacefully on through the pleasant fields, past more reed-beds and rush-brakes, to Stratford itself. It hastens a little under the noble bridge that Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, built for his native place, and past the new red brick and white plaster and black timbers of the Memorial Theatre, by sunny lawns where new-mown grass and lilacs and wall-flowers fill the air with sweet incense; and then it lingers lovingly against the walls of Stratford churchyard, under the shadow of the tall elm-trees, to do homage to Shakespeare's tomb.

Great sheets of wood still cover parts of Arden—woods yellow with primroses, white with anemones, blue with hyacinths in the spring; woods purple with tall foxgloves in the

* Continued from page 68.

summer. And farther north, round Combe Abbey, hunting men have been heard to boast of galloping over a carpet of wild snowdrops, most graceful and dainty of flowers, crushed out of life by those who, with a certain sporting character, hate the scent of the violet as symptomatic of the end of the season. Our Warwickshire woods are generally too trim, too well tended, too neatly fenced in, too suggestive of careful woodmen and marketable values, to give one the true forester's joy. But up in the heart of Arden I know one or two delightful exceptions—woods all rough and unkempt, with green mossy roots creeping down the high loamy banks on their outskirts, and under every root the deep shadow of a rabbit hole—woods where one gets a whiff of the forest smell, that subtle essence which is more apt to go to the head of the true child of the forest than any wine, that savour of last year's leaves, of this year's buds, of dead branches, of rising sap, of fragrant mosses, of rich earth. All this, I say, is rare in Warwickshire, yet still it does exist in a small way here and there; and when it is found, it gives keen joy to the exile from real forest countries, who pants for his beloved wild woods among the great grass lands and the rich fallows of the heart of England.

But this midland county has a charm of its own. There is a peaceful beauty in the rolling grass pastures as the sun catches the side of the "lands," the ridge and furrow that tell of cultivation hundreds of years old. Red and white shorthorn cows group themselves under the great elms and oaks, in whose tops the rooks are feeding their ravenous young. Down in the hollow the winding brook—some tributary of the Avon—runs, fringed with aged pollard willows and hawthorns, through whose branches the wild roses toss straggling shoots all flecked with pale pink shell-like blossoms. In the shallows the brown water races over bars of clay worn as hard as rock. In the pools beneath the banks the black moor-hen lurks, or a stately heron watches for his prey. Beyond the brook roll rich red fallows, now flushed with the pale green of growing wheat, or golden with ripening grain. The farmhouse and buildings make a point of vivid colour in the picture, their crude red toned down by purple shadows and soft browns and yellows among the stacks in the rick-yard.

And when the summer night falls, in what absolute repose the country lies! Down in the meadow beyond the lawn, now emerging from the shadow of the great chestnut-tree, now fading again in the gloom by the garden hedge, dim forms move slow with ghostly tread athwart the dewy grass. They

Charlecote. Engraved by R. Paterson, from a Drawing by Alfred Parsons.

are only the cows, who have waked to take a midnight meal. The air is so still that you can hear them mumbling and cropping the fragrant herbage on which they thrive so well. A young bird in the hawthorn by the window stirs in its nest and wakes its weary parents, who cheep with sleepy voices for a moment, and then are silent again. From the grove hard by rises a nightingale's triumphant song, with watery shake and jug-jug, and then a long, low, plaintive whistle, that seems to begin in some other world, and grows and swells, filling all the air with its vibrations, till a rival farther on in the spinney answers him back again, and the whole wood rings with their voices.

The waning moon appears behind a long line of ancient elms, and even her bright rays cannot pierce the dense foliage, but cast shadows black and solid on the glistening grass. At the zenith little flocks of fleecy clouds, illumined

by her light, float with scarcely perceptible movement across the stars, not hiding, only veiling their brilliancy for an instant, so that they shine all the brighter for the dimness past.

But more delicious than sight or sound on these still Warwickshire nights is the sweet smell that hangs over the land. The jessamine on the porch, the blooms of the Maréchal Niel rose that hang by the open casement, the mignonette down below in the border beside stocks and carnations and sweet-peas—these all play their part. But above and beyond all these mingled sweets is the savour of what feeds them all, rising up from the rich damp pastures, from the loamy

Ashow, near Stoneleigh. Engraved by R. Paterson, from a Drawing by Alfred Parsons.

plough-lands, from the water-meadows by the clear brook. It is not the heavy aroma of the tropic forest, where the air is so laden with luscious perfumes that, in spite of its richness, it palls at last; nor the hot aromatic breeze of the south, blowing over orange and myrtle, rose and vine, and rocks lapped by the southern sea and scorched by southern sun. Here all is as fresh and pure as the breath of the young heifer sleeping down there on the sward. It is the subtle fragrance of mother earth herself.

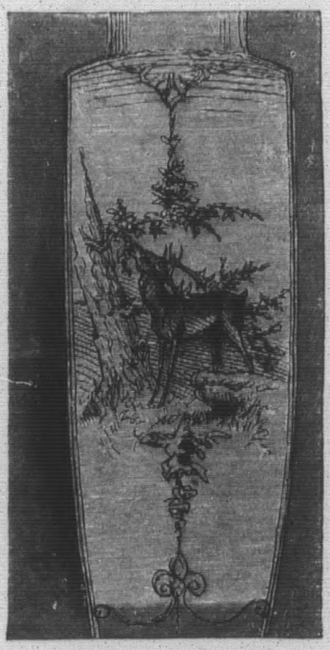
ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

FIELD SPORTS IN ART.

I.—THE MAMMOTH HUNTER.

THE most ancient attempt to delineate the objects of sport in existence is, I think, the celebrated engraving of a mammoth on a portion of a mammoth's tusk (see page 106). I call it an engraving because the figure is marked out with incised lines such as the engraver makes with his tool, and it is perfect enough to print from. If it were inked and properly manipulated it would leave an impression—an artist's proof the most curious and extraordinary in the world, for the block was cut with flint instruments by the Cave-men an incredible number of years ago, perhaps before England was separated from the Continent by the sea, while the two were still connected, and it was dry land where now the Calais-Douvres steams so steadily over the waves. But it would be an artist's proof with the lights and shades reversed, the lines that sketch the form of the mammoth would be white and the body dark, yet for all that lifelike, since the undulating indentations that represent the woolly hide of the immense creature would relieve the ground. This picture of a prehistoric animal, drawn by a prehistoric artist, shows

that Art arose from the chase. Traced to the den of primeval man, who had no Academy to instruct him, no Ruskin to guide, and no gallery to exhibit in, it appears that Art sprang from nature and not from science. His life was occupied with the hunt, and he represented that which filled his thoughts. Those who understand wild sports will not for a moment doubt that the mammoth was taken in pits or otherwise destroyed despite its huge strength; no matter if it had been twice as large, the cunning of man would have been equal to the difficulty. The mind is the arrow that slays the monster. The greater the danger the greater the interest, and consequently the more the imagination would dwell upon the circumstances of the chase. Afterwards resting in the cave round about the fire and thinking of the mighty work of sport which had been accomplished, the finger of the savage would involuntarily describe the outline of the creature so laboriously captured. His finger might describe it upon the scattered ashes whitening the ground beside him. Or it might describe the outline simply in the air. Speech in its inception was as much expressed by the finger as the tongue; perhaps the fingers talked before the mouth, and in a sense writing preceded language. Uttering the unpolished sound which in their primitive society indicated the mammoth, the savage drew rapidly a figure with his finger, and his companions read his meaning written in the air. To this day it is common for the Italian peasantry to talk with their fingers; a few syllables suffice, illustrated and emphasized by those dexterous hands. A more subtle meaning is thus conveyed than could be put in words. Some of the most ancient languages seem bald and incomplete, too rigid; they need intonation, as it were, to express passion or changes of emotion, and when written the letters are too far apart to indicate what is meant. Not too far apart upon the page, but far apart in their sense, which has to be supplied as you supply the vowels. In actual use such languages must have required much gesture and finger-sketching in the air. The letters of the Egyptians largely consist of animals and birds, which represent both sounds and ideas. Dreaming over the embers of his fire, the Cave-man saw pass before his mental vision all the circumstances of the chase, ending with the crash when the mammoth crushed into the pit, at which he would start and partially awake. Intentness of mind upon a pursuit causes an equivalent intentness of dream, and thus wild races believe their dreams to be real and substantial things, and not mere shadows of the night. To those who do not read or write much, even in our days, dreams are much more real than to those who are continuously exercising the imagination. If you use your imagination all day you will not fear it at night. Since I have been occupied with literature my dreams have lost all vividness and are less real than the shadows of trees, they do not deceive me even in my sleep. At every hour of the day I am accustomed to call up figures at will before my eyes, which stand out well defined and coloured to the very hue of their faces. If I see these or have disturbed visions during the night they do not affect me in the least. The less literary a people the more they believe in dreams; the disappearance of superstition is not due to the cultivation of reason or the spread of knowledge, but purely to the mechanical effect of reading, which so perpetually puts figures and aerial shapes before the mental gaze that in time those that occur naturally are thought no more of than those conjured into existence by a book. It is in far-away country-places where people read very little that they see phantoms and consult the oracles of fate. Their dreams are real.



An Engraved Plate from a German Gun.

The mammoth came through his cave before the embers of his fire—the sleeping savage could touch it with his flint-headed spear—there was the crash as it fell into the prepared pit; he awakes, the dying embers cast shadows on the walls, and in these he traces the shape of the vast creature hastening away. The passing spirit has puffed the charred brands into a second's flame and thus shadowed itself in the hollow of the cavern.

Deeper than the excitement of the chase lies that inner consciousness which dwells upon and questions itself—the soul of the Cave-man pondered upon itself; the question came to him, as he crouched in the semi-darkness, over the fire which he had stirred, "Will my form and aerial shadow live on after my death like that which passed but now? Shall I, too, be a living dream?" The reply was, "Yes; I shall continue to be; I shall start forth from my burial mound upon the chase in the shadow-land just as now I start forth from my cave. I shall entrap the giant woolly elephant—I shall rejoice at his capture; we shall triumph yet again and again. Let then my spear and knife be buried with me, but chip them first—kill them—that I may use their spirit likenesses in the dream-chase."

With a keen-edged splinter of flint in the daylight he incised the outlines of the mammoth upon a smooth portion

An Engraved Plate from a German Gun.

of its tusk—its image was associated with his thoughts of a future life, and thus Art in its earliest inception represented the highest aspirations of man.

But could the ignorant savage of that long-lost day have been capable of such work? The lowest race of savages in Southern Africa—the Bushmen—go about with festoons of

entrails wound around their loins. After a successful hunt—with the pit or poisoned arrows—they remove the entrails of the slain animal and wear them like coronals for present ornament and future regalement. These creatures are nevertheless artists. On the walls of caves they have painted the antelope and the lion in bright colours; they have not only caught the shape and hue of the animals about them, but their action and movement. The figures are in motion; skilfully drawn, and full of spirit.

If any one asks, Is the application of Art to the chase really so old, so very very old, as this? I refer them to the stars. How long ago is it since the constellations received their names? At what date were they first arranged in groups? Upon the most ancient monuments and in the most ancient writings they have the same forms assigned to them as at this day, and that too in countries remote from each other. The signs of the Zodiac are almost as old as the stars themselves; that is, as old as the time when the stars were first beheld of human eyes. Amongst them there is the Archer—Sagittarius—the chase in the shape of man; greatest and grandest of all the constellations is Orion, the mighty hunter, the giant who slew the wild beasts by strength. There is no assemblage of stars so brilliant as those which compose the outline of Orion; the Hunter takes the first place in the heavens. Art exists in the imagination—imagination drew lines from star to star and repeated its life on earth in the sky.

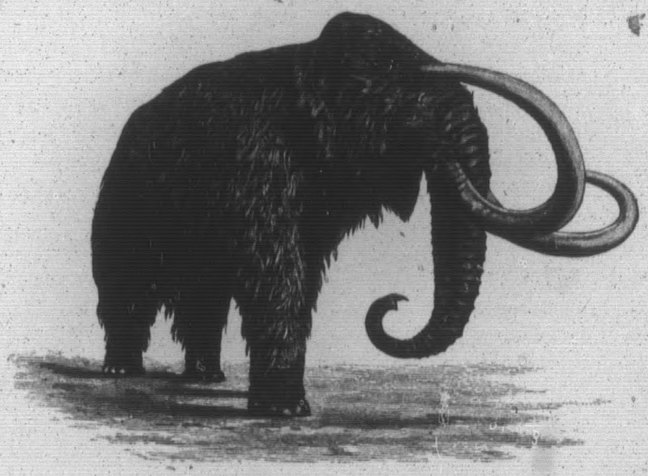
So it is true that the first picture—whether drawn by the imagination alone in the constellations, on the walls of the cave with ochre and similar materials, or engraved with keen splinters of flint on the mammoth's tusk—the first picture was of the chase. Animals are earliest, the human form next, flowers and designs and stories in drawings next, and landscape last of all. Landscape is peculiarly the art of the moderns—it is the art of *our* civilisation; no other civilisation seems to have cared for it. Towers and castles are indeed seen on the bas-reliefs of Assyria, and waving lines indicate rivers, but these are merely subsidiary, and to give place and locality to the victories the king is achieving. The battle is the interest, the landscape merely the stage. Till the latter days of European life the artist took no notice of landscape.

The painting of hills and rocks and rivers, woods and fields is of recent date, and even in these scenes the artist finds it necessary to place some animals or birds. Even now he cannot ignore the strong love of human beings for these creatures; if they are omitted the picture loses its interest to the majority of eyes. Every one knows how wonderfully popular the works of Landseer have been, and he was an animal painter, and his subjects chiefly suggested by sport. The same spirit that inspired the Cave-dweller to engrave the mammoth on the slab of ivory still lives in the hearts of men.

There is a beautiful etching (see Illustration, page 107) of "The Poacher" (to which I shall have to recur); he is in the wood and his dog is watching his upraised finger. From that finger the dog learns everything. He knows by its motion when to start, which way to go, what to do, whether to be quick or slow, to return or to remain away. He understands his master quite as well as if they conversed in human speech. He enters into the spirit of the enterprise. "If you want your business done go, if not, send," is true only of men. The poacher wants his business done and he sends his agent—his dog—certain that it will be done for him better than he could do it himself. The dog is conscientious, he will omit nothing, he will act as if his master's eye was on him the whole time. Now this attitude of the dog's mind is so exquisitely rendered in the picture that he seems verily to speak with intelligence. I love that dog though he does but exist in ink; he is the true image of a real dog, and his mind shines through his body. This effect upon me as the spectator is produced by a clever arrangement of lines upon the plate from which the etching was printed, thin lines cut into the copper with curious sharp tools, behind a screen of tissue paper to shield the eyes from the light, done in the calm of the studio, thoughtfully, with artistic skill. Given the original genius to conceive such a dog, the knowledge how to express the ideas, and the tools to work with, and we see how it became possible to execute the etching. But suppose the artist supplied with a piece of smooth ivory for his plate, and a sharp penknife for his etching needle, and set behind a boulder to watch the mammoth and sketch it by incision on the ivory, and there would be produced very much the same kind of picture as the Cave-man made. It could not have the delicate shading, the fine edge, the completion and finish of the dog; it could not visibly think as that dog thinks. It would consist of a few quick

The Vision of the Cave-man. Engraved by W. Cheshire, from a Drawing by C. Whymper.

strong dashes conveying the weight and force and image of the elephant in as few strokes as possible. It would be a charcoal sketch; broad and powerful lines that do not themselves delineate, but compel your imagination to do the picture



The recently discovered St. Petersburg Mammoth.

in your mind so that you see a great deal more than is drawn. So that the Cave-man was really a great artist—his intense interest in the chase supplied the lack of academies and scientific knowledge and galleries to copy from. This primeval picture thus tells you that the highly-educated artist of the present day removed from his accessories, away from his liquid colours, easels, canvas, prepared paper and so forth, can only do what the Cave-man did. But still further, he can only do that if he possesses great natural genius—only a man who could draw the Poacher's dog could do it. Those who depend altogether on the prepared paper and liquid colours, patent easel and sketching stool, could simply do nothing.

It is nearly certain that if the primeval man sketched the mammoth he likewise carved his spear-shaft, the haft of his knife, the handle of his "celt," that chisel-like weapon whose shape so closely resembles the front teeth. The "celt" is a front tooth in flint or bronze, enlarged, and fitted to a handle for chipping, splitting, and general work. In museums celts are sometimes fitted to a handle to show how they were used, but the modern adapter has always overlooked the carving. Wild races whose time is spent in sport or war—very nearly synonymous terms—always carve or ornament their weapons, their canoes, the lintels of their doors, the posts of their huts. There is in this the most singular difference to the ways of landscape civilisation. Things that we use are seldom ornamented—our tables, our chairs, our houses, our carriages, our everything is as plain as plain can be. Or if ornamented it is ornamented in a manner that seems to bear no kind of relation to the article or its uses, and to rouse no sympathies whatever. For instance, our plates, some have the willow-pattern, some designs of blackberry bushes, and I really cannot see what possible connection the bushes or the Chinese summer-houses have with the roast beef of old England or the *côteletie* of France. The last relic of Art carving is visible round about a bread platter, here and there wreaths of wheat ears; very suitable these to a platter bearing bread formed of corn. Alas! I touched one of these platters one day to feel the grain of the wood, and it was cold earthenware—cold, ungenial, repellent crockery, a mockery, sham! Now the original wooden platter was, I think, true Art, and the crockery copy is not Art. The primeval savage, without doubt, laboriously cut out a design, or at least gave some curve and shape to the handle of his celt, or the shaft of his spear, and the savages at this day as laboriously carve their canoes. The English sportsman, however, does not cut, or carve, or in any way shape his gun-stock to his imagination. The stock is as smooth and as plain as polished wood can be. There is a sort of speckling on the barrels, and there is a conventional design on the lock-plate; conventional, indeed, in the most *blasé* sense of the word—quite *blasé* and worn out, this scratch of intertwisted lines, not so much as a pheasant even engraved on the lock-plate; it is a mere killing machine, this gun, and there is no Art, thought, or love of nature about it. Sometimes the hammers are filed, little notches crossing, and there imagination stops. The workman can get no farther than his file will go, and you know how that acts to and fro in a straight groove. A pheasant or hare at full speed, a few trees—firs as most characteristic—could be put on the plate, and something else on the trigger-guard; firs are easily drawn and make most appearance for a few touches; pheasants roost in them. Even a coat-of-arms, if it were the genuine coat-of-arms of the owner's family, would look well. Men have their book-plates and stamp their library volumes, why not a gun design? As many sportsmen scarcely see their guns for three-fourths of the year, it is possible to under-

The Engraved Tusk. From Boyd Dawkins' "Early Man."

stand that the gun becomes a killing-machine merely to them, to be snatched up and thrown aside the instant its office is over. But the gamekeeper carries his gun the year through, and sits in the room with it when indoors, still he never even so much as scratches an outline of his favourite dog on it. In these landscape days we put our pictures on the walls only, and no imagination into the things we handle and use. A good deal of etching might be done on a gun, most of it being metal, while more metal could be easily inlaid for the purpose. Etching, I suppose, is the right word; at all events designs, records of actual sporting feats, or outlines of favourite sporting places—nooks in the woods, falls of the

The Poacher. From an Etching after Briton Riviere, R.A. By permission of Mr. R. Dunthorne.

stream, deep combs of the hills — could be cut in with aquafortis. So many draw or paint nowadays, and in this manner they could make some use of their skill, drawing perhaps for those who only understand the use of cartridge-paper when it has gunpowder inside it. Sportsmen see the very best of scenery, and come across old hollow trunks and curious trees, effects, and "bits" of every kind, from a twisted hawthorn to an antlered stag; if they could get an artistic friend to see these, there would be some good gun-etchings done. On page 104 are reproduced some German gun-plates, engraved in the manner I have suggested. Before breechloaders came into vogue, English guns were similarly ornamented, but this fashion has passed away.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

MACHINE-MADE ART.

THERE are two opinions upon the subject of machine-made Art. The more modern, that is to say, the more scientific, school of thinkers, are disposed to look upon machinery as the key to everything that is hopeful in the future. Artists, on the other hand, are apt to complain that it is a veritable Juggernaut, under whose wheels the arts must eventually be crushed out of existence.

To reconcile these adverse schools of thought is perhaps impossible: both have such sufficient grounds for the faith that is in them. But there is a standpoint between the two, in the belief, namely, that it is the abuse of the mechanical which has made artists sceptical, and more than sceptical, as to its use in Art.

There is some truth in the uncompromising assertion of

artists, that the machine has done nothing for them, that there is no room in the world for any such hybrid thing as machine-made Art; but, like many another uncompromising assertion, it goes beyond the truth. That the great mass of existing manufactured ornament is absolutely intolerable need not be denied. But it is not all bad, any more than it can be said that all hand-work is good. Still less is there any inherent reason why a work of Art, because it owes something to machinery, should be false in taste or unsatisfactory in effect. In a certain sense, all Art is, and must be, machine made. What is a machine? Every tool the artist takes into his hand is in some sort a machine. The objections to machine-made Art amount in sum to little more than this—that the ends of Art are best reached by the use of simplest tools. A crowning proof of modern depravity is adduced in the case of the screw steamer, which has superseded the more picturesque sailing vessel. Every steam engine is of course an invention of the Evil One, who may even be seen at times in dark relief feeding the fiery furnaces. The elements have been so long in our service that we cannot quite bring ourselves to look upon windmills and water-mills, that give such character to hill-top and brook-side, as so many machines. But had they been first thought of in our day, the innovation would have been resented as an unwarrantable interference with hand-labour. Short-sighted socialists would have discovered in it a plot to take the bread out of the poor man's mouth, to the enrichment of the capitalist; whilst sentimentalists would have bemoaned the departure of the picturesque from off the face of the earth.

The danger to Art in the admission of machinery is obvious. We see on all sides the evil that has come of it. Our tools revenge themselves upon us. We make machines which catch us in their toils, and squeeze the very breath of Art out of our lives. Emerson said that "all tools are in one sense edge-tools, and dangerous;" an argument not in favour of their abolition, but for discretion in the choice of implements, and self-control in handling them. What course of action is absolutely safe? and how dull such a course would be! It is in the facility with which the machine can accomplish what would be tedious, if not impossible, to the hand worker, that the danger lies.

The ease with which considerable enrichment, such as it is, can be mechanically produced, and the cheapness of it, taken in connection with the fact of the actual artistic superiority of hand-work, has led to the association of mechanical production with cheapness, and to a corresponding nastiness. The cheapness, too, of machine work has led to its abuse. So long as ornament represented actual labour, that was the surest guarantee of some moderation in its use. Machinery opens the flood-gates of extravagance, and we are deluged with cheap abominations. The deepest wrong that machinery has done to Art, is in that it has made ornament (or what is meant for ornament) so easy to get that uncultivated persons will not be restrained from using it; and the great majority, even of the so-called cultivated classes, happen to be uncultivated in Art.

The human appetite is at all times quite keen enough for ornament of any kind, but the surfeit of coarse food provided by the machine inevitably sickens all who have any artistic stomach. The need is for less ornament instead of more, greater simplicity in what we do indulge in, and greater discrimination as to where we use it. The tendency of machinery is dead against this much-to-be-desired reform. So far, then, the machine is opposed to Art, and Art to it.

But even if there were no other reason why we should look further into the working of machinery in Art, there is the fact that the machine has become such a power in our day, and is daily becoming so much more powerful, that Art cannot leave it out of account. If it be a danger, it is one that we have to face, and it were wiser of us in our generation to try and win it to our side, instead of leaving the field to it, or waiting placidly for it to crush us in its progress. For it is progressing, and at a pace altogether beyond the stride of Art. This applies in some degree to Art in general; but more particularly to the art of ornament.

There is no occasion to discuss the merits of such ornament as the machine has produced and is producing. Great part of it is admittedly beneath contempt. It might be well, were it possible, to suppress such efforts; and to do a great good to Art, "do a little wrong" to here and there an artist who may have used machinery without abusing it. It is not with the past but with the future of machine-made Art that we are concerned. Has machinery been put to the best possible purpose? And is it quite so certain that it is beyond the ingenuity of man to turn it to considerable and worthy account even in Art? In the applied arts there is surely some scope for mechanical appliances. Why not? Perhaps in the end we might have even cause to bless the advent of the accursed machine!

It says something for machinery, that by its aid we are able to multiply the works of artists at a price less than is asked for the productions of indifferent mechanics; and this with a precision which (worthless as it may be compared with the autograph art of the master) is much to be preferred to the feeble and uncertain fumbling of the incompetent workman. Whoever has had his designs intrusted to the British workman knows, to his cost, how feeble and fumbling it can be.

A wiser application of the machine to the purposes of the lesser arts might enable us to dispense with the intermediate "hand" who nullifies in execution whatever of Art there may have been in the drawing. As decorative art now stands, and seems likely to stand, the interpretation of the artist's design must be left to one of lower grade. Who that has suffered from such interpretation would not rather trust to the accuracy of the machine than to the inaccuracy of the human hand? Wherever the artist's work is not autographic, he has in some measure to brutalise his design in order that the mechanic who executes it may not brutalise it still more. He must, that is to say, deliberately make his lines harder than need would be, were it not that the interpreter would otherwise be likely to go hopelessly astray, and harden them in a manner very far removed from what he himself would have done. In adapting his design to mechanical reproduction he would doubtless have to be somewhat mechanical in his execution, but not more so than would be necessary if he wished to insure anything like accurate reproduction by the hand of another. And he would have this certainty, that, if his design were only fit, the machine would do its work with unerring accuracy. Such submission to mechanical needs may be a kind of self-murder, but one might well prefer to commit this sort of suicide at once rather than allow one's self to be tortured to death by even the best-intentioned burglar.

Every tool, I said, is in some sort a machine, if we come to the root of the matter. Is it not by such means that man has raised himself above the brutes? Music, the least material

of the Arts, is dependent upon instruments of more or less ingenious mechanism, from the simple string stretched across a shell to the perfectly built piano, which gives an artist as absolute control over the notes beneath his hand as that of the engineer over a Nasmyth hammer. There is, of course, a wide distinction between the simple tool and the complex machine. There is safety, too, in simplicity. But the utmost complexity does not necessarily preclude the possibility of Art; not though a machine were so contrived that we had but to put into it at one end bales of raw wool to come out at the other in pictured tapestry. To say nothing of the Art involved in the design and construction of the machine itself, or of the Art there may be in driving it (which is only by courtesy Art), it needs perpetual sustenance of Art to keep it going. For the loom, for example, there are designs to be made; there is the more mechanical working drawing to be set out; there is the cutting of the cards, the dyeing of the wools, the scheming of the various arrangements of colour. And in the least of these occupations a man is better employed than in the mutilation of other men's designs.

The increased use of machinery would in many ways provide work for artists of all but the very highest rank, and such of these, even, as were not bent wholly on "Fine Art" might well be content to devote themselves to the sufficiently noble function of design. Engravers and others, whose occupation is more and more encroached upon by processes of one sort and another, might break new ground in almost every field of accessory Art.

And those same processes, photographic and other, what might not be done by their aid? And if through them we can reach a higher level in the Art of every day, why not? They will not impede the progress of any higher kind of Art. No fear of that. They will draw into their service only the men who can well be spared from a pursuit to which they are less fitted. And the popularising of Art by the means of such processes will go some way towards educating men up to the ultimate appreciation of something better, something which only the artist's own hand can express for them.

Mr. Morris's theory, "Art *for* the people *by* the people," is a splendid dream. Perhaps it is more nearly to be realised by the aid of machinery than by any attempt to suppress it.

The labour-saving machine saves the labourer's muscle as well as the outlay of the capitalist. The workman has, through the introduction of machinery, a chance of enjoying greater ease and comfort than was by any possibility the lot of the labourer in days when everything was the work of his bare hand. Though the evils of competition, of greed, of hurry, be aggravated by the abuse of machinery, these evils are not the mere outcome of mechanical science, they belong, like science, to the times. Suppose the scientific spirit to be antagonistic to Art, the artist will not hold his own against the man of science by standing still.

Progress has been in the direction of saving labour. The hand-loom was an advance upon mere plaiting, the power-loom ought to be an advance upon the hand-loom, and it will be when the manufacturer once turns his attention to the artistic development of its resources. There will always be the due proportion of "middling shiny" ones in the artistic firmament, but the right use of machinery would help, not exactly to minimise them, but to bring them to their right use.

A dull workman is, in many cases, only a man misemployed. What is now done badly by the man, the machine would often do well. Were the machine set to do its proper work, men who are now indifferent hand-workers would soon answer to the demand for a different class of work, and gradually sort themselves according to their qualification; there would be room for all of them, from the mere feeder of the engine to the skilful manipulator, from the mechanic with some scope for Art in what he does to the maturer artist whose business it is to supplement the shortcomings of the machine.

Admitting all that Art has suffered from machinery, it must be admitted also that it has suffered from that large proportion of its followers who are not equal to the task they set themselves. What a debt of gratitude we should owe to machinery, if it would but draw off that "surplus population" from the world of Art!

Between Art and workmanship there is no hard-and-fast line possible. They merge one into the other. Decorative Art is supposed by many persons to be something comparatively simple and easy, a kind of refuge for incapable artists. But, however much we may be amused by such a misconception, it is easy to understand how it arose. A host of little fledgling Arts do nestle under its comprehensive name; and there is room in decoration for all sorts and conditions of craftsmen. Admit the use of machinery in Art, and it finds room for still more and more kinds of men: of these, every workman who begins to think of himself as an artist, may grow to be one. The French artisan is so much more an artist than the English, mainly because he is classed as one, and respects himself as such. Is this to lower the standard of Art? perhaps—but it will scarcely do much harm. An impossible ideal of perfection is not unlikely to be hurtful, too: one fails, and loses heart, and ceases to try. Schiller said that if the gods were more human, men would reach a level nearer to the gods; and so with the Arts, if they were a little less lofty, craftsmanship would often reach a higher plane.

In speaking of machinery we must not leave out of account its effect upon the workman, and so, through him, again upon the work he does. It is quite true, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, that the work which gave no pleasure to the workman in the doing, is not likely to afford us much pleasure either. And it would seem, therefore, as if mechanical work must be altogether devoid of interest, alike to him who contemplates and to him who executes it. But this is not quite so: men of artistic temperament assume too readily that work ceases to be interesting in proportion as it is mechanical. Were they to inquire more curiously into their own feelings, they would find probably that they themselves had more enjoyment than they thought in work of a merely mechanical kind. Indeed, the alternation of mechanical with more artistic work is essential to the well-being of the artist. The one kind of work is a relief from the other. He can no more be perpetually working his brains, or pumping his emotions, than he can keep up perpetual motion with his limbs. It is with us as with the weather-clock, the little old man and the little old woman have each their turn; when the one is out the other is in. Doubtless the higher type of artist delights most in the work which gives scope to his higher faculties; but it should not be forgotten that the workman of a lower type takes, as naturally, most pleasure in work that is nothing more than mechanical. It may not be easy for us fully to understand or enter into the feelings of the artisan who is happiest when he has before him the repetition of a simple form over and over again, who rejoices when it mounts to dozens of times, and is overjoyed when it reaches hundreds. Yet the prospect which nauseates us is actually soothing to him. This

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class of workman does exist, and exists largely. His kind are more in number than the artists. We overlook this when we talk of mechanical art as degrading to the workman. The world was not made for artists only, and the artisan would, as often as not, prefer to work on at the mechanical craft for which he is fitted, rather than be spurred on to efforts as much out of his reach as they are beyond his ambition. If he is a mechanic, the best thing he can do is to stick to his mechanical last. If he is something more, he will be none the worse for mechanical training; and he will be sure, in these days, to find before long the place in Art for which he is naturally fit. After all, the mechanical labour of a man is not the same thing as that of a machine. It is not a base thing. If it be not exactly Art it is closely akin to it. The fault of the man is in trying to compete with the machine, just as the machine is misapplied in the attempt to compete with him. We should not trust to the machine for what man's hand can do better, nor to man's hand for what can be better done by the machine. Educate the workman to perfection in his Art, not to mechanical perfection. Perfect the machine, but do not attempt to do with it what only a sensitive hand can execute.

It is essential to any right development of mechanical resources in Art that they should be frankly acknowledged. The attempt to hide the device is fatal. It is possible no doubt to simulate by mechanical means many a process which is not mechanical; but the imitation is not, and cannot be, equal to the original. Whereas there is a way that is most proper to the machine—and by that road, if at all, the manufacturer might reach a level, not, indeed, equal to the hand-work of the artist, but which at all events the hand-worker could not excel, if even he could attain to it. One hears continually of cleverly devised mechanical means of imitating this or that; all of which imitations are profoundly uninteresting to every one but the inventor of the process. But if only all that ingenuity were turned to a more straightforward and workmanly account machine work would be less open to reproach.

The great use of machinery is of course for the purpose of repetition. The question then occurs, to what extent is repetition desirable? Mere cheapness is not the inestimable boon it is assumed to be. It is a good thing that comfort and a measure of refinement in common things should be brought within the reach of the many—and the more into whose reach they are brought the better; but the cheapness of things does not add to the comfort, and certainly not to the refinement, of those who are placed above want. How much more comfortable, how infinitely more refined, some of our drawing-rooms would be if ornament and ornaments were only dear enough to be more scarce!

Machinery might justify its use in ornament if it were turned to the more perfect execution of things instead of always to their cheaper production; for there are directions in which machinery might conduce to Art, loth as artists are to admit any such possibility. The conditions under which in old days ornament was produced are very far from the conditions under which we have to work. What was best is not for ever best, nor always even possible. It is clearly out of the question to go back to ways that the world has outgrown.

Division of labour is in one sense the curse of modern manufacture. In another it may be called something not very different from the multiplication of the Arts. It enables each of us, once more to quote Emerson, to choose his work according to his faculty.

The growth of Art is not confined to the alternation of seed, green leaf, flower, fruit, and seed again; it propagates itself by throwing off runners, which grow to independent plants. Such are the new departures of our day, repudiated by those who recognise only one kind of growth as legitimate. The men who most advance their generation are they who admit no force to be altogether evil, but recognise in all things possibilities for good, and contrive to use what, through abuse, has come to be despised and hated.

Even apart from the commercial considerations which make machine work inevitable, there are others which arise out of Art. Our modern opportunities of study, of seeing and knowing what is fine in Art, have made us more fastidious than our ancestors. The old Gothic work, for example, which we admire for its quaintness, its energy, its intention, is in many respects below our standard of refinement. We should not put up in modern work with such rudeness, such coarseness, even such gross faults of drawing; and yet the average artisan of the present day is not equal in artistic sensibility to the old workmen. Our only hope, therefore, of getting work in the applied Arts at all up to the artistic level of the day, is to get our very best men to execute it. And that is out of the question, except in so far as it is possible to get the design or model from them, and to reproduce it by some quite mechanical means. And with the means that we have nowadays—means which are every day increasing—why should we not avail ourselves of the opportunity of getting absolutely the best possible design instead of contenting ourselves with mediocrity or nothing? The best decorative Art was done in the days when there was no distinction drawn between one art and another. We shall not go back to that state of things. Men will not give up painting pictures which fetch good prices, and take to applied Art which is paid quite poorly. But if mechanical means of reproduction be employed, and the manufacturer can thus multiply a costly example of Art by means that are not costly, he can then afford to pay the artist his best price, and yet provide a work of Art at a price within the means of ordinary citizens.

If Art cannot be reproduced by machinery, then let us have nothing to do with the machine. But it has been abundantly proved that works of Art may be woven, printed, cast, and otherwise mechanically reproduced. The *further* possibilities of the machine in the direction of Art remain to be tested. So far as it is concerned machinery has never been fairly tried. Machines are resorted to in order to save expense, and accordingly the consideration of cost determines everything in connection with them. One cannot compare work done under such conditions with the spontaneous work of an artist, done without a thought of whether it will pay or not, or with a far-seeing faith in the ultimate success of the best, and only the best. Compare machine-work with hand-work starved down to a price, and the odds are not all in favour of the hand-worker. The manufacturer's real chance of success lies in showing not only what the machine can do, but what it can do best, better than the craftsman who would compete with it. If capable capitalists were to be found, with sufficient knowledge alike of mechanics and of Art, and belief enough in the machine to back it at all risks, then and then only would there be a chance of seeing what it can do, and of estimating the value of machinery as applied to the production of works of Art. The practical and pecuniary value of machinery is obvious. The assertion that it can have no artistic value remains to be proved

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE EARLY MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL.*

No. III.

FEW events in the history of Art were attended with happier or more fruitful results than the arrival at Florence of Raphael in the year 1504. This date marks the second stage in his career, the period when fresh ideals were opened to him, and when he was first stirred by a loftier ambition and nobler aims than those current within the restricted sphere of the school of Perugino. Abounding in amiability, and with a genuine affection for his master, the future painter of humanity would scarcely be content to stagnate in the manufacturing of stereotyped saints, or altarpieces repeated from the patterns kept in stock. The fatal fault which sapped and paralysed a splendid pictorial talent in Perugino, was the intellectual sloth that permitted him to continue reproducing not only the same motives, but also the use of the same studies for his various compositions. His patrons were responsible for the narrow range of subjects demanded from him; the uniformity of treatment of those subjects is due to his desire to amass wealth, and perhaps also the consciousness that his position at Perugia was unassailable. We are not unfrequently reminded of the debt of gratitude the Arts owe to the Church, and especially of the fostering influence it bestowed on the Art of painting. But this fondly cherished notion will not bear the light of historical criticism. Indeed, no Art can attain its full and free development while remaining in the service of any other interest, whether spiritual or material. Either as the interpreter of nature, or as a creative force dealing with the whole range of human emotion, Art must be absolutely untrammelled before it can fulfil its legitimate end. In the past, as in the present time, the church painting which secures the most unqualified approbation consists in the representation of conventional forms, smooth and neat in execution, and vacuous in expression, indeed, in many cases it scarcely rises above the level of wall-paper, while works of genuine inspiration are neglected or placed under an interdict. It is true that in Raphael's time popes like Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI., Julius II. and Leo X., gave employment to painters whose pre-eminence is undisputed; yet, while occupying the chair of St. Peter, none of the above names can fairly be said to have walked in his footsteps. These remarkable men were distinctively temporal princes, men of the world and statesmen. At the end of the fifteenth century in Italy the new-born study of classical Art and literature had awakened tastes and aspirations felt alike by popes and princes, artists and scholars.

No. 9.—Study for Head of a Virgin. Silverpoint. From Mr. Malcolm's Collection.

Raphael's residence at Perugia was fortunately not sufficiently protracted to stamp any permanent impress on his Art. Had circumstances compelled him constantly to remain in the city of the Peninsula, where ruffianism in the governing classes was most rampant and the piety of all classes the most effusive, it is probable that even his genius would have succumbed to the prevailing influences. The Hall of the Cambio shows what the secular art of Perugia could accomplish, and from the hand of its most distinguished painter. Feeble in conception and flaccid in form, the heroes of antiquity stand side by side in an arrangement entirely innocent of composition, the only redeeming quality of the frescoes being an undeniable richness and harmony of colour. Very different were the compositions adorning the state chamber of Pandolfo Petrucci's palace at Siena, which Raphael probably saw when he accompanied Pinturicchio to that city. The frescoed panels were by Signorelli, Girolamo Genga and Pinturicchio, and the spontaneity of the conceptions testify to the freedom in which the artists worked. Two of the panels are now in the National Gallery, the 'Triumph of Chastity,' by Signorelli, and the 'Penelope' by Pinturicchio; the subjects of the remaining compositions were either taken from classic story, or, as our picture and the 'School of Pan,' by Signorelli (of which

* Continued from page 57.

a replica is at Berlin), were the inventions of the painters. The vigorous design, the fine drawing of the nude, and especially the lofty poetic feeling distinguishing the compositions of Signorelli and Genga, must have been the revelation of a new world to Raphael. That he would at once have appreciated their mastery and seized their spirit can scarcely be doubted, since they were the outcome of the same gifts with which he himself was so richly dowered. With the art of Signorelli he could not have been altogether unfamiliar. There still hangs in the Cathedral of Perugia an altarpiece by that master, painted a year after Raphael was born. The whole composition is singularly impressive, the figures have a marvellous energy and vitality; in particular there is a naked seraph, seated on the marble steps of the throne and tuning a mandoline, in the immediate foreground, which for grace of conception and felicitous rendering of beautiful form was never surpassed. Painted in 1484 it has the freedom of drawing and ease of manipulation of the masters of two score years later; while retaining all the freshness and fragrance of the *quattrocentisti*. The offspring of the early Renaissance, it anticipates the most brilliant productions of the full Renaissance: indeed, the figure itself might stand for the personification of the spirit and essence of all that is rare and lovely in the Italian Renaissance. That its influence on the native Art was nil is no matter of surprise, neither perhaps should we expect to find any trace of its teaching in the early art of Raphael, when it is remembered in what clearly defined lines the pupils worked who found themselves under the direction of Perugino.

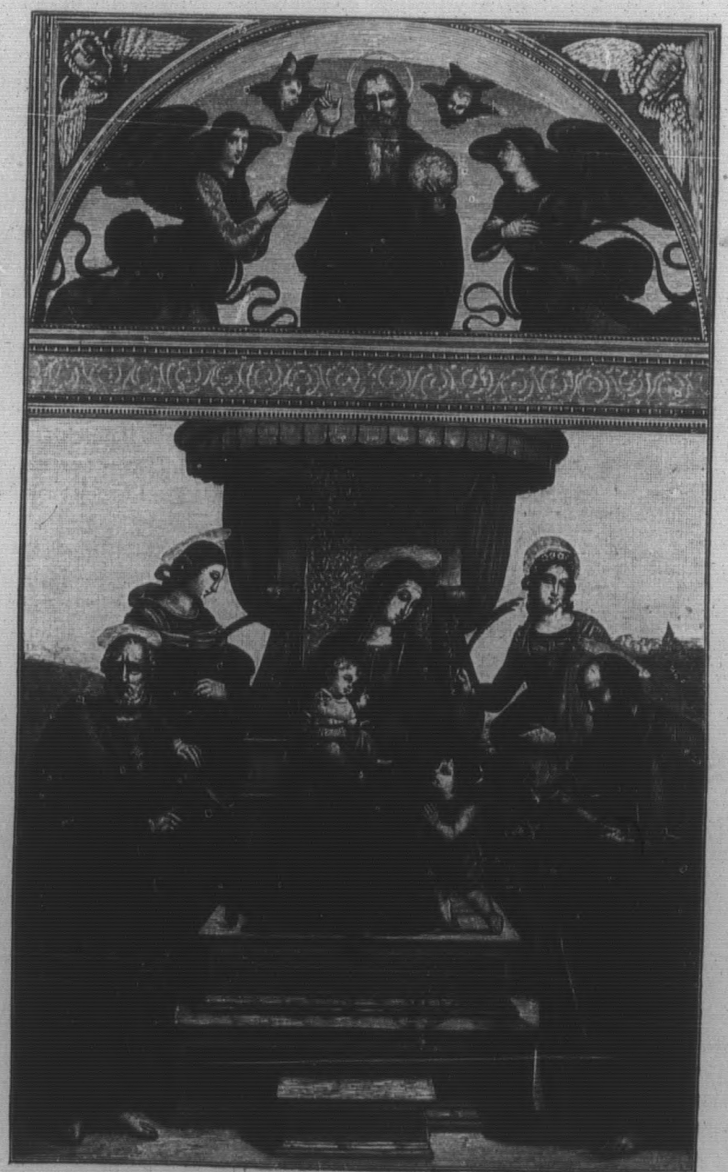
No. 10.—Study for God the Father. Oxford University Gallery. Silverpoint.

The impression made on Raphael by the classic group of the 'Three Graces' at Siena is well known, the drawing of two of the figures in the Venice sketch-book and the picture belonging to Lord Ward testify to the fact. We venture to think there is evidence he was also impressed by an art bearing an entirely different spirit, and which finds expression in the works of a Sienese painter, Matteo di Giovanni, who died in 1495. Among the drawings in the Venice sketch-book there is a charming design for two groups in a 'Massacre of the Innocents.' Passavant contents himself with an appreciative notice of it. M. Muntz, following Charles Blanc, accepts it as a drawing by Raphael when a lad and before he entered the workshop of Perugino; he sees in it a purity of taste and force of inspiration due to the lessons of Giovanni Santi. It is impossible to state with certainty the nature of the instruction given by Giovanni to his son; but there is certainly nothing in his practice having affinity with this sketch. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, with a juster appreciation of its technical qualities, assign it to the period of Raphael's residence at Perugia; they think it may be an original invention, and cleverly suggest that it records the impression made on Raphael by the incidents of the Baglioni massacre of 1500, of which he was probably an eye-witness. We are now inclined to think the date of production should be carried forward still another three or four years, and to go to the pictures and designs of Matteo di Giovanni for the source of its inspiration. The 'Massacre of the Innocents' was painted thrice by Matteo; two versions are now at Siena and one at Naples. There is also a magnificent composition of the same subject by the master among the designs in black and white marble on the pavement of the Cathedral of Siena, of which a rubbing hangs on the walls of South Kensington Museum. Regarded as a design, the last-mentioned composition is by far the most masterly; it shows also an advance in the representation of dramatic action and in freedom of drawing, suggesting that Matteo may have received assistance from a designer of the calibre of Signorelli. In the painted panels the action is constrained, and the composition crowded and confused; but there are considerable energy of expression, striking realistic effects, brilliant painting of picturesque costume, and a fine feeling for colour: in short, they are works calculated to arrest the attention of a youthful and enthusiastic nature like Raphael's. Knowing how quick he was to receive impressions and his diligence in recording them, it may fairly be advanced that the analogies of the incidents of the sketch with corresponding ones in Matteo's picture is no mere accident. Both Matteo's panels at Siena contain a woman running towards the right with a child in her arms, and pursued by a soldier, who, with his sword, is either piercing the babe or about to do so. In the composition of 1491 the mother turns on the soldier and rends his face with her nails. Examining Raphael's sketch we find the soldier pursuing the fleeing mother, and behind her another woman throwing a shoe at him, but the raised hand of the woman has a similar action and is nearly in the same place as that of the mother in the picture; the costume of the soldier also corresponds to that of the painting. Again, the woman seated on the ground, with the soldier bending forward to stab her babe, which is in the foreground of the sketch, is to be found in the picture, although different in arrangement. There is no direct copying Matteo's composition, it is only suggested that the sketch is the result of the strong impression made on Raphael by the works of the Sienese painter.* Under the excitement evoked by contact with a new phase of Art, the project of attempting a similar subject may have suddenly presented itself to his imagination, and he would rapidly jot down his own rendering of two incidents of the drama, the remembrance of Matteo's panels influencing the motives, and even the action and costume, of the personages. Somewhat similar mental processes are of common occurrence in the career of every Art student. In confirmation of the present theory of the origin of the sketch it may be pointed out that, comparing it with the drawing of the two Graces of the Siena group, they both display the same degree of technical ability, allowance being made for the fact that one has all the rapid pencilling of a sketch, and the other has the careful and measured line and the restrained execution characterizing a

No. 11.—Study. Oxford University Gallery. Silverpoint.

* Since the above has been in type a distinguished critic and historian informs the writer that among the drawings in the Venice sketch-book is a study of Herod, from one of Matteo's panels.

painstaking study from the antique. On this occasion, or possibly on a subsequent visit to Siena, Raphael's attention was arrested by another and grander presentation of the tragic scene from the hand of Signorelli. Here he borrowed the principal group and placed it with only slight modifications in his composition of the 'Judgment of Solomon,' in the *Camera della Segnatura*. Signorelli's picture was painted in 1507; from what is known of his occupation at that period it is highly probable that he made the cartoons at Siena, and perhaps painted the picture there. It is now at Arcevia, and as there is no record of Raphael having visited that remote and not easily accessible mountain town, we may conclude he saw either cartoon or picture at the painting-room of Signorelli at Siena. The fact of Arcevia lying out of the beaten track may be the reason that this analogy has hitherto escaped the notice of the biographers and critics of Raphael.



No. 12.—The Madonna of Sant' Antonio. In the possession of the Duke di Ripalda. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Rich as were the treasures of Art which adorned the pleasure-loving city of Siena, they were far below the artistic wealth held in store by Florence, the centre and fountain of all that was most brilliant and elevated in the Art of Italy. Raphael found himself there precisely at one of the most interesting periods in her artistic history—a period of change and transition, when an epoch signalised by perhaps the most captivating and lovely phase her Art had assumed had drawn to a close, and its successor, aggressive, daring, and with the fiery impetuosity of youth, was giving proof of its mettle. The illustrious company of the *quattrocentisti* were either dead or had finished their life's work. Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello had long left the scene; so too Masaccio, Leon Batista, and Fra Filippo; Gozzoli, Verrocchio, and Pollaiuolo had followed later; Ghirlandajo had tarried to the end of the century; Botticelli and Filippino still lingered, but the former had become a *piagnone*, and, according to Vasari, had ceased practising his art, while the latter had nearly arrived at the termination of his life's span. Perugino is known to have possessed a house at Florence, and as he was probably residing there at the time of Raphael's visit, the latter would make the acquaintance of his master's artistic friends, and doubtless of Lorenzo da Credi, Perugino's fellow-pupil in the workshop of Verrocchio. At the house of Baccio d'Agnolo, Vasari states that Raphael met the younger men of the new school; the historian also records the friendship Raphael formed with Fra Bartolommeo and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. It is uncertain whether Leonardo da Vinci was personally known by Raphael on his first visit to Florence, although Vasari expressly says that it was the fame of Leonardo's celebrated cartoon of the 'Battle of the Standard,' and that of Michael Angelo's 'Cartoon of Pisa,' which were the occasion of Raphael leaving Siena for Florence. That he saw some of Leonardo's works is certain, and they were the dominating influences which were to change the current of his art. The master-works of recent and the earlier Florentine painters were all eagerly scanned by Raphael, especially was he assiduous in his studies in the Brancacci Chapel; but it was the practice of Leonardo that he searched most narrowly, and which he made the most strenuous efforts to assimilate and graft on to his own performance. With what success is seen in his future labours, and was immediately evident in the two important Madonnas which follow next in the series.

As may be imagined, there has been some diversity of opinion respecting the sequence of Raphael's early Madonnas. Unfortunately there is no documentary evidence, saving an occasional date in gold letters on some of the pictures, but as these are in Roman numerals and usually partially erased, the exact year can rarely be determined with certainty. There remain, however, some documents relating to an altarpiece Raphael undertook to paint for the nuns of the convent of Monte

Luci, near Perugia, and which he never completed; these are interesting as showing the stringency of the conditions that Raphael bound himself to adhere to in painting his '*dicta Tavola sive Cona*.'

A similar agreement was doubtless entered into with the nuns of Sant' Antonio of Padua at Perugia, for the 'Madonna of Sant' Antonio' (see Illustration on the previous page). Vasari in describing the picture says: "The Infant Christ is in the lap of the Virgin and is fully clothed, as it pleased these simple and pious ladies that he should be; on each side of Our Lady are figures of saints, St. Peter, namely, with St. Paul, St. Cecilia, and St. Catherine."

However much we may respect the extreme sensitiveness of the pious ladies, who shrank from the spectacle of naked babyhood, it is impossible to repress a feeling of regret that their exaggerated modesty has deprived the composition of what would probably have been its most charming feature. As they

No. 13.—Rapid Sketch for the action of God the Father in the Madonna of Sant' Antonio. Pen and Ink. Lille Museum.

stand, the children have a prim, prosaic air to be found in none other of Raphael's representations of the Child and his infant companion. The Saviour is dressed in a little white coat trimmed with blue, the scapular of St. Anthony of Padua being embroidered on the sleeve, his cloak and belt are brown. Equally ugly in form, though gayer in hue, the infant Baptist has a tunic of green and gold purple over his shirt of camel's hair. Abatement being made for the compulsory formality of the children, the figures display a breadth and largeness of design of which there is scarcely a hint in Raphael's previous compositions. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle surmise that the altarpiece was commenced before Raphael left Perugia and finished after his return from Florence, and the mingling of Umbrian and Florentine design fully confirms their opinion. It would almost seem that the lunette was entirely painted before Raphael had experienced the Leonardo influence, which is so evident in the lower panel. The figure of the Almighty is strongly Peruginesque; the adoring angels have all the artless grace and purity of the angels of the Vatican 'Coronation.'

Regarding the principal panel, the Virgin is conceived entirely in the manner of Perugino, while the attendant saints have a dignity and elevation transcending the inspiration of that master. The increased force and energy of presentation is especially observable in the heads of Peter and Paul. They show a grasp of character, a capacity for portraying stern, impetuous natures, far beyond anything seen in the conventional Umbrian saints of the earlier work. Equally marked is the advance in freedom of design perceptible in the conception of the female saints. They have no longer a provincial air, but stand in easy, natural attitudes, the dress arranged with elegance, the hair falling in waving masses, and on the countenance of St. Margaret* that fascinating smile that Raphael had caught from Leonardo's Mona Lisa.

The altarpiece originally possessed a predella, consisting of three small compositions and two single figures—St. Francis and St. Anthony; the three compositions being, 'The Road to Golgotha,' 'The Agony on the Mount,' and a 'Pieta.' The two Saints are now in Dulwich Gallery. The 'Road to Golgotha' was sold last year from the Leigh Court collection to Lord Windsor. The 'Agony on the Mount' belongs to Lady Burdett Coutts, and the 'Pieta' to Mr. M. H. Dawson. No lover of Art but must deplore the dispersal of these panels and their separation from the main portion of the altarpiece. Latterly, when the central composition and the lunette were offered to the National Gallery, there was a chance that the whole might again have been united. If the altarpiece had been purchased by the nation the patriotism of the various owners of the predella might have induced them to have parted with their separate panels. After remaining for years in the store-room of the National Gallery, the Madonna has been removed by its owner, and is now, we believe, in Italy. The drawings which refer to the Madonna, here reproduced, are from the Lille and Oxford collections. For the photographs taken from them we have to thank M. Henri Vluchart, the Director of the Lille Museum, and Mr. Fisher, the Curator of the Oxford Museum; the photographs of our Lille drawings were taken by M. D. Petit. The sketches refer to the figure of God the Father, and are evidently drawn from nature, the model being dressed in the hose and jerkin of the period.

Unfortunately there are no known sketches or studies for the figures in the principal panel, nor for the composition as a whole. Pen-and-ink designs, however, exist for the 'Madonna Ansidei' (of which illustrations will be given in the next paper), and these will show Raphael's procedure in working out a composition of this character.

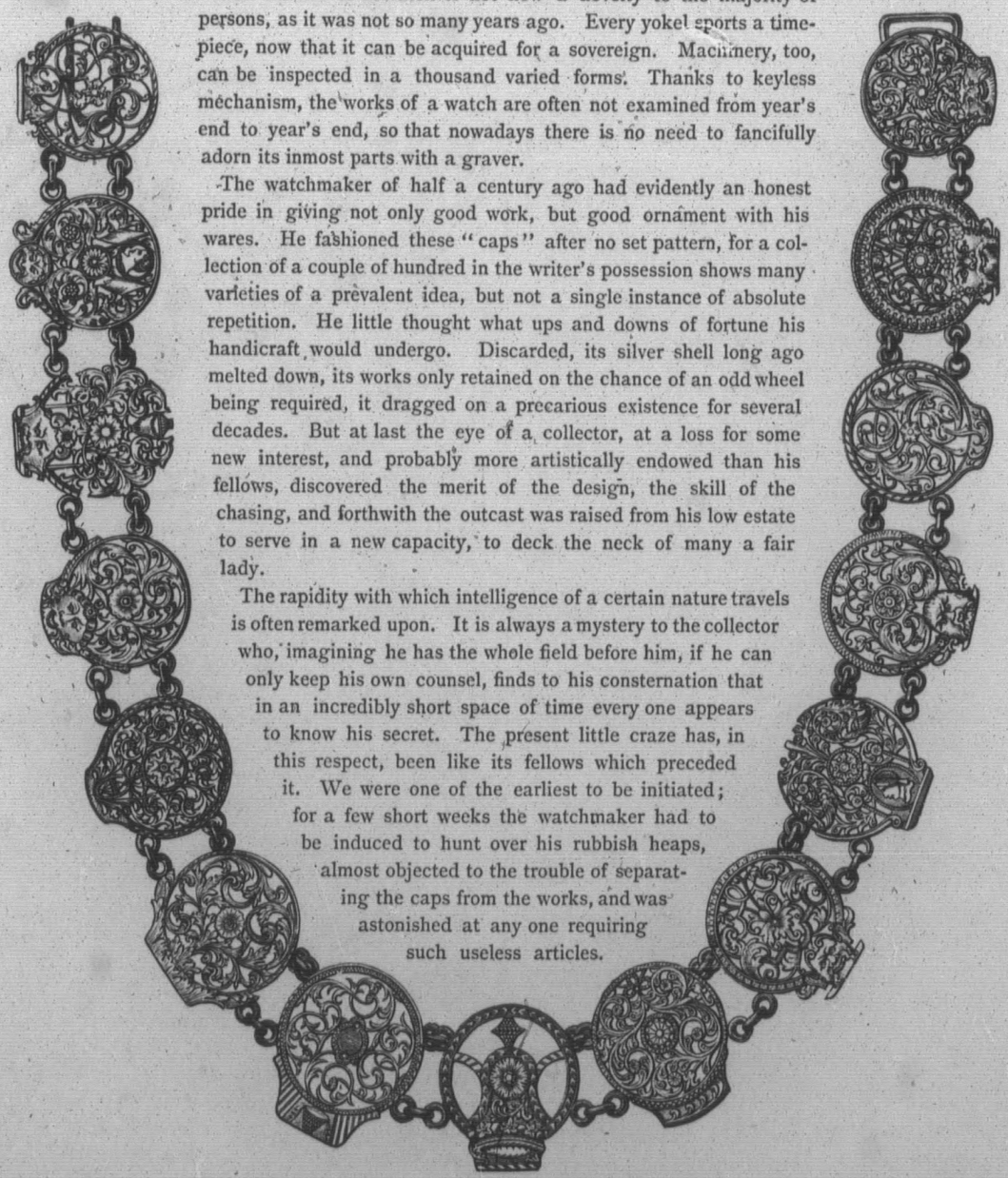
HENRY WALLIS.

(*To be continued.*)

* Historians on painting are not agreed respecting the identity of the female saint behind St. Paul. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle following Signor Gaetano Milanesi, in the latest edition of Vasari, reject the biographer's appellation of St. Cecilia and name her St. Margaret: Passavant calls her St. Dorothy.

A NOVEL NECKLET.

WHEN we were at college we had, as a preliminary to our degree, to write a thesis on the Latin maxim, "De minimis non curat lex," and very hard we found it to discover any matter which was beneath the notice of the lawyers, In the vocabulary of "collectors" no such maxim has a place. Nothing, at all events nowadays, is too insignificant to escape their ken. Not a week ago we met one of the genus who had braved yellow fever, small-pox, cholera, and apparently every other disease, in a research after moths which, on account of their minuteness, had not been deemed worthy of collection by former travellers. He had returned from the intricacies of the river Amazon, the sole survivor of a party of four, but in his trunks he had as reward a hundred or so varieties of tiny insects which had never before been seen in Europe. Animated of late with a similar ardour, the ladies, and, it must be confessed, a few of the sterner sex, have been amusing themselves in collecting the caps which cover the escapement wheels of old verge watches, discarded and useless through the introduction of the lever.



The interior of a watch is not now a novelty to the majority of persons, as it was not so many years ago. Every yokel sports a time-piece, now that it can be acquired for a sovereign. Machinery, too, can be inspected in a thousand varied forms. Thanks to keyless mechanism, the works of a watch are often not examined from year's end to year's end, so that nowadays there is no need to fancifully adorn its inmost parts with a graver.

The watchmaker of half a century ago had evidently an honest pride in giving not only good work, but good ornament with his wares. He fashioned these "caps" after no set pattern, for a collection of a couple of hundred in the writer's possession shows many varieties of a prevalent idea, but not a single instance of absolute repetition. He little thought what ups and downs of fortune his handicraft would undergo. Discarded, its silver shell long ago melted down, its works only retained on the chance of an odd wheel being required, it dragged on a precarious existence for several decades. But at last the eye of a collector, at a loss for some new interest, and probably more artistically endowed than his fellows, discovered the merit of the design, the skill of the chasing, and forthwith the outcast was raised from his low estate to serve in a new capacity, to deck the neck of many a fair lady.

The rapidity with which intelligence of a certain nature travels is often remarked upon. It is always a mystery to the collector who, imagining he has the whole field before him, if he can only keep his own counsel, finds to his consternation that in an incredibly short space of time every one appears to know his secret. The present little craze has, in this respect, been like its fellows which preceded it. We were one of the earliest to be initiated; for a few short weeks the watchmaker had to be induced to hunt over his rubbish heaps, almost objected to the trouble of separating the caps from the works, and was astonished at any one requiring such useless articles.

But very soon we perceived that our intentions were divined directly we entered the shop; we felt humiliated under the scornful negative which came almost as a matter of course to our request, and when any caps were found, shillings instead of pence were asked. Very shortly, no doubt, the shops will be filled with machine-made imitations, each link a fac-simile of his fellow; then the why and the wherefore of their peculiar shape, and all trace of their origin, will be forgotten.

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

CONTINUING our series of notes (from page 19) upon little-known passages in the history of Art in England, the following on Samuel Cooper, the celebrated miniaturist, are of interest:—

1663, May 26. Warrant for a yearly salary of £200 to Samuel Cooper, limner, in lieu of diet suppressed a year ago by the Board of Greencloth, and of Board wages (Entry Book, 15, p. 29). 1663, November 30. Warrant to discharge Simon Stone, picture maker, and Samuel Cooper, limner, from payment of the four subsidies (Docquet). Evelyn in his diary, under January 10th, 1662, mentions, "Being called into his Majesty's closet when Mr. Cooper, the rare limner, was crayoning of the king's face and head, to make the stamps for the new milled money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candlelight for the better finding out the shadows." Pepys also has some very noticeable remarks about him, March 30, 1661: "Presently to Mr. Cooper's house, to see some of his work which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do find the colouring a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary, as I never do expect to see the like again. Here I did see Mrs. Stewart's picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the small-pox; and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be by people's discourse now. Here I saw my Lord General's pictures, and my Lord Carlington's and Ashley's, and several others; but among the rest one Swinfen, that was secretary to my Lord Manchester, the Lord Chamberlain, with Cooling, done so admirably as I never saw anything; but the misery was, this fellow died in debt and never paid Cooper for his picture, but, it being seized on by his creditors among his other goods after his death, Cooper himself says he did buy it, and gave £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30. Being infinitely satisfied with the sight, and resolving that my wife shall be drawn by him, when she comes out of the country, I went away." July 10, 1668: "To Cooper's and there find my wife and W. Hewer and Deb., sitting and painting; and he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected; but now I do understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and he speaks French and indeed is an excellent man." To the Continental reputation of Cooper, a letter from John Ray will testify; Aubrey had written to him (London, October 22, 1691), —"Sir, When I was lately at Oxford I gave several things to the museum, which was lately robbed, since I wrote to you. Among other things my picture in miniature, by Mr. S. Cowper (which at an auction yields 20 guineas), and Archbishop Bancroft's, by Hillyard, the famous illuminator in Queen Elizabeth's time." Reply of Ray: "You write that the museum at Oxford was rob'd, but do not say whether your noble present was any part of the losse. Your picture done in miniature by Mr. Cowper is a thing of great value. I remember so long ago as I was in Italy, and while he was yet living, any piece of his was highly esteemed there; and for that kind of painting he was esteemed the best artist in Europe."

The early deterioration of some of Vandyck's pictures is thus referred to in a letter from C. Hatton to his brother, taken from the Hatton Correspondence, published by the Camden Society. September 23, 1676: "Your pictures will be all finished y^e^ next week. The Queen's, Prince's [Rupert], and Lord Dorset's are ready. I dare not hazard them in my little house, lest y^e^ sea coale smoke this winter shou'd spoyle them. Had y^e^ Queen's picture hung a little longer at Thanet House, it wou'd have been quite spoyled, for y^e^ cloth was primed with tobacco pipe clay, and it wou'd have pilled all off. As soon as y^e^ durt wase wash'd of y^e^ cracks appeared. But Mr. Baptist engages he hath secured it for ever. He highly admires my L^d^ Dorset's picture, sath it is every stroake of Van Dyke and of his best painting; and y^e^ priming of y^e^ cloath is very good. Van Dyke was very neglectful in y^e^ priming of y^e^ cloths he painted on. Some were primed with water colours, as y^e^ fine crucifix at Mr. Lillyes, some with tobacco pipe clay, as y^e^ famous picture of y^e^ late king and queen at Whitehall, w^ch^ is now allmost all pilled of, and y^r^ Queen's picture; but y^t^ is now secured. Vandyke was much pleased with that priming, for it was smooth as glasse; and he did not live to see y^e^ inconvenience of it by being soe little durable, unlesse care be taken by some skillfull artist to fix it afterwards, either by varnishing it on y^e^ backeside with a varnish w^ch^ will passe quite through and fix y^e^ colour, or else w^th^ a strong size and clap on another cloth" (i., p. 140). Mr. Baptist is John Baptist Caspars.

The following notices referring to the tomb of Philippa of Hainault in Westminster Abbey do not appear to have received much notice. They are obtained from Devon's "Issues of the Exchequer." January 20, 40 Edward III.: "To Hawkin Liege, from France, in money paid to him in discharge of 200 marks which the Lord the King commanded to be paid to him for making the tomb of Philippa, Queen of England, the King's consort. By writ of Privy Seal, cxxxiij. li. vj. s. viij. d." (p. 189). May 31st, 50 Edward III.: "To John Orchard, a stonemason of London, in money paid to him by his own hands for making divers images in the likeness of angels for the tomb of Philippa, late Queen of England, within the abbey of St. Peter, Westminster. By writ, &c., v. li." June 28th, 50 Edward III.: "To Stephen Haddele, valet of the king's household, in money paid to him by the hands of John Orchard, stonemason, c. s. etc., in discharge of xviij. li. ij. s., which the Lord the King commanded to be paid to him for divers costs and expenses incurred about the tomb of Philippa, within the Abbey of the Blessed Peter of Westminster; for the portage and carriage of certain iron work from the church of St. Paul's, London, unto the same abbey, x. s.; for making viij. bars and ij. plates of iron, together with a battlement round the said iron work with a red colour, xxx. s.; for six angels of copper placed round the said tomb; and xij. li. for two images of alabaster placed upon a small marble tomb for an infant son and daughter of the Queen, xx. s." (p. 199). These interesting examples of an early English sculptor are still extant: the tomb of Blanche and William (died 1340) —the two children of Edward III.—in the chapel of St. Edmund, and that of Philippa in Edward the Confessor's Chapel.

ALFRED BEAVER.

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

"IT is a marvellous picture, and may be examined inch by inch with delight," wrote Mr. Ruskin of a seascape sent to a bygone Academy by Mr. Brett; and the notion implied in his words has come to be accepted as a canon by

Fac-simile of an early Etching. Engraved by R. Paterson.

many English critics, and even by a few artists. No small proportion of the fault-finding levelled every summer at our landscape painters is based, more or less consciously, on the idea that an artist ought to so reproduce nature that minute structures should be discoverable by a microscope just as they are in the actuality. It is forgotten, or rather, in most cases it is simply not known, that the two kinds of truth, truth of detail and truth of *ensemble*, are incompatible, and that if a painter elect to give the one, he must be content to abandon the other. So far as we can tell, it is impossible to paint a landscape of any considerable size which shall charm equally by its general effect and by the exquisiteness of its details; at least it has never yet been done. The painter has practically to decide for himself whether he shall build up his pictures laboriously stone by stone and leaf by leaf, trusting that truth of detail may end, *proprio motu*, in truth of effect; or whether he shall face nature and take from her those broad tints and lines and masses which make up the particular impression he wishes to convey. Great artists have, almost without exception, chosen the latter course. It is, in fact, the only one compatible with great Art, for great Art is a great personality expressed through natural forms. The amount and minuteness of the detail in a good picture must always depend upon the nature of the effect aimed at. It is clear that if the painter be a Hobbema, and express himself through the beauty of trees and other vegetation, he must put more detail on to his canvas than he would require supposing sunlight to be his theme, as it was Cuyp's. And less detail is required of the sea painter than of the painter of land. Forms are infinite both on land and sea; absolute repetition is as rare on the one element as on the other; two waves of precisely the same shape would be as strange a portent as twin trees; but the ocean has a grand monotony only to be found on land in those interminable prairies and deserts which have been so often compared with the sea. Such variety as it has, such fitness for pictorial use, comes almost entirely from the wonderful surface it offers to the light. Its restless bosom is a jewel with countless facets, each of which receives the sunshine at an angle of its own, and helps to make up a colour symphony that has no rival in nature. A picture of sea, then, to have any Art value, must nearly always depend upon two things, or upon one of them, namely, colour and air. Those men who have portrayed the sea without a feeling for either, like Backhuysen, and even Ruysdael, have produced nothing that can be put beside those modern pictures in which Art that even Ruysdael could hardly surpass is combined with a truth to the hues and atmosphere of nature which he never approached. And of all qualities, these two of air and light—for colour is no more than light—demand the greatest breadth in treatment. Claude's pictures are not remarkable for breadth, taking them as a whole, but in those far distances in which their beauty lies, even he was compelled to generalise, to seek for truth of *ensemble*. His foregrounds, on the other hand, are nearly always stagey, wooden, and destitute of atmosphere and its effects. Claude may, in a sense, be called the father of English landscape. In the eighteenth century he held a supreme place in the minds of those who concerned themselves with Art; and the first English landscape painter pure and simple, Richard Wilson, took him for his master. But Wilson's native sympathies were with those

Lowering Sail. Engraved by R. Paterson, from an Etching by Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

effects of light and colour which are not to be rendered in Claude's *staccato* method, and so we find that in his better works the facts of natural landscape are summarised and fused into a general truth in a bolder—some would say in a more reckless and perfunctory—way than by any other serious artist, unless we except the Frenchman, Georges Michel.

Before the Art of these men, and of painters still living who work on the same lines, can be rightly appreciated, two elementary truths must be grasped: firstly, that an artist's method is determined by his aim; secondly, that what is called rough painting is by no means careless painting; that, in fact, it requires more time, care, and vigilance of hand and eye than smooth and "finished" painting. In rough painting every stroke of the brush must be right in colour, in shape, and in thickness of impast; there is no teasing it into the required form, if wrong it must be taken away and another put in its place. The positive virtues of such a process are its directness—a brush so handled is as sensitive to the thought as an etching point—and the perfection with which it renders those sparkling and transitory effects of light and colour which are beyond the reach of those who painfully elaborate. In all this it may seem that a defence of impressionism at its worst is implied, but there is this vital difference between the work of such men as Renoir or Degas, and that of those young Englishmen with whom they are sometimes compared: the Frenchmen try to register the impression made upon them by an actual scene, to substitute partial reality for Art; while our corresponding knot of painters take as much trouble to give coherence and æsthetic significance to their work as Claude, Poussin, or any other ancient barbarian. The way of rendering nature to which I have been alluding has found such favour on the other side of the Border that it has come to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Scottish school, and as such, to be a mark at which the narrow, shallow criticism that is affected by prejudices of race and nationality, has more than once been levelled. At the present moment the most vigorous painter of the sub-school in question—landscape-painter *bien entendu*—is the subject of the present article, Mr. Colin Hunter, the junior Associate of the Academy.

Colin Hunter, A.R.A. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

Mr. Colin Hunter was born at Glasgow in 1841; his birthday was the sixteenth of July. In his early youth he was intended for one of those prosaic callings over which it is the business of most artists to win their first victory. Between the years 1856 and 1860 he was employed as a clerk, and when he was twenty he came to London to try for another situation of the same sort. Fortune, however, was kind, and the chance was missed, with the result that the lad concluded he could not do better than see what Art would bring him. Two years before this he had made his first attempts; oil colours and hog tools were cheap, and he had used them to make elaborate copies of engravings and other works in the flat that came in his way. So he went back to Helensburgh, where by this time his father was established in business, and set to to make himself an artist by dint of hard work from Nature. His only guide was an old landscape painter, whose name is unknown abroad, and almost forgotten in his native country. This man, Milne Donald, who painted landscapes in the style of Mr. Hook's early works, and sold them for a few pounds, allowed young Hunter to go with him on his sketching rambles; but it was only by stealth that the latter could learn anything. Donald was a Highlander, and full of the true Celtic jealousy; he would tell naught, and let no more than he could help be seen; so all he did for his companion was to save him some little time and trouble in mastering his tools. In this desultory friendship with Donald, and in a few weeks passed in after years in Bonnat's studio, all Mr. Hunter's external Art education was comprised. But in spite of this, he never drew an absolute blank in the lottery of Art. The very first year he managed to live on the proceeds of his brush, and at the end of two or three he was making a better income than his abandoned calling would ever have yielded. In those days he painted anything that came to hand: landscapes and seascapes, portraits of horses and houses, portraits of men; but it was not long before his real predilection declared itself. In 1868 he made his first appearance at the Academy with a picture called 'Taking in the Nets,' and from then till now his contributions have been all concerned with the sea.

From his boyhood Mr. Hunter had spent much of his time on the sea, coasting about the mouth of the Clyde in small boats, and risking his life with all the recklessness of a landsman, so that after a few years of the miscellaneous practice at which I have hinted, he settled naturally down to the painting of the element he loved. In doing so he chose a fickle mistress. In spite of its grand monotony the ocean is a trying sitter to one who makes it his religion to paint what he sees. In a landscape the effect of to-day is lost to-morrow, but with the sea the effect of one hour is gone the next; sometimes changes are so subtle that, before the painter knows it, inconsistent elements creep into his work. To conquer such a mistress infinite pluck and infinite patience are required. We have all heard the stories told of Vandevelde, Backhuysen and others, how they painted the storms from open boats, a proceeding that appeared extraordinary to the men of their time. To a modern sea-painter, at least to those who paint the sea for its own sake, such a way of getting at truth comes as a matter of course, and during the twenty years which have elapsed since Mr. Hunter found his vocation, he has explored the west coast of Scotland, the coasts of Cornwall, and the wild edge of Connemara pretty thoroughly. The first picture he ever sent to London was a large landscape,

exhibited with the British Artists in 1866. In 1868, as mentioned, he sent 'Taking in the Nets' to the Academy. In 1869 he sent nothing; in 1870 and 1871 he was represented by two small pictures, both hung rather high; in 1872 he sent 'Herring Trawlers' and 'Sailing Free.' These were the first of his works to attract the notice both of artists as a body and of the general public. From that year onwards Mr. Hunter's work has been almost invariably well hung, and his name has rapidly become familiar to all who concern themselves with Art. In 1873 he exhibited 'Trawlers waiting for Darkness,' which was etched by M. Chauvel, and is in all ways one of its author's best productions. Both the act and the sentiment of waiting, of patient expectation, are thoroughly well suited to treatment in paint. There is nothing to make us rebel against the immobility of the material, and when the subject allows us to see not only the men who wait but the event for which they wait, the perfection of a theme is reached. Mr. Hunter has used his opportunity in the happiest way. As we look at his picture we enter into the feelings of the silent fisherman in the foreground; we watch the light upon the cloud edges, and we almost expect to see it die away and the brawny arms and chests set to work to start the boats down to the darkened water. In 1874 Mr. Hunter's chief picture was 'Salmon Stake Nets,' now in the Sydney Museum. In 1878 he exhibited 'Store for the Cabin' and 'Ebbing Tide,' both painted during a stay made in Connemara the year before. In 1879 his best work was the Chantrey picture, 'Their only Harvest,' which was engraved in line in this Journal in 1883. It must be given a high place in Mr. Hunter's work, but it was preceded and followed by things that deserve higher places still. Among the former was the aforesaid 'Trawlers waiting for Darkness;' among the latter may be placed one picture at least for every later year. 'Silver of the Sea,' 'The Mussel Gatherers,' 'Waiting for the Homeward Bound,'

Waiting for the Homeward Bound. Engraved by R. Paterson.

'Lobster Fishers,' and 'The Herring Market at Sea' of last summer, are each and all finer examples than the picture at South Kensington. 'The Mussel Gatherers' (which Mr. Hunter etched for this Journal in 1881) is destined to make its author known in at least one small corner of the Continent, for it is one of the ornaments of the fine collection formed by Mr. G. C. Schwabe and by him presented to his native town of Hamburg; a better sample of one section of our school could scarcely be found. But in some ways the small 'Lobster Fishers' is Mr. Hunter's finest work. It has an amount of vigour and coherence, of life and movement, that is hardly to be equalled by any other study of sea I can call to mind. It is fine in colour, but it makes a splendid etching. Like many more of his best things it has been etched by Mr. Hunter himself, and the plate is perhaps as successful as any attempt to so deal with the waves can be. For the genius of the sea and the genius of etching are not to be completely reconciled. The organic line of the etcher, sensitive to his every thought, betraying every passing gust of feeling, is too much controlled by the infinite sameness in variety of the sea. But in spite of this the 'Lobster Fishers' is a noble plate, and full of that rarest of artistic beauties, felicitous selection. In our first engraving we reproduce on a very small scale an etching from nature, dating from the early days of Mr. Hunter's work with the needle. Like the larger plate fac-similed on the same page it shows to the full his facility in composition, and his power of giving motion to ships, clouds, waves, and other moving things.

Our last illustration is from the picture sent to the Academy in 1882. Its title, 'Waiting for the Homeward Bound,' refers to the two Glasgow tugs, which have gone out to the open water about Ailsa Craig to intercept incoming ships and tow them home. To paint this picture Mr. Hunter had to charter a small steamer for a month. Every morning he went out to a point a mile or two from the rock and carried on his work as well as the swaying of his platform would let him. His

early life had made him a good sailor under ordinary conditions, but he found that to stand still for hours a day on a lifting deck with a canvas to be covered before him, was more than trying, and the picture was carried on in the intervals of "ce terrible mal de mer."

Mr. Hunter's picture of last season, 'The Herring Market at Sea,' will be fresh in the minds of many readers. It now belongs to the corporation of Manchester. By it the artist thoroughly justified his election to the Academy in the early months of the same year. Like all the rest of its author's works it was a strong, honest study from reality. For weeks he went out to the fishing grounds at the mouth of the Clyde to paint and study the scene as he has presented it to us. The time is not long after dawn, in summer, and for day after day the painter was before his canvas and at work by four in the morning. This love for Art and thoroughness in its pursuit will always lead to great results, so that we may look forward with confidence to the completion of the ambitious work Mr. Hunter has now in hand. This is nothing less than a picture, on almost a panoramic scale, of the rapids above Niagara. Last autumn Mr. Hunter went to Niagara and had the luck to find a small spot of unoccupied land, hardly bigger than a good-sized table, out in the furious water above the fall. This he managed to have connected with an outlying spur of Goat Island by a temporary and rather crazy bridge, and after a fortnight of hard work he completed the study he is now enlarging. Besides this he brought home several very exquisite studies of the fall itself; these were made from various points on the Canadian shore.

At the present moment English landscape painting, in the literal sense of the word, has lost some of its glory. No quite first-rate pictures of the landsman's world are being produced in this country. So that for the moment the credit of our school, leaving figures alone, depends on the painters of sea. And they are equal to the burden. I am not afraid to declare that five, if not six painters of sea, or at least of maritime life, are now living here and working, who equal any that have gone before. True to the spirit of their time, they do not attempt to epitomize the sea, they do not try to falsify and conventionalize its beauties, or to include them all on a single canvas; but nevertheless they catch more of its loveliness than any of the men who are dead, and their works have a personal note by which they will charm to a late generation: and of these five men, the subject of this paper is far from being the least distinguished.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM II., PRINCE OF ORANGE.

ENGRAVED BY J. AND L. GODFREY, AFTER D. W. WYNFIELD.

MR. WYNFIELD is one of those artists who appear to have had little difficulty in finding their line. From the first he has painted historical scenes, and, though he has gradually become less and less tragical, has now and then gone to the Bible for his history, and once or twice painted a scene of modern life, he paints history still. Always carefully choosing his subject, his pictures never lack interest, and his skill in composition, his completeness in finish, and solid, simple handling are in accordance with the traditions of the school to which he belongs, and of Sir David Wilkie, his ancestor. No one is more qualified than Mr. Wynfield to illustrate the history of royal children—a history often so sad and pitiful, so tragic and pathetic, and always so tempting, from the popular as well as the artistic side, that we wonder that it has never been chosen as a theme worthy the devotion of an artist's life. Now and again the Princes in the Tower, Prince Arthur, and the family of Louis XVI. have afforded themes for successful pictures; but they have been but incidents in a painter's career. We hope that as it was not the first, so it will not be the last of Mr. Wynfield's efforts in this direction. Not the first, we say, because we remember a charming picture of the little Mary Tudor perched in a big chair receiving an embassy in the absence of her father, Henry VIII., and entertaining them with a "tune" upon the virginals. This was in 1882, or the year before the present picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy. This gallant young prince who is making his speech to his future wife, was the father of William III. of Orange and England, and came to pay his juvenile court to the little Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I. The little princess was ill in bed, not to be seen, even by young Princes of Orange, though they came with the most important and the most honourable intentions. But where there is a will there is a way, and the young prince induced the brother of his lady-love to introduce himself and his tutor into the sick chamber. Somebody has told the tale (who was it?) to papa and mamma (Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria), and there they are behind the curtain, ready to hear the pretty speech and enjoy the pretty jest.

We cannot help congratulating ourselves on securing so brilliant a rendering of Mr. Wynfield's picture, and may perhaps be excused for pointing out the masterly manner with which the various textures—the velvet curtains, the damask tester, the wall-tapestry, the linen bed-clothes, the lace borders, the Turkey carpet, and the wooden floor—have been expressed by subtle variations of line. This has been accomplished by Mr. John Godfrey, one of our veteran line engravers, with the assistance of his son, Mr. Louis Godfrey, who, it may be mentioned, is the youngest of the small band who pursue this beautiful branch of Art.

Figure 1.

Figure 2.

Figure 3.

THE MOORISH DANCE.

ONE of the most picturesque bits of mediæval Munich is the Marienplatz, in the busiest centre of that artistic and not over-busy Bavarian capital. In its midst uprises the column dedicated to the Virgin, the patroness of Bavaria, a stately shaft of red marble, erected in the seventeenth century by Maximilian I., the enemy of Wallenstein, in memory of the victory he achieved at the White Mountain over his foes, the Protestants. At an angle of the Platz stands a characteristic Gothic building, with tall gabled roof, slender pinnacles, and square stately tower. This is the old Town Hall, within whose vast ancient state chamber, known as the Dancing-room, of which we see the tall, church-like window in our engraving overleaf, stand those carved wooden figures which are the theme of my article. In this magnificent apartment, built and decorated with all the luxury of the Middle Ages, were held the state festivals given by the town. It was one of the noblest halls of its kind on record. Its decorated pine ceiling alone was a glory in itself; its walls were richly frescoed, and above these walls ran a carved frieze of shields, on which were painted the crests of various cities of the empire. Between every twelfth shield was a sculptured niche, and in these niches stood the figures that are here engraved, dancing, it is supposed, some kind of quadrille. At the time of carving, the series was known as the *Maurscha tanntz* (probably early German for Moorish dance), and their maker's name was given as Erasmus Schnitzer. Since Schnitzer, however, means carver, we may suppose that after the common mediæval custom the surname got merged in the profession, and that all we are sure of is the artist's Christian appellation. What we do know certainly is that the statues were made in 1480, and that the skilful craftsman executed them for the, to our mind, beggarly sum of one hundred and fifty pounds weight of pennies (about £12). These are the only facts the most careful research has been able to elicit.

When King Louis I. of Bavaria ascended the throne, that Mecænas among modern princes, the dancing-hall of the old *Rathaus* had fallen into decay, its splendid ceiling had got bricked up, the very existence of these carved figures was forgotten. It was the sculptor Schwanthaler who unearthed them by a lucky accident, caused them to be cleaned, and obtained the royal permission to have them cast. In return for his services he requested to be allowed to keep two, a request that was granted. What has become of the two figures taken by Schwanthaler as his perquisite is not known. It is difficult to understand how a true artist could commit a piece of vandalism such as to break up a complete artistic

Figure 4.

series for his private delectation. If the carvings are in the possession of Schwanthaler's heirs they should at least deposit

a cast in the Town Hall. Nor is it any longer known in what sequence the figures originally stood, I must therefore speak of them at haphazard.

Figure 5.

It must be primarily borne in mind that the statues are carved out of wood, that rather stubborn and lifeless material which does not lend itself quite naturally to sculpture, but in which the old German masters have nevertheless achieved many triumphs, as witness, for example, the choir stalls of Ulm. After these particular figures were carved in wood, they were first primed with whiting, and then worked over again with the chisel. This mode of finishing carved work is frequently met with in altarpieces of the fourteenth and fifteenth century. By the smoother surface obtained in this way, however, some of the vigour and strength of the first chisel marks are lost.

These are the first impressions that a quick survey makes upon us. After so rapid a glance, in some minds the word grotesque might rise to the lips, but it would die away ere they have enunciated it. For a careful inspection shows that what at first glance might seem grotesque, is only the exuberant joy of the artist in his successful modelling that has led him into extravagances of fancy and movement, which of themselves, again, are so admirably suited to the theme they represent that they are quite properly part and parcel of the whole. It is little short of marvellous how, in those days of pre-instantaneous photography, the action of the drapery is rendered with absolute fidelity to the action of the body, a matter rare even in the greatest masters. The carver of these images must have had not only a true but a rapid eye. He studied drapery in action and was able not only to impress it on his mind but to reproduce it at will. And this adaptation of the drapery to the action is one of the chief beauties of this series, which, as a whole, is a marvellous contribution to that vexed question of the representation of movement in Art. Repose, as we all know, was the keynote of the best Greek period, and when later action was represented it was at a moment of pause, as in the Laocoon. To what extravagances the attempt to render movement led Bernini, all who have been to Rome are painfully aware. His statue looks as though it were out in a high wind, and the eye has not even the satisfaction of witnessing that the draperies blow correctly. Our craftsman while depicting his figures in the measured, or wildly frolicsome movement of their quaint dance, has hit upon a middle course which is perfectly admirable. Here is movement and yet repose. No restlessness seizes us as we gaze at the images, and yet how perfectly is the next movement indicated! If there be a halt at all, it is merely instantaneous. Admirable, too, is the fact that the drapery movement is harmonious throughout; back and front, the position of the draperies corresponding exactly to the momentum of the limb in action. Hence, the character of naturalness given to these figures which makes them, like all the works of genius of no time and period, but belonging of our day and of all ages. Put modern people into these dresses, let them make these actions, and they would look just like this. The costumes are an outer accident that has neither told on their deportment nor on their souls, as we shall presently discover when we look at them separately. Peter Visscher, Adam Krafft, for all their excellence, did not achieve this, did not rise to these heights. They remained of and in their period, their work could only have been the production of their time. It is noteworthy that these figures are honestly finished *all round*, and artistically perfect all round, although they are only seen from the front when in their places. The closer study we give to this detached series of figures the more we shall see how every line in them is fit, beautiful, and in its right place. And yet while perfect naturalism and truth have been thus visibly aimed at, they are also made pleasant to the eye; the drapery is bent into curves and lines just where they are needed, and a few little accessories of garb have obviously been introduced to help towards this effect.

Let us give the first place to the foreigner, the negro lad (Fig. 4) that has joined this European band. The negro as we know was a favourite figure with mediæval artists. His flat nose and thick lips, his African type, is in all respects perfectly indicated. See how his fleshy mouth runs up into a grin.

The Rathaus, Munich.

He dances with verve, he is dearly enjoying the rhythmic movement, but while he dances with go and spirit, he also trips it with measure, for his eyes are obviously intently fixed on some one, probably the leader of the band who gives the word of command. Indeed, all the figures have this look of attention in the eyes. Notice the bells on his leg, an ornament all have affixed somewhere in their attire. Their tinkling doubtless added to the wild merriment of the jig. Irresistibly comic is this black man in the mediæval costume he has donned, and with which his face and hair so ill accord. How carefully he is carved, how lovingly each detail is indicated, how beautifully the hands are modelled! Indeed, next to the marvel of the draperies, the treatment of hands throughout the series is most noteworthy; hands not only beautiful but characteristic also, expressing as hands do their owners' character. What a wonderful representation of wild animal spirits in this boy, what swing and movement in his attitude! With no less good-will, throwing himself no less into the excitement of the moment, is the youth (Fig. 8) whom the artist with happy audacity has depicted with a compact flowing mane of hair. His draperies wave about him in the mad impetus of his motions as he dances with a spirit in which no trace of effort is discoverable, as it is in the figures of some of the elders of the band. Note the perfection of his draperies, the flowing cloak, rendered a little thicker than would be the real material, hollowed out inside where it bulges forth out, an artistic device that gives lightness to the whole effect. Note, too, the daring in the attitude of the thrust-out leg, observe also the bells upon his arm and bodice, while round his leg is twined what doubtless is his lady's favour. How different in attitude and mental condition is the middle-aged man (Fig. 9) who capers to obey orders and the dictates of the measure! He presses his lips together in his eager desire to do well: another proof that the whole dance is not mere unbridled fun but has a serious artistic end. A Masaccio-like face is his, a face familiar in the frescoes of the great Florentine; clearly he is a

Figure 6.

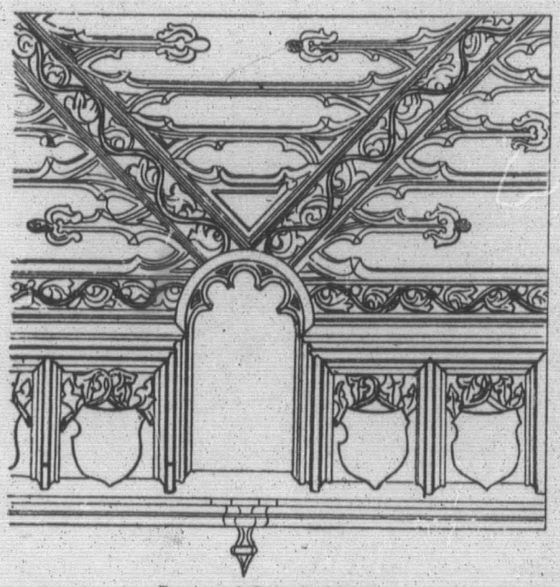
Figure 7.

Figure 8.

man of his period, in face as well as dress. He wears the upturned toes of the time, the padded shoulders—an effect rendered with rare skill by the artist, so that we see to an inch where the padding ceases and the soft drapery is allowed unimpeded flow.

A mediæval company that owned a negro would have held itself incomplete without a hunchback or a dwarf, for our mediæval forefathers had, combined with a love of physical beauty, a strange taste for natural deformities. Here is our hunchback (Fig. 2); his deformity is not severe, but it is there, though the distortion is half-hidden by the distortion of body demanded of the dance. His pointed jacket decorated with tassels, his conical foolscap indicate his place in the company. This hat is tied under his chin with a scarf that knots behind, evidently that it may not fall off in the eager movement of the dance. It is a keen, clever face this, that plays the buffoon, but knows full well what rôle he is playing. He has the habitual look of sharp cunning that marks the hunchback, his expression is half-cynical, half-supercilious. Where all is excellent it is invidious to specialize, but in the matter of expression this statue is perhaps the happiest of all. From every point of view it is beheld it presents a different mood and key of feeling. Here is another elder man (Fig. 6). On his head he wears a quaintly shaped head-dress that ends in a snake-like device. He too has tied it on to keep it steady in the mazes of the dance. Observe this touch of realism. Curious are his long flowing sleeves curled and knotted by his actions. His cheek is sunk, his lips are narrowed by age, yet he tries to smile and look merry as becomes his attitude, though closer inspection reveals that the smile is that forced look of pleasure observed but too often on the faces of ballet dancers and their ilk. He also wears the bells upon his left leg. Stately and dignified is Figure 5, who dances more soberly and marks his steps. His simple cap is also knotted with a ribbon under his chin. His costume is tight-fitting, with little that is free to catch the wind, but wherever it is so free the air has curled it; as witness where the loose bit from the elbow has twined round the wrist and where the flap of his tunic has been

forced between his legs. As will be readily seen, these figures would be wonderful studies in costume had they nothing else to offer. In tight-fitting garb, too, is Figure 10, with his turban-like head-dress, his jack-boots which he has literally danced through, for in the left foot we see the toes protruding. He has a pair of bold, impertinent eyes, and though he foots his part, he does not do so with the animal zest of many of his comrades. His lips are parted to a sneer, to which his flat-



Portion of Ceiling of Rathaus.

bridged and indented nosé with its thick broad point lends emphasis of expression. Our friend Figure 3 would seem to have anticipated the modern puggeree in his head-dress. Quite different is his action from that of his comrades. He dances timidly, cautiously, a caution expressed in his shrewd face. No need for him to tie on his hat—his movements are not energetic enough. His extended hands are full of life, his upraised forefinger seems to mark the time.

Reserved dignity, attention, and intelligence mark this figure, that has a pair of curiously earnest eyes. The ancient party (Fig. 3) with his curling sash, his tied-on cap, is a regular merry old clown. His age will not permit him to contort his body as much as his younger comrades can, but he makes up for it by the action of his hands and arms, which are full of fun and energy. What could be better, more comic in its effect, more finely executed, than his extended and bent-back palm? As for our next mannikin (Fig. 1), he is a Merry Andrew truly; and with what energy, what spirit he dances, how he enjoys thus gambolling and capering! His face is drawn into a broad smile, his hands clutch and beat the air that has filled his wide sleeves and blown them out into balloons. He no doubt is the wag of this goodly company. Alas, for figures eleven and twelve, what would they have had to show us! We may even venture to infer that they may have been the finest of all.

At the present moment the old Guildhall of Munich is undergoing thorough and careful restoration. The pine ceiling has been brought back to light, the niches and shields recovered, and our mannikins will once more fill their ancient sites. Possibly they may even be repainted as they were in their prime, for the restorer thinks he has recovered the original scheme of colour. We hope that when all is completed the two missing statues will have issued from their hiding-place and rejoined their comrades. In any case, Munich here boasts an Art-treasure bequeathed to it by the fifteenth century that should be more widely known and visited than it is. To lovers of Art, to sculptors and carvers, there can be no more instructive and interesting study than that of the figures in this Moorish dance, or dance of fools, as it is called in common parlance

We must not omit to mention that the figures have been drawn for this Journal with great fidelity by the pupils of Mr. Herkomer's school, from casts which that artist was fortunate enough to obtain when passing through Munich last autumn.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

Figure 9.

Figure 10.

ART NOTES.

MR. PETTIE has finished a portrait of Mr. Bret Harte, which will be seen at the forthcoming Royal Academy in London.

'Plato,' an important picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema, is fast nearing completion. The subject is suggested by the philosopher's visit to Sicily. The scene is the peristyle of a Sicilian temple built on a cliff overhanging the Mediterranean. Plato is seated between the shafts of two massive white marble columns expounding his philosophy to several listeners, among whom the most prominent is a lady in white. The landscape, with its dark ilexes and neutral olives and glimpses of sea, is bathed in brilliant, almost dazzling light, like the landscape in 'Sappho.'

The collection of autotypes from the National Gallery, made by Messrs. Braun & Co. through what appeared to many the partial complaisance of the authorities of that institution, are three hundred and forty-nine in number, sixty-five from pictures of the English school, and two hundred and eighty-four from works of the Continental schools.

Among recent additions to the South Kensington Museum none are more interesting than an exquisite specimen of French gouache painting of the last century, to which the name of Blaremberge has been provisionally given. Its subject is a courtly scene in a large walled garden. A lady in a sedan chair receives the homage of a gentleman who bends to kiss her hand; three more gentlemen stand near, one by his comparatively careless attitude seeming to be of much higher rank than the rest. Mr. G. W. Reid has suggested that the scene is the presentation of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., to Marie Antoinette, and that the artist is rather Jean Michel Moreau, "Moreau le Jeune," than Blaremberge. This explanation agrees ill, however, with the age of the lady here portrayed—she is at least thirty, while Marie Antoinette was no more than fifteen on her marriage—and with the costumes and orders worn by the men. These latter suggest Poland or Russia. As to the artist, he was most assuredly not A. van Blaremberge, whose work was much slighter, much more rapid and sparkling, and much less fused than this.

Sir Frederick Leighton's second spirit fresco, 'The Arts of Peace,' in the Museum, is making rapid progress. When it is finished the court in which it appears will be about the completest thing of its kind in the world; but one little alteration will be wanted to make it quite satisfactory, namely, the widening of the galleries before the two frescoes. At present these are so narrow that a proper view of the President's work is not to be had from them, while they are wide enough to intercept the view from below.

The South Kensington authorities would do well to copy a good example lately set them by those of the British Museum. At the latter institution courses of lectures—clinical lectures, we may call them—are now given in the galleries, and illustrated by reference to the actual objects themselves. The same thing might be done at Kensington, and at less expense, for lecturers competent to point out the beauties of furniture and *objets d'art* are not so rare or so costly as archæologists.

Among a number of the peculiar works of Art associated with the name of Mr. Jan Van Beers, there has been exhibited in London, in a so-called *Salon Parisien*, the last picture of Jules Bastien Lepage. It was left unfinished at his death. The subject is a small boy, a twelve-year old *ouvrier*, sharing his frugal mid-day meal with a cat. The scene is a cottage interior, with the signs about it of a poverty that is not quite comfortless. In the arrangement there is more balance than in most of this artist's works; of the details of handling and colour we cannot speak, as they are not carried far enough.

The great screen of Winchester Cathedral is to be restored. It was constructed by Cardinal Beaufort early in the fifteenth century; it is an excellent example of the best Perpendicular work, and, in its original state, held twenty-two large statues and thirty-four smaller ones; it was also pierced at the base by two doors. The statues have all disappeared, but if the funds are forthcoming, they will now be restored. In its general design this screen bears a very strong resemblance to the one at St. Albans; which is, however, less ornate.

The monument to the famous six citizens of Calais is to be executed by M. Rodin. It will be a group with Eustache de St. Pierre in the centre; and if it bear out the promise given by this sculptor in less ambitious work, it will be one of the most remarkable public monuments in Europe. Meanwhile the subscribers to it might do worse than set some one to find out the real truth of Froissart's story.

The decorations of the Pantheon—so far, at least, as painting is concerned—are now rapidly approaching completion. The next thing to be uncovered will be the panels entrusted to M. Paul Joseph Blanc, which treat of events in the career of Clovis, the *Légende de la Biche*, the breaking of the vase at Soissons, the baptism of Clovis, and so on. Nothing, however, is being done to get rid of the hideous dado and screens of canvas painted to look like carved wood, which have so long disfigured the most truly classic interior in Paris.

By the will of the late M. Albert Goupil, the Gobelins Museum comes into possession of several superb examples of French tapestry, and the Louvre is enriched by a bust, one of the finest works of Donatello.

The galleries now under construction at the Palais du Luxembourg will be a vast improvement upon those with which all visitors to Paris are familiar. The linear hanging space for pictures will be 1,150 feet in all, and the floor space for sculpture 4,600 square feet, the latter comprised in one long

gallery about 12 mètres wide by 38 in length. According to M. Etienne Arago's report, the light, which will be admitted from above, will leave not only no room or wall, but no single picture or statue, ill-lighted at any hour of the day. This is a change indeed from the old gallery, where one room was actually without any light beyond what could find its way in through the doorway.

The collection of the late Baron Davillier—or rather that part of it left by him to the country—is now placed in one of the rooms of the Louvre, the *Salle du Dôme*, by the colonnade, where it has been very well arranged by MM. Courajod and Molinier. The ivories, bronzes, wood carvings, porcelain, the Hispano-Moresque faïence, the tapestries, &c., are now to be seen together. After a time they will be distributed among the different departments of the great National Museum. The glass and porcelain will be sent to Sèvres.

The latest purchases by the Louvre are not altogether happy. Visitors to Haarlem will remember the hospice founded by the Beresteyn family, in which four pictures by Frans Hals have been hanging ever since they were painted. They are portraits respectively of Nicolaas van Beresteyn, of his sister, of a child, Emerance, and of his brother surrounded by wife and children. Of all the four, only one, the 'Emerance,' is a fine example of the master. The other three were painted in his unsatisfactory first manner, and are now, moreover, in very bad condition, the large group, especially, being loaded with repaints. By the terms of its foundation the hospital was compelled to preserve the portraits of Nicolaas and his family; this condition the regents have evaded by taking it to mean that although their founder required them to keep the portraits of him and his, he did not confine them to these particular pictures by Frans Hals, but that his spirit would be equally pleased with copies. Copies were accordingly made, and very good copies, and they now occupy the place vacated by the original works. The 'Emerance' was soon sold to the Baroness William de Rothschild of Frankfort for 100,000 guilders (about £7,000), and now the other three pictures have gone to the Louvre, the price paid being 50,000 guilders. Careful treatment may do something to make them more sightly than they are, but they can never take rank among the real treasures of the French Museum.

The new catalogue of the drawings in the Louvre has just been issued. Reference to it shows that the collection includes no less than 36,900 drawings. A few men, however, and those not of the first rank, are responsible for a very large proportion of this enormous total. Le Brun, for instance, is represented by 2,389 drawings, Bouchardon by 846, and Annibale Caracci by 358.

The truth as to the purchase of the Holzshuher Dürer by the Berlin Museum has now come to light. The picture has really been bought, but the sum given for it was much less than the rumoured million of marks; it was, in fact, 350,000 marks (£17,000), which is a liberal price for a small panel, even when Albert Dürer has painted a head upon it. For many years past the picture has been hanging in the Germanisches Museum at Nuremburg, to which it was lent by the descendants of Holzshuher himself. It is understood that even larger sums had been offered for it by private collectors and refused.

By the death of Prince Paul Demidoff, Europe has lost the most indefatigable collector of works of Art it has seen since the days of Lord Hertford. Prince Paul had been the master of an immense fortune ever since he was seventeen, and a decade or two ago his doings afforded a theme for all the gossips in France and Italy. Inheriting his uncle, Prince Anatole's, palace at San Donato, in the Val d'Arno, just outside the gates of Florence, he laid himself out for a time to embellish it and increase its collections. But some five years ago, as our readers will remember, these collections were dispersed and Prince Paul transferred his energies to the ruined villa of the Medicis at Pratolino. Thither he invited M. A. de Baudot, a pupil of M. Viollet-le-Duc, to help him in his building projects. But to these death has now put an end, before anything but the picture gallery of the new palace has been completed.

The authorities of the Vienna museum believe that a marble statue of Artemis, recently acquired by them in Cyprus, is the work of a pupil of Praxiteles. With the exception of the forearms it is in perfect condition.

The National Museum at Brussels is not one of the fashionable picture galleries of Europe. People go to Antwerp, and the Hague, and Bruges, and Amsterdam, to look at pictures, but if most travellers were questioned about the gallery of Brussels, it would be the horrors of the Weertz Museum that would start up first in their minds. And yet the Belgian national collection is a very rich one, within strictly national lines. It has long suffered, however, from the want of a good catalogue, and from the presence of an unreasonable amount of very poor things. It is now announced that a catalogue of the modern pictures will soon be published, and that, meanwhile, the pictures themselves will be re-arranged and, it is to be hoped, weeded.

A discovery of some interest has been made at Athens. While digging foundations for a new house on a level space to the south of the Acropolis, between the temple of Jupiter Olympus and the new military hospital, the workmen found a stone with an uninjured inscription dating from the fifth century B.C. This inscription recites an order for an enclosure to be made round the temple of Codrus, and for two hundred olive-trees to be planted in it. Until this discovery no one knew there had been a temple of Codrus at Athens.

A society has been recently formed in Athens for the study of Christian archæology; it forms a sort of complement to the *Greek Archæological Society*, which concerns itself chiefly with classic remains. The new society is late in coming into the field, but it may do much to preserve relics of Byzantine Greece.

The project for a British school at Athens seems now in fair way to become a fact. The committee has been formally authorised by the subscribers to begin building on the site presented by the Greek Government, so that in the course of a year or two a house and a library at least will be provided. The next thing required will be an endowment of about £15,000, guaranteeing an income of about £600 a year. For this the committee look confidently to the public.

The parliament of New South Wales has voted a sum of £10,000 for the completion of the Colonial National Art Gallery; and it is hoped that it will be finished within the present year.

The present exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts ranks among the best this body has yet held. This gratifying result is due entirely to the spirit which animates the council of the Institute, and directs them in their organization of the exhibition. They endeavour to draw contributions from as wide an area as possible, and there is no other gallery in Great Britain where there can be seen hanging together works of more varied nationality and representative of more widely differing schools. A glance round the walls will prove the truth of our assertion. We see important places occupied by works by Albert Moore, Burne Jones, Bouguereau, Israels, Cecil Lawson, Henry Moore, Sir Henry Raeburn, W. B. Richmond, Poynter, Bergeret, Patrick Nasmyth, Colin Hunter, Phil. Morris, Fantin, Alma-Tadema, Gregory, Clausen, Beyle, Carrier-Belleuse, Lhermitte, and many others well known to fame and very dissimilar in their styles. A cosmopolitan collection such as this affords opportunities for comparison and aids to Art-education that are given by few other provincial exhibitions. Local artists have not, with a few exceptions, made any great advance. One of the exceptions is Mr. C. J. Lauder. His 'Thames at Greenwich' and one or two of his smaller canvases show that he has got on the right line. His tone is cool and pleasant, and his method shows self-restraint. The greater part of Mr. Duncan Mackellar's large picture, 'Covenanting Times,' is exceedingly good, and his single figure of 'An Ironside' is decidedly the best thing he has yet done. Among the other Glasgow men who exhibit good work are P. Macgregor Wilson, whose 'Firstlings of the Flock' is one of the best pictures of the year in tone and style, Mr. Thomas Hunt, and Mr. Alex. Mann, whose 'Artificial-Flower-workers of Paris,' modelled on Van Haanen's style, is decidedly clever. Mr. Joseph Henderson has two life-like portraits and two breezy out-of-door coast scenes, full of air and freshness.

Mr. Auguste Blanchard, who has for the past twelve years been almost entirely occupied with the translation of Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures, has now completed for Mr. L. H. Lefevre the engraving of that artist's two hundred and forty-first work. 'The Parting Kiss' has never been publicly exhibited, and on this account the engraving comes with agreeable freshness. The scene represented is the good-bye of a Roman mother and, we presume, her daughter (for critics apparently differ considerably as to the sex of the last named) preparatory to the lady's departure in the chariot of a friend for the amphitheatre. That building is seen in the distance, forming the termination to a street down which pass other equipages of peculiar form bent on the same errand. In the engraving some of the accessories appear to be rather too demonstrative, but taken as a whole we are fain to confess that no other engraver could have rendered Mr. Tadema's work in so admirable a manner as Mr. Blanchard.

REVIEWS.

"IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES." By Lady Brassey (Longmans, Green & Co.).—A large public of readers are admirers of Lady Brassey as a travelling companion—and good and equal spirits with a large capacity for enjoyment are proverbially desirable in that relation. If her work has obvious and obstinate carelessness of style, and if she is apt to follow a capital bit of description with some little platitude of comment, these faults seem to be part of the naturalness of all she does. They are, besides, merely literary faults; there is no carelessness in Lady Brassey's excellent plans of action, and there are no platitudes in her fresh actual pleasure in all she sees and does. And the same public is familiar with the little ways of the *Sunbeam*, the details of her owners' life on the ocean wave, the picturesque nooks in her saloon, the services held on her deck, and the feats of her cook. This last voyage was a shorter flight than the first recorded by Lady Brassey's energetic pen. An exceedingly uncomfortable transit was made by the writer and her children in the *Norham Castle*, from Dartmouth to Madeira, the passengers and all their effects being drenched through and through by seas that rushed below through the vessel's shrunken planks. Needless to say that Lady Brassey's good-humour never flinched under the destruction of the greater part of her outfit; she comforted her companions in misery, and seems to have taken a certain artistic pleasure in the festoons of sodden boots and shoes that were hung out on deck in the faint hope of restoration. At Funchal Sir Thomas Brassey received his wife and family on board the *Sunbeam*, and the voyage to the West was thenceforth in accordance with that vessel's cheerful name. Bearing towards the south, the course of the voyagers took them to the Islands of Trinidad and Margarita, and to the main coast; then it turned northwards and westwards to Jamaica, round the great Bahama Bank, and in and out of the Bahama Islands. Thence homewards, touching at Bermuda and the Azores—specks in the great ocean that divides two worlds. The climbs and clambers on the Madeira mountain-sides, the magnificent heights and valleys and virgin forests of the north of Trinidad, and the opulent tropical beauties of its botanic gardens, give Lady Brassey material for some of her pleasantest chapters. She herself, of course, did everything—kept her nerve on the horribly sharp curves of the railway of Caracas, crossed the great pitch lake in Trinidad, "did" the sugar, cocoa, and sponge processes (describing them with intelligent accuracy), ran through the negro dialects, bought native bangles, and got the utmost pleasure and profit out of everything. The book is thickly illustrated with attractive little woodcuts by Mr. R. T. Pritchett.

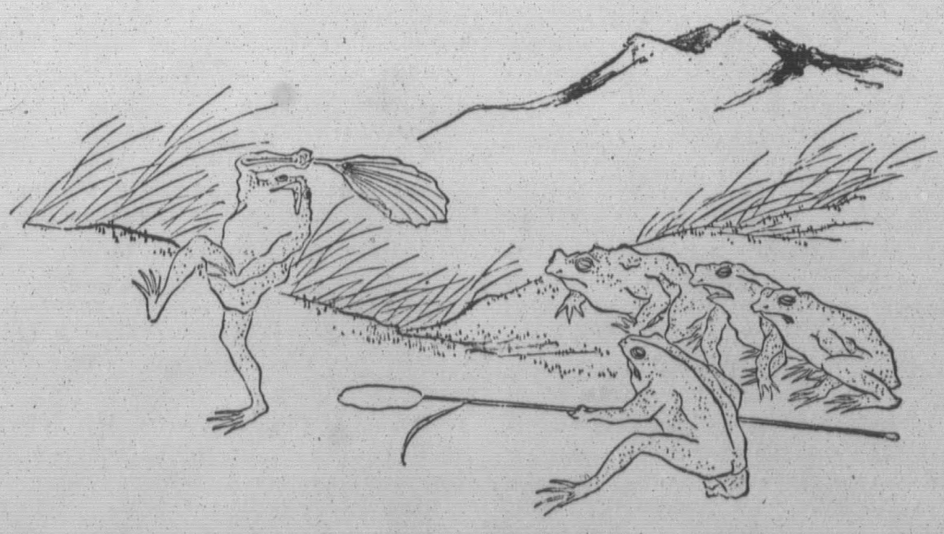
"SKETCHES IN SPAIN, FROM NATURE, ART, AND LIFE." By John Lomas (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black; London: Longmans, Green & Co.).—This latest record of rambles in Spain is written with a general intelligence and observation, if without any special distinction or charm of style. From his introduction the author might be expected to show more sympathy with Spain and Spaniards than he does in fact display as he proceeds on his travels. It is true he deprecates the attitude still assumed by the Englishman who believes that the people of a country are bent upon fleecing his opulent self, and that they are guilty of some grave inter-

national form of impertinence if they prefer paper to British gold. Some Britons are curiously sensitive on this one point—comfortably complacent when the national sovereign commands a premium from the foreigner, and gravely aggrieved when, as in Spain, it is at a discount. Mr. Lomas has not this precise form of weakness. Nevertheless, he travels through Roman Catholic Spain with his mind strongly inclined to sympathy with the Jew, the Mussulman, and the infrequent Protestant. He takes for proven the coarse accusations made by a class of the town populations against the unfortunate priests, who have been reduced to a salary not sufficient to keep them from hunger, and are daily insulted by caricatures of a gross nature. Mr. Lomas treats interestingly the large subject of Spanish architecture; his historical references show careful preparation, and he indulges in no picturesque English; indeed, his fault is rather on the other side. We could have spared the description of a bull-fight, but are resigned to it as to the inevitable.

"SKETCHES IN HOLLAND AND SCANDINAVIA." By Augustus J. C. Hare (Smith, Elder & Co.).—Among several little books on Dutch travel that have recently appeared Mr. Hare's will be popular for its handy size and light manner. Without being strikingly amusing it is yet never wearisome. The writer takes us rapidly, though conscientiously, through the picture galleries, but is more interested in architectural matters, the slight illustrations of the little volume being mainly devoted to architecture. His rambles through the bygone cities of the Zuyder Zee were full of pleasant experiences, but he records his visit to Kampen and Zwolle without any reference to the author of the "Imitation of Christ." The principal thing set down about Kampen is that the author could get nothing to eat at the inn at mid-day. He is, indeed, one of the hungriest tourists we have met for some time. His expressions of thankfulness for trout and salmon, coffee and cream, have a note of sincerity in them that moves the envy of the feeble of appetite. He tells us that his principal object in going to Norway had been to see the old wooden church of Hitterdal; nevertheless, his hunger was such after the drive which took him there that he "could only endure" to remain half an hour. His notes of travel in Norway are very tempting to tourists attracted to the north.

"THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND WALES" (Cassell & Co.).—The studies here published, with excellent illustrations, are by several hands. The thirty-five cathedrals are treated descriptively, historically, and pictorially, and always popularly, the bishop of one diocese contributing the paper that relates to his own church, while canons, deans, prebendaries, and archdeacons have been at work elsewhere. It is very pleasant to have the notes and comments of those who know by heart (in the full sense of the term) the noble works of which they write, and have not merely "got up" the history and the locality for a purpose. There is an enthusiasm in the scholarship of one in whose daily life the Galilee of Durham or Lincoln cloister bears a familiar part; at the same time such a writer is not led into excited writing. Each paper is readable, brief, and well constructed. Among the illustrations special mention should be made of a spirited drawing of St. Paul's from the Surrey side. Most of the others are accurate rather than effective.

"THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA." By George W. Cable (J. C. Nimmo).—To English readers Mr. Cable's name has been lately made not only eminent but dear by his admirable novel "Dr. Sevier;" and more information from him about the Creoles whom he has drawn there with such a significant and exquisite touch will be welcome. But for the influence of that memorable book the interest of his present study of the Creoles would be perhaps too local. It is only persons thoroughly familiar with the history and topography of the various provincial capitals of the States who would generally give attention to a detailed volume about the things of New Orleans. Mr. Cable has a genius for the right rendering of dialect, accent, and inflection, so that it is a disappointment to find little study of language in "The Creoles." The book is principally historical, is well and gravely written, and fully illustrated.

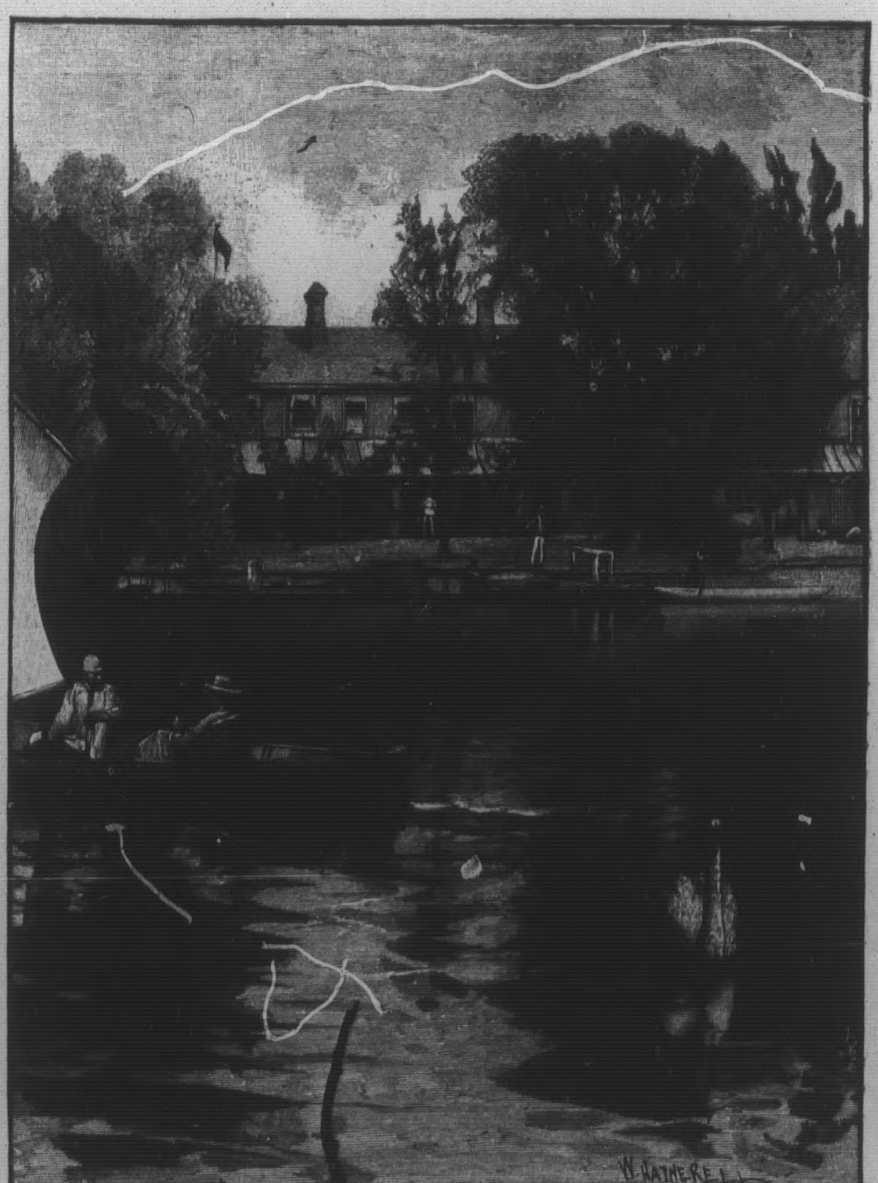


From Louis Gonse's 'L'Art Japonais.'

LONDON CLUB-LAND.*

II.

LEARNED writers on the social and political life of the past have a fancy for digging up the etymology of the word *club*, and for tracing to its beginnings the history of the kind of institution which it names. The result only goes to confirm the wise saying in the first verse of the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes. In these days practical science is the only new ground. Everything else has been done before. A good deal that scientists even claim as new is old. Generally, however, science has a world to itself. Nothing else is really new. Friendship is as old as love, and social amenities belong to the first tribes of men. Sociability is the life and soul of a club; and clubs, even on the lines of our modern institutions, existed when Homer recited his heroic ballads. With his predilection for Germany, Carlyle necessarily sought for the origin of clubs in the records of the Fatherland. Standing up for their Anglo-Saxon origin, Mr. Timbs thus combats the Scotch philosopher:—"Mr. Carlyle, in his 'History of Frederick the Great,' assumes that the vow of the Chivalry orders—*gelübe*—in vogue about A.D. 1190, 'passed to us in a singularly dwindled condition: club we now call it.' To this it is objected that the mere resemblance in sound of *gelübe* and *club* is inconclusive, for the orders of Templars, Hospitallers, and Prussian knights were never called clubs in England; and the origin of the noun need not be sought for beyond its verb, to *club*, when persons joined in paying the cost of the mutual entertainment. Moreover, *klubb* in German means the social club, and that word is borrowed from the English, the native word being *zeche*, which, from its root and compound, conveys the idea generally of joint expenditure, and specially in drinking." But on this principle the Athenians were among the earliest known and recorded club-men. The Spartans had clubs, and elected members by ballot. Take up your Plutarch, refresh your memory with his life of Lycurgus, and note how fresh he is. In his account of the feasts of the Lacedemonians one might be reading a modern author. "They met by companies of fifteen, over or under, and each



The Guards' Club at Maidenhead. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

* Continued from page 100.

of them stood bound to bring in monthly a bushel of meal, eight gallons of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs for their dessert, and a little money to buy flesh and fish withal. Besides this, when any of them made sacrifice to the gods, they always sent a dole to the common hall; and likewise when any of them had been a-hunting, he sent thither a part of the venison he had killed." I am quoting from a translation "by several hands," printed by Jacob Tonson in 1683, and it is most pleasant and invigorating to dip into the strong, simple, idiomatic English that men wrote and spoke two hundred years ago. "When any one had a desire to be admitted into any of these little societies, he was to go through this manner of probation: each man in the company took a little ball of soft bread to throw into a deep basin, which a waiter carried round upon his head: those that lik'd the person to be chosen drop'd their ball into the basin without altering the figure; and those who dislik'd him press'd it betwixt their fingers, and made it flat: and this signify'd as much as a *negative* voice; for if there were but one of these flatted pieces in the basin the suitor was rejected: so curious they were in the choice of their company, and so tender of disgusting any one member in it, by taking in a man unacceptable to him."

The very essence of strict club life, as we understand it to-day, is contained in the admonition which Plutarch says was delivered at every meeting. "It was customary for the eldest man in the company to tell each of them, as they came in, 'Look ye, sir, not a word said in company must go out of this door,' and withal he pointed to it." Need any more be said about the antiquity of clubs? And is it worth while contending for their Anglo-Saxon origin? Whatever people invented the cognomen Club, it is certain that the thing it means is as old as the hills. No modern nation, however, has adopted the institution with such thoroughness as England, nor does any other city in the world possess so interesting and characteristic a record of club life as that which is mixed up with the history of London. Our unwritten law respecting the friendly confidence of the club-house, makes it difficult to attempt anything like detailed personal sketches of interiors. One is bound to observe the golden rule, until the talk of to-day and the men and the times have become fit subjects for the historian. Happily much that is entertaining in connection with London clubs belongs to the past, and if the pen is sometimes constrained, the pencil is allowed a special freedom: and so, between the two, London clubs may well prove an attractive subject for an illustrated chat.

Brooks's Club, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

Brooks's, from being farmed by Almacks, was "taken" by a wine-merchant and money-lender, who goes down to posterity in the title of the club. It migrated from Pall Mall to a handsome house in St. James's Street. But "liberal" Brooks—

> "Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
> Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid,"

lost money by his enterprise, retired from business soon after the new house was opened, and died a poor man. The club numbered among its members Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Hume, Walpole, Gibbon, and Wilberforce. The correspondence of the time contains many records of the witty sayings and repartees that enlivened the conversation at Brooks's. Referring to a projected tax on iron, a member suggested that it would be better to raise the necessary money on coals. "That would indeed be out of the frying-pan into the fire," said Sheridan.

There is something of the old-fashioned air of the past about the Brooks's of to-day. The house is more like a private establishment than a club. Collectively, the members affect Whiggism (if such a thing exists nowadays) in politics; individually, they keep their principles pretty well to themselves, or for the club, where they are bound to declare them. The leading ideas of Brooks's are centred in comfort, good dinners, old wines, and a quiet rubber.

The Guards' Club commenced housekeeping in St. James's Street, but in 1850 removed to No. 70, Pall Mall. It has the appearance of a private house, so modest are its architectural pretensions. Mr. Henry Harrison was its architect. It is admirably designed for convenience and comfort. Members

must be officers of one of the three foot regiments of Guards, or have held a commission. Retired officers must be balloted for.

In manful contrast to "pleasant idling" in town, is the scene that may be witnessed almost any day on the lovely reaches of the upper Thames near Maidenhead. Adjoining a famous hostelrie on the river, the younger members of the Guards' Club have established themselves in charming rural quarters as "The Guards' Boating Club." "A girl graduate," in a recent *Pall Mall Gazette*, "rhapsodises" with cleverness and method on the dress that gives most freedom to the limbs, most individuality to the body. The moral of her essay is picturesquely pointed by the Guards at their river-side quarters. Flannels, knickerbockers, square-toed shoes, the appearance of the young athletes is in marked contrast to the "belted knights" on parade. Englishmen delight in getting into flannels, and the military authorities have long since begun to relieve our soldiers in the East of the ancient encumbrances of army tailors.

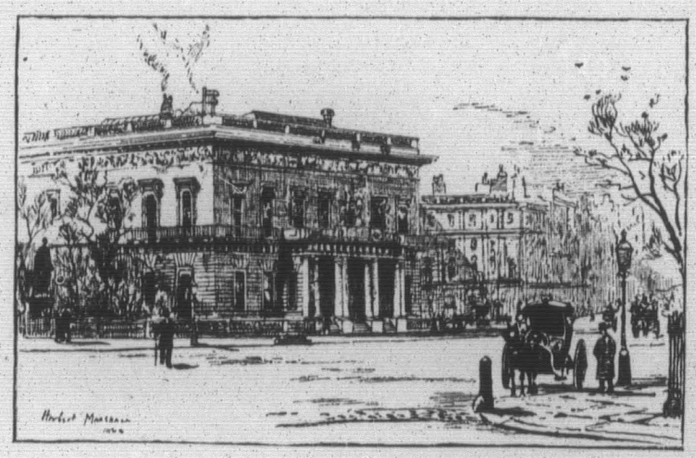
It is a common thing for city clubs in America to have summer retreats on the same principles as those so wisely adopted by the Guards. Philadelphia, for instance, is especially notable for its club-houses on the river; and New York and Chicago men have retreats in Canada and "out West," where it is allowable for married members to take their wives. A friend of mine in the Empire City has summer quarters for

The Reform and Carlton Clubs. Engraved by R. Paterson, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

himself and wife in a famous club-house of fishermen on a Canadian river; and another spends many summer days at a similar station on an American lake. Members are introduced and elected by ballot, with the same observances of discipline as in other clubs. This system of using a club as a lodging is much in vogue in the United States, and is often a great boon to members. The Union League Club-House has many sets of chambers where members may live as in an hotel, with the advantage of being in authority over the servants, and paying club rates for whatever they may require.

Some of our early clubs had chambers for members, but only in a small way. During the last few years, however, the provinces (which often lead London to good ideas) have extended this use of clubs. There is a handsome residential club at York; but London has "bettered the example" in a branch establishment of the Orleans at Brighton. The *Telegraph* reminds us, touching Thackeray's pictures of club life in his time, that the cheerless grandeur, the severe Doric gloom so impressive at the Acropolis, the Oleander, the Sarcophagus, no longer strike readers with that humorous sense of present fitness which was their fresh and original charm; and the Orleans Residential Club at Brighton is instanced on the other side, the Victorian side of the picture, with the remark that "it is something more than a country club, for Brighton is a detached quarter of London itself, a satellite so near as to be part and parcel of the world for which it

shines." No better beginning could be made in the direction of pleasant suburban clubs. The other day, at Philadelphia,



The Athenæum Club, from a Drawing by H. Marshall.

I drove along the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and passed the pretty country quarters of club after club. Town clubs are deserted in the hot summer days, when the members adjourn to their country quarters. If American ideas were adopted generally in London, the Reform, Carlton, Garrick, Athenæum, all the great clubs, would have their country houses at Henley, Wargrave, Maidenhead, or Hurley. It may become historical that Lord Randolph Churchill wrote the first letter ever published with the Orleans Residential Club address upon it. That letter was the spirited young Tory's gage of battle to the Radical Mayor of Birmingham.

The Orleans Residential is not a family house in the American sense. The members' wives are not lodged there. A married men's club, in which *materfamilias* could make occasional holiday with her husband and the children, is another new departure which we may live to see at Brighton. Hitherto in London every effort in this direction may be said to have failed. The most recent attempt to approach the idea of a club at which a member's wife, daughters, or sisters might be welcomed was the Falstaff, at Evans's, in Covent Garden. The New Club is housed there now. The exterior of the place has a somewhat bizarre appearance, but the theatre is one of the handsomest among the small houses in the metropolis, and the decorations of the billiard-room are unique, the idea carried out being a sort of panoramic epitome of an ancient English village. Nothing was to be more delightful in its social exercises and privileges than the Falstaff. It was to rival the Mirliton's of Paris and the Bohemian club of San Francisco. At one of the early meetings of the promoters and members, Mr. Sala described the perfect propriety which characterized the reunions, the soirées, the gala days of the French and Californian clubs. A series of entertainments on their lines were planned. One or two took place. They certainly established the feasibility of the union of man and wife at the club in such a way as to discount the humorous satire of Tom Hood, who, thirty years ago, under the influence of a feminine agitation against clubs, thus sang the lament of English wives in *The Comic Annual*:—

"Of all the modern schemes of man
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My wedded friends they all allow
They meet with slights and snubs,
And say, 'They have no husbands now,
They're married to the clubs.'"

The Falstaff failed for want of funds, and it hardly deserved to succeed with a title that utterly misrepresented its excellent objects.

The Lotos, which had a handsome suite of rooms near Oxford Circus, met with no better success than the Falstaff. An effort was made at the outset to "regulate" the introduction of ladies. All went well for a time. The ladies came, gave "afternoon teas" and evening receptions; but they conducted their entertainments on such economical principles that they left the management no profits. The club was named after an entirely different institution in New York. The Lotos of the Empire City is a club which may be described as something between our Garrick and the Savage, possessing some of the attractions of both, with the freedom of a New York club, and the speciality of a monthly reception or soirée. These reunions are of the pleasantest character. They are very popular with the ladies of New York. The Century (the Garrick of America) has a weekly meeting of members and friends, and now and then opens its rooms for an exhibition of pictures. It is, I fear, useless for a new club to hope to introduce innovations of this kind into London club-land proper. Only established institutions, such as the Athenæum, the Garrick, and other high-class, non-political clubs could popularise so new a departure. They are not, however, likely to entertain any such proposals, even if they were made, though the Garrick, within the last two years, spreads a nightly supper for members and guests in the strangers' room; while on the day when the public is admitted to see the pictures it has actually been known to offer ladies a dish of tea after their tour of the rooms—concessions which fill the future full of revolutionary possibilities.

The Theatre of the New Club. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

JOSEPH HATTON.

(To be continued.)

THE GALLERY OF PICTURES BY THE OLD MASTERS, FORMED BY FRANCIS COOK, ESQ., OF RICHMOND.

DURING the last thirty or forty years the current of picture collecting in this country has changed, and indeed has set almost exclusively in a new direction—that of modern, mainly English, Art.

The great galleries which have been formed during this time have, for the most part, been got together by wealthy merchant princes and industrialists, and, as a rule, they have not been of long duration. The immense sums now currently paid for high-class modern pictures, and the rapid mutations in fashionable appreciation of the works of particular artists, have indeed seldom permitted the gatherings thus made to be kept, for any lengthened periods, out of the sale rooms. Moreover, the collectors of modern pictures, as a class, have not wished to entail their acquisitions on future generations. All this is in strong contrast to the tastes and proceedings of the earlier generation of picture collectors. Formerly the old masters were all in all, and the aristocracy and landed gentry of the country were the principal collectors of such works. The great country houses and town mansions were looked on as permanent places of deposit for the ever-accumulating treasures of successive generations, and under this régime all Europe had in the long run yielded up the greater portion of its Art wealth to this country.

Lady at a Harpsichord. Engraved by J. Johnstone, after Gabriel Metzu.

Coincident with the mutation of popular appreciation of pictorial art in England, however, social changes of great importance were taking place in other respects. The country houses and great mansions of England have, in consequence, for years past, been silently but surely yielding up the treasures which more favoured generations had amassed. In this revolution there is both good and evil: thousands of fine pictures were, and are still, perishing from mere apathy and neglect in English houses, and their being thrown on the market is often practically a rescue from destruction; but unfortunately now, when they are so rescued, it is too often only to be sent out of the land where they have so long sojourned. The great rise in the pecuniary value of pictures, again, has not been confined to works of modern origin; we have just seen, indeed, in the nation's purchases from the Marlborough collection, an astounding instance of the paramount estimation in which the acknowledged *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient Art are now held; nor is this an isolated instance. For many years past, especially in the category of ancient Dutch and Flemish pictures, the prices realised for fine examples of favourite masters have augmented in a really astonishing manner. Literally the Cuyps, Metzus, Rembrandts, and Ostades which, twenty or thirty years ago, were thought highly appraised at the rate of hundreds of pounds each, are now eagerly hunted out and struggled for on the footing of more than as many thousands. The tide, moreover, has at last completely turned, and Continental amateurs, catered for by a legion of clever and astute French, German, Dutch, and Italian dealers, have found England the most fruitful hunting-ground for such treasures. We are, in fact, now yielding up to other countries the works of Art of which they were formerly despoiled, almost as rapidly as we acquired them. Every lover of Art, indeed every patriotic Englishman, must experience some sense of national loss, some feeling, however slight, of humiliation at this unwonted drain upon the Art wealth of the country, and a correspondent feeling of grateful approval will be entertained, whenever any one comes forward to rescue fine works of Art from foreign competitors. The formation, then, of any important gallery in this country, more especially of works of the old masters, intended to be of fixed and permanent establishment, has become a really noteworthy and important occurrence. The National Gallery has done much, but yet not nearly enough, in intercepting fine works which would otherwise have been carried out of England, and doubtless as time goes on, public galleries in the great provincial centres will also take action in the same direction: but in the meantime

Portrait of a Knight of Malta. Engraved by C. Dietrich, after Titian.

we are rapidly losing precious and irreplaceable works. No apology need then be offered for bringing to the notice of our readers the existence of a truly splendid collection, quickly and persistently, yet not less judiciously, formed during the last fifteen or twenty years.

In the present instance the founder intends that his acquisitions should be made as accessible to all real lovers of Art as is possible in the case of a private collection, and also that it should be rendered as fixed and stable a possession as the laws which determine the future destination of private property will allow. It is obviously desirable, then, that this Journal should take notice of a gathering not only in itself of the first importance, but which, in a measure, appeals to the Art world under such satisfactory auspices.

Nor are pictures the only staple of the collection in question. Antique Greek and Roman marbles, bronzes and vases, one of the choicest series of antique cameos and intaglios in any private hands in this country, majolica wares and precious works in a hundred other categories of Mediæval and Renaissance Art, are represented in scarcely less wealth of illustration. The energetic and fortunate gatherer of these treasures is Mr. Francis Cook, of Richmond and St. Paul's Churchyard, Visconde de Montserrat in Portugal, where Mr. Cook possesses an estate and residence of historic note at Cintra, near Lisbon. Mr. Cook's pictures and other Art treasures, however, are mainly housed in a spacious gallery attached to his residence at Richmond.

In offering from time to time illustrations from the pictures, etc., in this gallery, we shall not confine ourselves to the special and obvious masterpieces, for, in the fullest sense of the term, Mr. Cook's collection is a comprehensive and representative one. The founder, in fact, has had no exclusive predilection for particular periods or schools of Art; although perhaps it may be stated that Mr. Cook's connection with the Peninsula, and his great opportunities there, have naturally brought about especially complete illustration of the Spanish school. The collection, then, will be found to convey a catholic and universal view of pictorial art from its early dawnings to modern times.

In Italian Art the stream of development may be followed from its earliest evidences in the works of the ancient or "primitive" painters through the brilliant ranks of the great Florentine, Venetian, Bolognese, and Lombard masters down even to the Canalettos and Guardis of the last century. Early Flemish Art is represented by important and authentic works of Van Eyck, Mabuse, Vandergoes, and Van Orlay, whilst in the great Dutch and Flemish schools of the seventeenth century, it is sufficient to cite the names of Rubens, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Metzu, Teniers, Ostade, and Vandyck, De Hooge, and Ruysdael—indeed, there is scarcely a famous name missing from the roll of great masters. In the French school again are to be found important productions of Janet Clouet, Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Greuze, and Chardin. In the division of Peninsular Art, as we have intimated, the Richmond Gallery is especially complete; indeed, nowhere in this country can an equally varied and instructive series be found. Here alone indeed may be realised the fact that the early fifteenth and sixteenth century masters of Spain and Portugal were scarcely less numerous and able than their contemporaries and compeers in Italy and Flanders. The works of these early masters are followed by a rich array of examples of Morales, El Greco, Alonzo Cano, Velas-

La Fornarina.
Engraved by J. D. Cooper, after Sebastian del Piombo.

quez, and Murillo. Lastly, a few specimens of the earlier

English school, pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, and Turner, may be cited as bringing to a close the varied schedule of master-works before us.

In making our selection of pictures for illustration from Mr. Cook's gallery, the difficulty has literally been to choose from amongst so many treasures of high average merit. In a gathering of about five hundred pictures, there are indeed few which even the most fastidious amateurs would wish to eliminate. The first on our list is a noble work of Fra Bartolommeo. This picture, painted on panel, and fortunately in the most perfect possible state of conservation, is, moreover, authenticated by the explicit and very interesting signature of the master, with the date of the production (one year only before his death). The signature is as follows :—

F. BART^{O} OR ^{IS} PREDIC
FLOREN,
1516.

The "frate" has thus recorded the fact of his affiliation to the order of "predicanti" or preaching friars. Of these Florentine monks, after the sainted painter Fra Angelico, the most famous type was Bartolommeo's friend, Savonarola, whose tragic martyrdom, together with the stirring events which have conferred an undying interest on the famous old convent of San Marco, will be in every one's recollection. Within the walls of that convent the present work was undoubtedly executed. The size of the picture is 4 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft., and there can be little doubt that it is the most important specimen of this rare master in this country.

It may be noted that, as yet, the National Gallery does not possess any picture of Fra Bartolommeo, and of the other great European public collections, the Louvre, the Museum of the Belvedere at Vienna, and the Pitti Palace, so far as the writer is aware, alone possess examples up to the level of the present work. The subject of the picture is obvious; it may be characterized either as a Holy Family or a "Sacra Conversazione," the personages represented being the Virgin, the infant Christ, and St. John and St. Anne. It may be added that the picture has all the customary transparency and luminousness of the master; the depth and brilliancy of colour, indeed, are comparable to those of an enamel of Limoges.

Holy Family, with the infant St. John and St. Anne.
Engraved by C. Dietrich, after Fra Bartolommeo.

We have next to notice an important and most interesting work of another famous Italian painter monk, Fra Sebastian del Piombo. This very celebrated Venetian painter, however, was but a quasi-religionist, for it was only in his later time, after he settled in Rome, and for the sake of the loaves and fishes, in the shape of a lucrative office at the Papal court, that as an indispensable condition of its tenure, he entered into holy orders.

The picture before us, however, is of the period of his earlier and more excellent practice, whilst still working for fame in Venice. The identity of the splendidly beautiful Italian woman portrayed in this picture with the celebrated 'Fornarina' of the Florence Tribune, cannot fail to strike every observer to whom the latter world-renowned portrait is familiar; but everybody knows that the baker's beautiful daughter of the Trastevere, Raffaelle's mistress, is immortalised in that very Florence picture, the reputed work of Raffaelle's own hand, guided and inspired by the god of love himself.

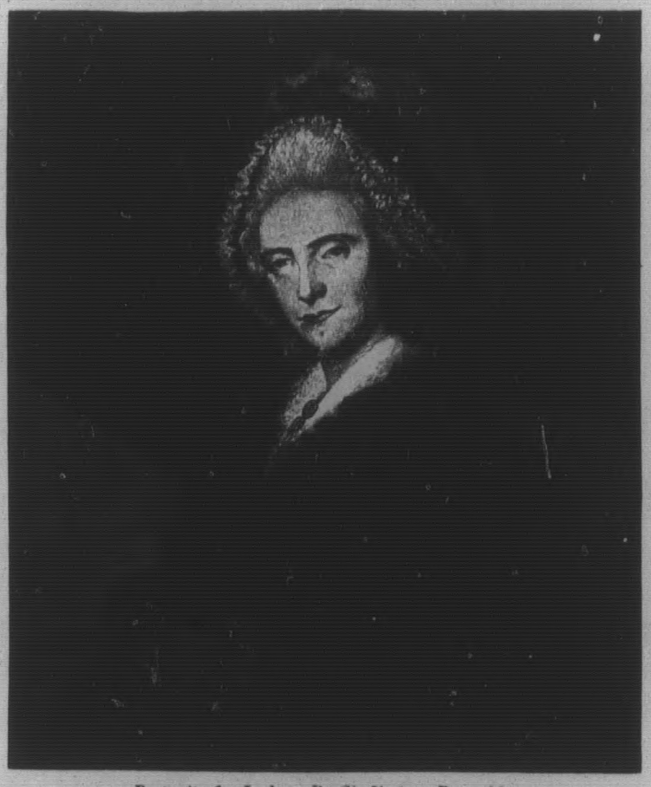
Sebastian del Piombo, however, who came to Rome not very long before the death of the great Urbanese, was Raffaelle's rival and envious detractor, expressly put up to oppose him by the most formidable of his enemies, Michael Angelo. Under what imaginable circumstances then could Sebastian have also painted Raffaelle's mistress?—obviously the thing is wildly improbable.

There is, however, an easy solution of this mystery. In the first place there is not a particle of real evidence that any such person as the Fornarina ever really existed, and in the next it is equally doubtful if any one of the widely dissimilar portraits, supposed to represent the lady, is really the work of Raffaelle.

It is always an ungracious task to put an end to long-cherished and romantic legends; stubborn facts and in-

evitable deductions, however, based in part on the picture now before us, will, it is to be feared, offer strong and convincing disproof of the old story, and at the same time explain the seeming mystery of Sebastian's connection with the 'Fornarina.' What if the picture of the Florence Tribune itself should also turn out to be the work of Sebastian del Piombo, and not of Raffaelle its reputed author? But this is just what, for the last twenty years or more, has been unanimously maintained by all Art critics of any eminence in Europe. There is in fact no room for doubt that this judgment is the true one. The internal evidence of the two pictures in question, more especially of the one now before us, however, renders, in this matter, assurance doubly sure. Not only is the lady represented obviously the same personage, but it is equally certain that both the pictures are by the same hand, be it either that of Raffaelle or Sebastian. But the present work settles the question effectually, for it is actually signed with the initials of Sebastian del Piombo, moreover it has the weight of ancient and long-continued tradition, as to that authorship, in its favour.

It is hard to say which of these pictures is the more perfect and beautiful one. There can be little doubt that the Richmond picture is the earlier work, perhaps by several years, for in it not only is the lady obviously younger in appearance, but the technique, admirable and perfect as it is, denotes the more careful and conscientious labour of a comparatively young man. Allusion has been made to traditional evidence: here again facts of much interest remain to be adduced. That the present picture was a known and celebrated work upwards of two hundred and thirty years ago, is attested by the fact that at that period it was the subject of a well-known engraving by the celebrated Anglo-German engraver Wenceslaus Hollar. This print, moreover, well known to all collectors of Hollar's etchings, whilst it explicitly ascribes the authorship of the picture itself to Sebastian del Piombo, also makes known its whereabouts, and the names of its possessors, probably a firm of Antwerp picture-dealers of the time.*



Portrait of a Lady. By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

At what period the picture found its way to this country from Flanders there is no evidence to show; in any case all knowledge or record of the work itself, other than that of the print, was lost until our own day. It was not indeed until a few years ago, that the picture suddenly reappeared at one of the annual Old Masters' exhibitions at Burlington House, the then owner being a private gentleman, living somewhere in the suburbs of London. Shortly afterwards the picture was sent for sale to Messrs. Christie's, and purchased by the present owner. The dimensions of the picture are 1 ft. 9 in. by 1 ft. 6 in.

Circumstances being what they are, it is to be feared that we must refer the Fornarina legend to the limbo of all improbabilities; yet the beautiful woman to whose personality the equivocal repute has so long adhered, must have lived her life and moved amid a host of admiring contemporaries. Who was she if not the Fornarina? perhaps only some handsome Venetian girl—a painter's model.

By the prince of Italian portrait painters, Titian "the Great," for so Vandyck himself esteemed his famous predecessor in the Art, is the portrait of a boy knight of Malta, now like the previous work again resuscitated in our engraving after a long stretch of oblivion. This picture, in all probability the portrait of a young Italian prince, conjecturally of the Farnese family, was brought to England a few years ago by an Italian gentleman from Naples, where it had probably remained for a century or two in some obscure place of deposit unrecognised and uncared for. It is, nevertheless, one of the finest portraits of Titian's best period, about 1520—30. This work, again, bears on its surface the satisfactory guarantee of its authorship, in the shape of a conspicuous signature in bold Roman capitals—

TITIANUS.
F.

the size is 2 ft. 1 in. by 2 ft.

At Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, were produced the beautiful works of Gabriel Metzu, in their way as admirable as anything Italy ever gave to the world.

We have selected for illustration a picture of this master, which, to the peculiar charm of his own delicate and beautiful colouring and admirably dexterous manipulation, unites qualities of brilliant lightsomeness and striking effect rivalling the best efforts of De Hooge. This picture bears Metzu's signature on the harpsichord, the well-known instrument with the Latin verse from the Psalms upon it; doubtless the

* Hollar's print is No. 1379 in Parthey's Catalogue of the works of that master. Curiously enough the then possessors of the picture seem to have thought it to be a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, but it has not the slightest resemblance to that celebrated lady, whose features and general presentment are well known, and this attribution was obviously a merely speculative one to which no importance whatever need be attached. The print is inscribed as follows: "Retratto de sa Vittoria Colonna fatto de Sebastiano del Piombo, discepolo congionto col Titiano del Grangiorgione . . . . Sebastian del Piombo pinxit. W. Hollar fecit 1650. Francescus Vanden Wyngaerde exc . . . . ex collectione Johannes et Jacobi Van Verle."

painter's own or his wife's possession, which is figured in so many other of Metzu's pictures; nor is the familiar little spaniel dog absent from the scene. The picture is on canvas and measures 2 ft. 8 in. square.

Not unworthy of the high company with which we have associated him, was our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. The simple grace and elegance of the charming portrait of a lady, now for the first time engraved, bespeaks our admiration in as full a measure as could be claimed for the highest pictorial qualities of a Titian, a Vandyck, or a Velasquez. Nothing is known of the personage; but her refined and truly ladylike presentment will seem to live as long as this canvas holds together. The name and status of the lady in the fleeting generation she adorned are, after all, of little moment.

J. C. ROBINSON.

EDUCATION IN INDUSTRIAL ART.*

IT is greatly to be regretted when people are—like the late Thomas Carlyle—so sensitive to the shams of life or of society, as to be deliriously unhappy. To the Sage of Chelsea, sham was a synonym for despair; therefore he was compared by an American reviewer to a man leaning over the bottomless pit, and shouting down to the unhappy dwellers therein, "Ye're a' domned!" And yet true intellectual or moral progress means the putting away of shams, and the only question is whether this shall be effected by anarchy or gradual reform.

There is no branch of human knowledge in which so much old-fashioned sham survives as in writing or talking about Art. There are few men who can discuss it without going into ineffable spasms and æsthetic raptures.

The cure for this is to be found in a varied knowledge of arts, and in practical education. Raphael, Albert Dürer, Cellini, Michael Angelo, were the results (not the causes) of a state of society in which every workman was capable of executing decorative designs, and even of making them. Now the world has taken from the ineffable æsthetic transcendentalists, firstly, the idea that "Art" in the main means only the making of pictures and statues; and, secondly, that unless a child manifests an innate talent or born gift for Art, it should not be expected to study it. There are children who have a genius for Art, but of these there is not more than 1 in 10,000 or 15,000. Among more than 1,000 pupils who were under my teaching in the Public Art School in Philadelphia, there was only one who had any genius whatever for Art—but, on the other hand, there was not a single girl or boy who passed into the second year of instruction, who could not design a pattern, and then execute it in embroidery, or wood, clay, sheet-metal, leather, mosaic, or other material. I have found, by full experience and hard work, that every child in every school may, by a certain and very simple method of training, be made into an artisan, and from this point become either a practical mechanic or an artist. It is the proper preparation for either. As easy embroidery is the best beginning to lead little girls up to prosaic plain sewing, so the boy who begins with design and modelling and carving, makes not only the best shoemaker, or smith, or carpenter, in less than the usual time, but also a better sailor, or farmer, or miner, or collier. For there is no calling in life in which developed quickness of perception and constructiveness is not a great power. Thus I found—and herein high authorities in education agree with me—that decorative art was the first best step towards more practical work. Secondly, it seemed to be as fully proved that many, or perhaps all, could by this system become creditable, yes, true artists. By attracting attention, interest and will may be awakened, and so an average pupil may be gradually led to produce better work than is given by a badly taught genius.

It was many years ago, during my former residence in England, that I began to seriously study the problem of manual industry as a branch of all education.

In the very beginning of my reflection on this subject, I was much struck by the fact that no hard or prosaic employment, no trades, in fact, could with success be taught to *young* children of both sexes.

All over the world, efforts to teach boys under fourteen years of age a trade have not succeeded, because neither muscles nor brains are sufficiently developed at that age for a child to do a man's task.

The principle on which I would base instruction is, that a child not as yet capable of learning a trade or a serious or severe branch of industry can, however, easily master all branches of decorative art, and that these form a fit introduction to more practical work.

We all know that to mere infants, a box of paints, a transparent glass slate for drawing, and to boys, boxes of tools are most acceptable gifts. The basis for this faculty is the instinct for constructiveness. And as it seeks for artistic employment in its early stage, I firmly believe that those who begin in childhood with Art, will, in the end, prove to be the most intelligent practical mechanics.

Egypt, which was in ancient days the mother of learning, proved to be strangely enough in this case also my instructor, for it was in Miss Whately's school in Cairo that, on seeing two very little girls executing each one side of the same piece of elegant embroidery, it flashed upon me that if mere babes could execute such Art-work, this must be the kind of hand-labour with which to begin in schools.

The next day I found in the bazaars numbers of young of both sexes executing embroidery from memory, inlaying, *repoussé*, and even jewellery, with a degree of skill which in Europe no one expects save from grown-up and highly trained artists. I reflected, or observed, that all over the East, and in Southern Europe, South Germany, and the Tyrol, mere children execute Art-work of many kinds, especially wood-carving, with so much skill that it has a market value, without its preventing them from attending school.

Returning to England, I made a few successful experiments in education, and published, through Messrs. Macmillan, a small work on the minor arts, in which I suggested that classes for studying them might be formed in every village, or in its school. The hint was taken by Mrs. Jebb, of Ellesmere, who at once established a school in which design and wood-carving

* From a lecture delivered before the Society of Arts, London.

were taught. The result of her experiment was the gradual establishment of a great number of similar schools, united in what is called the Home Arts and Industries Association.

Returning to America, I laid my theory of industrial art education before the School Board of my native city, Philadelphia. They had under their control in the public schools 115,000 pupils. I was given a suite of large, well-lighted rooms, properly furnished, an ample appropriation, and 150 children, which number was soon increased to 200. There were two classes of 100 in each. Everyone of the public grammar schools had the privilege of sending two or more pupils. This privilege was very greatly prized, both by the children and their parents. For, in the first place, the work was simply an absorbing and delightful amusement, and in the second, many obtained pocket money by selling its results. When I had first made cold hammered *repoussé* brass-work fashionable, it brought high prices, and one of my pupils, a schoolboy just seventeen, actually made 218 dollars, or over £40, by it, during the two months of his summer holiday. I must admit that this was due more to his enterprise as a "salesman" than to his skill as an artist, since I have had much younger scholars who far surpassed him in design, in lining, and in attaining high and perfect relief. And I may say, by the way, that, in this school, mere cold-hammering on wood subsequently attained a depth and perfection which skilled artists and professional chasers admitted, with astonishment, had never been equalled save by annealing, and on the pitch.

Instruction was given in drawing, modelling in clay, embroidery, and wood-carving. To these were soon added colouring the clay with glaze; pottery, or throwing with the wheel—which was, however, far beyond the strength of most of the boys; and wood-carving. To these I soon added mosaic setting, executing patterns for carpets in chequers; sheet metal work; simple decorative oil painting and china on the glaze, of a monochromatic character; with carpentry, turning, inlaying, and fret-sawing. It was not till I had been teaching for some time that I found, by designing patterns which could be executed in every branch of decorative art, there was a fundamental principle common to all, and that even the child who mastered it could, after attaining practical proficiency in modelling, very easily acquire, often in one or two lessons, not one, or a few, but all minor arts whatever. This principle lay in a simple system of outline design, and of teaching the children from the first lesson design instead of copying.

I had, during four years, about one thousand children pass through the school. Many remained only a few weeks, but all who passed into a second year, or had from fifty to sixty lessons, learned enough to make a living, or to very readily obtain situations. I never had a single pupil who did not like the work as much as if it were play; that is to say, I never had one who was incapable of becoming an artist. The parents of these children were of varied nationalities—American, British, German, and Jews. I always had a few coloured pupils. In proportion to their number, I found that quadroon girls were my cleverest scholars; yet they, like the Jews, attained proficiency mainly by steady plodding.

During the last week previous to my leaving I paid one boy, aged fourteen, more than £3 for an order in brass, which he had executed during ten days, and that while he was going to school and keeping up a high average in his studies. Let me remark that the prices paid for *repoussé* work to order, and for wood panels, are about the same in America as in London. When we received orders, we always executed for them an original design. There were thirty children in the wood-carving class, three of them coloured, and there was not one who could not have earned nearly £2 a week. When I stated this before the Society of Arts, a gentleman objected to it that skilled workmen in *repoussé* and carving earn in London only £1 10s. a week. The answer to this is that the work of my pupils was sold directly to the consumer, and not through one or two agents or dealers.

It was found that this Art work, instead of proving an additional burden to the over-crowded school course, actually lightened it. It is a difficult matter to make work hard to those who like it. I was much troubled at first by the schools sending me their cleverest pupils; I made very earnest instance, that I should have only those of average capacity. I am sure that I got them. The most intolerable child to teach is some little prig, whom some lady has picked out as being gifted with a genius for Art, on the strength of his having executed some rubbishy rubbings in lead pencil of robbers and cows. Quite unknown to me, the School Board enquired of the teachers in the public schools what was their opinion of the effect of the Art school on the usual studies, and it was the unanimous opinion of the teachers that such children as had attended the Industrial Art School had manifested an increased quickness of perception and developed a greater intelligence than those who had not. And I think that, on reflection, all will admit that this was to be expected.

When a pupil came, he or she was obliged for some time to take lessons in designing patterns. When some proficiency in this was attained, the scholar was set to model on alternate days in clay. After modelling for a time anything was allowed. Seeing others no cleverer than themselves executing a great variety of work, they all knew that they had only to try to do the same.

Hitherto, or to a certain point, this school was simply a successful experiment, as were Mrs. Jebb's Home Arts Classes. But it finally attracted the attention of the general government, that is to say, of General John Eaton, who was at the head of the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington. He requested me to write a pamphlet, setting forth my system, and the method by which it might be introduced to schools and families, or taken up by individuals, the apparatus or materials requisite; and this was published as Circular No. 4, 1882. Any of my readers who are interested in this subject may obtain for themselves and friends as many copies of it as they want, gratis and postpaid, by sending a list of names and addresses to General Eaton, and by stating that it is at my request. It is usual to print only 15,000 of these pamphlets, but if more are asked for they are supplied. The interest which this work awakened, may be seen by the fact that 60,000 copies have been circulated. The result has been the establishment of literally hundreds of schools and classes, and for nearly three years I have received letters by every post, asking for further information on the subject. It had been taken up with great success in the principal lunatic asylum and reformatory school in Philadelphia, and I have recently been informed that the United States Prison Reform Association hope to make it general. A lady in New York established a great number of associated schools or classes for poor children, the teachers being sent to me for instruction. I should mention that I had during the past year in the school, a number of grown-up lady

scholars, who had been sent by School Boards or other associations, to qualify themselves to become teachers.

Certain details may be of interest. We had no rent to pay, as we occupied the upper story of a large public school building. After the furniture had been provided, the annual expense for every pupil was about £1 a head. I made no charge for my services, and my two principal assistants, for a long time, also worked for nothing. I found that it would be perfectly possible, by employing an agent to solicit orders and to sell goods, to meet all current expenses, by disposing of the children's work. I am happy to say that the School Board wisely and generously opposed this. I will here, however, call attention to a fact not generally thought of. In a school like this, everything can be executed which is necessary to not only ornament, but, to a degree, furnish a house. Very elegant articles of furniture, such as chairs, and chests finely carved, were designed and completely executed by the children. They made handsome chimney-pieces of carved wood, *repoussé* brass, and mosaic. We could furnish stencilling for walls; the girls once embroidered a magnificent *portière*. Sixty per cent. of all the money invested in the houses of England has been strictly for ornament. I doubt if there be any staple industry which involves so much capital as decoration. It may be inferred from this what money may be made by orders. Let it be also remembered that in such work every article can be as easily made from an original design as a duplicate. Now, the day is not far off when originality, or uniqueness, coupled to hand-work, will be regarded as essential to decorative Art work. This was the real secret of the excellence of ornament in the world before the days of machinery and labour-saving processes.

It is possible that very few readers are aware of the high quality of such work as can be executed by children. There was not in the Health Exhibition anything made by young people approaching in excellence the ornament made by my pupils. I began by exacting that what they made should be good, considering that it was made by minors. I ended by obtaining such work as is generally made by grown-up artisans—indeed, far better work as regards design.

While this was going on in America, the same work was being quietly, yet wisely and effectively, carried out in England by a different system. I refer to the Home Arts Association. In a little pamphlet recently published, Mrs. Jebb, of Ellesmere, states that it is the outcome of a movement begun quietly in a country district some years ago. Acting on a suggestion contained in the preface to "The Minor Arts," by myself, a few amateurs opened Saturday classes for teaching artistic handicrafts to working boys and men. As the success of the experiment became assured and evident, the number of classes increased both in England and Ireland, and new ones were formed in towns as well as villages. Some of these were conducted by amateurs, in others professional aid was given. In some instances the classes became rapidly self-supporting. The cost of establishing them is small. If there be a lady or gentleman who knows something of drawing, it is not difficult to teach a class the rudiments of any easy art by the aid of a simple manual. To help these classes, I published in America a series of twelve hand-books on such subjects as design, wood-carving, modelling, embroidery, stencilling, papier-mâché, painting, and leather work. It is found that in England £3 is sufficient to cover the initial outlay for a wood-carving class of six boys, if a voluntary teacher be provided with a room. A similar class for *repoussé* work in brass only requires an outlay of £1 10s.; a class for clay-modelling even less. The work of the pupils, if properly conducted, can always be sold for enough to cover expenses; but here I would remark that this should be always made for special orders, and that it is a very bad plan to try to sell the manufactured wares. The latter floods the market with charity fair work, the former exacts a far higher standard of excellence.

This association has only of late begun work in earnest. Though it has been growing for years, it is but a few weeks since it held its first general meeting. It proposes to supply detailed information to all members who wish to teach or learn such minor arts and industries as can be practised at home; also to lend good designs and models, and circulate manuals and other works on industrial and art education. It is also intended to establish a central normal school, where amateurs and teachers may be taught the principles of design, with its working out in all the minor arts. Those who desire to open classes on the plan pursued by the association, may obtain full information by addressing the secretary, Miss Dymes, at No. 18, Wimpole Street, London.

I would call attention to the fact that "this association affords help, which is practically unconditional, to small beginnings, and to isolated workers in remote districts, and that in a way which is not and cannot be done by more important official existing organizations."

A great impetus to the reform inaugurated by the association has been given by the voluntary movement of Mr. Walter Besant, by which the culture and wealth of the upper classes has been brought to bear on the lives and work of the people. In it we have the same idea, working in a different direction. I would also commend the establishment of ladies' decorative art clubs. There is one of these in every city, and, I may say, almost every small town, in America. It is to be desired that such unions could exist here. They possess all the advantages of a school and club combined, and are more liked than either separately could be. At present, it is literally true that, though the facilities for Art study are not in America one-fourth of what they are in England, there are probably four times as many girls studying Art there as there are here.

To render the practical utility of the Home Arts Association perfectly clear, I would state that any ladies or gentlemen knowing of any boy or girl, or young woman, whom they would like to have trained in practical arts, with a certainty of being fitted for some kind of employment or to teaching, can do so by forming a small club, or by personally incurring the slight expense requisite to send the applicant to our classes. Again, we have now printed, and shall soon circulate, as useful a work as was ever issued. This is the so-called Leaflets, or brief instructions in separate pamphlets of a very few pages, teaching the rudiments of the minor arts. My experience warrants my saying that an extensive dissemination of these would give extraordinary stimulus to the Arts in this country. The only drawback to a general culture of Art is the extreme ignorance of the vast majority of all people, both old and young, of what they are capable. With these Leaflets will also be issued designs to aid and guide all Art students and workmen. I suggested, three years ago, to the American Board of Education, that it should disseminate, gratis, Art patterns and short pamphlets of instruction, or leaflets, but it was not carried out. In this respect we are here in advance.

C. G. LELAND.

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

CONTINUING our Notes (from page 116) on little-known passages in the history of Art in England, we come to Robert Greenberry (or Greenbury), an obscure painter of the Stuart period, who seems to have been well known in his own time, but who is now so utterly forgotten that his Christian name even was unknown to the learned Samuel Redgrave. The following notices all appear to refer to one person. New College, Oxford, possesses a portrait of Arthur Lake, Bishop of Bath and Wells, dated 1616; the college paid Greenbury, the painter, £4 for this picture in 1627. It was exhibited at South Kensington Portrait Collection in 1866, No. 524, and was a half-length on canvas, 46 in. by 40 in., in episcopal dress, with his right hand resting on a book. A letter from Locke to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated February 21st, 1625, exhibits the strange kind of work that was sometimes given to artists in those days: "The East India Company have ordered Greenbury, a painter, to paint a detailed picture of all the tortures inflicted on the English at Amboyna." Another letter on the 26th of the same month, written by Chamberlain to Carleton, also refers to this picture, mentioning that it was a large one, and that it was suppressed by the Council. Sanderson, in his "Graphice," published 1658, evidently refers to the same in the following: "So did they well; who, to enforce a more horrid reception of the Dutch cruelty upon our English at Amboyna in the East Indies, described into Picture (after that it had been most eloquently urged by Sir Dudley Digs, and imprinted), to increase their passions by sight thereof; which truly (I remember well) appeared to me so monstrous, as I then wished it to be burnt. And so belike it seemed prudential to those in power, who soon defac'd it; lest, had it come forth in common, might have incited us then to a nationall quarrell and revenge; though we have not wanted other just provocations since to make them our enemies. However, at the time before, it wrought this strange effect upon the widow of one of the martyrs; who upon former relations prosecuted her complaint; but when she saw the Picture, lively describing her Husband's horrid execution, she sunck down, in a dead swound" (p. 14). In the Return of Recusants, December 23rd, 1628, from the Justices of the Peace for Westminster to the Crown, we find "Robert Greenberry, picture drawer" (State Papers, Car. I., Dom. S., cxxiij., n. 12). In the Harleian MS., No. 4898, we find among the "Goods belonging to ye late King," No. 16, "Diana and Calista bigger than ye life, a copy after Grimberry (valued at) £22 and sold to Capt. Geere, ye 14th May, 1650, for the same sum." Possibly this is wrongly entered and intended for a copy by Greenberry. A picture by him at Oxford attracted the notice of Evelyn, who thus mentions it in his "Diary," October 24, 1664: "Thence to New College and the painting of Magdalen Chapel, which is on blue cloth in chiar'oscuro by one Greenborow, being a Cœna Domini." This is not now to be seen at the Chapel, and may have been removed in 1829, when the altar-piece by Fuller also disappeared. The portrait of Bishop Lake, it should be observed, is a work of considerable merit.

Among the Treasury papers (about 1702) is a certificate that Antony Verrio, Esq., was paid a salary of £200 per ann. as chief painter to his late Majesty, being James II., up to Christmas, 1688; and that John Ryley and Godfrey Kneller, Esqrs., were sworn and admitted to that employment to their late Majesties King William and Queen Mary, and were paid the like salary of £200 per ann. between them from the day they were sworn to Lady Day, 1690. Mr. Ryley dying about that time, Sir Godfrey Kneller became sole principal painter; but on regulating the establishment in 1690 was left out. In 1695 he obtained the King's warrant to be on the establishment, with £200 per ann., and the payments were made to him to Christmas, 1700, with the allowance of £50 for every picture drawn at whole length (vol. lxxxij., No. 91). Some of these whole lengths are mentioned in the memorial of Thomas Giraudau to the Lord [High Treasurer] for a warrant [for the allowance of various sums in the Lord Chamberlain of the Household's Department]. Dated 27 Mar., 1710. "To Sir Godfrey Kneller, her Mat's principal painter, for seven pictures of her Maty at whole length, presented, one to the King of Prussia, one to the Prince Royall of Prussia, one for the Duke of Marlborough, one for Lord Townshend, one for the Earl of Galloway, one to the Swiss [Ambassador?], and one for the Vice-Chamberlain, according to the allowance £50 a-piece, besides fees, £397 15 0." The same paper also has another interesting item: "To Charles Boit, her Mat's painter in enamell, for her Mat's picture presented to Mrs. Coke, £26 17 0." (Vol. cxxi., No. 23.)

The following, taken from the *Literary Panorama*, 1807 (2, 204), is inserted here as reflecting very high credit upon the society mentioned:—"At a general stated meeting of the Dublin Society, held on Thursday, March 5, 1807, General Vallancy, V.P., in the chair. It was resolved that the picture of the 'Beggar Woman and Child,' painted by George Grattan, educated in the schools of this society, discovers the highest talent, and deserves the warmest approbation. Resolved, therefore, that this society do purchase the picture for one hundred guineas, as a reward for his distinguished merit, and to enable him to go to London for the purpose expressed in his letter to the society; to be given in trust to Alexander Carroll and John Boardman, Esqrs., for said purpose. Resolved, that the further sum of one hundred guineas be given to the Committee of Fine Arts, or any two of them, to be paid to him in such sums as they may think necessary, and as he may prove deserving of. Resolved, that the said George Grattan shall have liberty to take the picture with him, and exhibit it in London; and that he may be empowered to provide a proper frame for the said picture."

Notice of the death of Robert Clevely, brother of John Clevely, taken from *The Examiner*, October 8, 1809, p. 656: "Deaths.—At Dover, a few days ago, Mr. Clevely, the marine painter. He was visiting a relation, and in the evening of Thursday se'nnight, while walking in the garden, he stepped too far on a point which overlooked the harbour, when he fell eighteen feet, and was so much hurt by the fall that he survived only a few hours."

ALFRED BEAVER.

GLASS CUTTING.

CUT glass vases or vessels that may fairly be called ancient do not exist. Specimens of wonderful relief and incavo work on gems and on glass remain to us, but no cut glass proper. Cut glass may, therefore, be without doubt considered a thing of comparatively modern date. A cutter of iron and steel, called Caspar Lehmann, is said to have invented it. Some authorities, who have confounded carved and engraved work with cutting, as applied to glass, believe he only revived the art. His patent was granted in the year 1609 by the Emperor Rudolphus II., to whose court he became lapidary and glass cutter. He practised his calling in the city of Prague. But it was at Nuremberg, near the beginning of the eighteenth century, that glass cutting began to show really fair claims to be reckoned as an art. In England about this time, and afterwards in France (according to Burty, who quotes Peligot on the point), potash and oxide of lead were added to the silex in the manufacture of glass, instead of soda and lime. Whether this admixture was first employed in Germany or in England is uncertain, but there is no doubt that, without the use of lead as a constituent of glass, the clear bright sharpness which, when cut, it presents to the eye, would never have won such favour as it has. If lead entered into the composition of "flint glass" made in England, at Savoy House, in the Strand, and at Crutched Friars, in 1537, we may claim for it priority to Lehmann's patent for cut glass, 1609, and hazard an opinion that lead glass was manufactured in England before it was made in Germany. It was not, however, until about 1700, long after Sir William Mansell's monopoly of flint glass* manufacture here, that it began to really improve in quality and in pattern. For all that, it is curious indeed that not only abroad, but at home, there should remain great uncertainty as to what cut glass really is. Few people know how to distinguish it from engraved glass, and if they do know, they yet, as a rule, mistake well moulded and pressed glass for cut. This confusion of ideas is not only attributable to the ordinary observer, it is to be found in the pages of several who have in our day written on the subject:—"Some glaziers"—glass makers at one time were so called—"had also discovered a mode of cutting glass by the employment of emery powder and sharp-pointed instruments of hardened steel, as well as with heated irons." So Dr. Lardner, "assisted by eminent scientific men," has it in his Cyclopædia. Glass may be cut, that is to say, "roughed," by applying wet emery powder, instead of wet sand, to the iron wheel or cutter when in motion, but sand has been generally preferred for the purpose from times long before the appearance of the Cyclopædia. It may also be roughed by a coarse-grained stone wheel. The "sharp-pointed instruments of hardened steel," no doubt, mean such as were sometimes substituted for the diamond points used in scratching figures and ornament on glass. Several vessels with examples of this kind of work, good and bad, are in the Slade Collection of Glass in the British Museum. As to the "heated irons," they could only have served for parting, splitting, or slitting glass. Through the same confusion and misuse of terms, the man who cuts out flat glass for stained and other windows is called a glass cutter. The words cut, engrave, carve,* and their correlatives, as commonly employed, signify not only one and the same thing, but several different things. The meaning attached to the word by the flint glass trade is safest to follow, as will appear in the course of our remarks.

Pressed and moulded glass are often made in imitation of cut, but are duller-edged, more rounded in pattern, and less sparkling. Pressed glass, as the name implies, is made in presses with mechanism so contrived as, with little tax on the mind, to yield great quantities of glass rapidly.

Cut glass is mainly distinguished from engraved, carved, etched, and other ornamented glass, by the more or less geometrical lines of its patterns, which form prisms and facets of generally four, six, and eight sides; and next, by lines that do not form prisms and facets.

The cutting shop of the present day is commonly a spacious, long apartment with skylights, under which the men work at their "frames." Each frame carries between its two main side supports the removable spindles that bear the

Fig. 1.—Wine Glass.
Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

Fig. 2.—Goblet.
Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

wheels of iron, stone, or wood, or brush wheels, on which the workman guides the glass for roughing, smoothing, polishing, and extra polishing or puttying his patterns. Along the ceiling a shaft is held in gallows: the drums of the shaft

* Called flint glass because of the calcined and ground flint at one time used instead of silex in the form of sand, now preferred in glass manufacture.

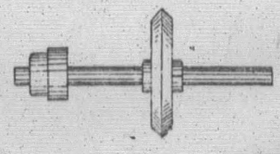
* The writer of this article knows an etcher and carver of glass who owns to never having pursued either the art of cutting or the art of engraving glass, but who, notwithstanding, was awarded, for excellence in *both*, the Society of Arts silver medal. *Carving* was meant.

and the small pulleys on the spindles of the cutters' wheels have leather bands passed over them one to the other of each frame, and are kept, together with the iron, the stone, or other of his wheels, revolving through the action of the steam-engine outside of the shop.

We will now glance at the cutter's tools: by so doing his work will be better understood. The sizes of the wheels he uses, whether of iron, or stone, or wood, or cork, vary from about a quarter of an inch in thickness and two inches in diameter to about one inch and a quarter in thickness and twenty-five inches in diameter. Cork and wood wheels are seldom so large. The iron wheels do not, as a rule, bear such sharp edges as the stone. The stone, whether mitred or flat-faced, corresponds to the iron wheels in shape. The best and most serviceable stones are called Craigleith and Yorkshire. They are already roughly hewn in the round when the cutter receives them. He fastens one on a spindle with screw and nut, and *turns* it true by the aid of a bar of iron and wet sand held against it. The uneven edges, face, and sides are by this means reduced to a smooth-going circle, which he then fines up with hard stone and flint. The "mills," or iron wheels, are generally wrought iron, though sometimes cast iron. They are turned at a strong lathe going by steam power. The turning tools are of well-tempered flat or three-cornered steel. The wood and cork are of course easy to turn true. Willow, elder-tree, and cherry are the best woods for polishing with.

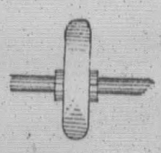
If a pattern is not to be deeply cut, stone wheels are used, with wooden ones for polishing. Before a pattern of any intricacy is allowed to touch the wet wheel, it is generally set out on the glass with a mixture of resin, turpentine, and red oxide of lead, which resists the action of the water. When there is danger of this substance rubbing off, the pattern in part is scratched in with a steel point. The shape of the cutting surface of a wheel has most to do with the kind of cut the glass receives from it. A mitred wheel, A, makes an

A



incision of the shape , as seen on the face, and not at the sides. The wheels as figured do not of course correspond in size to the *cuts* indicated on the rest of the diagrams. The wheel is here represented on its spindle, the two points of which are held, when in motion, in wooden blocks that may be raised, lowered, and tightened as required in the slits of their supports. The double pulley at one end of the spindle is for the leather band that communicates with the drum of the shaft previously alluded to. While the drum revolves with the band on it and on the driving or higher pulley of the spindle, the cutting wheel also revolves. A wheel rounded off on the face (Fig. C) is used for "flute" cuts, which, if done on a square surface of glass, resemble it in form as here viewed. This wheel, less rounded off, also "hollows" out circles; much, however, depends on the shape of the glass applied to it. If on a narrower wheel, D, a glass is drawn up and down in a line with its revolution, a "split" cut is the result; it is deeper than the ordinary flute cut, which is produced by drawing the glass across the wheel, C, in a line with its spindle. This split cut wheel, if flattened on the face, becomes a "panel" wheel. Its cut is sharp-edged, like itself. An incision made by the wheel on a glass that is not intentionally moved in some way whilst receiving the incision, must be deeper at its middle than at any other part of it. The reason is, that the cutting power of a wheel in motion is greatest at its nearest point of contact with the glass it cuts. But of course by moving the glass in any given direction on the wheel, incisions of any length that the glass will allow may be made on it. The facility with which the glass cutter can make *lines* on glass is indicated by most of his patterns. Perpendicular, horizontal, and diagonal lines cross and re-cross each other, commonly without any deviating relief to the artistic eye. Sameness of pattern is characteristic of cut glass.

C



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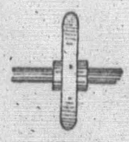


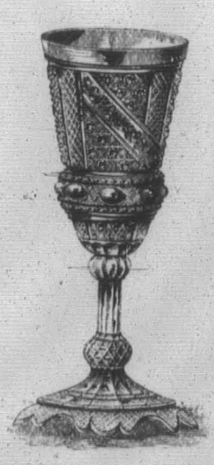


Fig. 3.—Goblet. Messrs. Osler.

Fig. 4.—Jug. Messrs. Osler.

In rough cutting a small stream of sand and water falls on to the wheel while in motion along a sloping channel (formed of wood or sheet iron) on to the face of the wheel. When the heavy work is completed, the cutter or another workman, called a "smoother," passes the stone wheel—shaped on the face like the iron one, and supplied only with water—into the cuts and smoothes them, giving them better shape before the polishing is begun on the wooden wheel, and, as often follows, brush wheel dressed with wet ground pumice mixed with rotten-stone powder, or with the moistened putty powder, when extra lustre is required.

We will now suppose that the leg of the goblet (Fig. 2) is to be fluted. The cutter holds its foot in one hand and its bowl in the other, and bringing the leg of the goblet on the wheel with the required pressure, draws it across it in a line with its spindle. In about a minute a flute appears in

the rough; so he goes on till the leg has all its flutes, which are afterwards smoothed and polished. The "hexagon diamond" pattern of the goblet bowl is cut with the "mitre" wheel. The sides of the mitre as it sinks into the glass give *form* to the *prisms;* and the prisms become in this, and suchlike patterns, the shoulders of the facets.

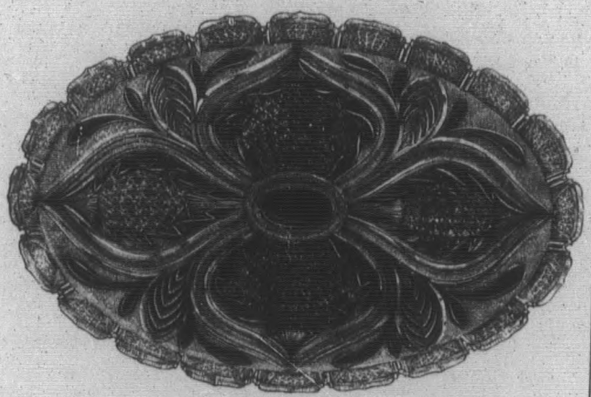
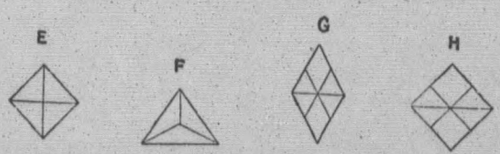


Fig. 5.—Dish. Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

The square-sided stars in the borders, top and bottom of the bowl, are well contrived. They would have taken their ordinary and natural round shape, but for the stout little mitre cuts (not well indicated in the illustration), done with a very small wheel between each, and the horizontal lines of the border, which square them in their places. The foot of this goblet is very effective glass cutting. How a "scallop," such as its edge shows, is done, will be noticed farther on.

Three-sided, four-sided, six-sided, eight-sided prismy "diamond" patterns are produced by use of the mitre wheel. The true prism of optics is a triangular-shaped piece of glass, or other transparent medium, with polished surfaces. The stems of "lustre drops"—now going out of fashion—generally take this form. Mitre cuts (see B) lose the curves of their sides and become angular when made up against the sides of other mitre cuts. The diagram E indicates the centre highest point and the lines of juncture of four incisions so made. According to the length of the incisions on a glass in the directions of the

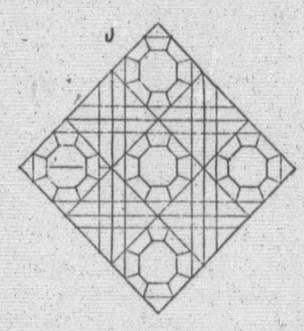


four sides of the diagram, they become as a pattern repeated. Various arrangements of angles are aimed at. The following are common, except, perhaps, the first. The points may be cut off any of them by the mitre tool, and their shapes varied accordingly. If the four points of diagram H are cut away to an equal length with the sides that remain, an eight equal-sided figure is the result (Diag. I). Arranged at equal distances on the straight body of a decanter or vase, or made to vary in size with the narrowing towards the neck of one or the other, or towards its foot, they show between them the thin lines of intersection again and again repeated, much reduced in size, but preserving the diamond form, and square, looked at in another way, in the centres, as in

I

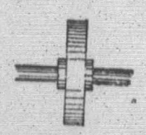
diagram J. This is called the "octagon diamond" pattern. A small star is sometimes cut on the face of each octagon. Other little devices are seen on them, but such superadded ornament is generally very weak.

J



If the workman has to make a "round hollow," say on the punch bowl, Fig. 6 of the Illustrations, he moves it on the iron or stone wheel in a gently rocking manner between his hands, and eases it in a horizontal direction, watching, at the same time, the growing size of the hollow. This round hollow may be made, on a proper wheel, almost without moving the glass. The buds of the flower are, in the first instance, and before being added to, *rolled* into shape on this wheel, as they are not round; or they may be made on the flute wheel, already noticed. The "panel wheel" takes part in the ornamentation of this punch bowl. It may be narrower, but seldom is wider, in proportion than this (K). The "edge cuts" round the leaves that rise on each side of the flower are done on the *edge* of the panel wheel. The small intersecting cuts in the centre of the flower are put in with a small mitre wheel. The same kind of mitre wheel produces the cut that rises up highest over the flowers, on each side of which are seen other edge cuts. The stem of the flower may be put in with the same wheel; or one a little more rounded is better. The edge of the panel wheel also comes into use for the two perpendicular lines that meet in a raised mitre, and divide off the bowl into eight parts. The horizontal line, or rather two lines in one joined in the like raised centre, running round

K



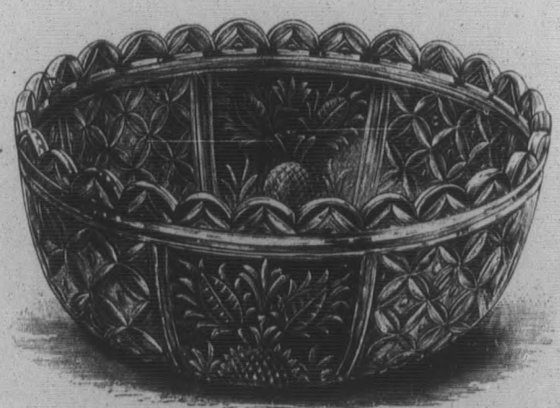


Fig. 6.—Bowl. Messrs. James Green and Nephew.

under the scallop, is the result of the same cut. The diapered divisions of the bowl are formed by a series of mitre cuts made with a smallish and stout wheel, so as to avoid the danger of elongating the cuts out of proportion, were they done on a larger and thin wheel. The cuts under the scallop (L) are made with the same tool. The scallop itself is cut out of the originally plain lip of the bowl by, in the first place, incisions made on it, at equal distances apart, with a mitre wheel (M). After this is done, on generally an iron wheel,

L

the top square corners are trimmed round with a stone one, until they take the part circular form (N). There are variously shaped scallops.

M N

The "mandril" is sometimes made use of by the glass cutter, when very fine work and difficult parts of patterns make it necessary. It ought to be used more frequently, as the cutter would then be able to approach nearer to the effects produced at the glass engraver's lathe, on the principle of which the mandril is constructed. Messrs. Stevens and Williams, perhaps more than other firms, encourage its use. Some of their smaller patterns, as exhibited by Messrs. W. P. and G. Phillips, of Bond Street and Oxford Street, indicate this. The wine glass (Fig. 1) of the accompanying illustrations must be called extra *fine* cutting. The festoons of flowers on it were done at the engraver's lathe. The goblet (Fig. 2), before noticed, is one of the examples of cut glass on view at Messrs. W. P. and G. Phillips's rooms, and manufactured by Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons. The oval dish (Fig. 5), Stevens and Williams, is an exceptionally good piece of cutting, and in some of the turns of its pattern well suggests how the mandril may be used to best advantage in varieties of ornament. Messrs. Osler, of London and Birmingham, have been long distinguished for the large size of their cut glass, candelabra, chandeliers, cabinet work in part glass, etc. The water jug and goblet (Figs. 3 and 4) are examples of their best cut glass. We should have preferred the pattern without the work of the glass engraver on it. The diagonally cut bands relieve the already pleasingly varied perpendicular sections of the design. The punch bowl (Fig. 6) is the work of Messrs. James Green and Nephew, Thames Cut Glass Works, Queen Victoria Street. It is a bold and unusually technical specimen of cut glass. The conventional floral design that alternates its panels hints, far more than it shows, what may be accomplished by the cutter of taste who has ideas of his own, proper command of his tools, and knows how to assist his work at the mandril.

Glass cutting does not offer such a wide field for inventive genius and artistically finished work as does glass engraving and carving; but it can be immensely improved, and brought more into harmony with educated taste. Diaper all over the body of a jug, decanter, or the bowl of a wine glass, facet with facet, prism with prism alike, is what the glass cutter in general likes best to do. His wheel, while cutting a line, lends itself freely to his continuing it as far as the vessel allows, up or down, or horizontally, or diagonally. His natural tendency is to repeat this operation by crossing and re-crossing the line. The result is manifest: his patterns are too geometrical, and lack variety. If he does possess any Art faculty, he seldom encourages it—seldom can, in face of material obstacles. The exigencies of trading and profit help only too frequently to retard his progress, deaden his spirit, and make him, long before what should be his prime of life, little more than a necessary part of the machine he works at.

The quality of ornamentation that glass ought to receive at the hands of the cutter need not always enhance its brilliancy of effect, though that must be judiciously cared for. Leaves and flowers and fruits should be more idealised than they are by the glass cutter. In this direction there is quite a new field open to him. The prism, in all its cut-glass variety, may easily be arranged here and there in leaves, flowers, and fruits by the cutter of taste. Light, in all its colours, may thus be brought *into* them. By looking out for new artistic effects, he will not lower the tone or the purity of the best flint glass.

J. M. O'FALLON.

THE APPLE-SELLER.

ETCHED BY D. MORDANT, AFTER THE PICTURE BY J. E. SAINTIN.

THE sellers of flowers and fruits have been favourite subjects for painters ever since Art began to turn its attention towards the world of beauty and life with which we are surrounded, and to discover an endless field of delight in the sights of daily life. Who of us has not been charmed by the flower-girl of Murillo in the Dulwich Gallery? Who has not laughed at the orange-sellers of Hogarth, with their naughty old admirers in the dress-circle of that theatre, in which the great pictorial humorist has delineated "laughter" with more force and variety than any other artist? And between Murillo and Hogarth what groups of charming girls, the human incarnations of those lovely shapes and hues which we call fruits and flowers, have not afforded us feasts of fragrance and revels of colour! And since: is there any "Academy" or "Salon" which does not show us repetitions (never *ad nauseam*) of this old but ever fresh subject of the delightful analogy between the budding girl and the flowery branch, the ripe peach and the perfect cheek? A few names rise to the lips at once, Millais, Calderon, Luke Fildes, Orchardson and Woods, Halswelle in former years, and Saintin in 1883, when the picture we engrave was exhibited at the Salon under the title of 'La Marchande de Pommes.'

There is a craze for the actual facts of life amongst artists nowadays that causes them to reject as sin any deviation from truth for the sake of beauty, and perhaps some of these will be ready to assert that M. Saintin has here departed from the right line of veracity. But surely he might plead that all fruit-sellers and flower-sellers are not old or ugly. Indeed, truth and those same flower-sellers and fruit-sellers seem in this respect to be on the side of Art—as the apostle of the beautiful. In all countries you will find that it is the young and often the pretty girl who sells you flowers and fruit. It is not an ugly hag, at least by no means always, who offers you a banana at Marseilles, or a bouquet at Bologna. Indeed, not only are the vendors of the sweets of Nature often charming, as if in sympathy with Nature herself, but they seem to feel the duty of dressing in character, as though they were in some sort humble representatives of Flora and Pomona.

ENGLISH STALL-WORK, CANOPIES, AND ROOD-SCREENS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN a paper which I communicated to *The Art Journal* upon the above subject in 1883 (p. 324), I dealt at some length with the position, place, form, construction, and workmanship of these interesting relics of our forefathers' work. I now propose, in continuation of the subject, to consider their artistic qualities.

First, the mouldings and tracery; and next, the enriched carving and the colour decoration, which are both to be regarded as very precious accessories to the actual design.

As a rule the mouldings are simple but effective, and they admirably divide the work. Plain rolls and hollows are principally used, and in addition to these the ogee form is very general.

It is difficult to overestimate the value of the tracery. How much depends upon its aid a reference to the illustrations will show; hence the immense importance of a careful examination of those delightful forms of which it is composed. Comparatively little has been written upon the principles adopted in its design. Mr. Brandon, in his "Analysis," shows the strict use of the equilateral triangle as a basis of the tracery on a door of one of the fifteenth-century wooden screens in Wells Cathedral; and in other examples that particular figure is very often used. Other geometrical figures were also frequently employed in this way. The same pattern of tracery usually prevails in a particular district, thus pointing to the same fundamental principles in its design.

No. 1.—Stall-work, Chester Cathedral. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

The column form is very conspicuous in the Devonshire work (see Illustration No. 3), as it is made an important feature in the design of the filling in of the main compartments; a peculiarity of the screens of this district (as pointed out in the last article) being that the pattern of the tracery is arranged to keep each principal compartment distinct, in order to accommodate the large bays of the groining. The illustration of the admirably proportioned rood-screen at Berry Pomeroy shows the rich appearance of deep groining, and the graceful effect of its curved fan-like projections, which form canopies to the bays, and thus produce recessments, which so enhance the general effect. The groining is enriched with tracery-work between the richly-moulded ribs and bosses, or carved bunches of foliage in the centre of each bay.

The tracery, for the most part, is vertically divided, the head of each minute division being foiled,* and the whole often resembling what it practically is—a pierced panel. The tendency to vertical lines is in a great measure

* A "foiled" head is formed by uniting three or more small arches together, each springing from the adjacent ones; *e.g.* where three arches are used, the result would be a trefoiled head. A "foliated" arch is a foiled arch placed within a simple arch. The points where the foliations meet are called "cusps."

effected by the muntins, which run through to the top of the compartments, which they subdivide; and again is often considerably emphasized by vertical tracery-bars rising from the arched head of each subdivision, as in the Berry Pomeroy screen. The vertical tendency is apparent in the screen-work below the canopies of the return stalls at Chester (Illustration No. 1); it may be traced in the Totnes screen (Illustration No. 2), in the open tracery-work at the head of the compartments. It is also noticeable in the Harberton example, which was illustrated in my former article.

The trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, etc., with which the tracery is so much enriched, when combined with the vertical lines, produce other geometrical forms, which are in their turn cusped, and aid considerably in producing that wonderful elaboration of tracery work which adorns some of the richer examples.

Roses and fleur-de-lis are the most general forms of the cusp terminations, but sometimes they are square, of foliage in character with the crockets, and generally placed diagonally. Of whatever form they partake, they are invariably proportionate in size to the foliations.

The plenitude of magnificent flowing tracery work in the eastern counties is amazing. Much elaborate foliating is indulged in, and to such an extent is the piercing of the wood carried, that, were it not for the hollowed sides to the foliations, one could almost imagine that canes had been bent round to form the work frequently met with immediately beneath the arched heads of doorways, or of canopies, instead of its having been actually carved out of the solid wood.

When it is remembered that much of the architecture of the fifteenth century consisted of a strict use of straight lines, with but a slight admixture of curved ones, it is not surprising that the foliage was brought somewhat within the same rule, and so we discover that, generally speaking, a squareness pervades most of it. The crockets especially partake of it. The natural forms, so cleverly copied in the preceding period, give place to conventional ones, until at last the Gothic element is scarcely perceptible at all. There are, however, some very favourable specimens of natural forms in the carving of the earlier work of the century, as, for example, the misereres in Boston Church, Lincolnshire. The canopied stall-work at Chester—(Illustration No. 1)—is very rich in carving of good design, and the return stalls have a fine tapering mass of carved-work over the doorway, which forms a handsome and conspicuous feature.

No. 2.—Rood-screen, Totnes, Devonshire. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

Whatever may be said of the decline in the style, which the particular conventional forms of the fifteenth-century carving are said to indicate, those who are well acquainted with the carving testify to the amount of ingenuity displayed in its design. A careful examination convinces one that considerable knowledge and much thought were necessary for its production, in addition to the great skill required for its execution.

As a rule, the leading intention of the foliage is well defined, a decided outline being carefully maintained throughout. The shadows explain the forms, and valuable assistance is given to the expression by actual tool marks. In much of the work, remarkable for its extreme delicacy, the leading lines are skilfully maintained; and, on the other hand, where the work is particularly distinguished for its bold execution, it does not appear coarse in consequence. Every advantage is taken of the material employed, especially with detached work, that is, such work as is after-

wards inserted. It generally exhibits great freedom, and the admirable way in which much of it is perforated shows very considerable skill in allowing for the tenacity and strength of the wood. The expression intended to be given is greatly helped by means of broad high lights and sharp little shadows; and by this means some of the finer lines are not altogether lost in the dark colour of the wood, and great assistance is given by the lights in carrying the eye along the motive of the enrichment. In much of the work placed high, foreshortening was calculated and allowed for.

The foliage partakes of a squareness chiefly in general outline, for the leaves are considerably curved in their section, being rounded in the centre and deeply hollowed around. The stems are frequently arranged in beautifully curved lines, which contrast admirably with the straight lines by which the whole is enclosed. A graceful arrangement, adopted a great deal in Norfolk, was that of twisting the stems of crockets around another stem, as at Randworth.

A peculiar kind of carving, known as "through carved work," is much used in the cornices of the screens and in the canopies of stall-work. In such work, the spaces between the ornamental parts are pierced entirely through the substance of the material. It is often very fine and delicate, and is usually worked on a thin piece, and afterwards inserted into the deeply hollowed moulding known as the "casement," so that the piercings tell out quite dark, and thereby greatly enhance the general effect. The trailing vine is a favourite pattern, with the tendrils, leaves, and fruit introduced in great profusion in rich cornices.

The crestings, used as ornamental finishings above the cornices, are generally composed of a row of Tudor flowers, each placed upright on a stalk, connected, and in a continuous line, the division between each being marked by piercing, which is often cusped. The strawberry-leaf is elaborately used in this way in many of the Norfolk screens. This work is better known as "brattishing," especially among wood-carvers. It not only makes a very appropriate finish to the upper side of a cornice, but is often well introduced on its under side, hanging therefrom with a very pretty effect, as may be seen in the numerous examples of Devonshire work.

No. 3.—Rood-screen, Berry Pomeroy, Devonshire. Engraved by J. C. Griffiths.

The rood-screen in Congresbury Church, Somersetshire, derives much of its beauty from the cornice, the principal hollow of which contains a wonderfully carved trailing vine enrichment, separated by beadings from a smaller enrichment above and below. The flowing or wavy branch of the vine is skilfully arranged to give as much strength as possible to the enrichment, and it is so well managed that from below one is unable to perceive that the wood is not actually pierced in places where it would be fatal to the adhesion of the fibres in the substance that is left. The outline of each leaf is well emphasized by the piercings which are made around it sufficient for the purpose; and within these piercings the entangled tendrils and the stem to the leaf are the only pieces of solid left, with great judgment, by the carver, to tell out with a matchless effect, at the same time holding the work well together and connecting it throughout its entire length. Bunches of grapes above and below the leaves, accommodating themselves to the horizontal enclosing line, help to form a general plane to the convex section of the enrichment; and the greatest amount of substance is afforded by them and in the connection they have with the thicker stem of the vine. The upper enrichment, of delicate workmanship, consists of a series of five-lobed leaves, placed upright and the reverse alternately. The lower enrichment,

consisting of a small flower with a leaf on either side, also placed upright and the reverse alternately, is executed with sharp chiselling, and is rather bolder.

The rood-screen and two parclose screens in St. Mary's Church, Totnes, Devonshire (Illustration No. 2), are particularly fine examples of Perpendicular work. Both the rood-screen—which is a rare instance of a fifteenth-century stone rood-screen—and the two parcloses are executed in beer-stone. There is a record existing ordering their erection by the Corporation of Totnes, in the thirty-eighth year of Henry VI.'s reign. The order ran that they were to be of freestone, like unto those at Exeter Cathedral. The detail and materials of the screens to the Lady Chapel and side chapels at Exeter, and of the Totnes screens, are similar, and probably the work of the same hands. There are remains of old colouring on the Totnes screens, which have been recently carefully restored under Mr. John Oldrid Scott.

The aid of polychromy, resorted to in all parts of the church, appears to have been considered essential in the case of screens; "for," to quote the words of Mr. Brandon, "though the carver exhausted on them the resources of his wonderful art, still were they not considered complete and worthy of their purpose until they had been made to glow with the richest colours and gilding."

A considerable number of examples remain in much of their original splendour. The intrinsic value of these can be more readily appreciated when it is understood that, among the examples of preceding centuries, the traces of colour have been generally so obliterated as to render it quite impossible to determine the subjects, or even the manner in which they were treated.

In the fifteenth century colour and gilding were lavished upon the rood-screens so profusely that they were quite overlaid with it—all the work manifesting the greatest care and delicacy in its execution; and there is a freedom about the curved ornamental forms which has been lost in much of the modern work carried out in imitation of the style.

The manner of treatment was generally similar. The lower panels were usually filled with painted figures of the apostles, the four evangelists, and saints; bishops and kings being introduced in the more elaborate examples. The backgrounds were diapered with small powderings, and, in the more elaborate examples, with leaves and flowers. The ground of these diapers was usually red, alternating in the next panel with olive green.

In the tracery the cusping is generally of one colour, and the fillets of another, the carved spandril ornaments being gilded. The crockets and the finials and pateræ, together with the foliage ornaments in the cornices, are also frequently gilded, having a ground of blue. The mouldings are painted in various colours, the hollows of those which separate panels usually alternating in colour with the panel. The fillets are usually white, to separate the colours. It was common to decorate the ogee moulding on the muntins with a wave line formed of two colours, as red and white, or green and white, with perhaps a gold flower on the colour, and a coloured flower on the white. The little buttresses in front were frequently covered with gold, having upon their sides patterns of flowers and twigs gracefully introduced. Sometimes flowers were introduced in the larger hollows as a diaper. The spandrils or panellings of the groining were usually painted blue and studded with gilt stars, the ribs being often coloured chocolate.

The remains of painting and gilding on the screens of the eastern counties are so extensive as to make them noted on that account alone. The screen at Southwold, in Suffolk, is the most magnificent specimen of carving and colour decoration in England. In addition to the handsome carved work, and the painting and gilding, it is further decorated with very delicate slightly-raised panelling, executed in mastic, and coloured and gilt. It is supposed that when the joinery-work was complete the flat surfaces were overlaid with a thin incrustation of fine plaster in cement, which was then stamped into traceried forms and afterwards carefully decorated by hand. The greatest skill and care is evinced in the decoration, and the painted figures on the panels are superior to anything of the kind to be found elsewhere, with the exception of those on the screen at Bramfield, in the same county. The figures at Bramfield have a gold background, with an elaborate horizontal border at the shoulder level, above which the ground is painted red or blue to emphasize the nimbus of gold. It is very probable that the paintings on these two screens were the work of one artist. The examples remaining at Randworth, Barton's Turf, and Ludham, in Norfolk, are also very fine. These figure paintings form quite a school of their own, the rich patterns of the diapered draperies and the elaborate costumes covered with ornaments prove this school to be a rich field for the study of ornamental detail alone.

At Bramfield the panels of the groining are painted blue and studded with gold. The ribs are white, with margins of red, and green and purple flowers with gold blossoms are painted on the white. All the most prominent mouldings of the traceried heads are gilt, having the deep cuttings coloured red. The blue used is intensely deep, the red very rich, slightly approaching chocolate, and the green is dark, of a slightly brownish or red hue. There is a great variety in the painted ornamental forms, which on the fillets of the muntins take the shape of flowers with elegantly curved stems; and on the ogee mouldings broad pieces of flowers in green and brown alternating, with gilt centres, cover up portions of the white ground and give a wavy look. On the blue mouldings white fleur-de-lis are painted. A description can give but a faint idea of the splendour and richness of the work, the effect of which is much enhanced by the elaborate stampings in mastic covered with gilding on the face of the main fillets.

It would be well if some portions of this coloured work could be placed under glass so as to preserve them from the injury which so perpetually threatens them.

It is to be hoped that such charming examples of Mediæval times as the English fifteenth-century stall-work, canopies, and rood-screens, may, both now and in the future, be carefully preserved, and handed down as a sacred trust to future generations, who we pray may continue to pay the same veneration and regard to them as of late years we have done.

HARRY SIRR.

BABYLON OF EGYPT.

St. George.

A SECLUDED garden, shut in by high walls, and shaded from the Egyptian noonday sun by overspreading palms: nobody in sight but a comfortable-looking priest and his wife, who proffer a bottle of cool water from a well in the midst; a little way off a lofty round bastion, relieved by a grove of sycamores and acacias; and a gaping vault hard by, where lie in horrible confusion the remains of scores of the worthy attendant's predecessors in the priestly office: this was the spot we had chosen for our lunch, after a hot ride from Cairo. The place that offered so desirable a retreat from the dust and heat of the sand-hills and rubbish-mounds we had lately traversed was the palm garden attached to the church of our Lady Barbara, a saint of the Copts, whose good-natured minister was then attending to the fleshly wants of his visitors. It was a curious situation: two Englishmen devouring the lean fowls of Egypt, leggy and scraggy as of yore, washed down with a little of the thin Austrian wine that people with any regard for their pockets generally select from the outrageous wine-list of Cairo hotels, and followed by the Yusuf Effendi oranges which atone for many Egyptian sins of omission; and performing this very matter-of-fact operation beside the massive walls of an ancient Roman fortress, and close to the remains of the earliest branch of the Christian Church. Save for ourselves and our dress and the anachronistic lunch, there was nothing to tell us that we were in the nineteenth century; we might have been pilgrims journeying from the White Monastery in Upper Egypt to pay our homage to Saint Barbara on her festival, and have been speaking—only we should have talked Coptic instead of Arabic—with one of the members of the earliest monastic institution of Christendom, and a devout disciple of St. Mark himself. There was nothing but our hopelessly modern selves to tell us that some fifteen centuries had come and gone since some of the Coptic churches around us first felt the mason's trowel.

The name Babylon, according to Mariette, is a corruption of Bab-li-On, the "gate of On" or of Heliopolis; and the sound may easily account for the tradition, reported by Strabo and Diodorus, which ascribes the foundation of the fortress to exiles from the greater Babylon. The present remains are Roman, and date probably either from the end of the first or from the third century A.D. The Arabs call the place by several names, of which Kasr esh-Shem'ah, the "Castle of the Beacon," is the most common, and refers, no doubt, to the use of the tall towers as beacons. The outside of the castle is imposing enough, though the walls have almost disappeared in some places, and the relentless sand of the desert has covered up some fifteen feet of their height. We can, however, distinguish the greater part of the irregular oblong outline of the fortress, and five of the bastions and the two circular towers are in good preservation. As we survey the massive walls, with their alternate five courses of stone and three of brick—the origin, perhaps, of the red and yellow stripes of the Mohammadan mosques and houses—we can understand how much the surrender of Babylon, out of mere sectarian spite by the Jacobite Copts to the Arab conqueror in 640, must have meant in the annals of Muslim conquests. They got rid of the Melkites, but soon found what it was they had foolishly taken in their stead.

When we enter the stronghold the strange character of the fortress grows upon us. Passing through narrow lanes, narrower and darker and dustier even than the back alleys of Cairo, we are struck by the deadly stillness of the place. The high houses that shut in the street have little of the lattice ornament that adorns the thoroughfares of Cairo; the grated windows are small and few, and but for an occasional heavy door half open, and here and there the sound of a voice in the recesses of the houses, we might question whether the fortress was inhabited at all. Nothing, certainly, indicates that these plain walls contain six sumptuous churches, with their dependent chapels, each of which is full of carvings, pictures, vestments, and furniture, which in their way cannot be matched.

Silk Curtain, embroidered with silver; before the altar door of the Mu'allakah Church.

It is not always easy to gain access to these churches; the Copts are shy of visitors, and the studiously plain exteriors are a sufficient proof of their desire to escape that notice which in bygone days would have aroused Mohammadan cupidity and fanaticism, and now too often the no less dangerous envy of the moneyed traveller. It was my fortune to see almost all that could be shown of these interesting monuments, and among the thousand delightful and ineffaceable memories of the "Mother of the World, the guarded city of Cairo," few are more lasting or more replete with associations than my recollection of that visit to the "Castle of the Beacon."

Early Wood Carvings from the Church of Abu-Sargah.

After passing through a strong gateway, and traversing a vestibule, or ascending some stairs, you find yourself in a small but beautifully finished basilica, gazing at a carved choir-screen that any cathedral in England might envy. In the dim light you see rows of valiant saints looking down at you from above the sanctuary and over the screens, and great golden texts in Coptic and Arabic, to the glory of God; while above, the arches of the triforium over the aisles show where other treasures of Art are probably to be found. The general plan of a Coptic church is basilican, but there are many points of wide divergence from the strict pattern; the Byzantine feature of the dome is almost universal, and sometimes the whole building is roofed over with a cluster of a dozen domes. A Coptic church consists of a nave and side aisles, waggon-vaulted (exactly like the early Irish churches, and like no others), with only very rarely transepts or any approach to the cruciform shape. The sparse marble columns that divide the nave from the aisles generally return round the west end, where is the door (or originally three doors), and form a narthex or counter-choir, where is sunk the Epiphany tank, once the scene of complete immersions, but now used only for the feet-washing of Maundy Thursday. The church is also divided cross-wise into three principal sections, besides the narthex. The rearmost is the women's place, which the judicious Copts put behind the men's, and thereby prevent any disturbance of devotions much more effectually than if the two sexes had been ranged side by side as in the Western churches. A lattice-work screen divides the women's portion from the men's, which is always much larger and more richly decorated, and the men's division is similarly partitioned off from the choir by another screen, while the altars, which are always three in number, and placed each in a separate apse, surmounted by a complete (not semicircular) dome, are hidden by the most gorgeous screen of all, though during the celebration the central folding doors are thrown back, and the silver-embroidered curtain is withdrawn, and the high altar is displayed to the adoring congregation.

Flabellum. Repoussé Silver.

The following description of the choir screen of the church of Abu-s-Seyfeyn (which, however, is not one of the churches in Babylon), will give an idea of the beauty of this part of the decoration of Coptic churches. It is taken from Mr. A. J. Butler's recent work, "The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt,"* which for the first time presents a thorough and scholarly account of these wonderful monuments. Mr. Butler's zeal and research need no praise of mine to augment their value, but I cannot resist this opportunity of saying how grateful every one who is interested in the art of Egypt must be to his admirable and laborious investigations of every detail of Coptic antiquities. His work is the highest authority we possess on this obscure but fascinating subject.

"The choir screen is worth a journey to Egypt to see. It is a massive partition of ebony, divided into three large panels—doorway and two side panels—which are framed in masonry. At each side of the doorway is a square pillar, plastered and painted; on the left is portrayed the crucifixion, and over it the sun shining full; on the right, the taking down from the cross, and over it the sun eclipsed. In the centre a double door, opening choirwards, is covered with elaborate mouldings, enclosing ivory crosses carved in high relief. All round the framing of the doors, tablets of solid ivory, chased with arabesques, are inlet, and the topmost part of each panel is marked off for

* Clarendon Press, 1884. Our illustrations are by kind permission reproduced from this work.

an even richer display of chased tablets and crosses. Each of the side panels of the screen is one mass of superbly cut crosses of ivory, inlaid in even lines, so as to form a kind of broken trellis-work on the ebony background. The spaces between the crosses are filled with little squares, pentagons, hexagons, and other figures of ivory, variously designed, and figured with exquisite skill.

"The screen is carried upwards, flush with the masonry setting of the large panels, by some beautiful woodwork which serves as a mounting for a great number of pictures. First comes a band of golden texts, with large letters carved in relief—on the dexter side Coptic, and on the other Arabic, writing; then a row of small pictures, set in a continuous framing or arcading of woodwork: above this a second band of golden texts in Coptic and Arabic; then twelve small painted beams, projecting about a cubit and fitted each with an iron ring long disused, but meant to hold a pendent lamp. Above the beams a third band of golden letters—all Arabic; and lastly a row of eleven separate large pictures."*

Priest's Armlets from the Church of Abu-Kir: crimson velvet embroidered with silver thread.

Pictures are a prominent feature in Coptic churches. They are generally painted on panel, coated with *gesso* washed over with gilt, on which the colours are laid, with a marvellous lustrous effect that reminds one of Gubbio ware. From want of care, they are frequently full of rifts caused by the starting of the wood. Many of them are modern, but others go back several centuries. Those in the men's section at Abu-s-Seyfeyn, says Mr. Butler, may be of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The earliest known painting is that of the altar casket of Abu-s-Seyfeyn, dated 1280; and of this Mr. Butler remarks that by itself it is enough "to establish the existence in Egypt of a school of painters far superior to contemporary artists in Italy." There is a falling away in the fifteenth-century paintings, and after that we observe a steady decline in the art, until the poor compositions of the present century mark the nadir of Coptic design.

Silver-gilt Textus-Case.

The altar itself is not so much ornamented as might be expected from the splendid decoration of the approach to it. The carved doors, and the silver-thread curtain, the swinging lamps, and pendent ostrich eggs, prepare us for something more gorgeous than the nearly cubical plastered brick or stone altar, with its silk covering, and the invariable recess in the east side, which originally had a more mystic signification, but is now only used for the burying of the cross in a bed of rose-leaves on Good Friday, whence it will be disinterred on Easter-day. The Coptic altar stands detached from the wall of the sanctuary, which is often coated with slabs of beautiful coloured marble, like the dados one sees in the mosques, or with mosaic of the peculiar Egyptian style; while above are painted panels or frescoes representing the twelve apostles, with Christ in the midst in the act of benediction. Over the altar spreads a canopy or baldacchino, which is also richly painted with figures of angels. The central sanctuary with its altar is divided off from the side altars by lattice screens.

The reason for three altars is very curious. On the great festivals, such as Easter and Palm Sunday, more than one celebration of the eucharist must take place, and the Coptic principle is that the altar like the congregation must be "fasting;" hence a fresh altar is needed for each celebration on the same day.

The vessels and utensils of the altar are sometimes very finely worked. The silver chalice, however, has too often disappeared and been replaced by a glass cup, and the paten is generally rather plain. A dome is used to support the corporal over the bread, and the communion is administered in a spoon, the wafer being put into the wine and both taken together. A curious part of the furniture is the Ark, which holds the chalice during the rite of consecration; and scarcely less interesting is the flabellum or fan for keeping gnats off the chalice, which is often exquisitely fashioned of repoussé silver, as may be seen in Mr. Butler's engraving opposite. Similar fans are represented in the Irish Book of Kells. There is never a crucifix, but reliquaries are not uncommon, though their place is not on the altar. The Coptic church forbids the worship of relics, but every church has its bolster full of them, and the devout believer attaches considerable importance to their curative properties. Sometimes the most beautiful object in metal-work in a Coptic church is the silver textus-case—corresponding to the Irish

* A. J. Butler, "Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt," i. 86-9.

cumhdach—in which the copy of the Gospels is supposed to be sealed up, though generally a few leaves alone remain inside. It is often a fine example of silver chasing and re-

Eucharistic Bread.

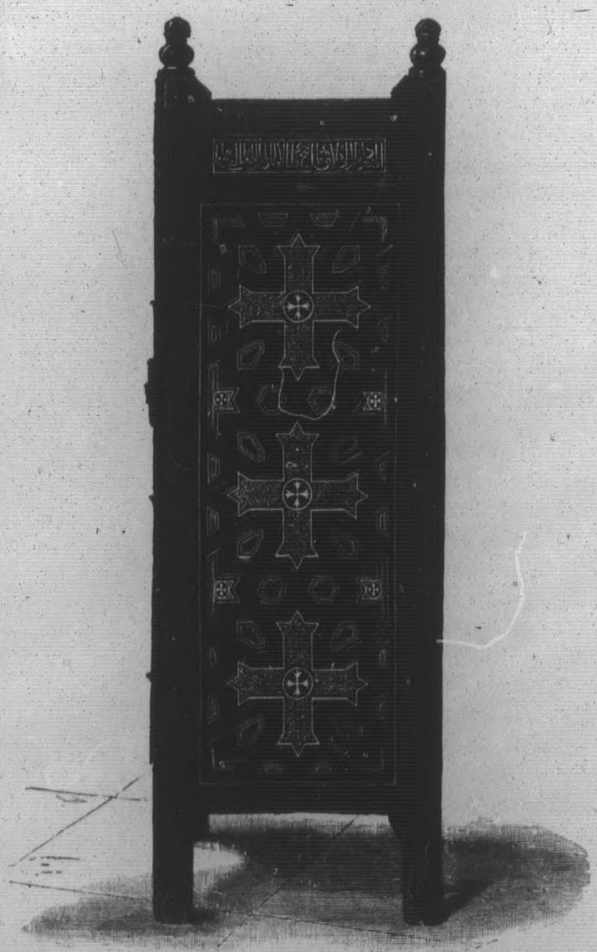
poussé work, and is reverently brought from the altar where it reposes, to the officiating deacon, who places it on the lectern while he reads from another copy.

The lectern itself is a favourite subject for decoration. The old specimen from the church of the Mu'allakah, now in the Coptic cathedral at Cairo (see the engraving on this page), is covered with the beautiful inlaid and carved panelling which is familiar in the doors and pulpits of mosques. It stands in front of the sanctuary, and the pulpit, which is also a subject for elaborate ornament, is at the north-east corner of the nave.

Of the six churches contained within the fortress of Babylon, three are of the highest interest; for, though the Greek church of St. George, perched on the top of the round Roman tower, is finely decorated with Damascus and Rhodian tiles, silver lamps, etc., the tower itself, with its central well and great staircase, and curious radiating chambers, is more interesting than the church above it. Of the three principal Coptic churches, that of St. Sergius, or Abu-Sargah, is the most often visited, on account of the tradition that it was in its crypt that the Holy Family rested when they journeyed to the land of Egypt. The crypt is certainly many centuries older than the church above it, which dates from the tenth century, though we need not accept the testimony of the supposed manger to prove that the crypt goes back to the time of Christ. Indeed, it is not easy to see what would induce Joseph to carry about the manger with him. The crypt may have belonged to the fortress, or it may have been in existence before the latter was built round it; it is quite probable that a very early church may have stood on this site.

The church itself is notable for a fine screen, and close to it a remarkable specimen of early Coptic figure-carving, with representations of the nativity, and of warrior saints, in high relief, as shown in our small engravings. Another example of this style of deep carving exists at the church of Saint Barbara, where it is hidden away in a chapel in the triforium, which is at present unhappily used as the friendly priest's bedroom.

Besides Abu-Sargah and Kadîsah-Barbârah, there remains a third and very interesting Coptic church to be mentioned. This is suspended between two bastions of the Roman wall, over a gate with a classical pediment and a sculptured eagle. It is called from its position the "Mu'allakah" or "hanging" church. It is remarkable in many ways, partly for being the oldest of the Babylon churches, since the smaller church which forms part of it probably dates from the third century—a hypothesis which its position on the as yet undamaged bastion confirms—and partly on account of the entire absence of domes. The Mu'allakah has other peculiarities: it has absolutely no choir, and the *solea* or dais in front of the shallow eastern apses has to serve the purpose; but *en revanche* it is double aisled on the north side. The carved screen in the north aisle has the unique property of being filled in with thin ivory panels, which must have shone with a rosy tint when the lamps behind were lighted. The *ambon* or pulpit is especially beautiful; it stands on "fifteen delicate Saracenic columns, arranged in seven pairs, with a leader. The two columns of each pair are identical, but no two pairs are alike. They stand on a slab of white marble carved with a wavy outline, and this rests on a base faced with vertical strips of coloured marble. The body of the ambon is faced in the same way, but has a coping of white marble carved with most exquisitely minute and graceful pendentives." Not the least curious part about the "suspended" church is its hanging garden, where the bold experiment of planting



Lectern in the Cathedral at Cairo.

palms in mid air has succeeded in perpetuating the tradition that it was here that the Virgin first broke fast with a meal of dates on her arrival in Egypt.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

THE BEURON SCHOOL OF ART.

A LITTLE over twenty years ago two brothers, natives of the ancient city of Bonn, came to live in what had been, up to the beginning of the present century, an Augustinian monastery, but which had later come into the possession of the reigning Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, whose widow, after the transfer of the princely title and power to the sovereign of Prussia, lived in seclusion in one section of the large monastic buildings. The two brothers had been secular priests, but, incited by the example of the great Dom Guéranger in France, they had conceived the idea of restoring the Benedictine Order in their own country, and, after passing the noviceship and making their monastic profession in the Abbey of St. Paul's in Rome, they had gone forth with the blessing of the Holy Father, and, after one or two unsuccessful efforts elsewhere, had finally accepted the invitation of the Princess Hohenzollern to settle in the ancient Abbey of Beuron.

Beuron is a romantically secluded spot on the upper levels of the Danube, a few miles above Sigmaringen, almost within the Black Forest, and not far from Donou-Eschingen, where the "blue river" takes its reputed rise. A more fitting situation for the cradle of a monastic order could with difficulty be conceived. The Danube, which above and below flows in a narrow gorge between lofty perpendicular rocks, here makes a sudden sweep to the north, and half encloses an open circular tract of flat alluvial, or gently sloping land, in the centre of which, along with two or three farm-houses and cottages, stand the whitewashed, square-windowed walls of the church and monastery. The buildings have no architectural pretensions, but there is a simplicity and calmness about them that well suits the scene of which they are the centre.

To one who approaches Beuron coming northwards from the nearest railway station at Mösskirch, about ten miles distant, the view which suddenly breaks upon him, as the narrow road dips to descend the rocks that form the southern boundary, is very striking. The valley is at least five hundred feet below, and the rocks on the opposite side, and all around, are equally high. Thick groves of beech crown the flats on the summit, and clothe the steep sides between the projecting ridges which here and there stand out, as if cleft from the original rock and hewn into lofty towers and fortresses, inaccessible to any foot save that of the ravens which may be seen wheeling round the dizzy pinnacles. It is a veritable amphitheatre of about a mile and a half diameter, apparently so completely shut in that no one would suspect that the Danube flowed through it; and withal so solitary-looking and so still, that a stranger might easily think he had lighted on an undiscovered relic of a primeval world.

Here, in the year 1862, was again set up the life of prayer and labour which sixty years before had been banished from the land; here grew up the monastic family of Beuron which has since propagated itself in Belgium, in England, in Bohemia, and in Styria; and here, finally, arose the school of Art the name of which heads this article.

To those who know anything of mediæval Art, it will not seem strange that an artistic school should take its rise in a Benedictine monastery. The whole tone and temper of monastic life lends itself in a remarkable manner to the development of artistic taste and feeling. Art lives in the ideal; it transcends mere objects of sense, and finds its company in great thoughts and overwhelming images; hence it needs solitude and calm, the absence of worry and distraction, and, above all, freedom from such sin and temptation as might sully the purity of its habitual fancies, or weaken

No. 1.—St. Benedict instructing his two Disciples.

its grasp of the spiritual and supersensual. The monastic life is framed with the precise view of leading to contemplative habits—to habits of simplicity of mind and of will—to concentration and calm energy of action. The humility and

No. 2.—St. Benedict's last Interview with his Sister.

meekness of the monk are easily moulded into the patient and loving labour of the artist. The monk's long hours of sweet psalmody and liturgical prayer send him back to his brush, his chisel, or his pen, with a soul steeped fresh and deeper in that vision of the ideal and eternal world whence the artist draws his motives and his inspirations. The very sight of his brethren, as he passes them in the cloister, or meets them at recreation—the pure guileless souls that speak out of their bright eyes, their cheerful unconscious voices, their childlike fun, all reflected in the abbot's paternal smile, which tells of peace and confidence and watchful protection, all keep warm and fresh and young the artist's heart, whence overflows upon his work those human sympathies without which Art would be but the expression of selfish introversion. Nor is this all. A monk works under obedience, and so his productions will be pruned of eccentricities and mannerisms; he labours with others, and hence will have the benefit of their encouragement and advice; and, more than this, a community never dies, and so the monk-artist will always have docile, industrious, and affectionate pupils, who will carry on his work, and bring perhaps to perfection in after years thoughts and inspirations which his own genius was not able to realise.*

It was about eight years after the beginning alluded to when a painter first asked for admission into the community of Beuron. A second soon followed. He had a name already known in Rome and in Munich. He was a Swiss by birth, and a convert from some form of Protestantism. It was

No. 3.—The Forge and the Field.

probably his example that drew later on a third, endowed with an exceptionally strong personal genius, to whom, perhaps, are mainly due the special principle and style that characterize the Beuron school.

Were it not out of keeping with monastic propriety and the presumable wishes of the persons concerned, one might here detail the charming idyl of the previous history and relations

* The foregoing and subsequent views of the writer of this article on artistic training are in startling antagonism to those set forth by the author of "The Early Madonnas of Raphael," *ante*, p. 111.—*Editor.*

of these two men, one strong and fiery, the other weak and gentle; the one full of bold, almost revolutionary, schemes for regenerating Art by openly combating the sensual realism into which he considered it had fallen; the other quietly and

No. 4.—Tree-felling.

less consciously working to the same end by simply carrying out his own pure and elevated taste; the one, in a frenzy of genius, smashing to fragments a masterpiece of his own sculpture, executed after the received style of the day, which had obtained for him a public professorship and a royal pension, announcing that though he had pandered to a false taste to gain the necessaries of life, he was now free to labour for Art alone, then falling into poverty through the neglect of those who looked upon his productions as hideous oddities; finally sought out and relieved by the other, who was to receive from him in return the blessings of the true faith and become his brother in the monastic life and the founding of a new school of religious Art: all this, and much more, would form a worthy addition to the romance which Art has gathered round itself. But a monastic artist does not exist as an individual; he is simply a member of a school, and it is the school that is here to be described.

The attempted description of the Beuron school may not inaptly begin by stating that no one of the works produced can be altogether ascribed to a single hand. The Beuron artists, whether as painters, modellers, sculptors, or architects—and they are all these, though mainly the first—work as *a school*. What one individual suggests a second may sketch, a third amplify, a fourth develop, a fifth reduce to an exact design, and a sixth or seventh finally carry out and finish. A master or director, who is not necessarily himself an artist, but only a critic, is placed over all, and nothing is finally decided upon without his consent and approval—an approval which is not given until all or most of the "school" have been asked to give their opinion and advice. This is only in accordance with the provisions of St. Benedict's rule, and with monastic practice in all similar matters; but it may be necessary to state it here to explain how a series of pictures, the work of several men, can differ so little in style and character as those which are here reproduced.

The engravings given with this article are selections from a long series of frescoes executed at Monte Cassino, near Naples, during the years 1870—80, in preparation for the celebration of the fourteenth-century festival of St. Benedict, founder of that famous abbey.* Simplicity of outline, absence of mere anatomical detail, and a wonderful expression of countenance, are what will be found to characterize all the examples. Like most works of the school, they represent an idea rather than a fact.

No. 1 represents St. Benedict and the first two little boys entrusted to his charge for education. They afterwards became famous as monks and saints. The youngest, Placid, founded a monastery still existing at Messina in Sicily, and was there martyred by the Saracens. The elder, Maurus, was the propogator of the order in France. Our Seymours take their name from him. The absence of perspective is striking here; there is enough of that to prevent the figures from being unnatural, but not enough to take the thoughts away from the impression intended to be conveyed. The subject really is, the influence of earnest and saintly maturity over the generous and plastic soul of pure, unconscious childhood.

No. 2 relates a story, and a very beautiful one, from the life of St. Benedict. His twin sister, Scholastica, who lived with other nuns under her brother's rule in a monastery at some distance from Monte Cassino, used to come once a year to visit him in a little hospice at the foot of the mountain. This was their last meeting, for both died that same year at the age of sixty-three. They seemed aware of the future, and had prolonged their conversation till near nightfall, when the sister implored St. Benedict, who was anxious to return to his monastery before dark, to stay the night and carry on their talk of heavenly things. He refused absolutely, but Scholastica, unmoved, had recourse to prayer, and instantly a violent storm arose, with wind, hail, and lightning, which soon turned the road into a foaming torrent, and effectually hindered her brother's departure. The moment of his reproaching his sister for what she had done, and of her reply, "Go now if you can," is that chosen for the composition. The picture is full of details, but only of such as

No. 5.—Church-building.

serve to tell the story; even the run-down hour-glass on the table is not without a purpose. This picture illustrates one principle of the school, that painting should be a kind of

* Herder & Co., booksellers of Freiburg, in Baden, have published a cheap series of twenty photographs from these frescoes.

caligraphy, able to tell its own story; a language competent to convey a clear idea to all, and therefore wider in its circle of readers, as well as higher in the ideas it is able to express.

The remainder of the illustrations are from a series of friezes representing in typical scenes the various works and employments to which the monastic life lends itself. It begins with an illustration of the parable of the householder who called labourers into his vineyard, and then follows ploughing, tree-felling, fishing, the work of the forge and the anvil, building, architecture, the Fine Arts, teaching, preaching, and, finally, the pastoral office and charge of souls. The subjects selected for engraving give some little insight into the ways of the Beuron school. That in which the monk-artist is engaged in painting is a poem in itself.

No. 6.—The Fine Arts.

It may easily be believed that a school which consciously and professedly departs from a good deal of what is recognised as standard taste, may not meet with universal approval. At a time when the great mass of critics, initiated as well as lay, look more to correctness of drawing, and faithful representation of colour and shade, than to the ideal creation realised in a work of Art, many will be found to think that the Beuron school is a retrograde movement, and a well-meaning attempt in a wrong direction. The question is a very wide one, and can hardly be entered upon now, when the immediate purpose is to introduce specimens that have not yet been submitted to English-speaking critics. Two answers may, however, be suggested by way of forestalling undue criticism; first, that retrogression is sometimes real progress, as, for instance, when one has lost the right road, and finds that retracing his steps is the only means of finding the right one; and, secondly, that Art, and particularly painting, includes many kinds, of which the Beuron school have in the main confined themselves to one, viz., decorative painting, and that they by no means put themselves forward as infallible or perfect even in that.

Briefly to sum up: two things may be laid down as the guiding principles of the Beuron school. 1. That realism is not Art. 2. That a work of Art should be suggestive of the artist's idea alone, and not of the artist himself.

From the first point of view they would argue that Art is essentially creative, while realism is imitative; that just as a mere faithful description of bare facts is prose, not poetry, and the more faithful the more prosaic: so the eminently accurate copies from nature, in which so many modern artists excel, and which so often excite our wonder at the skill they display, cannot be regarded as anything higher than a truthful transcript of what is real and sensible. They are handicraft, and not Art, and cannot raise the thought or ennoble the fancy, nor introduce us to anything higher than the sensual and the material. Hence it is that the Beuron artists endeavour to introduce as little realistic drawing as will barely suffice to sustain the idea suggested by the composition, and no more; to avoid all intrusion of anatomy and fleshy roundness, which are so likely to affect the purely sensual feelings, and so distract the higher fancy in its attempt to conceive the more spiritual image; to exclude even perspective, and all that goes to make up scene or landscape, in as far as it is unnecessary to, and therefore distractive from, the setting forth of the main idea; and, finally, to compose the whole subject with due regard to such calmness and unobtrusiveness as the surroundings require. It is almost needless to add that they make it a rule not to use models for composition.

The second principle is little more than the co-relative of the first. If a picture suggests the artist rather than his subject, it is equally realistic with that which only suggests the thing copied. Not only eccentricity and mannerism, but even highly imitative skill, is very liable to suggest its author rather than his idea, if he had one; and one cannot help thinking that much of the praise and loud comment bestowed upon modern Art is little more than the expression of wonder, or perhaps of envy, at the artist's uncommon skill and power of lifelike representation of detail.

The Beuron painter seeks to hide himself, and by the suppression of his own subjectiveness to give a more real objective power to his work. Just as an audience must forget the speaker, and themselves too, if he is to influence them by his words; just as a poem which obtrudes the writer's personal feelings as such, only leads the reader to criticise, so the painting which is to captivate the fancy and hold the mind in contemplation, must suggest to the beholder not the man who painted it, nor the manner in which it was done, but the same full, lofty, elevating thought which prompted his eye and his arm.

It has been said that Fra Angelico had no successor. It may be a bold thing to say, but when comparing the actual works of the great Dominican with those of the present Benedictines, the thought occurred to the present writer that the saintly artist had at last found some one to take up his principles and spirit, and to renovate that pure and lofty taste which was so little appreciated by the generation that succeeded Fra Angelico. A journey from S. Marco, at Florence, to S. Benedict's, at Monte Cassino, would possibly illustrate this remark.

In justice to the Beuron artists, it should here be added that the present writer is by no means an accredited spokesman on their behalf. They are completely ignorant of this article, and the writer's only claim to speak on their productions is an admiration for their spirit and principles, and the experience gained by a prolonged visit to the monastery where most of their work is being carried on.

ELPHEGE G. CODY, O.S.B.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE purchase of the Blenheim Raphael and Vandyck has been confirmed by a large majority of the British House of Commons, and we may expect shortly to see the pictures for which so exceptional a sum has been given. In spite of the views of experts we adhere to the opinion that the sum agreed upon has been far more than either should or need have been given. There was much talk of the treasures being snapped up by other governments, but no one apparently ever considered by which. Neither America, Italy, Russia, nor Austria is in the market. Germany has a better Raphael, and France is certainly not now in the mood for expending large sums, but is rather engaged in cutting down her Art budget. We cannot believe that if an offer had come from a private source the noble lord would have given the preference to the country to whom he owes his title and property. One argument in favour of the purchase has not been adduced, namely, that the possession of such a picture by the National Gallery will be an additional attraction to foreigners to visit the metropolis, and consequently to spend as much money in so doing as the interest on the sum expended will amount to. Such a reason may be considered unworthy of consideration from an Art point of view, but then the purchase has not been viewed from that side only.

Two pictures by Ary Scheffer have been hung in the National Gallery, London, to which they were bequeathed by the late Mrs. Robert Hollond. One is a well-known work, 'St. Augustine and St. Monica,' the other a portrait of Mrs. Hollond herself. The portrait is by far the better picture of the two.

One of the finest examples of Italian decorative architecture that has yet been seen in England is about to be set up in the North Court of the South Kensington Museum. It is a carved doorway from a palazzo in a small town near Brescia. It is of great size, in first-rate condition, and its ornament, like that on the famous Campione doorway from Genoa in the same court, is a most delicate and happy mixture of medallions, figures, and vegetable forms.

For the moment these same collections are enriched by the loan of Mr. James Orrock's splendid gathering of "blue," which fills three large cases in the South Court; by a very large and unique screen of Chinese work, on which an elaborate decoration of flowers, birds, animals, and human figures is carried out in lines and hollows, cut with the knife and filled in with colour; and by a small collection of pictures lent by Lord Kilmorey: of these the best are an excellent Teniers and a good Sir Peter Lely.

The Salon Carré of the Louvre has received a very important addition in the shape of a picture ascribed by M. Bancel, its donor, to Jean Parreal, or Jean de Paris. Its beauty, grace and finish have been warmly extolled by the French critics. M. Bancel bought the picture at the sale of the Duke of Parma's collection, to which it is supposed to have passed directly from the artist's hands; hence its good condition and freedom from repaints. M. Bancel believes that it was given by Henri II. to his natural daughter, Diane de France, on her marriage with Orazio Farnese in 1550. According to the same authority, the subject is the Betrothal of Charles VIII. to Anne of Brittany.

The purchase of the Beresteyn Frans Hals's by the Louvre, to which we alluded last month, seems likely to end in modifications in the system by which additions are made to that great Museum. The pictures in question, as we asserted, are in very bad condition, and only one can ever have been a really fine example of the Haarlem master. Some defenders of the purchase having denied that the statements to the above effect were well founded, they have been met by a letter from the Dutch artist and connoisseur, Van Wijngaerdt, who made the copies which now hang in the Beresteyn Hospital. In this he gives an account of the purchase and of the state of the pictures which may well have raised a storm in Paris. Among other things, he declares that a commission sent from Berlin to examine these portraits with a view to purchase, refused to make the smallest offer for them in view of their ruined condition. Our own recollection entirely bears out what he says.

The project of a "South Kensington Museum" for Paris seems at last in a fair way to be realised, but the French committee have reversed our method of going to work in one particular which may seriously affect their success. The fund left in their hands by the famous lottery which was to bring in fourteen millions of francs, is less than six millions, and more than half of this they have undertaken to spend on the building. That is, they have determined to provide a home for collections first and collections afterwards. In all likelihood the three and a-half millions will be greatly exceeded, and only a few thousands of francs will remain for buying the objects which are to bring about so great a change in the Art industries of France.

Another detail that seems a strange one is this: it is proposed that there shall be only two free days in the week, the price of entrance on the other days being one franc. Added to the great distance of the Quai d'Orsay from the industrial districts of Paris, this will go far to make the Museum useless to the class for which it is mainly intended.

A fine bronze Hercules, about seven feet high, has been dug up in Rome. For some time past workmen have been employed in preparing the foundations of the new theatre to be built by the Society for the Encouragement of the Drama in Italy, and in the course of the excavation they came upon this statue. As the part of the site on which it was found belongs to the State, it will go into the national collections.

"I could kneel in reverence before that picture." So spake a Royal Academician to the writer after a lengthened survey of the picture which Mr. Holman Hunt has at last presented to

the British public. On being asked for a reason why he would perform so extraordinary an act, he replied, "Out of respect for qualities which I aim at so often and never attain to, namely, nobility of purpose and honesty to carry it out thoroughly." All most true—and to which might be added two further qualities of the greatest value, majesty of thought and a religious belief in his subject. People have become so accustomed to pictures which, created in a day, contain so little material for thought and study as to be mastered in a moment, that they are at once puzzled by a work such as Mr. Hunt's 'Triumph of the Innocents.' They have so many pictures to see, so many galleries to compass, that they fret at the time and thought which it is necessary to bestow upon the study of the work preparatory to the due understanding of its conception. They cannot appreciate the enjoyable pastime of fathoming the artist's mind; they require the story to be either apparent at once on the face of the canvas, or else writ out for them in the catalogue so that they may, after a hurried glance at the picture, read it at their leisure at home. People complain nowadays, and oftentimes rightly, of pictures being exhibited separately, but where a work contains as much teaching as a whole galleryful its rightful place is by itself. Years ago Mr. Hunt was undoubtedly the most sought after painter of the English school: the lengthened period which the conception and execution of the 'Triumph of the Innocents' has forced upon him, made his friends fear that he might have been forgotten, and we believe this was the feeling of the artist himself. But the compact masses which daily fill The Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street, are a sufficient answer that the painter of 'The Light of the World' still retains his hold upon the British public. To have produced one work which Mr. Ruskin has styled "the finest religious painting of this century," is a thousand times better than to have kept himself before the world by a multitudinous offspring to be forgotten almost as soon as they are born.

Design by E. Abbey for the Private View Card of the Exhibition of A. Parsons's Drawings.

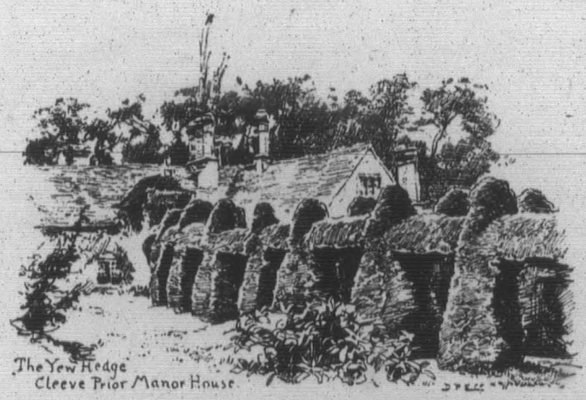
Michael Munkacsy's 'Calvary' is a great advance upon his 'Christ before Pilate;' and so indeed it should be, for the one subject is strong, in a pictorial sense, exactly where the other is weak. In the 'Pilate' it is hardly possible to avoid a divided interest. The Christ is the main figure, but Pilate has to count for something too, unless the painter choose to treat the scene in purely ideal fashion (as Correggio did) and to reduce the Roman governor into an accessory. In the Crucifixion, on the other hand, the noble figure on the cross is the one centre, both for our sympathies and our eyes. And Munkacsy has not hesitated to add to its dominance by making it rather above life-size, and by quitting for that figure alone the realism which has governed his choice of models for the rest. The arrangement of the picture is simple. The three crosses stand on the left of the canvas, at irregular angles with each other. The night is coming on, and those who have been present at the execution stream away on the right. The Marys are at the foot of the cross, John stands beside them, and in the near distance cluster the spears of the Roman guard. The moment chosen is when the cry, "It is finished," broke upon the listeners' ears. One or two figures in attitudes of amazement are perhaps the only weak ones on the whole of the huge canvas. Technically the work is of that well-balanced kind which allows no one quality to go beyond the rest. Drawing is of course good; the colour is warm, harmonious, and well suited to the scene; the textures less aggressive and arbitrary than they have been in some previous works of Munkacsy, notably in the 'Christ before Pilate.'

Far, indeed, behind it comes the 'Arrival at Calvary' of Senor Schena, now being shown by the Messrs. Graves. In this we can find little to praise beyond the originality of its subject, and the vigorous technique of some of the figures, especially those in the foreground. The conception of the chief figure seems to us most unhappy, unless the painter means his work to be looked at from a non-religious point of view. His Christ is a mortal, dazed and broken down with pain and indignity, and giving no hint of superior knowledge or nature. His Marys are theatrical in pose and drapery, and they are not well drawn. This latter fault, however, is conspicuously absent from the rest of the work; one or two of the subordinate figures, notably the Roman officer standing on the right beside the mounted centurion, are quite startling in their reality.

The exhibition of seven pictures by M. William Bouguereau at Messrs. Goupil's is one of those shows of which we should like to see many more in England. Bouguereau is not a great artist, it is likely enough that his work will be as little regarded sixty years hence as that of Benjamin West is now; but he is an excellent workman, and his excellence lies exactly in those departments in which English painters are least efficient and English critics the least discerning—in management of line and in draughtsmanship of the human form. Of these seven pictures four are almost exclusively studies of the nude, and of these four one has for its subject a thing which only the purest Art can make acceptable; it is a 'Triumph of Bacchus.' And yet there is as little to object to morally in M. Bouguereau's pictures as in the 'Venus of Milo.' Added to this command of form, Bouguereau has now and then a sense of line, of the rhythm and flow of contour, which almost makes him a great artist. The 'Byblis,' which, by the time

these lines are before our readers will have gone to the Salon, would, if carried out in marble, be hardly less exquisite than the famous 'Byblis' of M. Suchetet. Unfortunately the colour of M. Bouguereau is never more than passable, while in accessories like drapery, landscape, etc., it is terribly cold. His composition too is utterly without vigour and accent. The decorative suavity of a bas-relief seems to be all that he aims at. With faults like these his art can never live, but meanwhile its exhibition may do a good work in a country by its sufficiency in matters in which artists fail to excel.

The most notable things to be seen at the Messrs. Vokins's exhibition are Mr. Frank Dicksee's twelve original drawings for the *édition de luxe* of *Romeo and Juliet*. Apart from a certain want of fire and passion they deserve very high praise indeed. In his oil pictures, Mr. Dicksee shows defects of colour which seem to be gaining upon him, but in these "black and whites" his fine draughtsmanship and sense of line lead to a success which is marred only by the defect at which we have hinted. The best, perhaps, of the twelve is the parting of the married lovers the morning after their secret union, the composition which was seen in colour at the last Academy.

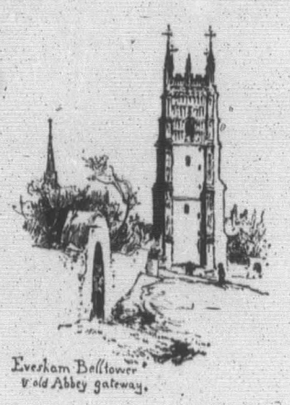


From the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Alfred Parsons's Drawings.

Among the forty drawings which complete the show, the most interesting is a fine example of J. F. Lewis, a painter who, to our discredit, is not yet to be seen in our public collections.

An artist who obtains employment upon magazine illustrations of the better kind, at once secures a notoriety which can hardly be gained by any other work. The drawings of Mr. Alfred Parsons, for instance, reproduced by wood-cutting, are known in every part of the English-speaking world. No one therefore who goes to see his collection of water-colour drawings of Shakespeare's River now exhibiting at The Fine Art Society's, but will greet him as a friend, and expect to find his works replete with flowery fancies. Nor in this will they be disappointed. The artist never seems happy unless he loads his trees with blossom, his banks with flowers, and the bosom of his water with lilies. Even in sad autumn he paints the leaves of russet red. The collection illustrates in seventy drawings the Avon from Naseby field to Tewkesbury. It and its surroundings are delightful. In these latter may be included the invitation card, designed by the artist's friend, Edwin Abbey, of which we give a reduced fac-simile, and the tiny illustrations with which the catalogue is sown, of which five are here reproduced.

At the Messrs. Dowdeswells' rooms there is a gathering of pictures and drawings of the sea by Mr. Ayerst Ingram. Mr. Ingram has devoted himself mainly to the study, not so much of the sea itself as of the atmospheres that float upon it; where the palpitating blue is only seen in glimpses through a silvery mist, and the sails of gliding yachts loom largely against the mysterious light beyond, he then seems to have a subject after his own heart. Many drawings of this kind in the present collection show no little insight and executive skill. Their chief want is strength, a vigour that not only does, but lets one see that this and nothing else was what the painter meant to do. In colour they are nearly always good, and in aerial perspective it is only now and then that a high level is not reached, while as a collection they show a real sincerity that enables them to support the very trying ordeal of juxtaposition with fair success.



From the Catalogue of the Exhibition of A. Parsons's Drawings.

Mr. Robert Dunthorne's exhibition of forty-eight drawings by Frederick Walker includes most of his well-known works. There are two sketches for the 'Harbour of Refuge,' and a finished replica in water colours. There is the study for the 'Old Gate;' there is a sketchy portrait of himself never before exhibited; there is 'The Ferry' (Marlow), recently etched by Mr. Robert Macbeth; there is 'The Studio,' a girl posing with a drum to a painter who is sketched in the light under his window, an unfinished but masterly drawing; there is the intensely dramatic scene from "Jane Eyre," when Rochester takes Jane and the rest of his friends up to the top of the house and shows them his mad wife; there is the 'Housewife,' perhaps the most wonderful study in its way ever painted; there is a pen drawing of 'The Vagrants,' in which the whole history of English wood-cutting for the years between 1860 and 1880 can be read; there is the 'Philip in Church,' lately etched by Mr. Herkomer, and there are many more of the drawings, original and illustrative, which have given their author a secure place as one of the most delicately sympathetic painters that ever lived, and one of the best of colourists. If Walker had been a woman he would have been an ideal lady artist; seeing that he was a man, the

From the Catalogue of the Exhibition of A. Parsons's Drawings.

one fault we have to find with his work is its want of male vigour and fire. His men are too often ladies' heroes: look, for instance, at his Rochester, and at the young gentleman in the drawing numbered 30.

From the Catalogue of the Exhibition of A. Parsons's Drawings.

With the chief places in the rooms filled with pictures which have been seen elsewhere the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh appears at first sight to be deficient in original interest, and a closer examination does not go far to remove the impression. The most important figure subject by an Academician is 'The Swineherd,' a large and brilliant work by Mr. W. E. Lockhart. The figure seen in profile is seated on the stump of a column and blows on a conch. As regards the complexion of the semi-nude man and the texture of the skins in which he is clad, the picture stands close study, while the aerial effect and general harmony of the picture are excellent. In landscape Mr. Geo. Reid is foremost with an important autumnal woodland scene, 'October.' Mr. Cameron, in 'The Rivals,' gives a work of larger size than usual, the subject the presentation of the new baby, whose arrival is resented by the previous pet. Mr. Gibb, in 'Letters from Home,' presents a military subject, two officers in a tent, the treatment being somewhat flat. Mr. Gourlay Steell has a large picture introducing two favourite dogs of her Majesty; and Mr. Herdman contributes a three-quarter length portrait of a lady, rich in tone and charming in colour, with three fine figure pictures. The Associates furnish a number of landscapes of great excellence, those of Mr. J. C. Noble, Mr. Aikman, and Mr. D. Murray being prominent. Mr. Hole furnishes a subtle and impressive evening scene, showing Christ looking over Jerusalem, with the title of "If thou hadst known;" and from Mr. MacGregor come several figure-subjects, clever in execution but strikingly deficient in refinement. The water-colour room is, as a whole, the most attractive part of the exhibition, prominent being works by Mr. Lockhart and Mr. R. Anderson; while the sweet and tender works of Mr. T. Scott, Mr. J. Douglas, and Mr. J. S. Fraser, the very striking picture 'Going a-milking,' by Mr. T. Austen-Brown (who also shows landscapes with figures in oil of notable brilliance and finish), and the promising work by Mr. P. W. Nicholson, and other young artists, afford great promise for future success. In the general exhibition attention is arrested by the work from Mr. Martin Hardie, 'The Kirking,' and a portrait full of life and character of Mr. Smart, R.S.A.; Mr. Hector Chalmers's 'Billeted' has some passages of great merit, and Mr. J. M. Brown's 'Waifs and Workers' is a telling outdoor scene with figures introduced.

The first four years of "The Great Historic Galleries of England," published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., under the editorship of Lord Ronald Gower, were devoted to a miscellaneous selection of pictures from the galleries of Stafford House, Castle Howard, Bridgewater House, Hertford House, Arundel Castle, the collection of the Marquis of Bute and other famous galleries, supplemented by miniatures from Windsor Castle and elsewhere. The fifth volume, which has been recently published, is given up entirely to the collection of the Earl of Northbrook. This collection, of which the greater part was gathered together by Mr. Thomas Baring, is located partly in Lord Northbrook's London house and partly at Stratton. In the former place are the old masters, at the latter the modern paintings, while a few works are hung on the walls of their owner's official residence at the Admiralty. In spite of the restrictions imposed by photography, the thirty-six illustrations comprise many of the most important pictures in the collection. The 'Madonna and Child,' by Crivelli; the Portrait of a Son of Philip II. of Spain, by Sanchez-Coello; the two Murillos; the 'Portrait of a Man,' by Petrus Cristus; the Scene from the Legend of St. Giles, of the early Netherlandish school; the 'Calling of St. Matthew,' by Van Hemessen; Holbein's Portrait of Herbster; Van Dyck's Likeness of the Earl of Newport; the View of the Town Hall of Haarlem, by Berck-Heyde; Schalcken's Portrait of the Pensionary De Witt; and that of William Van de Velde, the younger, by Musscher—all possess great historic interest apart from their artistic value. Of the modern paintings, the most beautiful is undoubtedly the sketch—for it is but little more than a sketch—of Mrs. Jordan by Gainsborough.

In looking through the delightful volume of "ETCHINGS OF OLD LONDON," which Mr. George has recently issued through The Fine Art Society, one must bear in mind the evident intention of the etcher not to worry his work by the introduction of effects which would distract attention from the main object in view, namely, the portraiture of buildings which have either already passed out of existence, or are on the verge of destruction. In so doing he clearly was right. The work is, as a whole, so interesting, and likely to be so popular, that we indulge a hope that at some future time Mr. George will give us a second and a third series of Old London; there is still ample material appealing to the recording pencil, and there are few who could perpetuate the scenes more deftly than the popular architect whose work is now before us.

From the Catalogue of the Exhibition of A. Parsons's Drawings.

The original picture of 'Friday,' of which we published an etching in our March number, was not, as stated, purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool, but was presented to the Walker Art Gallery by Mr. James Pegram, of the same city.

PAINTED BY A.C. GOW. A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY J.C. ARMYTAGE.

REQUISITIONED

FROM THE DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF W. CUTHBERT QUILTER ESQ.

LONDON: J.S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

MUSIC AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

WE propose in this preliminary paper to give a brief account of the aims and objects of the division—the second division—of the International Inventions Exhibition, which is devoted to the illustration of the history of Music from the earliest times down to the present day.

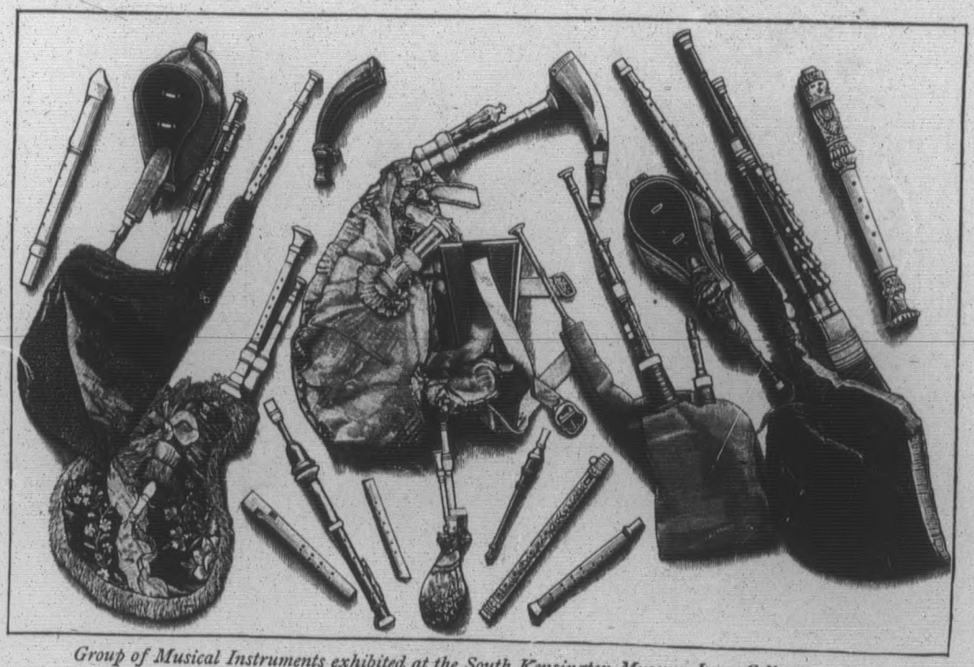
It is perhaps scarcely too much to say that although the public is prepared for a continuation of the successful series of International Exhibitions which were inaugurated by the "Fisheries," and has a vague idea that this year's programme will be filled with inventions, very little has yet been heard of the second division, which has been associated with a widely different subject, Music. Even amongst those who are officially engaged in the work of preparing the exhibition, little seems to be known concerning this division, except, of course, by those who are particularly concerned with it. The writer has, however, had peculiar facilities for gathering information concerning this portion, and for watching the preparations now in course of completion.

Mozart playing the Clavier, with his Father and Sister.
Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from the Print published by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi.

In this age of exhibitions it is not a little strange that one specially devoted to music has not been given. It is true that there have been sections in several of the Great Exhibitions, notably at Paris in 1878; but even in that (certainly as regards England) the outcome was poor in the extreme. The writer has been told by a high authority—a juror at that Exhibition—that amongst the English exhibits (which were, moreover, very few in number) there was scarcely one which he himself would deem worthy of a portion of the much-coveted space which will now be filled with examples of the well-known excellence of English manufacturers of musical instruments.

At Brussels in 1880 there was a fine exhibition of historic musical instruments and appliances, but it was confined exclusively to Flanders; and the Loan Collection of 1872 at South Kensington, which was no doubt also good, is within the recollection of most musical amateurs. But this again was confined to ancient musical instruments only. It has been reserved for the International Inventions and Music Exhibition of 1885 to combine a collection of the latest developments in the manufacture of musical instruments, with another collection which will serve to illustrate its progressive history. Not only this, but an attempt will be made to add whatever there may be of interest relating in any way to music. This will include the illustration of the progress of notation whether of manuscript or of printed music. Examples will be exhibited of the fine foreign illuminated choir books (so seldom

seen in this country), psalters, graduals, and antiphonars, together with other objects connected with choirs, such as the vestments peculiar to them, choir staves, lecterns, and cantors' stools; besides all these, paintings and engravings which in any way bear on this universal Fine Art. Further, by means of concerts and lectures the Art itself will be practically illustrated. A series of ancient concerts (such as were given under the auspices of Prince Albert in 1845) will be attempted, in which the old instruments will be used. Lectures also, in which as far as possible the same means of illustration will be made use of, will show the form and explain the sounds produced from the virginals, spinets, clavichords, harpsichords, and other instruments of the same class down to the perfected piano of the present day; the curious developments of wind and stringed instruments, such as the violin family, or the viols d'amour and da gamba, the dulcimer and theorbo, flauto dolce and flûte à bec, oboe, lutes of various kinds, and horns, or the variety of harps. The music of the East will not be forgotten, and the fine collection of East Indian instruments which will be shown will either strengthen or finally dispel the idea perhaps which prevails in the minds of not a few who have visited India, that there is a method and beautiful science in that music which although not yet apparent to us, may yet be so when we have had an opportunity of being sufficiently educated up to it.



Group of Musical Instruments exhibited at the South Kensington Museum Loan Collection, 1872.

The main division of the buildings allotted to music is that named the Central Gallery. This Gallery will be remembered by visitors to the last year's exhibition as the one in which the exhibits of the South Kensington Museum schools were displayed, and at the east end of which was the tiled pavilion of Messrs. Doulton & Co. Large as this gallery is, stretching from east to west almost the entire width of the exhibition buildings, it is not more than sufficient, indeed is less than sufficient, for the purpose for which it has been selected. The demand for space has been very great; every inch has been greedily asked for, and a large number of applications have been from necessity refused.

It may, however, be said in general that all the great firms and manufacturers of musical instruments are exhibitors—notably in the class of pianos. There they will be seen stretching away down the centre of the gallery, and up and down about half of each of the sides: the Broadwoods, Brinsmeads, Collards, Hopkinsons, and many more whose names are, indeed, household words, facing us as we sit by our hearths, from the splendid grands in the most highly finished cases to the cottage, modestly unobtrusive, but certainly, as regards the great English makers, not the less of solid and excellent workmanship. One instrument of the string class, so dear to our fathers, will probably be conspicuous by its absence. We believe that there will not be a harp amongst the exhibits. This may be accounted for by the circumstance that the great firm of the Erards—the chief, if not the only London makers of harps—do not propose to exhibit any musical instruments. It is, however, extremely to be regretted that so elegant an instrument should not find a place. The beauty of the form is wanting to complete the class of instruments with strings, and its presence in force at so important an exhibition might have served, perhaps, to revive the taste for its music in these days, when so little excuse is needed to bring a return to old tastes and customs.

At both ends of the gallery will be two great pipe organs, by Messrs. Willis & Walker, magnificent and imposing instruments, whose tones will no doubt attract large crowds around them; in the angles of the transepts will be four more large organs; and in the new music-room, which we shall again presently refer to, will be two more fine instruments of the same class.

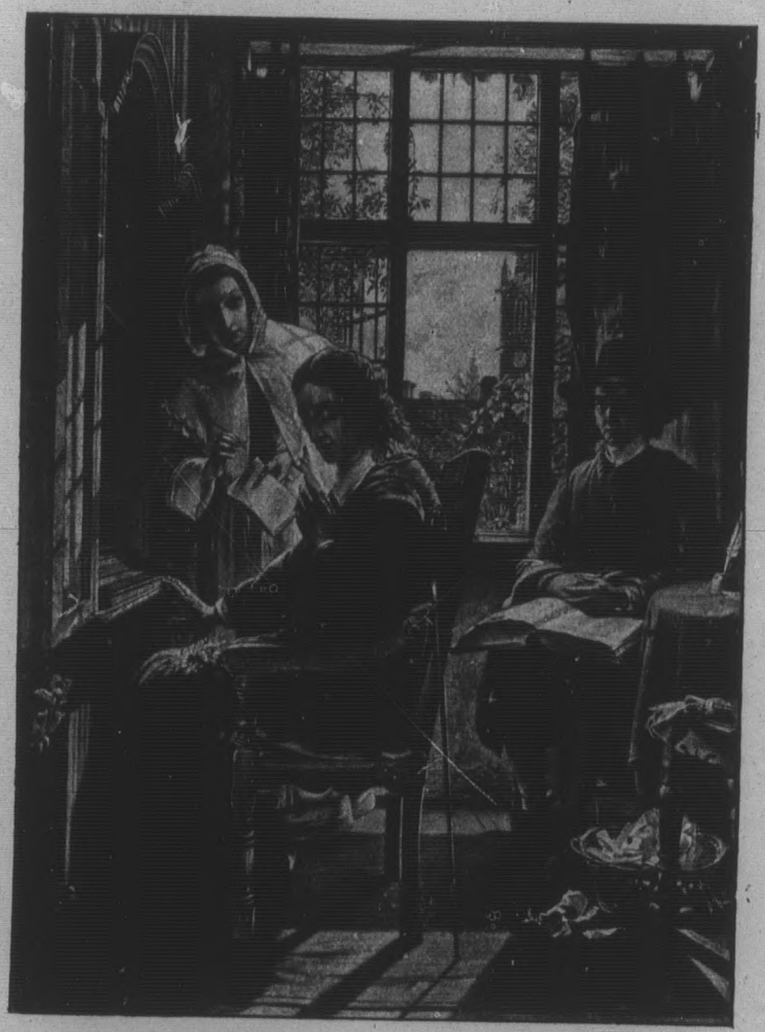
Passing round by the trophy of drums and other historic instruments belonging to the Honourable Artillery Company, we shall find (mostly grouped together in classes) a good collection of instruments of the violin family, with the Hills, the Chanots, Gemünders, and others, whom it would be invidious further to particularise; and the brass instrument makers with the Booseys, Bessons, Chappells, Rudall Cartes, and many others. Next to these we shall find mechanical instruments, such as barrel organs or musical boxes, which no doubt will prove a great source of attraction to the general public; and so we shall be able to pass in survey the wood and brass and the reeds, and the drums, with the monster drum of Boosey, which has figured at so many great concerts, the engraving and printing of music, and the endless designs and models, and appliances both for the manufacture of musical instruments and for their adaptation to our use and pleasure.

For the purpose of testing instruments a new music-room

has been constructed, complete in every way, in which properly regulated recitals will be given. The room will accommodate four hundred persons seated, with standing room for two hundred more. It will have a platform sufficiently large for two concert grands, and the two great pipe organs previously mentioned decorate the northern and southern ends. There is every reason to anticipate that the demand by exhibitors to give recitals (especially of the piano class) will be very great, and as for their own credit they will, no doubt, engage the best available talent, those who know the attractions caused by the high-class recitals in London will look forward to these concerts as amongst the most important "draws" of the exhibition.

Next to the music-room will be a large space devoted to Siam, its musical exhibits, and the band of twenty performers which the king is sending to England specially for the exhibition. About these we are at present somewhat in the dark, as to what we may expect; and perhaps it may be said that we are no less so in regard to Mr. Baillie Hamilton's vocalion, which will be their near neighbour. Very conflicting have been the opinions concerning this instrument, but now we shall have ample opportunities of judging for ourselves.

Of the curiosities, of the tuning-fork-pianos, the gas-flame musical instruments, electrical organs, and the like there is no space for us to speak for the present. One more instrument alone may be mentioned, and that is a piano which may be said to be the type of iron-framed instruments. It is exhibited by Herr Conrad Meyer, and being in a certain sense historic, may lead us by a gentle transition to the loan collection of historic musical instruments. It is much to be regretted that to reach this collection we shall have to make a journey to the top gallery of the Royal Albert Hall. When, however, we arrive there we shall find a spacious and entirely adequate *locale* for the purpose, and a collection illustrating the history of music, such as for extent, variety, and intrinsic value has never before been brought together.



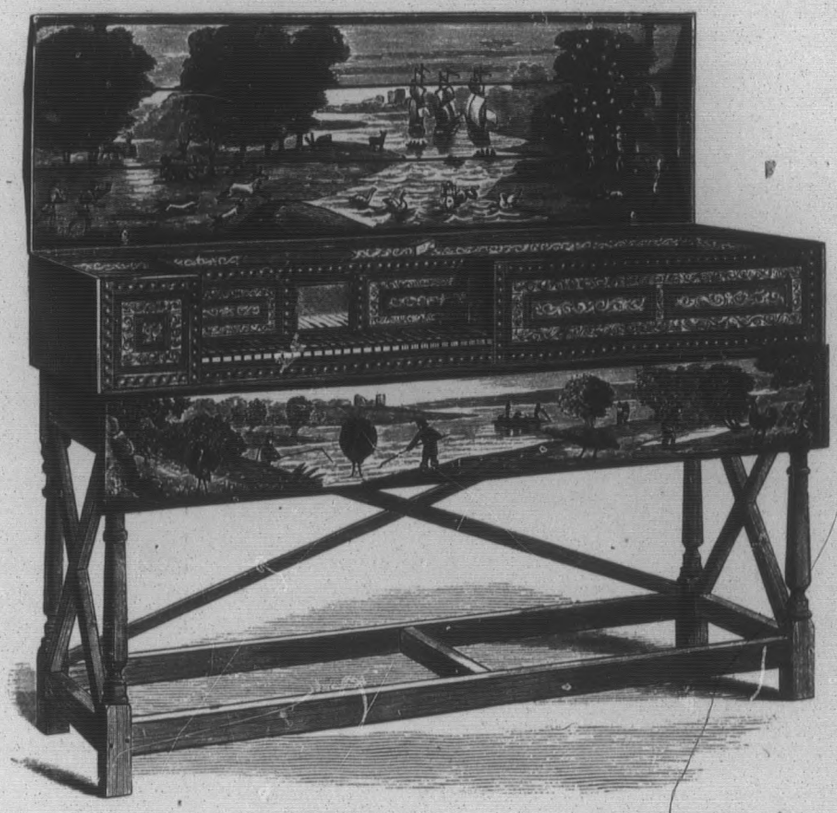
Milton composing Samson Agonistes.
From the Picture by J. C. Horsley, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Graves & Co.

We cannot in this paper deal in detail with these various treasures. It has already been mentioned that previous exhibitions of music have been limited in their scope; some to a collection of instruments, others to the productions of certain countries only. But for this collection there has been no restriction; and in the matter of books and manuscripts, autograph scores, and printed and engraved works, so great a number of the kind has never before been exhibited. The difficulties of gathering all these together have not been small, and the authorities have not shrunk from the expense of sending special agents abroad in order to visit the great collections of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Belgium.

In the Loan Collection at South Kensington in 1872 there were thirty-three instruments of the harpsichord and spinet class exhibited. In this exhibition, including some of the most famous of the examples shown at South Kensington, there will be over a hundred. It must now suffice to say that the famous productions of the families of Stradiuarius, Amati, Guarnerius, the Magginis, and Barak Normans, will not be found wanting. Following upon the ancient forms of the pianoforte will come successive developments down to the work of the Broadwoods, Kirkmans, and other famous makers of the end of the last and beginning of the present century. The Queen's collections, and the famous libraries of Lords Spencer and Ashburnham amongst others, will contribute their treasures, and for the first time in connection with music, examples of very fine objects used in the music service of the Church will be exhibited from cathedrals and monasteries on the Continent.

The Music Committee, charged with this section of the exhibition, propose to exhibit not only a fine historic collection, but also to illustrate as fully as possible the growth and varieties of musical composition: for this purpose a series of historical concerts will be given. Ecclesiastical music will of course receive its due share of attention, and not the least interesting portion of this will be the production of the grand though

difficult music of Palestrina, which we so seldom have a chance of hearing. This is in itself a subject which will commend itself very particularly to the sympathies of a large number of persons who are rightly disturbed by the inappropriate character of the florid music adapted from operatic sources which so often nowadays offends the ear. Any efforts which may have some result in bringing back the more reverent style to be found in the compositions of Palestrina and others of his school will indeed be welcome.



Harpsichord from the Permanent Collection belonging to South Kensington Museum.

Again, as regards old English music, no one can read the excellent work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," by Chappell, without seeing how much there is which is worthy of illustration, and which in spite of our glee and madrigal societies may be said to be very little known to the mass of the people. These very people may now be more easily reached than through the medium of isolated concerts, which indeed they seldom think of attending.

It is humiliating that our English bands who play in these gardens year by year should make no efforts to produce programmes in which our best national music should figure, instead of presenting time after time the music of foreign nations only. Not a little indignation has already been aroused by the rumour that the famous Vienna band of Herr Strauss and that of the Blucher Hussars, of which the Prince of Wales is colonel, have been engaged to play in the gardens of the Exhibition for two months. On the contrary, we think that apart from the pleasure which such orchestras will give, their presence will also prove beneficial from an educational point of view, for from such perfection and education our bandmasters have much to learn. It is the spirit of Englishmen not to suffer themselves to be beaten if they can help it, but we often want rousing, and such competition will surely not fail in doing this.

We cannot pass by without notice the arrangements which have been made for competitions of choirs and of the brass bands which are so popular in the northern counties. For these we believe that a sum of no less than £1,600 has been set aside for prizes.

So that there will be no lack of music at the International Inventions and Music Exhibition of 1885.

A few words are necessary to describe the illustrations which accompany this article. In the first, 'Mozart playing the Clavier, with his Father and Sister,' we have an engraving from the original sketch made by an artist in Paris at the beginning of 1764, when the Mozart family were on their way to England. Mozart was then in his ninth year, and the picture is thus described in a letter written at the time by Mozart's father. "Our portraits have been very well painted by M. von Carmontelle, an amateur. Wolfgang is playing the clavier; I, behind his chair, the violin. Nannerl leans with one arm on the clavier and holds in the other hand music, as if singing." The illustration of 'Milton composing Samson Agonistes' is the realisation of a tradition of the help the poet always acknowledged he received from music. The weird poem of Samson Agonistes is one wherein Milton's sense of his own blindness and other misfortunes seems to speak again and again in the person of the Hebrew hero.

Amongst the instruments in the woodcut illustrating some of the exhibits at the Loan Collection at South Kensington, in 1872, will be found several descriptions of bagpipe. This is an instrument which finds its place in nearly every country, and which varies in character considerably. Connoisseurs are familiar with the differences even in our own country, such as in Northumberland and Cumberland, not to mention Scotland. To this we shall have occasion to refer subsequently. The harpsichord illustrated (in the South Kensington Museum Permanent Collection) is English work. The case is of oak, on a carved oak stand. The inside of the lid is painted with somewhat incongruous subjects, representing Adam and Eve in Paradise, a sea-fight, and a deer-hunt. The falling front is painted with a landscape, fishermen, and various birds. It is signed "John Loosemore fecit, 1655."

(*To be continued.*)

WINGS.

IT may be taken for granted that the introduction of wings into ornamental design was due directly to their symbolic meaning. What more suggestive of the heaven above, and all that pertains to it, than wings? Once, however, admitted, they soon assumed a very important place in virtue of their absolutely ornamental character—and held it. Accordingly we find that in the ornament of all periods great decorative use is made of the wing, from the winged globe of early Egyptian art, symbol of eternity, to the winged Love of modern French design, symbol only of frivolity. And yet, for all the ornamental character of the wing, there has always been a difficulty in satisfactorily combining it with animal forms in which nature had not made structural provision for it. The happy thought, at whatever early period it occurred to man, was one of those inspirations more poetic in its conception than easy to realise in plastic form. The realisation is almost inevitably a degradation of the idea. This is less the case in the earlier and more archaic art, which touches us by its naïveté, whereas in work of later date we should see rather the comicality of it. What was possible to the artist of the old world is not possible to us. We may not attempt what came naturally to him to do, because to us it is not natural.

The modern notion of realism makes a modern angel almost impossible. No human ingenuity could reconcile us to the addition of wings to a figure, I will not say so human, but so absolutely flesh-like, as the so-called angels of Rubens for example. The artists of our own day who paint religious subjects appear to have given up the idea of consistency in despair, and in place of a poetic conception present us with a robust female with wings. But the early Christian painter was not tempted to any such inconsistency, perhaps because to him angels were conceivable, and therefore paintable, beings; and it is more to his simplicity than to his cleverness, that we owe his in effect artistic avoidance of the familiar. There is a fresco in the lower church of Assisi, in which the weeping angels, diapering the blue sky which form the background to the picture of the Crucifixion, are delightfully conceived. Their wings and drapery are painted in grey blue, lighter than the sky, of which they form as it were a part, their skirts dying away into cloud, only their hands and faces, each with its golden aureole, suggesting the human. There is no taint of realism—the sorrow of the heavenly host is symbolized in a way that even a nineteenth century sceptic may appreciate.

Fig. 1.—Ornamental Arrangement of Wings.

It is not for a moment pretended that the early pictures of angels are uniformly poetic; Fra Angelico himself was not always inspired; but there is always a sort of consistency in them. The angels' wings, exceptionally happy even for Fra Angelico, in his 'Madonna con Angeli,' in the Pinacotheke at Perugia, impossibly feathered as they are with luminous plumes (glazed in bright transparent colours over gold), seem not only to belong to the unreal beings he depicts, but strike us much less with their impossibility than do the more bird-like wings of later painters. You may be disposed to accept the creation, or to reject it entirely; but you are not tempted to quarrel with this or that detail. If the modern painter is unable to believe in the angel, wings and all, at least he should imagine the wing as he imagines the angel.

The confusion of wings about the mediæval representations of cherubim and seraphim, adds something of mystery to the effect, which any more possible arrangement would destroy. The seraphim of the Gothic glass-painters literally clothed in wings are not more impossible than the later winged woman. The very obvious wing is obviously absurd.

The Greek conception of a winged figure is by no means so perfect as we might wish, and as we might perhaps justly have expected. The wings of flying figures painted on Greek and Etruscan vases are designed with a view rather to occupying a vacant space than conforming to any imaginable action; much as Gothic wings were made to fulfil some purpose of decorative composition. But, clumsy though they may be at times, they are for the most part graceful in form, and have seldom the stiffness of a mediæval wing. The feathers have the appearance of yielding in a featherlike way, and the lines they take have all the delicacy and subtlety of nature. So far there is life in them; but in the way in which they are attached to the shoulder there is no suggestion of growth, which is the more surprising when one sees the energetic sweep of the wings of eagles, swans, and other flying creatures, in the little terra-cottas of about the same period. There are cases in which the

wings appear to be simply set behind the figure as symbols, not belonging to or forming part of it at all. In a representation of Hercules in the garden of Hesperides at the British Museum, there is a descending genius whose back is half turned towards the spectator, and yet his shoulders are undisturbed by any evidence of the attachment of the wings.

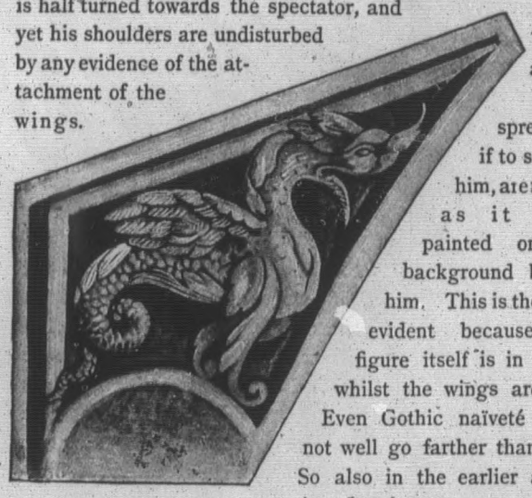


Fig. 2.—Winged Grotesque.

These, altho' outspread as if to support him, are merely as it were painted on the background behind him. This is the more evident because the figure itself is in white, whilst the wings are red. Even Gothic naïveté could not well go farther than this. So also in the earlier art of Assyria, whence we may assume the Greeks derived some of their notions of art, in the winged men whose profiles are so familiar on the bas-reliefs from Nineveh, there is no pretence of any growth at all in the wings, they are mere appendages.

A great difficulty in adapting wings to any human figure is in the attempt to proportion them to the body. To make them of sufficient size really to support it, is artistically out of the question. The wing that would be long enough to bear up even a child would be so preposterously in the way as only to call attention to the outrageousness of the fancy. Even in nature the wing of a swallow, or gull, or any swift-flying bird, looks foolish so soon as the creature is aground. Accordingly we find that in Art the most successful results have been reached where there has been no attempt to make the wings mechanically adequate, but an endeavour only to proportion them to the size and shape of the figure, without any regard to its weight. One may suppose them features which, through disuse, have dwindled to proportions possible in Art. Indeed, some of the very happiest wings are the most rudimentary. The tiny Cupid's wing, just budding from his cherubic shoulder, seems to belong more intimately to it than any other form of wing yet invented. The Renaissance version of this fledgling feature is sometimes as beautiful as it is suggestive.

In attaching wings to the form of a quadruped, one obvious principle appears to have been followed pretty uniformly from the first: namely, that of making them grow from the shoulder of the fore-leg, so as often to form one member with it. You see this in the winged bull of Assyria, and in certain Greek griffins, etc., and in some degree in the winged horses engraved (Fig. 5). It occurs again also in the Evangelistic symbols of early Christian Art. The Gothic artist provided the lion and the bull with wings which remove them farther than ever from zoology, but which, nevertheless, do not seem quite to belong to them. It is much too plain to us how such creatures were put together; the mechanism of the trick is apparent. There is none of that before-mentioned mystery which makes the impossible seem possible to us for the moment. One has seen in certain old windows a glory of light and colour which resolves itself at last, as you look, into a mystery of mingled wings and angel faces.

There is something very charming in the way the sculptors of the Renaissance embedded the sweetest child faces in a nest of wings, almost smothering them sometimes in their downy environment. In this Della Robbia was unsurpassed. No one has approached him in the delicate modelling of cherubim, which even under a glaze of shiny white remain beautiful. It must be confessed that the very childlike-ness of the faces, no less than the featheriness of the wings, remove these lovely creations from the ideally possible, as they are removed in their very conception from actual possibility. They are, in fact, neither one thing nor the other; but, whatever they are or are not, they are beautiful; and in the disposition of the multifold wings, as well as in the ordering of the cherubs so as to form, as they frequently do, a frame or border to the picture, there is something admirably ornamental. And this brings me to the main subject of this short paper, namely the use in ornament of wing shapes.

The frequency with which birds are introduced in the arabesques of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with which they are not quite in keeping, is accounted for by the very useful function they fulfil in occupying any awkward interval in the scroll itself, and this without in any way interfering with the ornament, which any new feature growing out of it would be most likely to do. It is one of the riskiest things in ornamental design to add to an otherwise complete composition some new feature which needs to be connected with it, more especially in ornament which, like that of the best Italian periods, depends much upon the grace of its line and the purity of its curves. The introduction of an occasional bird is a very easy solution of the difficulty—and one to which the sculptors of the Renaissance resorted almost too habitually. It would have been more admissible if they had modified the living object in conformity with the ornament, as the Orientals did in the case of the sacred bird whose wings, and more especially whose tail, it is a sight to see. A very frequent termination to a pilaster or other upright-growing panel of Renaissance ornament is the imperial eagle, taken sometimes bodily from the Roman standard, its feet planted firmly on the rim of a vase, its wings filling amply, and most con-

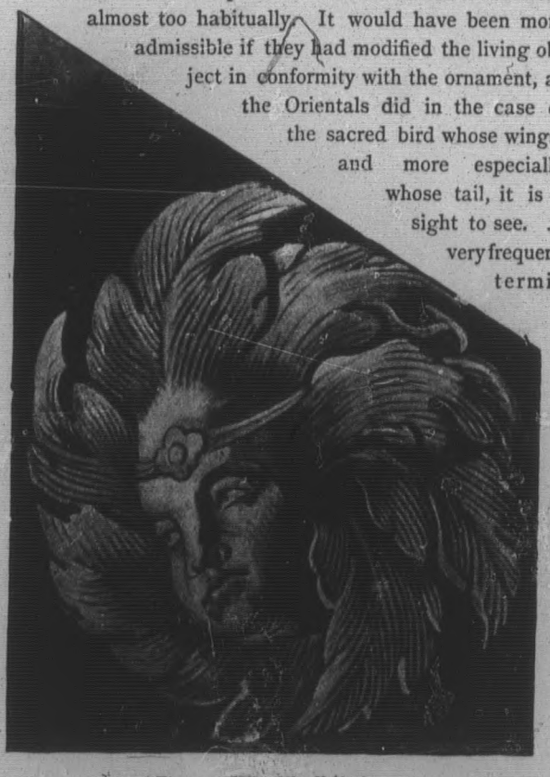


Fig. 3.—Winglike Foliation.

veniently, those topmost angles which it is so difficult satisfactorily to occupy with ornament without some loss of

Fig. 4.—Grotesque, with Winglike Attributes in place of Arms.

that effect of lightness which the situation seems to demand. It is ordinarily, though not invariably (see Sodoma's grotesque handles in Fig. 5) the outspread wing in which the ornamentalist sees his chance. And he has appended it to almost every conceivable thing. We have thus not only sirens, sphinxes, phœnixes, harpies, chimeras, griffins, hippogriffs, sea-horses, and lions of St. Mark and so on, and winged heads human or animal, but winged globes, hour-glasses, hearts, scallop shells, and other such symbols, even to a winged skull. And more, a purely ornamental feature, such as a vase or the Greek anthemion, is sometimes endowed with wings, serving obviously no purpose but that of absolute ornament. Even where the addition of wings to an object is for the sake of symbolism, as in the case of the winged helmet, or the cap of Mercury, it is almost invariably managed with so much regard to ornamental composition as to suggest that a love of ornament had something to do with the conception.

Fig. 5.—Winged Creatures, from a Fresco by Sodoma.

The beauty of the wing shape has sometimes led to the use of forms calculated to suggest wings, without in any way imitating them. Certain Swiss and German designers of the sixteenth century were wont to attach to their carven cupids, angels, or other figures, the outspread antlers of the stag; and, if we condone what may be called the rusticity of the proceeding, it must be confessed that the candelabra and other objects designed in this manner are exceedingly picturesque. Again, among the Greek terra-cottas in the British Museum are a number of little kneeling figures with wing-like appendages, which prove to be scallop shells. It is as if some beautiful bivalve had opened out, and disclosed the kneeling form of Aphrodite, where one would have expected something less shapely. These figures represent of course Venus rising from the sea; but the position in which the shells are placed in relation to the figure inevitably suggest wings—as the artist surely meant they should. In a similar spirit, the early Italian painters sometimes designed the drapery of a figure so that the falling sleeve took the shape of a folded wing.

It is in connection with grotesque ornamental forms that the wing has been carried farthest from nature; although it so happens that in the illustrations accompanying this article the least natural are associated with the human figure. The various decorative modifications of wings form quite an interesting study, and even though they be sometimes so fanciful as scarcely to be recognisable, one cannot quarrel with a departure from naturalism which would be peculiarly out of place in the treatment of a feature so unnatural. If the wings of the Italian sculptors and wood carvers are not the wings of an angel or a cherub, neither are they the wings of a goose; and at all events they are ornamental. That is their justification. At Perugia there are sculptured features which are not so much wings as feathered ornament suggesting them; nor yet exactly feathered either, for the forms, even though they take the lines of feathers, prove often to be absolutely ornamental, partaking as much of the nature of floral growth as of animal. Viewed in the light of ornament nothing could well be better than certain cherub faces peeping flowerlike from the midst of feathery foliation.

A wing may be little more than a feathered collar round the chubby face of a cherub, and yet be suggestive (Figs. 1 and 6). I remember certain monuments of the early seventeenth century in the cathedral at Münster, adorned with cherubs whose wings are conventionalised into the merest frill; but it is a most graceful convention even though it belongs to the age of the Rococo. If only the shape be sufficiently removed from nature, there is no inconsistency in wings taking the place of arms, as

they commonly did (Fig. 4). Indeed the only conceivable wing that could be of any use must take that place; there is no other anatomical provision for such a feature, excepting perhaps in the place of ears, which they sometimes appear to occupy; and, however little reference the ornamental attribute may bear to nature, we are gratified by the suggestion of its growth. Its proportion, as I have said, is properly regulated altogether by consideration of ornament. There is no objection to winglike features of such diminutive size as to be little more than tiny sheaths out of which grows ornament pure and simple.

The fancies of the Renaissance artists were borrowed, like the rest of their ideas, more or less from ancient Greek and Roman art. Certain archaic Greek griffins, sirens, and the like, have wings more or less ornamentally fashioned, some of the earlier ones very nearly approaching the conventional Assyrian type; but a wing that goes off into ornament is rare, if it is to be found at all. In Renaissance art there is scarcely any liberty that has not been taken with the wing On a monument at Münster there is a grotesque of the eagle type, whose wings grow into scroll in the most natural manner, as if it were quite a matter of course. This was probably not of German origin. It is very different from the work of Dürer, for example, who could draw a wing with marvellous precision and vigour, and who delighted to take liberties with it too, adorning it with all manner of extra-natural flourishes. But he lacked the sense of grace and beauty of line needful to an ornamentalist; and it is not as models of decorative design that we admire the strong wings of his conception. He appreciated character before beauty. Dürer, when he is least natural, is nevertheless far from ornamental. He was surpassed in this respect by many of his countrymen. Aldegrever, Burgkmair, Hopfer, and Jost Amman, had all of them more feeling for the ornamental; and all of them have treated wings very successfully, not sacrificing, as the greater artist did, grace to the grotesque. Hans Burgkmair could draw an heraldic beast as vigorously as Dürer himself, and with infinitely more ornamental propriety. His wings are as ornamental as they are feathery, which is saying a great deal. The Imperial Eagle in his famous Triumph of Maximilian is a masterpiece of heraldic design.

Again an artist who, with infinite fancy and considerable facility in occupying a space with ornament, was yet not a graceful ornamentalist, is the "little master" Johan Theodore de Bry. One is amused by the variety and unexpectedness of the wings he drew, rather than charmed by their appropriateness or beauty. He will paint the wings of a moth in imitation of a peacock's tail, or adapt the same device to the form of a bat's wing, in an amusing manner enough, but not so as to win your acceptance of the hybrid thing. There is nothing in the least spontaneous about it. Neither is there growth or spontaneity in the wings of Raffaelle. In the arabesques of the Loggia at the Vatican, of which he has the credit, though he had probably little more to do with them than stand sponsor for them, there is not in all the many and various wing-shapes introduced, anything in the least justifying his reputation as an ornamentalist.

As the bird's wing has been appropriated as an attribute of angels, so the bat's wing has played its part in decoration; first as an ominous appendage to the Devil and his angels, whom the mediæval artist delighted to depict, and again attached to sundry dragons and such-like monsters more or less associated in our minds with the Evil One.

In the Art of the Celestial Empire the bat assumes a livelier character. For all its symbolic intention, it is so absolutely ornamental in design, that few of those who casually admire it are aware that this bright and beautifully coloured object, figuring so frequently on embroidered robes and enamelled vases, has any meaning apart from its decorative significance. The butterfly is another very favourite form in Chinese art. It would be rash in any one unacquainted with the eastern insect world to pretend to say to what extent the more extravagant and florid of these apocryphal creatures may be founded upon nature; but any one in the least acquainted with the evolution of ornament, can see at once that they have grown to this out of ornamental considerations.

Space fails to follow the various adaptations of butterfly and other wings to the purpose of ornament. They lend themselves to appropriate prettiness of colour in china painting, but as applied to cupids and the like their usefulness ends where the scale of the figure is larger than any conceivable wing would fit. No one has yet been quite fortunate in fitting Psyche with a pair of wings. The idea of the butterfly's wing is perfect, but the rendering of it in sculpture, ancient or modern, is neither very beautiful nor very like what it is supposed to be.

But the subject of insect wings would lead us too far astray. This article is already discursive enough. Happily an apology lies close to hand—my subject has flown away with me.

LEWIS F. DAY.

Fig. 6.—Ornamentalised Wings.

ART TEACHING AT CHARTERHOUSE.

ART at Charterhouse can lay claim to some notable exponents in the past—to wit, Sir Charles Eastlake, Owen Jones, and John Leech. With regard to the first named, I believe that he is the only President of the Royal Academy who has come from a public school, though at the same time it must be conceded that the most sanguine Carthusian could hardly claim much share in Sir Charles's artistic training for the school, seeing that he was there but a short time, and left young. With John Leech the case was different. He spent eight years at school, and though his style cannot exactly be said to have been formed on the old masters, it was certainly formed on the various masters who presided over the studies of Charterhouse in his time. These were his constant models, and although the encouragement which they gave to his rising genius was certainly unconscious, it was none the less valuable. The only formal drawing lessons, too, which John Leech ever received, and those few in number, were from Burgess, the school drawing-master, who, I believe, also taught Thackeray.

The Drawing Class Room. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

However, in these days the outlets which a young artist can find for his talent are, if not more inspiring, certainly more numerous. The conditions of public school life have altered in many points in the last fifty years, and in none more noticeably than those which concern the cultivation of any civilising taste. It is now a boy's own fault if he leaves any public school without having developed at least one taste to take into life with him, quite apart from what he may have obtained from his regular school teaching. The improvement in this respect is very marked at Charterhouse, and cannot fail to strike one who, as the present writer did, knew the school as a boy thirty years ago. The boys who cultivate no taste are now in a very decided minority. The improvement in this point is probably not more real at Charterhouse than at all other public schools. It seems, indeed, to be universal. But as one must write only of that which one knows, and as the object of the present article is to describe the condition of Art at Charterhouse, I must endeavour to give as faithful a description as I can of the Art teaching and Art surroundings of the school, as they affect the life of present Carthusians only.

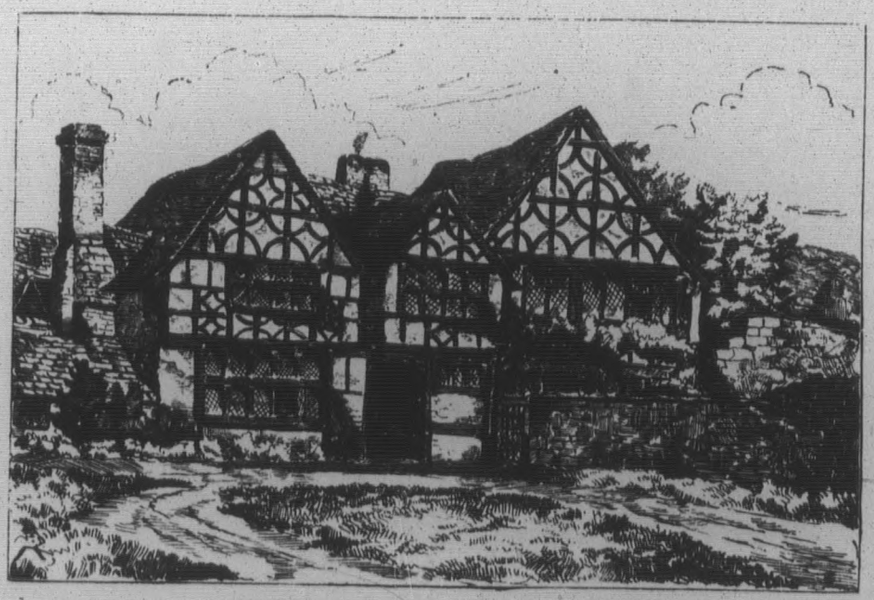
The first place in such a paper must of course be given to the systematic teaching of drawing in the school, all other influences having a very secondary value compared to this. Drawing is a voluntary subject, forming no part of the school course, and is never practised in school hours. (Form masters will accept this statement with reserve!) The drawing-lessons take place on the afternoons of Saturday, a half-holiday. A boy, therefore, who takes up drawing as a pursuit has to make up his mind to a sacrifice. If he joins the drawing class he will have had to count the cost, and in matters concerning half-holidays boys have a shrewd appreciation of cost. It is evident, therefore, that the voluntary system must have a double action. On the one hand, it must necessarily limit the number of those who determine to learn drawing; on the other hand, it acts as an assurance that those who learn will have their hearts in it. It will be likely to follow also from these two positions that the gross number of those who learn drawing will be small in proportion to the whole number of the school, but that the average of work amongst those who do learn will be good. This at least is the case at Charterhouse. The drawing class is not a large one, but Mr. Struan Robertson, who has taught the school in London and here for over thirty years, finds himself surrounded by a small band of enthusiasts, the teaching of whom is a labour of love. The more limited number of learners also gives greater opportunity of close attention to the difficulties of individuals. Here, of course, I am setting down what seems

to be the chief advantages of the voluntary system, without at all overlooking the disadvantages which may be seen in it. The system appears highly advantageous to those who already possess the taste for drawing in some development, but it is of course not advantageous to those who, possessing no decided taste, might yet have their power of drawing cultivated to a point of utility short of artistic excellence. The interest of these papers will be to see how the different systems work at different schools.

The drawing class room is a plain building, which makes no pretence at architecture, but aims at direct utility. It stands apart from the other class rooms, and is, in fact, a roomy studio with good north light, two smaller passage work rooms, and an inner sanctum. Although the drawing lessons are confined to Saturday afternoons, the class room is open to all drawing boys every day of the week, each boy being provided with a key. There has been little or no variation in the method of teaching for the last thirty years, the experience of that period seeming to show that no better method can be found for at once interesting beginners in their work and making them effective draughtsmen. There is very little use of copies either in the earlier stages or in colour. Now and then, if a boy wishes it as a change, or if for any other reason it seems desirable, he is given a copy, but as a rule boys go at once to drawing from the round. Besides the usual casts, a great store of earthen vessels, metal pans, and the like, of every age and nationality, bold in shape and good in colour, is kept in the drawing class room, and a stranger might imagine he had strayed into a bric-à-brac warehouse. They have done good service in their time, and have fully proved their right to be there. Nothing seems so rapidly to interest a beginner, and the training for eye and hand is excellent. I can remember a good many Carthusians who may now fairly claim to call themselves draughtsmen, and who owe that title mainly to that miscellaneous collection of pots and pans. One in particular, now of some consideration in the Art world as a designer and draughtsman, produced, as his first essay as a small boy, a presentment of a large earthen jar, the like of which I never saw elsewhere. When it was all done and the "shading" was put on, it stuck out all over the unlucky vessel like the hair on a guardsman's beaver. This was a very Esau amongst pots, but its author, before he left, accomplished a water-colour drawing which was as remarkable for its sound drawing and colour as the other had been for its uncouthness. This of course was a case where very exceptional determination overcame exceptional difficulty: but it is doubtful whether any other system would have been of such service.

The Lock. From a Drawing by P. Robertson.

The out-door sketching is fortunately of the most enticing kind, and at our very doors. The school buildings themselves being still in their newness, are as yet too staring in their tone, and not enough weathered to be good subjects for the sketcher. Time will bring them within his range. Meanwhile the country, for a radius of some five miles and more, is perhaps unequalled—certainly very difficult to equal—in the south of England. The Valley of the Wey, which runs just at the foot of the school grounds, is a very perfect bit of English riverside scenery. Two miles above the bathing-place is Eashing Bridge, a structure which has the reputation of having clothed and fed more artists than any other bridge in England. A mile or two eastwards of Eashing, but rather out of the school range, lies Witley, also the well-known haunt of artists,



Tangley Manor. From a Drawing by E. R. Knightley.

and with good reason. While nearer home are such perfect little bits as Hurtmore Vale, Binscombe Hamlet, and Compton Village. Several glorious "Surrey commons" lie within easy reach, especially to the south. It is, however, as one might naturally expect, not so much these wilder subjects of landscape loveliness that are chosen for sketching subjects by the boys. The "little bits," and especially the Surrey cottages, which abound here in perfection, are much more within reach of their pencil. A very large percentage of the drawings sent in for competition for the annual Leech prize are out-door work from neighbouring farm-houses and cottages.

This brings us to the question of prizes. There is only one official drawing prize in the year—the Leech prize, instituted, as its name betokens, in memory of John Leech. This is the crowning aspiration—the *Prix de Rome*—of a Carthusian artist. The prize drawing becomes the property of the school, and is hung in Brooke Hall (Master's Common Room). It is, therefore, very easy to see at a glance what average standard of work is reached. To myself it seems to be very good, but your readers will be very likely to set their own value on an opinion which apparently comes from a biassed source, and I fully admit that this question were better judged by an outside opinion. It is worthy of notice that this year—for the second time since its foundation in 1865—the Leech prize has been won by a boy not in the drawing class, Percy Robertson, to whom are due several of the drawings which accompany this article. His training has been carried on at home by his father, Mr. Charles Robertson, recently elected to the Royal Water-Colour Society. The pen-and-ink drawing

Charterhouse from the Cricket Ground. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

of 'The Lock,' which accompanies this article, is the young artist's own reproduction of the water-colour drawing which won him the Leech prize this year. The drawing of Godalming is by the same hand. The other drawing in pen and ink is also by a Charterhouse boy—'The Tangley Manor,' a grand old timbered house of 1580. The engravings of the school buildings and of the drawing class room are from photographs by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Mr. Struan Robertson attaches the greatest importance to the habit of making sketches in odd moments, and encourages the pocket-book by every means in his power. A great deal of capital practice is got by this means, and a very valuable habit is formed. The pocket-book generally gets pretty well filled with one kind of subject or another, and the holidays produce as much as the school quarters, if the sketcher is one of the right sort. There are, by the way, two annual prizes given for the best set of these sketches done in the holidays and at school respectively.

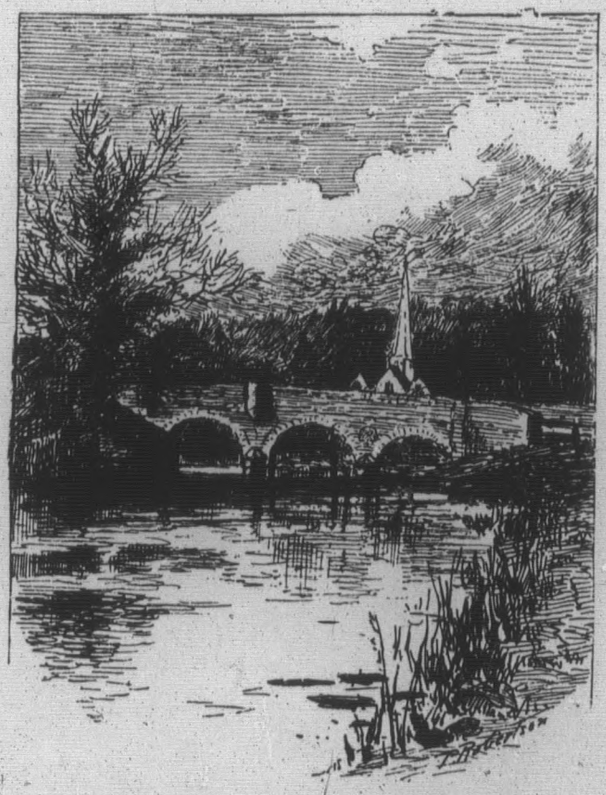
There is also a sketching club, which meets during the winter months in the house of one of the masters on Wednesday afternoons, to work from the living draped model, or still life, as opportunity allows. The sitting is of two hours—or occasionally one subject is prolonged to two sittings—the understood purpose being to obtain the best that can be got in a given time. The practice is probably very useful, as it by no means implies carelessness or haste, but rather rapid seizing of salient character. The difficulty of obtaining living models is, of course, no slight one, and Leadenhall Market has not unfrequently to come to the rescue with widgeon or wild duck, heron, or other dead game, when human beings are scarce. It is, however, work at one sitting, whether the subject be man or beast.

Geometrical drawing is taught both in the drawing class and in the "Woolwich forms," which correspond approximately to the "modern side" at other public schools. And with this I think I have exhausted all the direct means of imparting Art in any shape which exist at Charterhouse, unless the carpenter's shop be elevated to that dignity.

Mention must also be made of the Photographic Club, an affiliated branch of the Science and Art Society, which will be spoken of later. A small developing room has been fitted up and handed over to the club, who are doing very energetic work. Sitters, in this case, are not by any means scarce, and landscape studies, it need not be said, are equally numerous. The leading spirit of this branch of art is one of the masters, Mr. J. W. Marshall, himself a promising amateur photographer.

Of indirect means of encouraging Art tastes in the school at large some description must be given. There are several good collections at Charterhouse, not, however, united in one building, but housed in various parts of the school, where fate and fitness have placed them. In the school library and the adjacent new hall is hung a large collection of pictures, chiefly by old masters, which were presented to the school by an old Carthusian, Mr. G. J. Allen, shortly before his death. Following Mr. Allen's catalogue, we find such names as Velasquez, Murillo, Alonzo Cano, Titian, Tintoretto, Ganfalo, Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Vandyck, Cuyp, Nicholas Maes, Franz Hals, Cornelius Jansen, Greuze, Richard Wilson, Morland, Turner, etc. The pictures, of course, are of unequal merit, and, as usual in collections of old masters, the nomenclature is far from infallible; but there is a good proportion of good works, and some are of first-rate merit. The Richard Wilson, for instance, is an unusually beautiful example. The Spanish picture is a fine work. There is a very interesting copy, by Nicholas Poussin, of Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' (now in the National Gallery), which can apparently be traced to the time when the French painter was copying in the Barberini. The Salvator Rosa landscape is also a good example, and others might be mentioned if space allowed. Of quite modern work Charterhouse possesses no examples, with one notable exception, the portrait of the Head Master by Frank Holl, which held a place of honour in last year's Academy. This portrait, by the way, has been admirably etched by H. Herkomer.

There is another collection at Charterhouse of very great interest. This is the collection of original pencil drawings by John Leech, purchased six years ago by subscription amongst old and present Carthusians. It numbers between three and four hundred drawings, and includes the series for the "Comic History of England," the "Comic History of Rome," with selections from *Punch* and other of his published works, besides a considerable number of his earliest drawings done before his publishing days. He is represented, therefore, in all stages of his career, and the collection is—as indeed it ought to be in his old school—the most complete that exists. These drawings insist on being looked at. It needs no persuasion to get a person to enjoy them, and if Mr. Ruskin is right in claiming for these exquisite pencillings more teaching power than exists in half the Art schools of England, Charterhouse possesses a source of inspiration which it cannot well overvalue. There are in this same collection a few good examples, by way of comparison, of original work by Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Bunbury, Woodward, H. K. Browne, Tenniel, and du Maurier.



Godalming Church. From a Drawing by P. Robertson.

A collection has recently been commenced of engraved portraits of distinguished persons connected with the school, old Carthusians, head masters, governors, and the like. As the foundation of the school, 1611, is only a little earlier than the commencement of mezzotint, the supply is likely to be good, but the scheme is too recent to have showed its head much above water yet.

There is a school museum, of combined science and archæology. It contains some excellent, though not very large, collections. There is a very fine pre-historic collection, good Etruscan, Greek, and Peruvian cases of vases. But the museum is not in direct connection with the Art teaching of the school. There is also belonging to the museum, but in a different building, a collection of casts which promises very well, but is at present *in cunabulis*. A set of casts from the Parthenon frieze and the Phigaleian frieze, with a few earlier specimens of Greek sculpture, a room full of selected busts, and five statues, are the nucleus round which a larger collection will, it is hoped, be gathered. The gaps are supplied by a collection of photographs.

The Science and Art Club, which exists here as at all other public schools, is popular at Charterhouse. The meetings are held throughout the winter on Saturday evenings, at five o'clock, and papers, generally illustrated by lime-light pictures, of one hour's length, are read. The papers are by masters and boys who are members of the society, by old Carthusians, and by strangers.

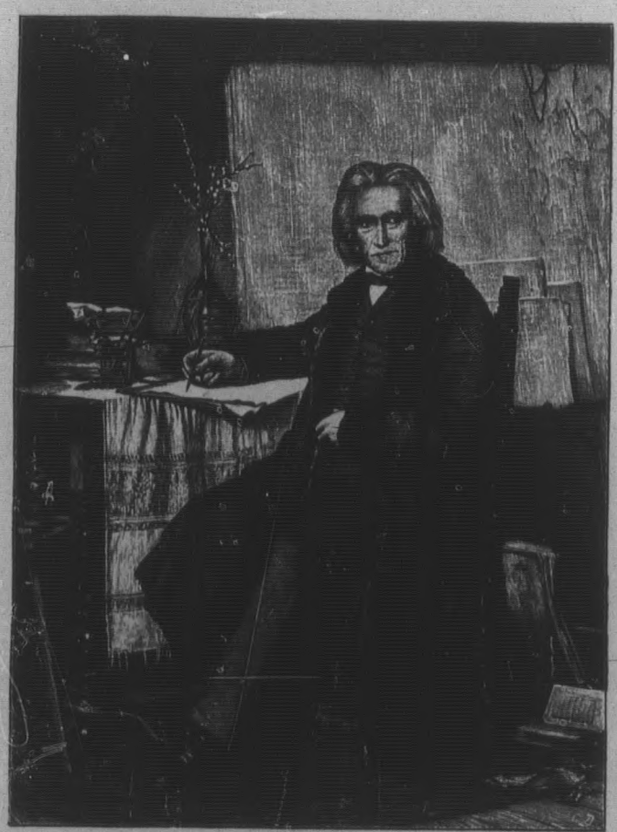
Lastly, we must not forget the latest Carthusian attempt in the direction of practical Art. This is a school illustrated paper, published thrice a year under the name of *The Greyfriar*. Its first object is to encourage drawing amongst

the boys themselves; but it was resolved not to limit the contributions to present Carthusians, but to enlist old Carthusians and masters in the work, with the view of interesting the whole Carthusian body corporate in the encouragement of practical drawing in the school. It will be readily understood how difficult it is to keep up a good standard with so limited a circle to draw upon, and no one would dream of judging a school paper by the standard of an Art periodical. But bearing this in mind, the venture so far seems very hopeful. We do not think there is any danger of the contributors thinking themselves great artists before their time. To see a drawing reproduced is more likely to be a good lesson in humility. And when the danger here suggested has been avoided, it is difficult to see anything but good that is likely to result from it.

GERALD S. DAVIES.

LUDWIG RICHTER.

DRESDEN lost last year by the death of Adrian Ludwig Richter, at the patriarchal age of eighty, a true artist and a good man. The pretty capital of Saxony, planted among the beauties of nature, enriched with choicest collections of Art, and distinguished by men illustrious in talent, has not inaptly been termed the Florence of Germany. A quiet retreat from the noisy world, a spot where simplicity and economy with contentment leave the mind unharassed by clamorous cares, has naturally proved attractive to retiring and contemplative spirits, such as Ludwig Richter and others of his select company. A small Court which kindly smiles on the sister arts, minor kings little encumbered by affairs of State, with abundant leisure for music, sculpture, and painting, attract, as might be expected, the scattered lights of the intellect. Thus Dresden, in generations now rapidly passing away, has been the congenial resting-place of a small æsthetic colony, numbering the poet Tieck, the architect Semper, the sculptors Reitschel, Hähnel, Schilling, the painters Bendemann, Schnorr, Peschel, Julius Hübner, the engraver Ludwig Gruner, and last, but not least, the book illustrator, Ludwig Richter, lately called to his rest.



Ludwig Richter. Engraved by C. Dietrich after Leon Pohle.

The pedigree of the artist, if not much out of the common, formed at least a fit prelude to the subsequent career. Ludwig was born in Dresden, 1803, and the father who administered to the boy his earliest drawing lessons had for his speciality the engraving of picturesque illustrations to story-books. Indeed a local school thus occupied had been planted in Dresden as far back as 1766, by a certain Swiss, Adrian Zingg, who after training in Paris, became Professor of Engraving in the Saxon Academy. This hard-working man, the Mentor of young Ludwig, reared many scholars, and rejoiced in varied gifts: he took kindly to landscape, and diversified the practice of the graver with pencil and pen drawing. Furthermore, by curious coincidence, young Ludwig was born in the self-same house as Ernest Oehme, a landscape painter of poetic proclivities and addicted to Italian travel; this accident of birth, with kindred sympathies, cemented a friendship for life. Thus Ludwig Richter found scattered in his path the germs of a composite art, uniting landscape with figure, combining drawing, painting, and engraving.

Biographers, according to their wont, intent on arresting attention, have collected personal curiosities in the way of ancestors. Certainly Ludwig's grandparents on the mother's side, living in a neighbouring shop, were queer fish. The grandmother is described as a small, thick Dutchwoman, hence the inheritance for the grandson of a pseudo-Dutch Art: the husband figures as a good-natured gossipy little fellow—a puppet-man stuffed with hair—padded and powdered: thus the "confectionery of burgher life," with its pigtails, breeches, and buckles, came to the novice as a second nature. Then turning to the father's side we learn how the grandparents brought further grist for the grinding of genius. That the old grandmother was blind does not seem seriously to have shadowed the light of her intellect, for the boy is said to have learnt much from the old woman, chiefly, it may be conjectured, concerning "the dark side of nature." The grandfather was assuredly an odd creature: beginning as an engraver on copper, he turned watchmaker, and finally affected the astrologer and alchemist, addicted to all manner of witchcraft! Hence the youth's affinities for the supernatural,

hence his entrance into wonderland, with imaginative insight into the hidden things of nature. Ludwig's parentage, it may be observed, was plebeian: the scion of honest mechanics did not disdain his humble ancestry. The Art which cropped up in the third generation wore a burgher garb and mirrored the life of the industrious classes. Richter had no vaulting ambition either in person or pencil: he never affected the grand style, and yet "the lowly have the birthright of the skies."

The young artist, by adverse accidents of birth, was shut out from thorough education. Nowhere is mention made of severe training, of drawing from the antique with consequent mastery over the figure. On the contrary, knowledge had to be picked up casually, in an engraver's workshop, from the designs of Chodowiecki, from the genre pictures of Dahl, the Dane, settled in Dresden. And landscape, like the figure, was learnt jointly from contemporaries and from nature. The art evolved proved at once a compilation and a self-growth.

The Witch and the King's Daughter.

Ludwig Richter so preserved the uneventful tenor of his way, that the biographical incidents are few and trifling: the interest of the life centres within the circle of his art. While yet in his teens, Ludwig widened his narrow experiences, when a certain Russian Prince took him through France as a student or sketching companion. Further fortune awaited the novice on his return to Dresden: the intelligent printseller, Charles Arnold, by way of completing his training sent him to Italy for three years with a pension. Little out of the common ensued: costume drawings of Italian peasants, picturesque studies in the Roman Campagna, sketching tours round about Naples, yielded abundant materials, which served well, as stock in trade, on the artist's return home. Yet this Italian journey left an indelible impress on the mind. Faith in Art's ennobling mission was fortified by the stern example of Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, Schnorr, Koch, and others of the German colony working in Rome with the earnest intent to rescue the Arts from the collapse of three centuries. One privilege students possess in Italy pre-eminently: they have a wide choice among the historic centuries, early and late, and can pick out a chronology best to their liking. Yet Richter's chronology was a compromise: he eschewed archaicism, stood aloof from classicism, and formed a manner compounded of mediævalism and modernism. Therefore in the long run Italy and the palaces of Paladio had less affinity to his mind than the picturesque towns of old Germany. And I cannot but deem it fortunate that adverse fate forbade Richter again to cross the Alps. Happily the land dowered with "the fatal gift of beauty" did not emasculate one more artist by her maddening charm: she only grafted a grace on a rugged stock, angles over-harsh were smoothed down, discords resolved to harmonies. Albert Dürer is a case in point: his greatest pictures were painted after his visit to Venice, yet he never lost his Teutonic traits.

Richter, on his return to Dresden in 1826, at the age of three-and-twenty, began the battle of life under difficulties. Poverty, though happily never absolute want, brought the ideals cherished in Italy down to the level of making a living. Certain ambitious landscapes, though they found friendly patrons, were not of a merit to make a career. Hence necessity urged the acceptance of the humble post of drawing master at the Meissen porcelain factory; later came the appointment of Professor of Landscape Painting in the Dresden Academy. Duties of tuition, coupled with commissions for pictures and book-illustrations, settled the routine of a busy but somewhat monotonous life. Richter was a home-bird and a family man; he married and was blessed with children, and his art, built up of his surroundings, seldom went beyond the borders of the Fatherland. The travels and sketching tours made over many years are recorded in countless compositions long familiar to the public. Italy faded into distant memory, and vivid pictorial visions opened among the hills of Saxon

The Coming of May.

Switzerland and the castles of the Rhine. The painter entered on the scene just at the right moment. The streets, fountains, gabled houses of Nuremberg, Hanover and Brunswick, might seem to ask, ere they were swept away, for safe refuge in portfolio or album. Groups of people the most picturesque and paintable that nature had framed or old fashion clad, gossiping or gamboling in the market-place or gathering round church porch or cottage door, might appear as if expressly arranged for the sketch-book. Such are the materials fashioned by the artist's fancy into pictorial form.

Germany for a hundred years has been trying sundry experiments, and Ludwig Richter represents one among the many attempted revivals. The movements have been two-fold, perhaps three-fold. First came the classic Renaissance under Goethe and Winckelmann; Richter had not the remotest relation to this revival. Then followed the pre-Raphaelite movement, from which, so far as it tended to high Art, he held aloof. Compared with grand epics and Last Judgments enacted at Munich, his Art was but a by-play or an episode, suited by its pretty fancy and finish to the minor stage of Dresden. And just in proportion as the stern laws of severe Art were unloosed, did the fancy find freedom to play for its own wayward delight. The spirit of romance wove gossamer webs; Grimm's Fairy Tales were wrought into a world of pictorial fiction; cherubs and children, trees and flowers, birds and innocent domestic creatures, kindly lent themselves to the making of idyls, or in lighter moods relented into decorative service. Richter thus ranks among pure and playful romanticists; 'The Coming of May,' one of our illustrations, happily expresses his manner. His compositions are romantic, because the issues of love and beauty. They are dramas in the mildest sense, they are sacred to the domestic affections, tears mingle with smiles, the funeral car encounters the bridal company, and the Seven Ages tread the chequered path of life which lies between the cradle and the grave.

The intelligent activities centred at Dresden exemplify the law that Art revivals coincide with political movements. The awakening of genius in Germany began when thraldom to France ended in the fall of Napoleon. The emancipated peoples of Central Germany proved their power to stand alone by Arts as by arms, and German fervour ousted French fashion. Richter, then in his teens, throbbed with the restored life of the nation; it was the new birth of Teutonic peoples, animated with the love of all that belonged to the Fatherland, whether in old sagas or song, legends haunting feudal castles, deeds of chivalry, love's devotion of brave knights to fair ladies. The young artist, as often fortunately happens, might seem to have been expressly raised for the period and situation. Artists in all times are representative men and respond to the movements around them, and in Germany genius for more than half a century has enjoyed free expansion under political and social conditions which reconcile the oligarchy of the few and the democracy of the many with the liberty of the individual. Such happy estate was especially assured to the dwellers in Saxony. Equable laws preserved order, rightful liberty was the sure safeguard against licence, and thus the contented mind, undistracted by political vagaries, has been allowed to commune with nature and converse with literature and Art. Patriotism and love of country thus engendered, Richter displayed throughout his Art.

The Children's Carnival.

The phases of landscape Art in Germany are various: we have for example historic landscape, heroic or epic landscape, poetic landscape, plebeian and prosaic landscape. Richter as Professor in the Dresden Academy taught the principles of the Art, but in its practice he never proved an adept. A dozen of his compositions engraved and published in Leipzig are strangely artificial and conventional for a man so simple and true. They are inspired by the Poussins, and venture on the heroic styles of the German painters Koch and Preller (see *Art Journal*, October, 1881). But Richter, guided by intuition, forsook the sublime and found his vocation in humbler walks among beings "not too great or good for human

nature's daily food." His haunts are not on Olympus among the gods, he prefers the tranquil Vale of Tempe and the sylvan shades of Arcadia; instead of monumental mountains are primrose hills, and in place of the stone pine and the cypress grows the hawthorn bush. Such forms and aspects

The Thief and his Guardian Angel.

of nature minister to the mind's desires, satisfy the longing for the beautiful, and bring abiding peace and joy.

Yet while in Italy the idea had flashed across the artist's mind, that landscape, without the actual presence of humanity, is as the body without the life. Here in fact is the keynote to his Art, as more than one of our illustrations indicate. Its charm lies neither in the landscape alone nor solely in the figures, but in the harmonious blending of each constituent part into an indissoluble whole. New wine is not put into old bottles: when the characters are developed the trees are in decay. The composition issues from the brain as one creation, one movement and motive stirs through animate and inanimate nature alike, the sunshine of the outward world beams in smiling faces, the children are in sportive fellowship with flowers: and what heavenly harmonies dwell on earth are told in the illustrations to "The Lord's Prayer," of which an example appeared in the *Art Journal* for September, 1883. On earth is but one spirit abiding alike in nature and in man: all share the bounty of the same Providence, all are the offspring of one Father, in whom we live and move and have our being. Such Art in the hands of Richter becomes religion—an Art and a religion poetic and picturesque as a Gothic church, as a monastic garb, as a pilgrimage to a wayside shrine.

But this serious Art is enlivened by merriment and seasoned with satire: the sentiment, robust and healthful, is saved from the sickliness which besets certain modern schools of Germany. The wit does not degenerate into the phases of "false wit" ridiculed by Addison; it is restrained by wisdom, and preserves quiet moderation. Richter is not a satirist to chastise the follies of mankind, nor a caricaturist to overdraw the singularities of society: he uses no poisoned weapons, without malice he provokes mirth. A good-natured smile is raised at the expense of an old-fashioned world, over the awkward angularities of mediæval times, or at the small vanities of modern society: and the moral is all the more acceptable because always pleasant and seldom profound.

Yet the naturalism has none of that dirt and disorder which in a neighbouring nation under democratic rule have defiled the arts. The unwashed and raggedly clothed find no place: the dwellers in this pictorial world are poor but not wretched, uncultured but not vicious; they do not belong to the democracy of unrest and revolution, but are a God-abiding, church-going people, given to home duties and domestic piety, and withal loyal to their country and their king. Such a people are the rightful sharers in the bounties of nature, for them the sun shines, the harvests ripen, and the flowers smile, and such an art adds to the sum of innocent enjoyment.

Moreover the better part of Richter's Art is removed from "Modernism:" if seldom strictly historic, it is usually something better than common contemporary. Modernism is moulded into Mediævalism, and so Richter, standing apart from his contemporaries, approaches all the nearer to the old painters. His style is an adaptation from the best epoch: in robustness and raciness of character, in rigour of form, ruggedness of line, firmness of hand, he is, as may be seen in one or more of our illustrations, cognate with Wolgemuth, Dürer, Cranach, and Holbein. Even the technique of the wood-cutting may be commended as a revival of olden methods. But the artist was not servile, he varied his treatment to suit his subject: thus in simple domesticity, in detail and compactness, his compositions occasionally approach the old Dutch masters.

No artist ever spoke out more fully or with so little reserve. I need hardly be told what the man was like. I look through "The Richter Album" in two volumes, "The Seasons" in four parts, "Sunday" and "The Lord's Prayer," "202 woodcuts from the designs of Ludwig Richter," with divers other illustrative works, almost too numerous to mention, and not a little unequal in merit, and here in countless forms I see depicted the man of many moods, the artist often merry, seldom sad—piping, dancing, rejoicing, yet with a tear for the sorrow-laden. Professor Pohle's portrait in the National Gallery, Berlin, here engraved, reveals a character of native simplicity and quiet strength. It also bears the careworn traits of hard work, undertaken at times under pressure of poverty.

Ludwig Richter, having garnered the harvest of a fruitful life, retired with a comfortable competence to his sequestered abode on the confines of Saxon Switzerland. Here, at safe distance from the troubled world, he enjoyed the peace and contentment which he had oft portrayed as the bliss of earthly existence. At length, at the age of eighty, on a quiet evening in June, 1884, he calmly closed his eyes in death. All honour was paid to the memory of the great artist and good man; the King, Prince George, Ministers of State, and the artists of Saxony, attended the burial at the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Dresden, and some days later, in the presence of the same dignitaries and friends, was solemnised a Funeral Festival. Ludwig Richter will never die: the man lives mirrored in his imperishable Art. Amiable, pious, and all that was good, everybody loved him; he was dear to his children, pupils, friends, and his Art stands as the fulfilment of the message, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

J. Beavington Atkinson.

HAMMERSMITH AND CHISWICK.

THE parochial Pinnock has defined the boundaries of Hammersmith but vaguely. It is, however, known to be of an oblong shape, bounded on the north by the Harrow Road, on the east by Fulham, and, almost exactly, by the once-famous "*Punch's* Railway," which, in the early days of our "formerly facetious contemporary," was supposed to be a sort of No Man's Land, but is now daily traversed by a thousand trains, and includes the much-frequented Addison Road Station. On the west of Hammersmith lie Chiswick and Acton. The southern boundary runs along the Thames for about a mile.

The coast of Hammersmith is thus found to be not extensive, but on that line are grouped nearly all those historical and artistic associations in which the place is exceptionally rich. The name is a very vulgar corruption of Hamershithe, or some such form, always including the syllable hithe, which signifies a landing-place, as Greenhithe and Hythe, in Kent. Apart from this, the northern portion of the district has so small a share of the elements of history, that one turns with actual relief to the record which tells us how, on the eastern extremity of Shepherd's Bush Green, just where the Uxbridge and Gold Hawk Roads divide, was once a gallows supporting the remains of William Maw, a soldier and fellow-creature who, in the middle of the last century, was with much public ceremony hanged for murder, and left his bones for the edification of the world. Syndercomb the Leveller's plot to murder the Protector Oliver coming from Hampton Court, gave, in 1656, a sort of distinction to the region of the Gold Hawk Road, where, till about 1800, in a narrow and miry spot, stood the very house from one of the windows of which a veritable infernal machine was planted often, but in vain. At present the whole district is nearly covered with small houses, where of yore were market gardens and brick-fields.

Old Hammersmith Church.

The river bank is not only the site of the original settlement of the earliest people of the place, giving a name where there was none before their time, but a legend avers of it that the islet called Chiswick Ait, at its western extremity, was the very *hame* in which a certain marauding party of Danes settled in 879. The story is as likely to be true as false. It is certain that this ait, or eyot, part of which appears in one of our illustrations, formerly extended far beyond its present limits, and stretched eastwards almost to where the Suspension Bridge now stands, and westwards to Chiswick Church. It is the lowest islet of the Thames, *i.e.* it is the nearest ait to the sea. Some time in the fifteenth century a whilom owner of this islet divided it between Chiswick and Fulham, and decreed that thenceforth its produce of withies, once a valuable subject of cultivation, should be sold for the benefit of the poor of both parishes, especially, as I understand, for the purchase of outer garments to be worn in winter. A narrow cut marks the line of demarcation, but very little of the eastern, or Fulham half, remains; indeed, about five feet of this fragment is annually washed away, so that soon there will be neither eyot, withies, nor great-coats for the pensioners, and the Thames Conservancy will be forced to dredge away the mud which will occupy the site of the once so-called Twig Island. A much larger part of the Chiswick portion of the bequest remains at this time, but nobody takes the slightest heed of the waste which there, as elsewhere, goes on in autumn floods, winter frosts, and summer heats. Rowing past the bank of this islet, say thirty years ago, I have often seen kingfishers emerge like flashes of azure fire from among the osiers, and surly hermit rats stared angrily at me floating near the portals of their subterranean and subaqueous galleries.

I have advisedly said that the ait was of yore divided by a long-forgotten testator between Chiswick and Fulham parishes. The relic of the moiety of the latter now belongs to Hammersmith, but when, not longer ago than 1834, this hamlet was separated from Fulham, its mother parish, the half island, or rather what remained of it, went to the new parish. That parish has been again divided, and the western half placed under the invocation of St. Peter, while to St. Paul the whole original district was dedicated. When this separation was effected, the local wits declared that Paul had been thus robbed for the benefit of Peter. Fulham was the ham (or home) of the Fulcher, who, in the Doomsday time and before, held four hides of the Bishop of London. The prelate's holding of the king was in all forty hides, with land for forty ploughs, to say nothing of panage (or acorn food) for one thousand hogs. The value in King Edward's time had been fifty pounds, but, somehow, King William got

no more than the value (on paper) of forty pounds. "This manor is, and was, part of the see." It is noteworthy that even in the Conqueror's days it was stated that "certain burgesses of London held among them twenty-three hides of the land of the villains of the bishop." The influx of these "foreigners" compels us to know that so early as the eleventh century this parish was a place of residence for outsiders and men of substance, who established their "villas" there; much as in the Stuart and Georgian times, as I shall have occasion to show, Hammersmith and Chiswick were apportioned among citizens and men of wealth. The characteristics of the Hammersmith coast-line seem to insure the occurrence of this circumstance. There was plenty of air, foliage, and water; and the "silent highway," then much more important for travelling on than is at present the case, facilitated the pursuit of pleasure and business. On Chiswick Mall stood till quite lately the ancient Pest House, a veritable Sanatorium of Westminster School, a refuge for the boys when epidemics prevailed in the precincts of the great Abbey. Almost the last tenants of the old Pest House were Messrs. Whittingham, the well-known printers; hence the distinctive title, "The Chiswick Press," which pertains to the old firm. We know, therefore, that the place was, from the Conqueror's days and before that time, a refuge and place of health, silence, and rest. The ancient beauty of the river, fish in abundance, the fertility of the soil, and no end of air, doubtless caused Hammersmith to be a sort of *ultra* Court suburb, comparatively remote and less troubled by the demands of "society," hospitality, and etiquette than the neighbouring Kensington. These demands were, at the time in question, much more onerous and frequent than they are now. The effect of these circumstances appears in old maps of the place, which show all the riverine part of the district to be studded with gentlemen's houses, each seated in

The Doves, Hammersmith.

its own grounds of a greater or less extent, where the inmates enjoyed a sort of lordly ease and splendour, of which the now living occupants of the land have very weak and confused notions. The social centre and cynosure of these territorial arrangements was no doubt the bishop's palace at Fulham, the mother village of Hammersmith, in which mansion the prelates of the see of the metropolis have dwelt since the foundation of the bishopric, nearly a thousand years ago.

Round Fulham Palace, as was natural, gathered some grand residences, each of which was, at a later time, divided into two or more. The situation of the parish has, until lately, forbidden the incursions of "enterprise" and railways. Accordingly, several of the larger estates, such as Hurlingham and Ranelagh Houses, and a much greater number of smaller ones, remain nearly intact to this day, although the speculating builder has hemmed them in with rickety structures and questionable elements of another sort. As for the present is Fulham, so Hammersmith existed thirty years ago, except that the big old houses had even then entirely disappeared from the latter place, and but one or two of the second class remained embedded deep in back lanes, and accessible only by blind turnings and narrow ways. In Queen Street, Hammersmith, are even now to be seen a few old-fashioned, handsome smaller houses, with plots of garden round them; and in Hampshire Hog Lane, which leads from King Street to the Church Path, is an old house with some quaint Queen Anne and Georgian iron and brick work about it. Chiswick, Turnham Green, Sutton Court, and Gunnersbury—the royal and rural charms of which Horace Walpole mellifluously celebrated in honour of the Princess Amelia, an elderly flirt he pretended to admire—are rapidly undergoing the fate which overtook Hammersmith and, later, Fulham. Brompton, still nearer the east, is a wilderness of stucco, smoke above and sewage below. Knightsbridge, which, a hundred years since, was notorious for *reps* and *demireps* living in splendid harlotry, has followed the path of her

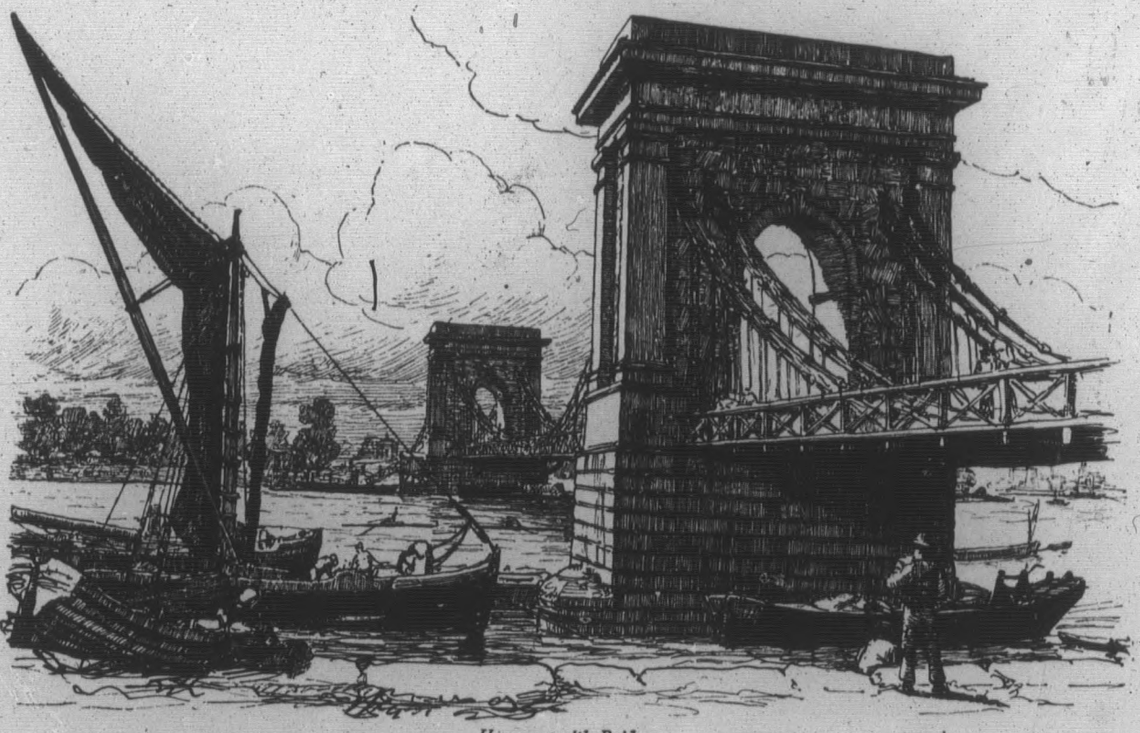
neighbours in another manner. Of Kew, Sheen, Richmond, and far-off Kingston, and even Molesey, the story is to the same effect.

Before rural and "residential" Hammersmith is quite swallowed up in brick and mortar and made to lose its old associations, I should like to put together a few historical and artistic notes on its bygone residents and other men of note who sojourned there.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the social as well as the religious life of England centered round the church, which was then the focus of each parish. Old Hammersmith Church—no part of which now exists—the subject of the first illustration to this paper, had a peculiar history. On its site, or not far off, was—no doubt long before the late building was erected—a properly conducted chapel-of-ease subservient to Fulham Church. It was, even in our time, approached, as the cut shows, between an avenue of trees, which marked the pathway decorously, and had a sort of aptitude to its service in casting grave shadows on the worshippers ere they entered the building. Turning to the woodcut, the reader may learn something of the history of the place it represents from the following summary of a lengthy notice I wrote when recording the destruction of the old edifice to make room for a modern Gothic brick structure, the work of my old friend Mr. Seddon and a coadjutor, for whom I wish better work had been found elsewhere.

As it is, the landmarks of two and a half centuries have been abolished, and an interesting if not beautiful structure has disappeared. The stranger possesses the land, and with the old houses the old church has gone to wreck.

The old church was a very interesting proof of the survival, not without sense of their dignity, of Gothic forms of



Hammersmith Bridge.

architecture, and all that this implies is an illustration of the feeling which, quite late in the seventeenth century, existed in a suburban hamlet. The hamlet was, however, it must be remembered, under corresponding influences. It was part of the *peculium* of the London see, then in the hands of the so-called "tyrant," Laud, whose ideas of religious ceremonials and church building were decidedly not abreast of the times in which he lived.* In the hamlet lived not a few men of wealth, whose inclinations and interests were conservative, if not well disposed to those views

* Much exercised would Laud have been had he been able to foresee that his very home-vicarage, Fulham, and much church patronage to boot, would have fallen to the lot of the very offensive Adoniram Byfield, an intruder said to have been bred up as an apothecary, who became an army chaplain under the Earl of Essex, and in Col. Cholmondeley's regiment. This worthy held the vicarage of Fulham, including the chapelry of Hammersmith, from 1649 till 1657. He was one of the few persons condemned by name in "Hudibras," and having been one of the compilers of the famous Directory of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, was thus stigmatised by Butler in reference to the Presbyterians:—

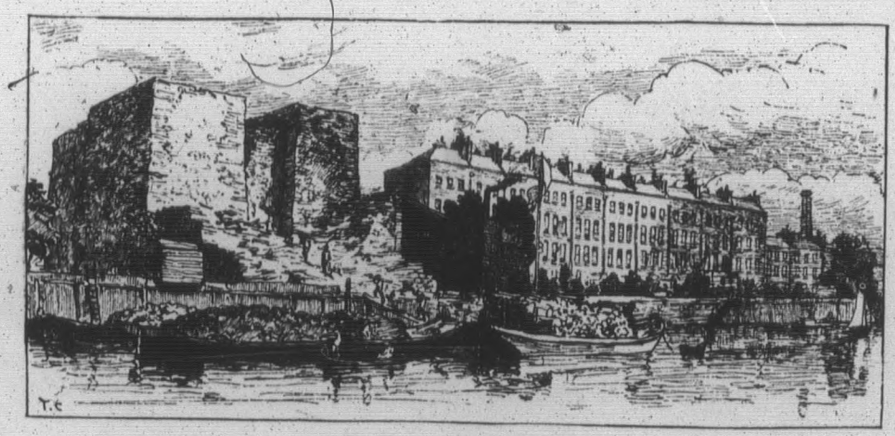
"Who first bred them up to pray
And teach, the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled
But for our Adoniram Byfield."

John Cleveland, not by-the-by a clean-handed witness, demanded in his "Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter," 1699:—

"If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the Tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous phrenzy did the senate seize,
To tear the Rochet for such rags as these?"

There is a rare portrait of Byfield engraved in the manner of Gaywood, published *c.* 1645, representing him in a broad-rimmed hat, upon which, by way of feather, is stuck a child's toy windmill, on the fans of which is written, "Lust," "Pryde," "Covetuousnes," and "Hypocrysy." The Devil whispers in his ear. See British Museum Satirical Print, No. 385. This Vicar of Fulham was the father of Byfield the sal-volatile doctor, whose renown still survives with his medicament.

of Church matters of which the bishop was the energetic and uncompromising supporter. Laud, as Bishop of London, granted the site out of the manorial lands which, even before the Conquest, pertained to his see. Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave (of the first creation), Sir Nicholas Crispe, and others contributed to the building fund, and the inhabitants generally promised an annual subscription, amounting to £28 13s., for the maintenance of the parson, to whom Lord Mulgrave undertook to afford lodging and diet so long as his lordship lived in the parish. Laud consecrated the work, then and long afterwards, as stated before, called the chapel, on June 7th, 1631, and wrote a prayer for the occasion, which is printed in his "Summarie of Devotions." Peter Heylin, the notorious "lying Peter," and Dr. Bray, assisted at the ceremony. The building was said to have been knocked about during the Civil Wars, as might well be the case, seeing that the royal army was encamped at Turnham Green, and a skirmish, often called a battle, occurred at Brentford. London citizens fronted these troops in Hammersmith, and were liberally drilled on Brook Green, in a manner little imagined by Mr. Punch, who, two centuries later, made the world merry with his ideas of the discipline and conduct of the once-famous Brook Green Volunteer.



The Terrace, Hammersmith.

Long after this Cipriani painted the figures of Moses and St. Paul (the tutelary saint of the parish), which "adorned" the interior. The monuments in the building included that of the above-named Lord Mulgrave, one of Elizabeth's captains against the Spaniards and Irish rebels, commander of the *Bear*, and Lord President of the North under James I., who died in 1646. Here likewise were buried Anthony Askew, the bibliophile, who died 1774; Sir Edward Nevill, of the Common Pleas; Francis, younger son of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, who died, aged ninety, in 1697, and must have known something about Shakespeare, and could hardly have helped often seeing the "sweet Swan of Avon" when at home; Sir Nicholas Crispe, the Royalist merchant, who is buried in St. Mildred's, Bread Street, ordered a bronze bust of Charles I. to be erected in the church at Hammersmith, and his own heart to be placed in an urn before that piece of sculpture. It was the custom annually to take this relic from the urn, and, as Faulkner said, "refresh it with a glass of wine." In this place Sir Samuel Morland, the natural philosopher, and Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of Bengal, a man much implicated in the history of our early possession of India, and especially concerned in the trial of Warren Hastings, were buried. The Impeys were long settled at, and of considerable importance in the Hammersmith region. Arthur Murphy, the actor, critic, dramatist, author of *The Grecian Daughter*, *The Way to Keep Him*, *All in the Wrong*, and other still-known pieces, the biographer of Garrick and translator of Tacitus, lies buried in this church, in the same grave as his wife. He is said to have had for a country box one of the houses on the Terrace at Hammersmith, a statement which is probable enough. No doubt he knew many of the tenants of that line of buildings, which is represented in another of our cuts, and has been occupied by more than one person of note. Thomas Worlidge, the engraver of "Gems of Beauty," and many other good things, was interred in the church in 1766. Several noteworthy persons were married in the sacred edifice, including George Morland and pretty but luckless Miss Nancy Ward, his cousin, whose sweet face supplied the type for his rustic beauties and town damsels; and William Ward, an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy, her brother, and the painter's sister, Maria. This was in 1786. George Morland believed himself to be a lineal descendant from the undermentioned Sir Samuel Morland, and the right heir to his baronetcy, which, however, he declined to claim, saying that "G. M." on his pictures would, more than the title, secure the selling of those works. Nearly all the above persons lived near the building in which their mortal remains, till lately, rested. The Earl of Mulgrave resided at Butterwick House, which stood east of the church. It was destroyed in 1836. Sir S. Morland lived near the river-side from about 1684 till his death. Evelyn, October 25, 1696, went to see the old man, and found him entirely blind, "a very mortifying sight," and still busy with "pretty and useful inventions of mills, pumps, etc." Sir E. Impey lived and died in Bradmore House, the name of which survives in that of Bradmore Lane, a branch of King Street West. Bradmore House was divided into two parts, in the smaller of which, from 1838 until 1842, lived T. C. Hofland, the able and unfortunate landscape painter. He was a founder-member of the Society of British Artists. Mrs. Hofland, the artist's wife, a "moral and instructive writer," lived in this place with him. Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, is said to have lived in part of the undivided house. Not far from the foot of the Suspension Bridge, on the site of a tavern named after that noteworthy piece of engineering, stood, amid its own grounds, until 1826, a river-side inn called the Goat, which, so long ago as King Charles I.'s time, was a resort of lovers and feasters, and often mentioned in terms analogous to those more recently employed with regard to the Toy at Hampton Court. Sir E. Nevill lived in Sir S. Morland's house, where he died in 1705. Cipriani, a Royal Academician, lived in a house adjoining the workhouse garden in Great Church Lane, and died there in 1785. He was buried at Chelsea. It would be easy to fill a page with the names of distinguished residents in this region and their houses.

At present it may suffice to say that near the church at Hammersmith lived Admiral Sir Charles Frederick, Mrs.

Billington the singer, Sir James Sibbald, J. B. Nichols the antiquary (at Chancellor's), Captain Marryatt the novelist, and many more. Among the residents on Brook Green was Mrs. Joanna Stephens, who, in 1739, was lucky enough to obtain the Parliamentary grant of £5,000 for a remedy for stone, which turned out to be worthless. It does not appear that she returned the money. Surviving in peace till November 8, 1774, she was frightened to death by the appearance in her house of two men, who demanded money from her. A happier resident in Hammersmith was Leigh Hunt, who, during the later years of his life, occupied No. 7, Cornwall Row; he died at Putney, August 28, 1859. Dr. Boyce, the musician, lived at No. 7, Theresa Terrace, King Street West, the house where George Mason, A.R.A., succeeded him, and where the painter died.

Hammersmith retained a great deal of its rural character at the beginning of the century; accordingly we find the family of Thomas Stothard, R.A., going there for the air in 1801. Even now, looking at the scene represented in the second of our woodcuts, the reader would hardly believe that no fewer than five railway stations exist within a mile of the place. The view before us comprises the quaint old-fashioned water-side tavern, called "The Doves," where James Thomson wrote "Winter," one of the sections of "The Seasons." Behind this little place, but not seen in the cut, is a square brick Georgian house, called Sussex Lodge, which, ostensibly as a "smoking box," was occupied by the late Duke of Sussex; it seems to have been devoted to more pleasures than one, or even two. Beyond "The Doves" a house of a fair size is seen among the trees. This was formerly called "The Retreat;" it is now named Kelmscot, and occupied by Mr. William Morris, author of "The Earthly Paradise," and many other poems. In the rear of this place stood, until about ten years ago, the last fragment of a garden pavilion erst attached to the grounds of a mansion built for Katherine of Braganza, when Queen Dowager and widow of Charles II., who removed there in 1687, and there resided till 1692, when she retired to Portugal. To distinguish this mansion, the now enormous elms, which appear in the cut behind low projections or bastions of the river wall, were planted. They are thus shown to be two centuries old, and still flourishing as towers of foliage. The bastion itself seems to have been constructed to permit carriages to turn behind the wall in the road which is known as the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and is very narrow except at a corresponding bastion at the other or western extremity of the road. Three gigantic poplars standing in a line along this wall have disappeared, with some fine oaks which long added dignity to the place. A few good trees still exist; but the western extremity of the once pleasant and stately promenade has been quite needlessly, and without profit to anybody, destroyed by a hideous enclosure.

The Queen's house was occupied for several years by Doctor Radcliffe, who founded the great library at Oxford, and was a renowned physician; he died November 1, 1714. Faulkner, in the "History of Hammersmith," stated that in 1705 Joseph Wilton the sculptor and R.A., who was one of the prime movers in founding the Royal Academy, had a house on the Upper Mall, of which we are now writing.

The date must be wrong, because Wilton was not born till 1722. J. T. Smith enabled us to correct the error, with further information as to the dignity and wealth of those who a century since lived in this part of the world. "I recollect," wrote the author of "Nollekens and his Times," 1828, ii., 174, "his (Wilton) having a house at Snaresbrook, and in 1785 occupying one in the Mall at Hammersmith" (it might, of course, have been the Lower and not the Upper Mall, at which, by means of Mr. Tristram Ellis's sketch, we are now looking), "as well as a town residence; he kept a family coach, a phaeton, and numerous saddle-horses, for himself and his sons, to whom he gave a University education." His daughter, Miss Wilton, was thus noticed by Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Boswell dated March 5, 1774. "Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East." This lucky lover was afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, R.A., and architect of Somerset House, a great man in his way, to whom Mason's "Heroic Epistle" was, with many a cutting stripe of satiric jest, freely devoted.

Wilton's "town residence," studio and workshops, were at this time and long after in Portland Street, then a grand place. Among the iron work of the gate of one of the older houses on the Upper Mall, was to be noticed until quite lately the escutcheon of arms belonging to William Maynard, Esq., who lived there in 1741. The motto remains distinct as *Tam corde quam manu*. The façade of this building included a balcony extending along the whole front; the whole has been degraded by a modern upper storey, and the balcony taken away.

Of the Suspension Bridge at Hammersmith, the subject of the third of our cuts, there is not much to be said; nothing presents itself on this subject which is not to be found in all the good books of reference. It is the first structure of its kind to be thrown across the Thames, and was chiefly intended to facilitate traffic between London and Kingston, Richmond, Roehampton, East Sheen, Barnes, and Mortlake, besides distant places not more conveniently approached by Putney Bridge or Kew Bridge, both of which were erected long before the structure now in question. It was constructed after the designs of Mr. W. T. Clark; the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Sussex, May 7, 1825, and the work was opened to the public, October 6, 1827. The structure cost £45,341 10s. 9d., a sum provided by a company who were miserably disappointed in their hopes of profit. A burthen to its proprietors, the bridge was neglected, and became so dilapidated that an unlucky policeman fell through a hole in the rotten planks with which it was paved, and he found an unexpected resting-place in the thick mud, which might have been his grave, below. About this time—the coincidence was, to say the least of it, odd—a popular outcry was raised by those patriots who think tax-payers ought to provide non-taxpayers with every convenience in life. Hammersmith Bridge was bought cheap of the company, which had found it a white elephant, and was enchanted to be rid of it. It was then opened free. The next thing was to find out that it was unsafe. Of course nothing could be easier than to prove that a bridge which had never been, so to say, able to pay for repainting itself, or for replanking its own roadway, was not wide enough for the public use. This settled the fate of Clark's work. A new bridge—the design for which is described as peculiarly hideous—is now in course of construction at an enormous cost, and the handsome work before us will soon be sold for old iron.

F. G. STEPHENS.

(*To be continued.*)

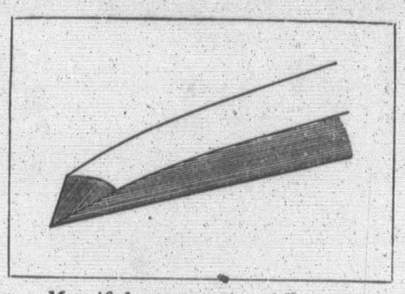
MODERN PROCESSES OF AUTOMATIC ENGRAVING.*

No. II.

DAWSON'S Typographic Etching, unlike the ordinary and intaglio form of the Art, is known to be accomplished entirely without the application of acids, so necessary in the other form of etching. Indeed, in consequence of dispensing altogether with the biting process, it has come to be questioned by some whether the title of typographic "etching" is not a palpable misnomer. The title is, however, a perfectly correct one, the doubt as to its propriety originating in the popular misapplication of the term, etching, as previously pointed out.

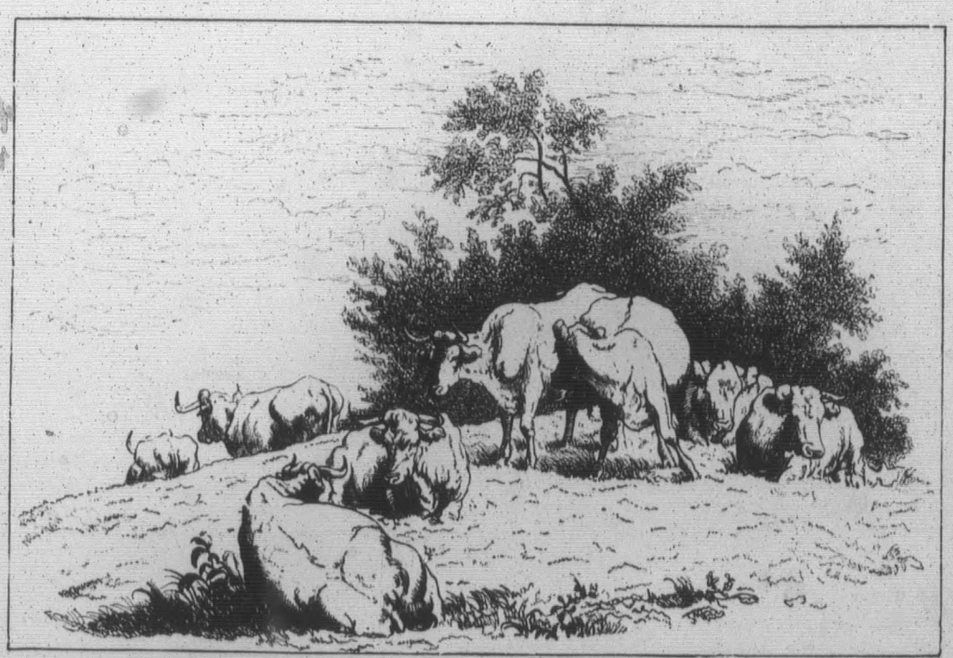
Typographic etching is analogous to the older form of plate etching, so far as the artist's work is concerned; but the two methods are directed to essentially opposite results. In etching proper, if the term may be permitted, the aim is to produce an engraving in *intaglio*, while the typographic etching process produces an engraving in *rilievo*.

As the two methods differ from each other in some particulars, it is desirable to give the practical directions for each, so that an artist—or painter-etcher, as one who works from his own designs should be designated—may have the means of adopting whichever form he deems most suitable for the particular subject in hand. In *intaglio etching* the metal employed is usually copper, although some etchers have a preference for zinc, as giving a more "painter-like" character to the design. Whichever metal be adopted for the plate, its surface must be uniformly covered with a thin coating of wax, called the etching-ground. This ground is composed of Burgundy pitch, asphaltum, and wax.



Magnified representation of Dawson's Etching Point.

The plate being heated to a temperature that will render the composition soft when applied, the ground is spread evenly over the surface of the plate by the use of a ball or dabber made of wool covered with silk. As soon as the laying of the ground has been accomplished, the plate is allowed to become cool, preparatory to the smoking of the etching-ground. This is effected by holding the plate over a flame caused by ignited wax tapers, a uniform glossy black surface being thus added to the wax. The plate is then ready for the artist. Although many artists prefer themselves to lay the ground, yet this is a work which may, without detriment, be intrusted to a careful assistant. The sketch, in rough outline, is first made upon paper, and by laying this face downwards upon the prepared plate, and using a gentle pressure, sufficient impression will be left to serve as a guide for the artist. Some etchers, however, work at once upon the plate, without any previous sketch. If the lines of an etching were all to be of an uniform substance, the artist might confine himself to drawing his picture with a single needle or point, and then submit the plate to the customary biting. This would result in a plate that might be admired for what is called "drawing;" that is, the disposition and direction of the lines might be perfect, but the picture would be deficient in effect, and would be pronounced inartistic. The desired effect may be produced by two means; firstly, by the use of etching-needles

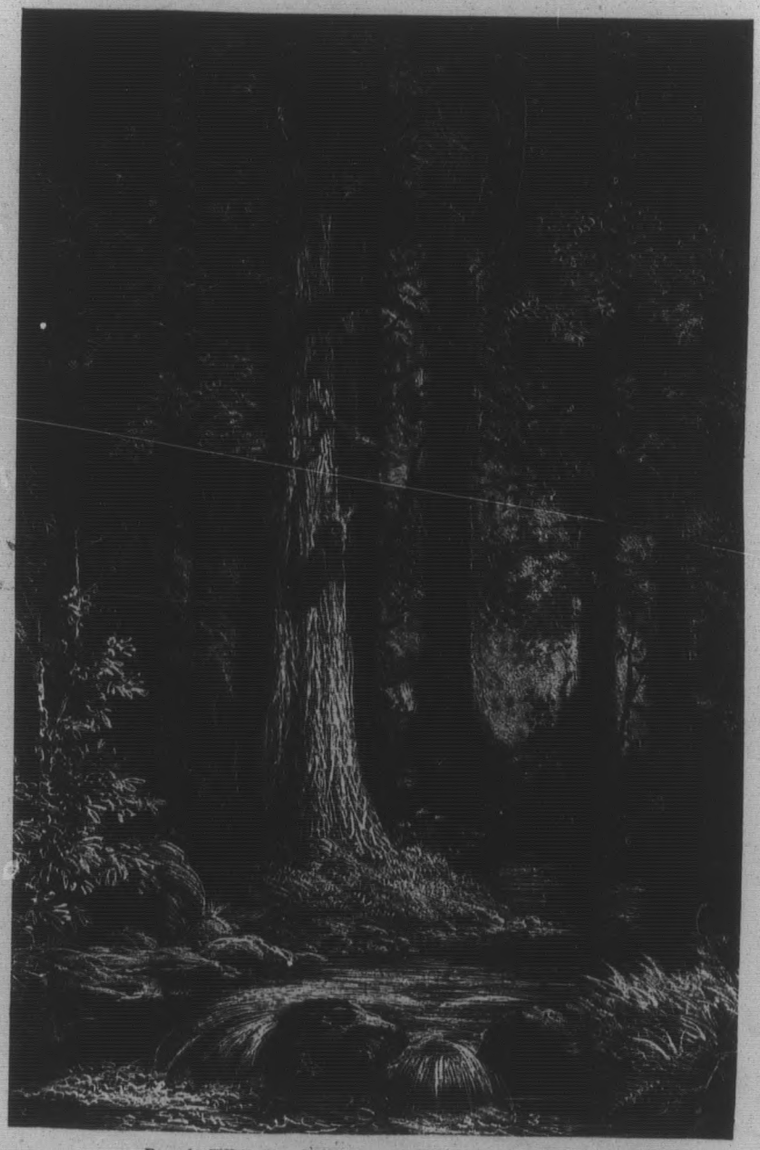


Dawson's Typographic Etching.

* Continued from page 60.

of various degrees of fineness, so that corresponding gradations of colour may be given to the lines forming the picture; or, secondly, by having recourse to more than one biting, and by "stopping out" those parts that have already been sufficiently bitten. Some of the most successful of our modern etchers adopt the continuous method, and actually draw the entire picture while it is in the acid bath; but the effect in such hands is analogous to that of employing a series of separate bitings, and the gain is merely a question of time employed in the operation. The lines that are first drawn are those that the artist desires to be the more deeply bitten, and they are, consequently, for a longer time under the influence of the acid; while the lighter lines, being drawn at a later period, are bitten less heavily.

The initial process of typographic etching, that of laying the ground, is very similar to the procedure in the older form of etching already explained, except that a white opaque wax is used, and the surface is not blackened. The plate upon which the work is done is of brass, although any hard metal may be employed, as the plate only serves for a base upon which to work. The artist etches his design by drawing with an etching point the lines forming his picture. The lines should vary in substance according to the requirements of the design, as it is only by the varying strength and the proximity of the lines to each other that the effects are to be produced. Whatever may happen to be the character of the lines used, every line, whether coarse or fine, must be etched through the wax down to the surface of the metal plate. Mr. Alfred Dawson has found it advantageous to prepare a special form of etching point. The form of this tool is here given in a greatly magnified sketch. Dawson's etching point more nearly resembles a graver than an etching needle, and its construction is calculated to facilitate the operation of throwing up the wax into little furrows, as hereafter explained.



Bruce's White-line Etching. Drawn by C. O. Murray.

The artist, in etching the lines of his picture, cuts furrows in the ground, causing little threads of wax to be thrown up to the surface. These superfluous portions of wax must be carefully removed from time to time as they accumulate, which is best done by lightly passing a soft flat brush over the surface of the plate. When the drawing is finished, the lines of the design show the bare surface of the plate, while the undisturbed wax represents the future "whites" or unprinted parts of the picture. The lines of the picture are sunk or cut into the wax ground, that is, a drawing has been obtained in *intaglio*, which has to be converted into a typographic block or engraving in *relief*. The artist having finished his portion of the work, the plate is consigned to an artisan for the second operation, in which, indeed, the distinctive character of the process consists. If the plate were now to be taken as a mould for an electrotype block, a depth, equal of course to the thickness of the wax ground, would be obtained; but this is not sufficient. In order to insure the necessary depth in the mould for printing, the substance of the wax has to be increased, which is done by "building up" the wax upon the parts representing the whites of the drawing. This building up, although not an artistic operation, is one requiring delicacy and skill in the operator. The danger to be avoided is that of the added wax running over and filling up the furrows already cut in the wax film coating the plate, which would necessarily damage, or altogether obliterate, the lines of the picture. Wax is now to be added, in a semi-liquid condition, and is applied by a specially prepared tool, somewhat resembling a writing pen, which has been designed by the inventors and is the result of their practical experience. The wax in its molten condition readily flows on to the surface of the remaining etching-ground, to which it adheres; but inasmuch as the metal plate is of a lower temperature than the wax which is being added, the wax has a

natural tendency to recede from contact with the exposed portions of the plate, and by this means the lines are preserved, at the same time that wax is piled up on the other portions of the surface. The building up being satisfactorily accomplished, the plate becomes a mould for the electrotyper, who, in the ordinary way, produces from it an electrotype typographic block.

The illustration which accompanies this is a typographic etching by Dawson's process, the work of Miss E. M. Cooper, after a drawing by the late Mr. Hill.

There is another method of etching, which may very properly be included under the style of "typographic etching," and which has a certain amount of originality in its application to recommend and distinguish it. This is the process which has been patented by Mr. William Patrick Bruce, under the title of "A new process for the reproduction of designs applicable to the illustration of books." The novelty in the work consists in the absolute reversal of the ordinary methods of etching, the artist drawing the whites of his subject, leaving undisturbed those parts that will ultimately be printed. For this reason the writer of the present paper has, with the approval of the patentee, designated the process "White-line Etching."

The specification of the patent is dated January 11, 1883, and the following description is founded upon the practical experience gained in the efforts to realise the instructions conveyed in the specification, and communicated orally by the inventor. The plate, usually of zinc, is covered with an etching ground, and the picture is drawn with an ordinary etching point or needle, by scratching away or etching the white lines and leaving the etching ground upon those parts of the plate which are to carry the ink in printing. The white lines having been drawn, the plate is immersed in an acid bath, when the exposed portions of the surface of the plate are bitten, more or less deeply as may be required. Several bitings may be employed, and where it is desired to check the biting in certain parts, those parts may be protected by "stopping out" with an acid-resisting varnish. The block having been sufficiently bitten, is ready for mounting, or may be electrotyped for printing at a typographic press.

The process here described is theoretically very simple, and the few blocks which have yet been etched unmistakably indicate the method which has been adopted in their production. So great, however, is the disinclination to acquire new methods, when facility has been once acquired in older ones, that the novelty involved in the work of white-line etching will deter many artists from undertaking it; and greater success may possibly be looked for from those who, coming fresh to the work, are specially educated and trained in the requirements of the new method. Possibly the manipulation of this process will be most readily and successfully acquired by a wood-engraver accustomed to work from wash drawings on the wood; he will not find it more difficult to *etch* the whites of the picture than to *cut* them on the block to which he is accustomed in his ordinary work. There is every reason to believe that both alone, and in conjunction with aquatinting, some very satisfactory results will eventually be obtained by Bruce's white-line etching.

J. S. Hodson.

(*To be continued.*)

REQUISITIONED.

Engraved by J. C. Armytage, from a Water-Colour Painting by A. C. Gow, A.R.A.

Among the many words which the wise have used from time to time to express the transfer of property against the wish of the owner, one or two have had a special use of circumstance and time. Very large operations, some twenty-five years ago, had the diplomatic name of rectification of frontier, or the franker one of annexation; and during the Franco-German war the orders for those smaller sacrifices which private right is constrained to make to the general claim, came under the term of "requisition." The word was turned into barbarous verbs and participles, as a useful word is apt to be, and it was terrible to others than grammarians. The rustic mind especially was incredulous as to the final effect of the official receipts for goods surrendered, which the Teutonic invader was so punctual in presenting; and a sense of the sacredness of personal property is to be expected from a miller. His goods consist of that elementary form of riches in which the idea of possession is not constantly confused by merely representative and arbitrary coin. The man who brings wheat into his workshop, and by the operation of the simple forces of the winds sends it out as flour, is rich in a sense profoundly natural, simple, and lawful. He might, indeed, be pardoned for boasting of such riches. If no man may be purse-proud, let us agree that meal-bag pride should be accounted a venial sin.

Mr. Gow's miller is hard to convince, but argument is a matter of form on the part of his visitors, and will not be prolonged. From afar the hussars have seen the great arms of his windmill turning against the horizon sky, and have spurred across the open land towards its useful treasury. The artist, by the way, has denied himself the always pictorial effect of the body of a mill, with its shadow-throwing arms and sails, for he gives little but the piers and props, the little forest of timber supports, and the ladder steps of the stem. Perhaps it is to association that the windmill owes much of its charm; for until the painter of the period succeeds in making us renounce all our senses but the sense of seeing, association will still have power. And we associate the idea of a windmill with that of a flat wide country in which the gales go free, in which the sky may be seen in all its immensity and in all its gradation of colour and light, and on which the suns and moons rise clear up from the very limits of the world. The mill reminds us of the walls of Flemish towns and of the dykes that bound the flowering fields of Holland—of landscape that is free from the effectiveness of scenery. We associate it too with that always beautiful industry in which little or nothing comes between nature and the strength of man, and which is concerned with the satisfaction of wants, and not with that of artificial demands.

SOME FAMILY LETTERS OF MICHELANGELO.

WHEN Hermann Grimm wrote his life of Michelangelo, he was compelled to leave several matters untouched and others unexplained for want of documentary evidence, which, although known to exist, was jealously guarded from publication. It was not until the celebration of the fourth centenary of the great artist's birth in 1875, that these treasures of the Casa Buonarroti, consisting of letters and memoranda written by and to him, were, by permission of the owners, collected and published by Gaetano Milanesi.

The most interesting of these are to be found in Armelio Gotti's "Vita di Michelangelo," from which those I intend here to place before my readers are taken. I have only translated the ones which bear upon the great Florentine's private life and his intercourse with his family, as it is the *man* rather than the *artist* which it is intended here to depict, and that, by means of his own words. We are so accustomed to contemplate the great men of past ages by the results they have left behind them, that we are apt to lose sight of the comparatively trivial matters of common everyday life amidst which they lived and struggled. The colossal genius of Michelangelo, so titanic and superhuman in its artistic expression, makes us, I think, look upon him as having been more, even than others, above the ordinary cares and desires of humanity; but these letters show us the man in his daily life, his struggles, his griefs, and his indomitable determination to replace his family once more in the position which they had occupied before his birth. They prove to us that, although he was in his way the greatest genius of his own or any time, yet he was also a Florentine, and imbued with all the feelings and prejudices of the community from which he sprang.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," and the transcendent genius of so many of her sons often blinds us to the fact that Florence was above all a republic of merchants, with all the fondness for money and the power which money gives which is characteristic of mercantile pursuits. And as any merchant prince of these latter times who fails, feels the reversal of fortune more severely than one who had never occupied such a position, so was it also with the Buonarrotis. They had been great merchants and bankers in Florence for many a long year, looked up to and respected amongst their fellow-citizens, until Simone, Michelangelo's great uncle, left all his fortune to the Templars, and the withdrawal of this from the business had as its result the impoverishment of his brother and partner, Lionardo, the artist's grandfather.

When Michelangelo was born, on the 6th March, 1475, his father Lodovico occupied the position of one of the petty magistrates of the Florentine Republic, being Podesta of Caprese. As the boy grew up he would doubtless hear much of the vanished splendours of his house, and the deprivations which poverty necessarily brought with it would be aggravated by such recollections. It is easy to imagine how the proud high-spirited lad would brood over all this, and determine to do his utmost to reinstate the Buonarrotis in their former high position. It is this resolve and the means he took to accomplish it which these letters reveal to us. At thirteen he became the pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo, and soon after, when but fourteen, he is to be found as a member of that charmed circle of Intellect and Art which Lorenzo de Medici gathered around him. As yet Florence had all the semblance of a free Republic, but it was but outward show, and men knew that to succeed they must be on the side of the powerful family in whose hands Florentine freedom was to become "as a tale that is told, as a song that is sung." Here, then, in the Palazzo Medici the young Buonarroti formed those friendships with the younger members of the house of Medici which were to stand him in such good stead in the years to come.

After the death of Lorenzo in 1494, he went to Bologna, but encountering much jealousy and opposition from the Bolognese artists, he soon returned to Florence. There, even before the death of Lorenzo, Savonarola had begun to sway the fickle people, and after it he became for a time sole ruler, while the Medici were driven into exile. Nothing is known of Michelangelo's opinion of the Prior of San Marco, or whether he took any part in the ascetic fury which had for a time seized upon his countrymen. That he had some degree of sympathy with the author of this movement is shown by a letter written by him under an assumed name from Rome, whither he had gone in June, 1496. This letter is numbered xlvi.

"Dearest brother: I have received your letter from your Michelangelo, which has caused me great consolation, particularly in regard to what I read therein of the fortunes of the seraphic brother Geronimo, who has caused all Rome to speak of him. It is said he is a great heretic, and for this reason it is undoubtedly necessary that he should come and prophesy in Rome that his divine inspiration may be made clear; all those belonging to him must be of good courage. Dear brother, I wish you well with all my heart, so be of good heart and continue to go on learning. To Frizi* I have told everything, and have heard precise particulars. Frate Mariano† speaks badly of your prophet. Nothing more, another time, as I am in great haste. Here there is nothing new. The most is, that yesterday seven stood in the pillory and five were strung up. Commend me to all yours, particularly to my father Lodovico whom I value so highly. When you write here commend me to Michelangelo. Nothing further. I write in the dark. Your brother Piero, in Rome."

In 1500 his favourite brother Buonarroto visited him in Rome, and on his return home Lodovico writes to him as follows, under date of 19th December, 1500: "Buonarroto

* This is Federigo di Filippo, who afterwards gave the finishing touches to Michelangelo's 'Christ' in the Minerva.

† The general of the Augustinians who preached against Savonarola.

informs me that you live there (in Rome) with great economy, or, better said, in great indigence (*miseria*). Economy is good, but when it reaches starvation it is bad, and a fault displeasing to God and man, and hurts both soul and body. While you are young you may be able to stand such deprivations for a time, but when the strength of youth is past, illness and infirmities will show themselves which as a consequence will cling to you for life. Therefore to be saving is good, but not to be parsimonious. Live moderately but do not starve, and beware of privation. As regards the carrying on of your art you would be a lost man if you fell into a state of sickness."

In 1501 Michelangelo returned to Florence; there he remained till 1505, when Pope Julius II. summoned him to Rome to erect for him a tomb in St. Peter's, which undertaking became in after years, to use his own words, the artist's "tragedy and curse of his life." For a time all went well, then employer and employed fell out and Michelangelo, deeply offended, left Rome. In letter cccxliii. he gives his reasons for this. It is written to Sangallo, the Pope's architect: "As regards my departure, it is true that only on Holy Saturday I heard the Pope say, in a conversation with a jeweller and the Master of the Ceremonies, that he would not spend another penny upon either small or large stones. This caused me to wonder. Nevertheless, before my departure I demanded once more a portion of that which was necessary for the continuation of my work. His Holiness answered me I was to return on Monday. I came on Monday. I came on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday. At last on Friday morning I was sent away, that is to say, turned out. The one who turned me out told me that he knew me, but such were his orders. So I, who had heard such words on the Saturday and now felt such a result, fell into great despair. But that alone was not the cause of my departure, it was also something quite different, about which I will, however, be silent. It is enough to say that it brought the thought to me that if I remained in Rome my tomb would have to be prepared before that of the Pope. This is the cause of my sudden journey."

Once more in Florence he devoted himself entirely to his Art, turning a deaf ear to all the Pope's entreaties and menaces to return.

In 1508, however, he went back to Rome, having been reconciled to the Pontiff, and agreeing to decorate the Sixtine Chapel for him. During this residence in Rome he wrote many letters to his family, and they are all to the same purpose. All the money he made he remitted to Florence, some in trust to the master of the hospital of Maria Nuova, with other sums he directed land to be bought, but every letter has the same refrain, his father is to have all he requires, even if it takes his last penny. His youngest brother, Giovan Simone, was evidently the black sheep of the family, and one of the letters addressed to him must have made the culprit shake in his shoes as he read it. It is numbered cxxvii:—

"Giovan Simone, it is said that whoever doth good to a good man makes him better, but if to a bad man it makes him worse. I tried by word and deed to induce you to live with your father and the rest of us in peace and virtue, but you continue to become worse. I do not tell you that you are a wretch, but that you do not please me, neither me nor others. I could make you a long speech with regard to your behaviour, but it would only consist of words the like of which I have already often used to you. To be short, I would let you know in the most positive manner that you possess nothing in the world; living and habitation are given to you by me, and I have given these to you for a long time for the love of God, and in the belief that you, my brother, were like the others. Now I know that you are not my brother, on the contrary you are a brute, and as a brute I shall treat you. Know that he who threatens or strikes his father is doomed to die. Let that suffice. I tell you that you have nothing in the world, and if I hear the least about you again I shall come and show you your error, and teach you to destroy your things and set fire to house and possessions which you have not earned.

"When I come I will show you something about which you will weep your eyes red hot, and then you will know upon what foundation your pride rests. This I further have to tell you, if you will strive to behave well and to revere your father and hold him in honour, then I will help you as I have done the others and will shortly put you into a business. If, however, you will not act like this, then I will be quickly with you and make your position clear to you, so that you may know better than you have hitherto done what you possess in the world and can see where you are going. Nothing further. If the words are too few I shall come to their help with deeds.

"MICHELAGNIOLO, in Rome.

"I cannot omit to add a few words. It is now twelve years since in anxiety I have wandered through the whole of Italy, bearing every humiliation, enduring every toil, tormenting my body with every hardship, and have given up my life to a thousand dangers, and all this only to be able to help on my family. And now that I have begun to bring them back to a state resembling a little their former prosperity, you alone will be the one to disturb and destroy in an hour that which has taken me so many years and troubles to bring to its present state. But by the Body of the Lord, *that* shall not be fulfilled, for I am the man to annihilate ten thousand such as you if it were necessary. Now be sensible and give no vexation to him who has other sorrows to bear."

In another letter bearing upon this subject he writes to his father, who had complained to him of Giovan Simone's conduct, that if the latter again displeases him he will ask the Pope for leave of absence and will come to Florence to teach his troublesome brother to do better; concluding with these words: "I wish you to be convinced that all the toil I have undertaken is not less for you than for myself; what I have bought, I have bought for you, that it may be your property as long as you live. If you had not been there, I should not have bought it."

After much strife and bloodshed the Medici returned to Florence in September, 1512. Michelangelo trembled for his beloved ones amidst all these disorders, and in a letter which Milanesi thinks should be dated September 5th, 1512, he advises his relatives to leave Florentine territory; but when the return of the Medici had become an accomplished fact he writes as follows (letter xci.), to his brother Buonarroto: "I inferred from your last writing that the territory of Florence is in great danger, which causes me much sorrow. Now it is said that the Medici have returned to Florence and that everything is smoothed over. Therefore I believe that the danger is now past, viz., the danger which was threatened by the Spaniards, and I believe that it will not now be necessary to leave Florence. Remain therefore in peace and make no friendly or intimate alliances with any one but God, and speak about no one either good or bad, for we know not the end of things, therefore have a care only of your own affairs."

Although we cannot doubt that he looked upon this return of the dominant family as a misfortune for his native city, yet when he found nothing could alter it, he meets the matter with

his usual prudence and common sense; qualities which we are not in the habit of finding associated with great genius, and yet which in him we find so conspicuous in all matters concerning the welfare of his people. This letter is numbered xxxvii. and is to his father: "Dearest Father, by your last writing I learnt how matters are with you, which till then I only knew in part. One must have patience, commend one's self to God and acknowledge our errors. Such misfortunes come for no other reason than as a punishment for pride and ingratitude, and never saw I a more haughty and ungrateful people than the Florentines. When, therefore, this judgment comes there is sufficient cause for it."

Julius II. died on the 21st of February, 1513, and was succeeded by Giuliano di Medici as Leo X., who favoured Michelangelo even more than his predecessor had done.

A curious and characteristic letter was written by him at this time having reference to the artist Luca Signorelli, of Cortona, and certainly does not redound to the latter's credit. The letter is numbered ccliv. and is addressed to the Capitano of Cortona. Michelangelo's vexation is quite justifiable, as the loan mentioned was made in 1513 and it is not till 1518 that this letter is written, the immediate cause being that Signorelli accuses him of an act of dishonesty.

"Signor Capitano; during my stay in Rome there came thither, in the first year of the reign of Leo X., the Painter, Master Luca of Cortona, and as I met him one day, in the vicinity of Monte Giardono, he told me he had come to speak to the Pope and to receive I know not what; that he had been near losing his head for his affection to the house of Medici; that this had not been properly acknowledged, and similar things which I cannot now remember. After these remarks he asked me for a loan of forty Julian ducats, and told me at the same time where I was to send them, viz., to a shoemaker's shop to which I believe he went. Although I had not the money on the spot, I made him the offer to send it him, which I did. Hardly had I reached home than I sent him the forty Julian ducats by one of my assistants, named Silvius, who I believe is at this time in Rome. After several days had past and the said Master Luca had perhaps not attained his object (that is, the favour he was going to beg of Leo X.), he came to my house in the Via Marcello di Corvi, which I still possess, and where he found me busied with a marble figure four ells high, and with the hands turned outwards. He complained to me and entreated me for another forty Julian ducats in the presence of my maid-servant, a Bolognese, and also I believe of the above-named assistant who had carried to him the other forty ducats. As I was then in bad health and deplored to him that I could not work, the said Master Luca said to me before he departed, 'Do not doubt that the Angels from heaven will come to strengthen your arm and to help you.' This I write here that the said Master Luca when it is repeated to him may remember the matter, and may not be able to maintain that which he has said according to the writing of your excellency to Buonarroto, and, what is more, which you believed. But it is not true that I am such a rogue, which I should be if I demanded that again, which I had already once received."

"Leo X.," who, Sebastiano del Piombi writes to Michelangelo, "loves you as a brother, and you can obtain from him whatsoever you will," died in December, 1521, and was succeeded by Adrian VI., who after a short reign of thirteen months gave place to another Medici, Giulio, the illegitimate son of Michelangelo's first patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who took the name of Clement VII. The new Pope and the artist had known each other from childhood, and Giulio remained through life his firm and faithful friend; and this circumstance must be taken into consideration when we remember Michelangelo's conduct after Florence had fallen helpless and fettered into the hands of the hereditary enemies of her liberties.

I am much tempted here to insert a letter of Michelangelo's, treating of a whimsical fancy of Clement's to erect a colossal statue at Florence which was to reach to the topmost pinnacles of the Palazzo Medici:—"Messer Giovan Francesco, if I possessed as much strength as your last letter caused me merriment, I should believe myself capable of quickly achieving that of which you write; but as my strength is not so great, I can but try to do that which is possible. As regards the Colossus of 40 ells in height which is to be placed at the corner of the Loggia of the Medici Gardens, opposite the Palace of Messer Luigi della Strifa, I have thought much of what you have told me. It appears to me that the corner mentioned is not the proper place for it, as it would impede the traffic in the streets too much. It would stand better on the other side, where the barber's shop is. That, however, the rent of the barber's shop may not be lost, I thought of making the Colossus sitting down, and hollow internally, which would be necessary if it is put together in pieces. In this way the barber's shop could remain underneath, and the rent would be saved. In order, however, to carry off the smoke from the shop, it appears advisable to me to give the statue a cornucopia into one hand, which could serve as a chimney. Further, as the head as well as the other limbs of this figure is to be hollow, one might, according to my view, make some profit out of this. There is, namely, in the Piazza a hawker of fruit with whom I am very friendly, and he has confided to me in secret that he could erect a very nice dovecot therein. I have also another idea, which is better still, although then the figure must be much larger (but that would be nothing; does one not build a tower in pieces?), and this is to use the head as the bell-tower of San Lorenzo, which is in want of one. By introducing bells, and causing the sound to issue from the mouth, it would appear as if the said Colossus called out 'Misericordia,' and that particularly on high feasts, when the big bells are rung. As regards the conveyance of the marble for the said statue, it would be best to let such come secretly and by night, when it could be seen by no one. There would certainly be some difficulties at the gates, but I daresay these could be overcome."

The time had now come when Florence determined if possible to get rid of the Medici at any cost. Michelangelo seems for once to have cast all prudence to the winds and joined his countrymen. The fortification of Florence was intrusted to him. But there were traitors within the camp, and Malatesta Baglioni, the commander of the Florentine troops, was secretly in the pay of the enemy. He opposed all Michelangelo's plans, who, seeing how matters were going, left the city. A letter, giving his reasons for flight, has been found addressed to his friend, Giovan Battista della Palla. (As to the flight see Gotti II. 64.) "Battista, dearest friend! I departed from thence (Florence) in order, as you well know, to go to France. Arrived in Venice I inquired the way and was told I must pass through German territory, which would be difficult and dangerous. So I bethought me to ask your opinion about it, and whether you still intended to accompany

me. I departed without telling any of my friends, and without obtaining permission. For although you know that I had decided to go to France and had applied many times for leave and been refused, yet I had determined to await without fear the end of the war. But on Tuesday morning, the 21st of September, as I was on the bastion, outside the Porta San-Niccolo, one came to me and whispered in my ear, I should not remain if I did not wish to pay with my life. He went with me to my house, he eat with me, he brought horses and would not leave me until he had decoyed me out of Florence, showing me it was for my good. Whether he was God or the devil I know not."

However, although he must have felt that Florence was doomed he returned and remained, doing his utmost until the end came. The Medici came back in triumph, and proscriptions and executions were the order of the day. Michelangelo was diligently sought for and his fate seemed sealed, when Pope Clement stepped in and saved him. Under his powerful protection he remained for some time unmolested in Florence, and in 1534 he went once more to Rome, never to return alive. For Clement died that year, his father and favourite brother Buonarroto had died before him, and Florence had lost all attraction for him. Henceforth Michelangelo's home was in the Eternal City, which he enriched with the mightiest efforts of his genius, each Pope in succession distinguishing him with their friendship.

But to his latest breath he continued devoted to his surviving relatives, and his love for Buonarroto was transferred to the latter's son Lionardo, whom he made his heir. Duke Cosimo issued an edict which was aimed not only at the guilty but also at their descendants, and upon this he writes to Lionardo in March, 1548:—

"Lionardo, it pleases me that you have sent me word about the edict. If up to now I have been careful in my conversation and intercourse with the exiles, I shall be still more so for the future. As regards my stay in the house of the Strozzi during my illness, I hold I was not there as their guest but as that of my good friend, Messer Luigi del Riccio, than whom, after the death of Bartolomeo Angiolino, I could find none so thorough or trustworthy in the care of all my affairs. Since he is also dead I never go to the said house, and to this all Rome can bear witness, as also of my ordinary life; how I am always alone, go out little and speak with none, especially not with Florentines. If I am greeted in the way I cannot help answering with friendly words, and then I go further. But, as I said before, I shall now be still more careful, especially as I am burdened with many other thoughts, so that it is a weariness to me to live."

Giovan Simone, the brother who seems always to have been a thorn in his side, died in January, 1547, and I here give two letters, one written before his death to Giovan Simone himself, and one directly after that event to Lionardo:—"Giovan Simone, I have received several letters from Messer Giovan Francisco, which acquainted me with the fact of your illness. This causes me great sorrow, especially as I am not at your side to help you as I have always tried to do. But I will do what I can and it shall be my care that you want for nothing. For the present I send you ten scudi, with the promise also in the future to do all I can for you from here. Be therefore of good courage and think of nothing but your recovery. Let me be written to if you stand in need of anything."

"Lionardo, your last letter contained the news of the death of Giovan Simone. This has caused me great grief, as I had hoped, although I am older, to see him once more before his and my death. But it has pleased God; therefore resignation. I should be glad to hear particulars about his death, and whether he confessed and communicated according to the rule of the Church. When I know that this was done my pain will be less."

Lionardo seems to have treated this request lightly, for in the next letter occurs the following: "I remind you that Giovan Simone was my brother, and whatever he may have been I mourn for him and wish something to be done for the good of his soul, as I did for the soul of your father."

In other letters to Lionardo he discusses the latter's matrimonial prospects; one of these, dated February 1st, 1549, says:—

"Lionardo, I sent you in my last letter a list of marriageable maidens, as I cannot better advise you. But one thing I say to you, look not for money but only for virtue and a good reputation. I believe there are many families in Florence who although impoverished are of noble origin, so that it would be a benefit to them if you were to connect yourself with them, and if the dowry is absent so also will be the pride. You require a wife who will remain at your side, who will not make a show and want to go every day to banquets and weddings. And take no notice if it is said that you wish to ennoble yourself through your marriage; it is well known that we are old Florentine citizens, and of as noble extraction as any other family. Therefore I commend you to God and pray Him to give your requirements. It will be very pleasing to me if you find what you wish, but before you tie the knot acquaint me with all particulars."

Eventually, in April, 1553, Lionardo married Cassandra, a daughter of Donato Ridolfi. The youngest of the brothers, Gismondo, died in November, 1555, and Michelangelo writes to Lionardo:—

"Not without great pain I gather from your letter the news of the death of my brother Gismondo. But resignation! God is to be thanked that he died contrite and fortified with all the Sacraments ordained by the Church. I find myself here in great sorrow, as Urbino also keeps his bed dangerously ill. I know not what will be the result. My pain could not be greater if he were my son, for he has served me faithfully for more than twenty-five years and I have no time left to accustom myself to another. If you should know any pious persons (in Florence) ask them to pray to God for his health."

Urbino died on the 3rd December, 1555, and Michelangelo wrote to Lionardo: "Lionardo, as regards the legacy of Gismondo about which you write, I tell you it is to remain yours. Carry out his last wishes exactly and order prayers for his soul, the only thing you now can do for him. I announce to you that yesterday evening, at four o'clock, died, to my greatest sorrow, Francesco, surnamed Urbino. Much care and torture has he left to me, so that it would be sweeter to me to die with him for the love I bear him."

This is the last family letter of any interest. The long life was drawing to a close. When the end came Lionardo was on his way to Rome, but he arrived too late to receive his second father's and constant benefactor's last blessing.

The great heart had ceased to beat, but the task he had set himself was accomplished. He had determined to give back to his family the material prosperity they had lost; in the end he did far more, and the world was all the richer for his labours, while for all time the name of Buonarroti was emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

E. VERNON BLACKBURN.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE Ansidei Madonna and the Vandyck are now exposed to public view. To judge from the demeanor of the visitors, the general opinion is that the Raphael has cost a great deal too much money. For such a sum the majority of those who have to pay for it imagined they would obtain a picture perfect in every respect. They are, therefore, ill-disposed to put up with a cracked surface and indifferent draughtsmanship. There is hardly a doubt that had the picture been seen beforehand, as in all fairness to the purchasers it should have been, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough would never have extracted such an unheard-of sum from the overburdened taxpayer. To our mind, at least twice as much money has been paid for it as need or should have been. The Vandyck is a noble picture, and will probably be the most popular; it certainly was not very dear at £17,500.

The grumblings at the annual closing of the National Gallery, for the purpose of cleaning, have been louder than usual this year. The excuse of the keeper, Mr. Eastlake, that by closing it on the days preceding and following Good Friday three days are obtained, and the public only lose two, is hardly logical if, as we imagine, in those two days more people are debarred access than would be were it closed for a week in September. Mr. Eastlake thinks that the Gallery is now open for a longer period than any other national institution: this may be the fact, but if so, it is entirely due to persistent outside pressure.

The South Kensington Museum has lately had the good fortune to procure, at relatively moderate prices, a collection of six excellent examples of Girtin, the best a view of Chepstow Castle on the Wye, and a few drawings by less famous men, among which, however, there is one very fine Cozens. Constable, with characteristic courage, called "Cozens, the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." Such a dictum is rather more than we should care to endorse, but we should like to see Cozens better represented than he is in our public collections.

A suggestion has been made that the National Portrait Gallery should be supplemented by a national collection of historical and personal relics. Such a collection, if made judiciously and by a not too soft-hearted or credulous censor, would be of great interest, but it would be difficult to combine it with the present gallery of pictures so that the one should not hinder the enjoyment of the other. Neither, perhaps, would it be easy to prevent it sinking into a sort of official "Madame Tussaud's."

For the second time a lady's portrait by Gainsborough has been sold for ten thousand pounds. The picture was in the last winter show at the Royal Academy, when it attracted no little attention even beside the superb 'Squire Hallett (called Hilliard in the catalogue) and his Wife.' It is a three-quarter length of 'Sophia, daughter of John Boldero, Esq., and wife of Thomas Hibbert, Esq.' Mrs. Hibbert was born in 1760; her portrait must have been painted about four years before Gainsborough's death in 1788, for it is that of a young woman of about twenty-four. As soon as it became known that it was for sale bids were made for it from all parts of Europe, one, it is said, being from the Berlin Gallery.

For the last few weeks the west side of Westminster Hall has been masked by a Gothic cloister in painted canvas, erected to allow of a better judgment of what Mr. Pearson's proposed restoration would look like than can be formed from drawings. It is very completely hideous. Probably the only way to solve this difficult problem is to leave the hall as it is, doing nothing but necessary repairs and protective works, and to raise on the site of the old courts an ornate building that would harmonize both with Sir Charles Barry's palace and with Henry VII.'s Chapel, and form a sort of connecting link between the two.

Owing to the reproduction of Mr. Linley Sambourne's design for the diploma of the Fisheries Exhibition having been placed in the hands of a French firm, who are at the present moment overburdened with work from this side of the water, a considerable delay has taken place, and it has only quite recently been issued. Very fortunate may those be considered to whom this work of Art has been awarded. The artist has lavished upon it an amount of care and research which no pecuniary return can repay. The effigy of every bird and beast that has any kinship to the finny tribes has been drawn with a marvellous skill. The toilers on the deep and on the shallows, sea, fresh and stagnant water, in female guise, marine and fresh water flora, fishing implements of every sort, are pressed into the service of the artist, and by him formed into a harmonious composition. As a specimen of pen-and-ink draughtsmanship it has seldom been excelled; as an English diploma it has never been approached. It is a pity that the lettering in the centre is entirely out of unison with the rest; we are afraid it would have been un-English had it been artistic from beginning to the end. The original drawing, which the Prince of Wales is so fortunate as to possess, will be seen at this year's Academy. We wish we could be as eulogistic concerning the diploma of the Health Exhibition. It is the work of Mr. T. Riley, a South Kensington student of promise, but national work should be entrusted to designers of maturer years and experience.

A *catalogue raisonné* of the works of William Woollett, one of the greatest of English engravers, has just been completed by Mr. Louis Fagan, of the British Museum. The centenary of Woollett's death occurred on the 28th May. An excellent portrait of Woollett at work was painted by the Anglo-American artist, Gilbert Stuart. It has lately been transferred from the National Gallery to the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington.

The Twentieth Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists opened to the public on the 30th March.

The display no longer bears the distinctive character which it formerly possessed as a water-colour exhibition, but is pretty equally divided between the two materials of oil and water paintings. The pictures are not quite so numerous as they have been on some former occasions, but for quality and general interest the collection has rarely been excelled. The members and associates of the society and other local artists are very well represented. The veteran member, F. H. Henshaw, sends his latest work, 'Road through the Forest of Arden.' Col. C. T. Burt has two of his fresh, breezy landscapes; S. H. Baker sends a fine view of Harlech Castle; H. T. Munns shows a striking portrait of himself, with an illustrious sitter indicated on a canvas behind him, besides other works, both portrait and landscape; Jonathan Pratt (the Hon. Sec.) is represented by a portrait of the late John Henry Chamberlain, Architect, and by a genre work entitled 'Piping Times of Peace.' Oliver Baker, C. W. Radclyffe, E. Taylor, and F. H. Harris show good landscapes. The associates and younger local men have made gratifying progress. W. B. Fortescue exhibits the most important work he has yet produced, called 'Potato Harvesting;' Claude Pratt sends a capital work entitled, 'A Legal Difficulty;' J. V. Jelley has an excellent study of cottages at Runswick—it is good, solid, refined work. John Fullwood, besides a good landscape, shows some charming etchings; Edwin Harris sends a fine study of 'A Mount's Bay Fisherman.' At the annual meeting of the society, Mr. E. Burne Jones, who is a native of Birmingham, was elected President, in succession to Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., and Mrs. Whitfield, Mr. Edwin Harris, and Mr. Frank Richards were elected associates.

For the permanent collection of the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle, the Corporation of Nottingham has acquired three important pictures. Mr. Andrew MacCallum, a native of Nottingham, has presented his large painting, 'The Major Oak in Winter, Sherwood Forest,' and the following pictures have been purchased:—'At the Fall of the Leaf,' by Mr. W. S. Jay, and 'The Royal Artillery at Tel-el-Kebir,' by Mr. John Charlton.

One of the quaintest relics of old English military architecture, the Black Gate at Newcastle, has been fitted up as a museum. It was opened a short time ago by Lord Ravensworth. At present the most interesting thing it possesses is a fine "branks," the sort of iron bridle in which scolding women were led round the town in the hard days of two centuries ago.

An engraver of the old school, Mr. E. J. Portbury, a once well-known contributor to the "Keepsake," "Amulet," and "Forget-me-Not" series of annuals, died on the 14th of March, at the advanced age of ninety.

The Beresteyn Frans Hals's have been hung in the Louvre, much to the indignation of those French connoisseurs to whom the purchase has seemed a waste of money. These pictures, writes one, have been hung not only in a place of honour, but in the place of honour *par excellence*, at the very end of the long gallery, as if they were its fitting crown. Before reaching them we have to pass down the ranks of all the most illustrious masters of Italy, Spain, Germany, Flanders, and Holland, a magnificent *cortège* indeed, to end in these dilapidated pictures.

The French Ministry of Fine Arts have purchased a picture by the late Jules Bastien-Lepage, 'Les Foins;' the price given was 25,000 francs. Besides this picture, the State will in time come into possession of five of his best portraits, namely those of his grandfather, of his parents, of himself, and of his brother, the architect, Emile Bastien-Lepage.

The recently issued Appendix to the catalogue of the *Musée de Sculpture comparée* at the Trocadéro raises the numbers of that collection up to 386. Few museums in the world are now better worth a visit to any one who wishes to grasp the historical movement of the purest of the Fine Arts.

The Delacroix Exhibition at the École des Beaux-Arts has been a great success for Paris. During the first week twelve thousand people visited the galleries. A subscription has now been started to raise a statue to the greatest of French colourists—the greatest colourist since Rubens, as French critics fondly believe. The Bastien-Lepage Exhibition in the Hôtel Chimay, the new annexe of the École des Beaux-Arts, has also been crowded day after day.

The election of the jury for the examination of paintings for the Salon, which opened on the first of last month, resulted in M. Bonnat receiving 1168, the highest number of votes. Closely following him were M. Jules Lefebvre, with 1166; M. J. Paul Laurens, 1118; and M. Harpignies, 1109. The following received over a thousand votes:—T. Robert-Fleury, 1077; Bouguereau, 1059; Henner, 1028; Humbert, 1027; Français, 1000. The other members of the successful forty received the following votes:—Cabanel, 992; Boulanger, 935; Busson, 935; Cormon, 913; Pille, 895; Yon, 888; Duez, 885; Vollon, 874; Détaille, 862; P. de Chavannes, 858; Lalanne, 852; H. Le Roux, 839; Benj. Constant, 829; Roll, 812; Rapin, 779; Carolus-Duran, 771; De Vuillefroy, 765; Guillemet, 764; Gervex, 755; Bernier, 746; Maignan, 729; Barrias, 716; Jules Breton, 669; De Neuville, 664; Luminais, 654; Hanoteau, 641; Guillaumet, 637; Lansyer, 608; Baudry, 595; Feyen-Perrin, 589; Saintpierre, 577.

Preparations are now being completed at Turin for the erection of the colossal statue of Victor Emmanuel by Signor Costa, which has been successfully cast at the Nielli foundry in Rome. The total height of the statue is about twenty-six feet.

Some of our readers will remember that Pius IX. determined to erect a memorial of the Council of 1869-70, and of the promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility. In this he followed the precedent of 1835, when the column which now stands at the south end of the Piazza di Spagna was raised to signalize the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Pio Nono's column was set up on the Janiculum, in front of San Pietro in Montorio, and there it stood until the other day. But when Leo XIII. heard that the Italian parliament had decided to place their monument to Garibaldi on the same hill, he caused the memorial to be removed to the Vatican, where it is now in course of erection in the Pigna gardens. There it will have for companion the famous bell of Santa Maria Maggiore, the work of Pandolfo Savelli, which was long falsely supposed to be cracked.

This monument to Garibaldi has been commissioned from Signor Emilio Gallori, who is already hard at work upon it.

A monument to the same hero is to be erected at Milan at a cost of 153,000 lire. The competition for it is confined to Italian sculptors.

It is said that by the death without a completed will of the Countess Morosini Gatterburg, the city of Venice has to submit to a loss similar in kind to that which befell Glasgow at the death of the late Mr. Bell. The Countess had purposed to leave her palazzo, with all its contents—armour, pictures, relics of Francisco Morosini Peloponesiaco, etc.—to the city, but she died before her will was signed, and the distant relations who form her next-of-kin refuse to carry out its provisions. The collection of pictures is said to include fine examples of Titian, Tintoretto, Antonello da Messina, Bonifazio, Bassano, Giorgione, etc., but it is likely that many of them would not bear very close investigation.

The excitement which had arisen in Rome over the discovery of the statues which we mentioned last month, has increased upon a yet further important "find." Of late the building operations, which are rapidly converting the city into a modern capital, have resulted in bringing to light a quantity of treasures. A new museum on the Capitol has been completely filled with fragments of marble statues, bas reliefs, etc., and yet, in spite of the fact that so late as the sixth century there were no less than six thousand bronze statues in Rome, the Vatican contains but one, the Capitol but four complete works in bronze. Of these no date of discovery can be assigned to the youth extracting a thorn, and the other youth. The bronze Hercules of the Capitol was found in the fifteenth century; the bronze horse and the fragment of the bronze bull were dug up in 1849. The colossal Hercules of the Vatican came to light in 1864, and in 1881 a statue, said to be of Domitian, was found in the Tiber. The two recent additions to this small list have both been discovered in the excavations for the new theatre which is to be erected on the brow of the Quirinal which overlooks the southern extremity of the Campus Martius. Hadrian's Temple and Constantine's Thermae probably occupied the spot. The find is enhanced by the fact that these are the first complete bronzes of undoubted Greek workmanship—that is, wrought in Greece by one of the great masters of antiquity, and brought thence to Rome, probably as a victor's trophy—which has yet been discovered of all the array of works of which Pliny, Pausanias, and others have left us the name. The statue dug up on February 8th, and which we noticed last month, is an iconic nude statue of a victorious athlete standing erect. It answers in many ways to a description by Pliny of one of the works of Lysippus. The second figure, found on April 1st, represents a Greek prize-fighter reposing seated after the combat. We hope at an early date to be able to give our readers engravings of both of them.

A "Lover of High Art" has left to the Academies of Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Carlsruhe, and Dusseldorf a sum sufficient to bring in a yearly income of £150, which is to be given by each Academy in turn as a prize for historical painting. An Art that can be encouraged by such a magnificent benefaction as this, would hardly seem to be in need of encouragement at all.

A competition is being arranged for the decoration of the Rathaus of Berlin. The municipality has voted 400,000 marks (£20,000) for paintings which when finished will cover a surface of about 250 square yards. These are to be painted on the wall itself by one of those modern processes which have been carried so far in Germany. A subject has already been fixed upon for the grand staircase, and cartoons invited. The title is the re-establishment of the German empire and the erection of Berlin into its capital. A prize of 15,000 marks will be given for the best cartoon, 10,000 for the second, and 3,000 for the third.

Another competition advertised by the same municipality is one for a statue of Luther, to be erected in the Neumarkt. The last day for receiving sketches is October 1. The three first prizes will be respectively 5,000, 3,000, and 2,000 marks. The fourth and fifth in order of merit will each receive a consolation prize of 1,000 marks. A sum of 200,000 marks has been set aside for the carrying out of the work itself.

A new and elaborate catalogue of the famous Green Vaults at Dresden has been issued. It is the work of the Brothers Erbstein, and is full of all kinds of hitherto unpublished facts relating especially to German goldsmiths' work during the Middle Ages; they have been unearthed from the royal archives of Saxony.

It is not clear why the last book of M. Ernest Chesneau's ("THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING." Translated by L. N. Etherington. With a preface by Professor Ruskin. Cassell & Co.), was compiled, translated, and published. We say advisedly compiled, for the earlier section is in part reprinted word for word from "Les Nations Rivales dans l'Art," a book full of interest and value in its own conditions and at its own date. It has been attempted, in the present *réchauffé*, to push that date on into our own times, by means of additions which, in their slightness, poverty, and rudeness of guess-work, are entirely unworthy of the original book. M. Chesneau was an admirable critic of English Art as it appeared to French eyes after the Paris and London Exhibitions of 1855 and 1862. What he had to say was instructive alike to France and England; it was said from the Latin standpoint, but with a rare tolerance for the Gothic turn of intention and aspiration in painting; above all it was the result of attentive and interested personal observation. Consequently "Les Nations Rivales" took a place in the library of every student of international painting. What the author has been persuaded to add in order to give to a book now historical a false present value can hardly, in justice to himself, be supposed to be the fruit of his own study of our contemporary painters. The English artists of to-day are huddled up into a string of feeble paragraphs, in which judgment is given with more than the old certainty of manner, but with the vaguest kind of divination as to the matter in question. For instance, we are told in half a paragraph that, after Mr. Millais, Mr. Vicat Cole is the artist "who most faithfully portrays twilight hours, summers in their prime, the glorious breadths of English landscape, as it is Mr. John Brett who best represents the sea." Surely if an authority like M. Chesneau speaks on these three painters of nature, he should say less or more than this. The chronology of the book is chaotic. Landseer, born in 1802, and his brother, Thomas Landseer, very lately dead, one of whose inimitably feeble pictures is engraved as an illustration, come under the section devoted to "Old

Masters," which also includes Cope and Ward (the former still living), while Thomas Webster (1802—1882) appears as a member of the modern school, and Rossetti as a living painter. Considering the book as a mere guide to names, we might suppose, from the fact that Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. David Scott, and Mr. Corbould are included, that it was intended to be fairly complete; nevertheless, it omits Mr. Marks, R.A., Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., and, in treating sculpture, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A. Omissions become serious when an author is making decided comparative statements, such as that on Mr. Vicat Cole and another on Sir Frederick Leighton's sculpture. Altogether, the work fails in giving even a slight general notion of names and pictures to a French reader in search of a smattering. And to Englishmen, who have thought, said, and read a good deal about painters of whom M. Chesneau knows nothing, it has neither use nor reason. Mr. Ruskin's preface was doubtless won by the valuable matter from "Les Nations Rivales," for it can hardly have been accorded to the rough and vague continuation, in which, by the way, some of Mr. Ruskin's own judgments are briefly but contemptuously contradicted.

Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, the popular author of "Walks" and "Wanderings," has not given to his "STUDIES IN RUSSIA" (Smith, Elder & Co.), the title with which his name is connected. There is not much walking or wandering to be done in the Russian Empire. Mr. Hare takes us by train to St. Petersburg, where he corrects the now growing pedantry of writing Petersburg *tout court*, for though the Tsar Peter built the city, he named it after his patron saint and not after himself. But soon afterwards the personal narrative is dropped, and the author's studies become principally historical. The scenes he gives from the ferocious annals of the Imperial princes (and Russian history is almost entirely confined to these often unimportant but horribly conspicuous persons) are made picturesque enough, but the best chapters relate to the still obscure, though often treated, subject of the habits and customs of the population. Especially interesting, and indeed valuable, is the chapter on popular songs, religious phrases, and kindly ways of the Ukraine. A short section on Poland completes the volume, which is charmingly illustrated in an architectural sense, but not with figures or anything having the vivid suggestions of a sketch.

The comprehensive though compendious manual ("THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING." By Professor A. J. Wauters. Translated by Mrs. Henry Rossel. Cassell & Co.), was crowned in the original by the Royal Academy of Belgium, and is offered in an excellent translation to English readers, who will find it useful both for reading and reference, the chronology being clear and the index good. The history of one of the three great schools of painting in the modern world is given in sections dealing severally with the origin of Flemish painting in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, with the Gothic school of the fifteenth century, the "Romanist" of the sixteenth, Rubens and his school in the seventeenth, the decadence of the eighteenth, and the Belgian school of painting in our own era, rapidly passing, like that of France, through classical and romantic revivals, and a truer realistic life. Special research has been devoted to the fixing and tabulation of the genealogies of those painting families, such as the Breughel, Witte, Teniers, Ryckaert, Van Eyck, Bouts, and Bellegambe, fathers, sons, and brothers, whose family companionship and heredity were so distinctive of the Low Countries among all nations, not excluding the country which produced the Caracci. M. Wauters has the great advantage, in our eyes, of treating the national art nationally, and of hoping noble things for the future of a race which—alone perhaps of all the nations of the earth—among all forms of glory, prizes most highly and aspires most eagerly to that glory which is conferred by the Art of painting. The book is profusely and fairly well illustrated, the examples being wisely chosen, if their execution leaves something to be desired.

Students have never ceased to have the Discourses of the great English master more or less in their hands, and the Royal Academy have preserved the good custom of presenting a copy to every one who in their schools gains any considerable prize. The most critical of all ages is the one which has followed Sir Joshua's, and moreover he was not well read in such critical work as had appeared in his time, so that much that he spoke to the first students of the Royal Academy has been disputed,—refuted possibly, and much has been certainly developed. But much truth, both elementary and searched out, remains untouched, and the gravity and grace of the manner should make the "Discourses" for ever valuable. Their new dress in the Parchment Library suits them well ("THE DISCOURSES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS." Edited and Annotated by Edmund Gosse. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.), and Mr. Gosse prefaces them with a moderate and careful introduction, and closes them with notes, partly his own, partly Sir Joshua's original comments, and partly some hitherto unpublished exclamations by Blake.

In "THE ABBEYS OF ARBROATH, BALMERINO, AND LINDORES." (illustrated and described by G. Shaw Aitken, F.S.A. Dundee: John Leng & Co.) the three abbeys are studied fully, measured, restored in accurate drawing, and followed out into the facts of construction and the details of decoration. The plans will interest students chiefly, but the drawings are in perspective—not merely "elevational," so that they will be appreciated by mere amateurs in architecture. The historical sketches are also well done, and the volume is a handsome and complete one.

"GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST AND MEMORIALS FROM THE PRESENT AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION OF 1884," by T. Raffles Davison, (*British Architect* Offices), deals with the Old London Street, with the collection of costumes, and with the suggestions for modern domestic furniture, which were a conspicuous feature of last year's show at South Kensington. The letterpress is written with enthusiasm, but it would have been better for Mr. Lewis Wingfield to get the figures for his dresses drawn in better proportion. Exhibitions should oftener be made to survive, as regards what is of permanent use in them, by means of such pleasant books as the present.

We have received the third part of "THE ORNAMENTAL ARTS OF JAPAN," by Mr. G. A. Audsley (Sampson Low & Co.).—We shall hope upon its completion, which is promised in July next, to give a lengthened notice of a work which promises to be the most sumptuous volume upon the subject which has yet been issued. The perfection to which the chromo-lithographing of some of the plates in the part before us has been carried is little short of marvellous.

PAINTED BY EDWIN DOUGLA

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY

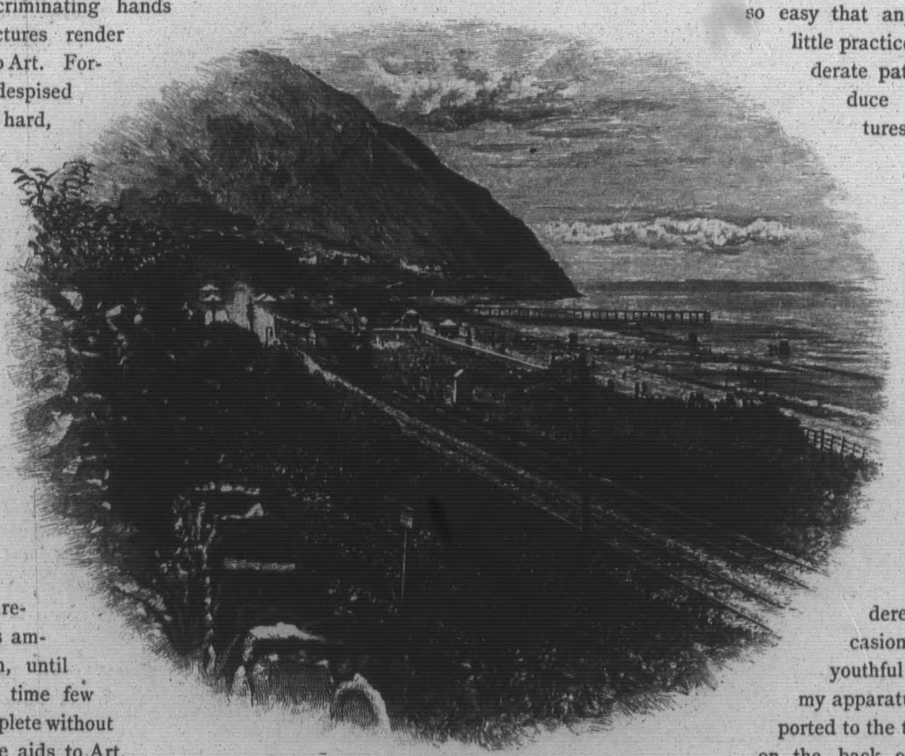
EVENING ON THE SOUTH DOWNS

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED

KNAPSACK PHOTOGRAPHY.

IT is over twenty years since I first turned my attention to photography, and I can honestly avow that this engrossing pursuit possesses for me now a greater fascination than ever. Its advantages are, I think, obvious. It is the most interesting—and now that photographs can be printed by permanent processes—the most lasting of all journals. How evanescent and unsatisfactory are the reminiscences of the ordinary sight-seeing tourist! Forests, mountains, waterfalls, pass before his dazzled eye, only to be forgotten or at best remembered with dreamlike confusion. The photographer easily and rapidly transfers scenes, groups, or individuals to his magic plates, and by this means retains a lasting and easily multiplied memento.

And in discriminating hands these sun pictures render good service to Art. Formerly painters despised photography as hard, mechanical, and lifeless; but slowly and surely its merits have been recognised, and now that the worker has learned to infuse beauty and truth into his productions, the artist gratefully avails himself of the results of the less ambitious vocation, until at the present time few studios are complete without volumes of these aids to Art.



The Irish Mail. Engraved by H. S. Percy.

For some years, too, photography has proved of immense use to the scientific investigator. Astronomical photographs are, to the uninitiated, simply marvels; and all the great expeditions for observing these phenomena are fitted out with elaborate photographic apparatus. The other day some valuable and interesting memoranda were furnished of the transit of Venus. Photographs of the moon are especially curious, and by virtue of this recently developed art we are able to gaze—as it were—into the very heart of that mysterious region. We see rugged peaks casting definite shadows, wide plains, seas, and volcanoes with their craters plainly accentuated.

Another practical branch is the copying of papyri and ancient specimens and inscriptions, for the benefit of scholars and students: it enters largely into the production of maps and plans—for instance, our Ordnance Survey. Illustrations for books also, if not actual photographs, are frequently produced with the partial aid of the camera.

It is remarkable how photography—especially landscape photography—stimulates the love of nature, trains the eye, and develops the powers of observation; it is, moreover, a healthful, peaceful occupation, endowing commonplace localities with vivid interest, and familiar points of view with fresh meaning and light. Photography has made rapid strides of late years, and the manipulation is now so easy that any tyro, after a little practice, and with moderate patience, can produce pleasing pictures. This facility is mainly due to the substitution of the "dry" for the "wet" process, and the invention of the gelatine plates.

Years ago a day's outdoor photography was an undertaking seriously to be considered. On one occasion — fired with youthful zeal—I caused my apparatus to be transported to the top of Helvelyn on the back of a mountain pony; this consisted of a large, cumbersome, flat wooden box, which, open, formed a dark tent, and contained various solutions, lenses, etc.; in addition, it was necessary to carry a supply of clean water, and *en route* I was in a constant state of anxiety lest the unwieldy burden should slip off the pony's back, or a sudden stumble cause a dire mishap.

It is true that even in these early days various dry processes were attainable, and I remember very fair results with the Fothergill system, though, weighed in the balance of later years, they would doubtless be sadly wanting. But the above-named disadvantages have disappeared with the introduction of gelatine plates; they are handy, reliable, rapid, and

infinitely more easy to manage than the old wet plates. The process is also cleanly, a merit which will recommend itself to those who bear in mind the normal condition of clothes and fingers which once appertained to the disciples of this veritable "black art."

The amount of impedimenta now requisite is so small that it can be carried without difficulty, and even the weaker sex, among whose ranks are to be found many ardent and enthusiastic votaries, may undertake photography with ease and comfort.

I venture to think that a few simple hints may be useful to those taking up the study and practice of out-door photography, though, as an amateur, I address my suggestions to unprofessional persons alone.

The first requisite is a good folding camera, combining lightness with strength; the latter quality is especially necessary for continental travelling, where, in spite of the most watchful care, one's property endures many a testing knock.

"I hate Milk." Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

The camera should be square, with a reversing frame for taking views either lengthwise or upright, without detaching the camera from the stand; it should be fitted with a swing back, and provided with three double dark slides containing six plates, which number, as a general rule, will be found sufficient for a day's ramble. The size is a matter of choice, but personally I prefer 10 in. by 8 in. plates, though 8½ in. by 6½ in., or 7½ in. by 5 in. are very convenient. Of the latter size I take a good many, enlarging or reducing the negative in winter, and turning them into transparencies. The lightest cameras I have ever come across are made by Rouch, of London, and MacKellen, of Manchester.

The next thing for consideration is the lens. When starting on an expedition I provide myself with two of these articles. They are most important factors in the production of successful pictures, and should be made by one of the leading English makers, such as Ross or Dallmeyer. The rapid rectilinear of Dallmeyer, and the rapid symmetrical of Ross, are the most generally useful. These lenses can frequently be obtained second-hand, and in the event of a sale of one's photographic plant, always command fair prices. To buy cheap and inferior apparatus is false economy, inducing vexation of spirit; the feeble and disappointing results eventually forcing the artist to the point from which he originally should have started.

And now as to plates. Dry plates are to be procured of excellent quality from numerous makers. I have tried Rouch, Edwards, and the Paget Co., and can testify that plates supplied by either of these three firms have proved so good as to render further experiment unnecessary.

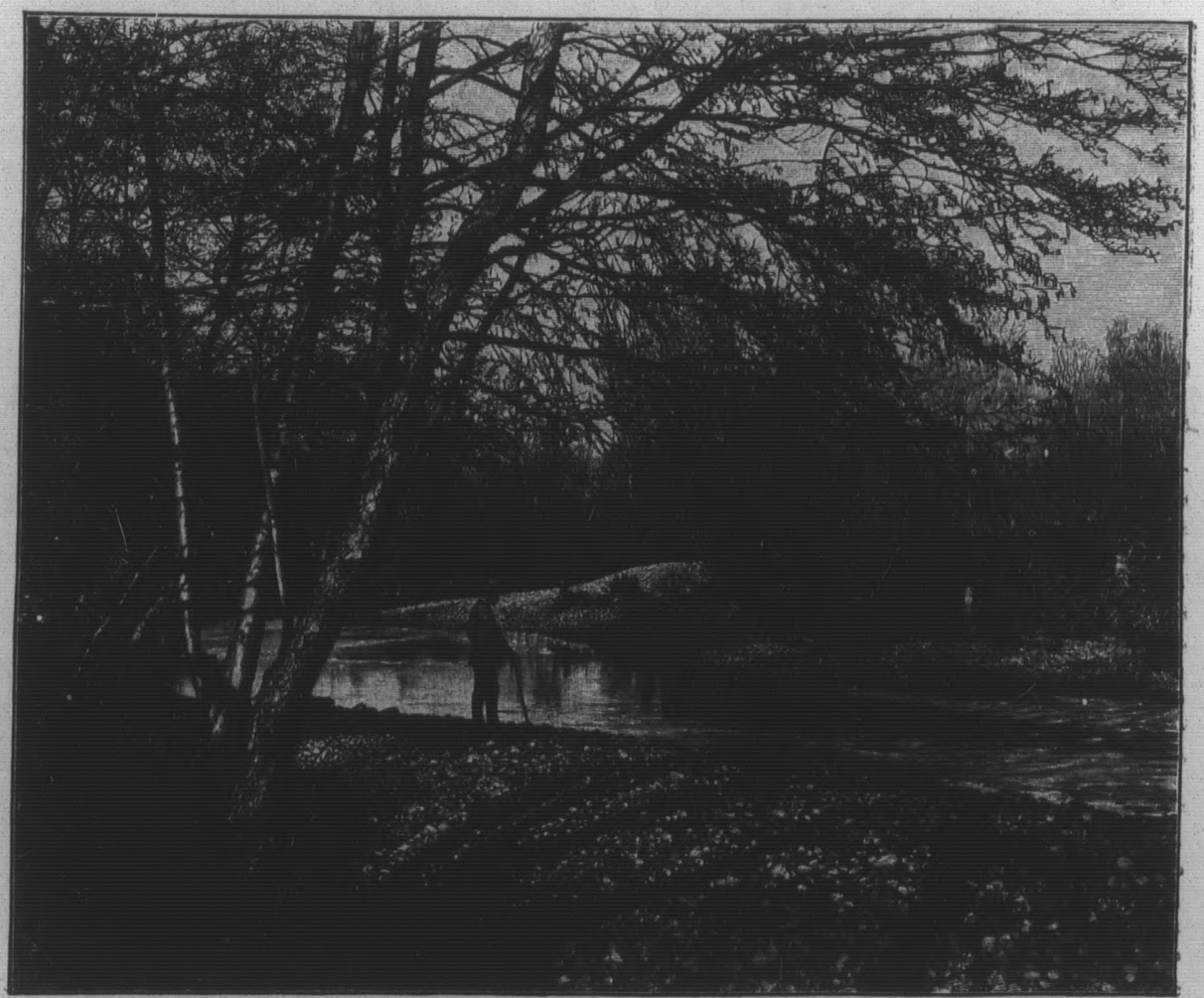
While on the subject of dry plates, let me advise the inexperienced not to attempt to convey them to the Continent. Running the gauntlet of the Douane is a terrible ordeal. The square, heavy parcels bear a suspicious resemblance to dynamite, and the officials, too dense to consider the improbability of any human being thus naïvely and openly importing combustibles, laugh your asseverations to scorn, ruthlessly open one or more of your precious packets, expose to daylight and ruin the contents. The only chance of averting this catastrophe is to prepare a dummy packet of spoilt undeveloped plates, to keep them on the top and ostentatiously exhibit when required. Van Monkhoven's dry plates are of excellent quality, and procurable in almost every part of Europe, while many prominent English makers have agents in the large continental towns.

After this digression I hasten to add, that a light tripod stand and a focussing cloth complete the equipment. The latter should be of thin waterproof mackintosh, to be spread over the camera in case of a sudden shower while at work. The weight of a large camera for 10 in. by 8 in. plates, two lenses, tripod, instantaneous shutter, three double slides (charged), and focussing cloth, the whole packed in leather case, is about 25 lbs. This burden I habitually carry on my back for miles, and with a little practice it becomes an easy load; it is certainly not excessive for any able-bodied pedestrian, but if necessary the weight may be reduced nearly one-half by taking a smaller-sized camera, etc., for 7½ in. by 5 in. plates.

I am frequently cross-examined as to the *expense* of pho-

tography, but find it exceedingly difficult to give any accurate idea on this point, as expenditure so much depends upon the individual. Cheap outfits, from £5 and even under, are perseveringly advertised, and, I believe, answer to a certain point; but a high-class order of work must not be expected from them. Speaking generally, it may be called an expensive amusement to those who aspire to artistic productions; it is difficult for beginners to avoid all waste, and keep the apparatus in perfect order, and often afterwards it is irresistible to invest in some new and wonderful process, or a loudly extolled and miraculous camera. But we must not forget that it is an endless source of amusement and interest, and at any rate cheaper than most out-door recreations or sports. The simplicity and ease with which the most lovely "bits" may be seized, must be known to be appreciated. A busy medical friend of mine, when called into the country, invariably takes his camera in the carriage, notes the picturesque with a keen and observant eye, stops on the return journey, photographs the special view marked down, and develops the plate in the evening or in any leisure hour.

This rapid and judicious selection of views is greatly a matter of practice, though a naturally artistic person will of course acquire the faculty more readily than others. One of the greatest charms of out-door photography is the constant discovery of the picturesque in unlikely places. There is no neighbourhood so destitute of natural beauty as not to afford a quaint corner, a peaceful spot, a tumble-down building, which, by judicious arrangement, may result in an exquisite negative. Communion with nature always repays the student, and after a short experience even the humble amateur, if endowed with ordinary intelligence, learns as by instinct when to erect his camera and "take a view," and the equally necessary lesson, when it is useless to attempt that proceeding.

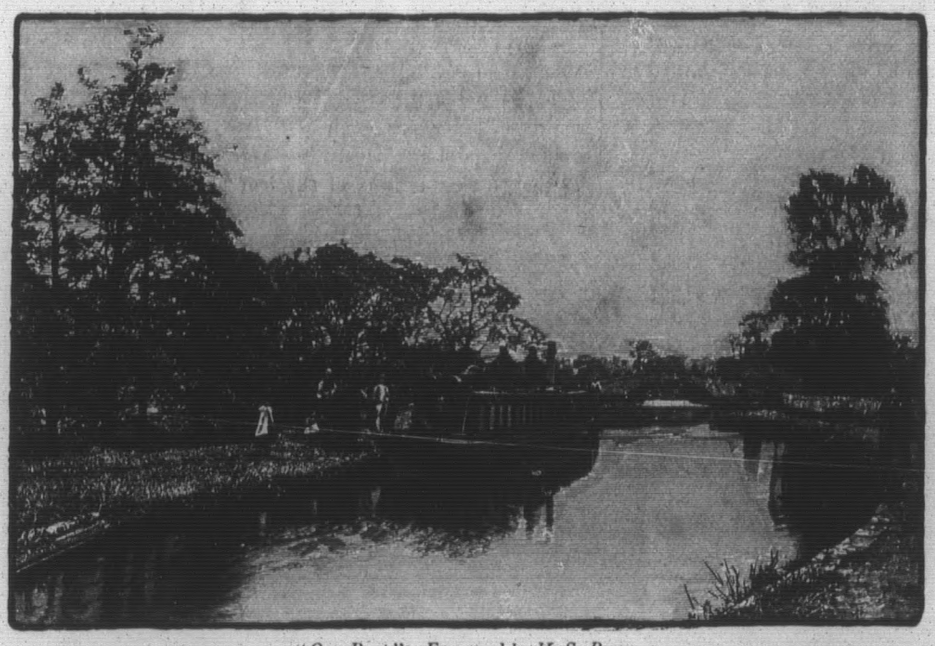


The Trout Stream. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Instantaneous photography possesses a fascination all its own, and one need go no farther than the shop windows of smoky old London to mark the perfection to which this branch of the art has arrived. The spirit of the explorer entices one into strange localities, and a man must be singularly destitute of *savoir faire* if he does not contrive to fire a shot or two at the natives in unconscious and unconventional attitudes. Once wandering in the black country, I came suddenly across a party of workmen. I prepared cunningly and quietly to immortalise their dusky forms, and was amused and discomfited to find that they were of the feminine gender, dressed like men, with bare heads, and occupied in severe and most masculine toil, vigorously pushing the tips laden with coal and iron ore from the mine to the canal boats; but

in spite of bashfulness I contrived to take a capital group of the swarthy beauties.

A photograph of an express train in motion brings home the marvels of this instantaneous work. Beginners are accused of purchasing an apparatus and starting to make a first attempt on the Flying Dutchman or the Wild Irishman. However this may be, as an old hand, I ventured upon the experiment last autumn. I was at Penmaenmawr, in North Wales, and the Irish mail passed our garden daily; I selected a bright clear morning, and the result was satisfactory and interesting, every carriage coming out sharp. The train was going about forty-five miles an hour, though the photograph from which our first engraving is taken scarcely gives the impression of this high rate of speed, the cloud of dust following being almost the only indication of movement.



"Our Boat." Engraved by H. S. Percy.

A wide field for instantaneous work is in the *animal* world. Sympathy with the instincts and habits of the brute creation should be possessed or acquired, while good temper and the most philosophical patience are essential. Untrammelled grace of pose, subtle life and vigour, perfect freedom and characteristic beauty, are to be found in highest measure only among animals, though truly the labour is no sinecure. In the photograph for the second illustration presented to the reader I expended a quarter of an hour in trying to cajole the collie dog on the left to sit facing the cats. Over and over again I turned him round *vi et armis*, but he invariably resumed his original position before I could get back to the camera and expose the plate. Photographs combining landscape with animals give the manipulator immense pleasure, and are almost universally admired; but it may be doubted whether the instantaneous method, which is so much in vogue, furthers the cause of true Art.

In *portraiture* there is an extraordinary fascination, and all beginners fall victims to the human interest sooner or later; but single figures, at any rate, are eminently unsatisfactory, and will be eschewed by the wise amateur. When we consider how seldom people are thoroughly pleased with professional portraits, is it surprising that outsiders have no shadow of chance? The professional has every advantage that time, place, and special experience can give, and yet his failures are many and his successes comparatively few.

Groups may be undertaken with less diffidence. Each person fancies that individually they have come out frights, but that "all the others" are excellent likenesses. By judicious and picturesque adjuncts an agreeable result may be achieved, and groups are undeniably charming souvenirs of country-house visits or travelling friends. And in respect of portraiture generally, let us be thankful for small mercies. Turning over old albums, one shudders at the monstrosities which a few years ago were hailed as miracles of science. The unnatural pose, the crude outlines, the heavy hard shadows, conspired to transform our best beloved into veritable caricatures. Want of permanence was their one redeeming quality, and those archaic efforts have mercifully faded away. But now that results are lasting, it behoves us to put forth all our powers. First-class photography is not the simple pastime our friends innocently imagine. Delicacy of manipulation, constant care, scrupulous cleanliness and accuracy, are essential; a knowledge of composition and drawing are very necessary, and as colour is beyond our grasp, we must all the more study light and shade and varied effects.

But the worker in our great city labours under disadvantages. The light is frequently non-actinic, even when for all ordinary purposes it appears good and clear. After rain and when a high wind is blowing are favourable conditions for these instantaneous views. The streets, with their ever-shifting human tide, are replete with interest, and the Thames between bridges, though difficult of access, is highly picturesque. Unfortunately the sketcher and photographer, as I know to my cost, proves an irresistible target to the street arab; and for stone and mud throwing a bridge is too good a coigne of vantage to be neglected. We all know the miraculous manner in which a crowd forms: their insatiable curiosity, and eager interest in the most trivial obstruction. A camera excites this irritating tendency in the highest degree, and often causes the amateur, not thoroughly case-hardened, to relinquish a long-planned attempt. But eventually determination conquers, and with a rapid lens, a trustworthy "shutter," and quick plates, original and excellent results may be produced. Rotten Row, in the season, is striking, though difficult to render effectively; and to photograph in any park in London, it is necessary to obtain permission. We may triumph over these and other difficulties, but a rural neighbourhood, at a sufficient distance from the whirl and smoke of the metropolis, is certainly superior. The rambler must be prepared to endure failure, disappointment, fatigue, and even

ridicule; but let him take heart, perseverance will be rewarded.

Within the limits of an article it is impossible to do more than touch upon the pleasures of an open-air life. The freedom, the unconventionality, the shifting scene, the absence of care, the ever-fresh beauty, imparts a new zest to existence.

In our illustration on opposite page (which, like the others, is from one of my photographs) a steam-launch or barge is seen lying snakewise along the bank. This eccentric vessel is 70 ft. long and only 7 ft. broad, but she contains ample accommodation for a snug *partie carrée*. For artist or photographer there can be no more agreeable method of travel, and for many years I have each summer passed several happy weeks on board. We have steamed *viâ* the rivers and canals to all parts of England, from Liverpool in the north to Guildford in the south, passing through the centre of industries teeming with a dense population, such as the grim "black country" of Staffordshire, or the "salt district" of Cheshire, but returning with filial devotion to the bosom of Father Thames, to enjoy the mundane life and gaiety of Henley Regatta. Nor do we confine our peregrinations to our native soil. Twice has our floating home been towed across the silver streak, and we have cruised in Holland, Belgium, France, and Germany.

The Water-mill. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

Luxuriously steaming through the Continent, with a sublime indifference to hotels, trains, and time-tables, I have been blessed with special opportunities, and have obtained numbers of photographs; not the least interesting in my collection being the crowds on the bank that invariably collect to gaze at the unusual spectacle of a pleasure boat penetrating into the heart of the country. The distance covered in the course of a week is a great advantage, as one has the choice of varied scenery and strange specimens of humanity. Both at home and abroad the natives, though sometimes uncouth, are good-natured and civil, and I trust we may have bestowed as much interest and amusement as we derived.

All mankind cannot follow our righteous example and turn bargees, but the particular method of locomotion signifies little. The spirit and aim of the wanderer is of the first importance. Primed with a love of nature and reverence for Art, with zeal for work and philosophical endurance of petty annoyance, with a gay heart and an eye trained to the perception of the beautiful, he will derive pleasure, profit, and happiness, whether his tour be undertaken in a steam yacht, on a camel's back, on the saddle of a tricycle, in the car of a balloon, or even on trustworthy shanks' pony.

A. BERENS.

A SOUTHERN WATERING-PLACE.

PUNCH has designated Eastbourne "the bourne to which all travellers return." It has been christened by enthusiasts, "The Empress of Watering-Places."

This latter title is hardly so felicitous as Mr. Punch's. English folk have not as yet come to the stage of attaching to the term "Empress" the attributes of affection which the name of "Queen" (assumed by so many a seaside resort) conjures up.

Nor can the town itself lay claim to imperial dignity. As yet it has few of the pretensions which such a name denotes. It is true it has lately been elevated to the rank of a borough, with as a consequence its mayor and corporation. It has also completed a promenade along its sea-front, which is probably unrivalled so far as length and comfort go, though at present it is also unmatched in its ugliness. It has been earliest amongst pleasure resorts in lighting its streets and

places of amusement by electricity. Yet further: few pretentious boulevards, with naught but abandoned foundations, who look beyond ground-rents; and dignity, elegance, and comfort seem to have been the prevailing ideas in the minds of those who have erected for themselves habitations in ever-increasing zones around the older portion of the town. But these advantages hardly give it as yet a claim to that imperial rank which may cause it to be an attraction to some but the reverse to many.

The Sea-Front.

People are apt to look abroad for instances of the marvellous growth of towns and mushroom-like rise of cities. But Eastbourne, whether as regards its increase in population or its material prosperity, is not to be despised by the statistician in search of extraordinary figures. In 1801 its population was 1,600. Half-a-century later it only numbered 3,400 townsfolk, but since then it has doubled itself in every decade, until at present it has 55,000 inhabitants during the season months. These figures are less astonishing than the increase in the rateable value of the property—which in 1810 was £5,000, in 1845 £10,000, and now is £185,000.

It goes without saying that Eastbourne to-day is altogether different to the town of fifty years ago. It then consisted of what is termed the Old Town, distant a mile and a half from the sea, Southbourne and Sea Houses; these latter names designating two small aggregations of buildings on the sea-front. All these have now joined hands, and are known under one common title. Many assert that the wrong name was selected, Southbourne having a much more inviting and less chilly feeling about it than Eastbourne. The bourne or stream has almost entirely disappeared, though a small portion may still be traced to the west of Water Lane.

From an antiquarian point of view Eastbourne itself has few attractions. In this paper I, therefore, propose merely to look at it with the eye of the tourist who searches for the picturesque in any town he visits. I myself was materially assisted in so doing by the companionship of Mr. Raffles Davison, to whose facile pen I am indebted for the sketches which accompany this paper.

The first thing which strikes a stranger on emerging from the station at Eastbourne is the complete manner in which the streets have been planted with trees, thus at once giving it an air of distinction. The Terminus Road is transformed into an avenue with umbrageous arcades, at once suggesting the boulevards of continental towns. Considerable opposition was at first made to the expenditure which this planting out and caretaking of trees entailed; but the money must in the end be recouped to the town from the additional attraction and pleasure which is derived from their presence. The trees selected are almost entirely elms, which are more suited to the soil, and stand the climate better than the planes and other

A School-House.

bark-shedding trees now in vogue in London—only a few of these latter having been planted as an experiment.

The sea-front, to which every one at once betakes himself, owes any beauty it may possess to nature, for the hand of man has done his best to spoil its face: but fortunately it has not been altogether possible to reduce it to a dead level, and the gentle rise in the centre and the more considerable one to the west redeem it from monotony. The houses here are fairly good in their architectural groupings, the numerous breaks in the line caused by the intersecting streets materially assisting the light stucco with their masses of shadow. The *tout ensemble* has, however, been terribly marred by a wing recently added to the central hotel, where in order to gain a dozen additional bedrooms, the elevation of the whole front has been disfigured.

Artists will find but few objects of interest in the town itself. The marine painter will search the shore in vain. At low tide it is true the flat expanses of clayey sand hold the water, and at times (especially when thundery clouds darken the sky and lighten the sea), give beautiful reflections; but this is the exception. Nor are the distances on either hand more inviting. Eastward is only a flat expanse of shingle, difficult of access; whilst westward Beachy Head presents an outline which cannot, with any semblance of truth, be tortured into a background either graceful or imposing.

The deep-sea fishing attains respectable proportions at Eastbourne, and some two hundred men are employed in it; but the larger boats are usually away, and there are seldom more than half-a-dozen at a time on shore. They are not particularly picturesque either in colour or shape, and but little work for the brush will be found, especially as the principal traffic of the ocean's highway here gives the coast a wide berth.

Old Eastbourne

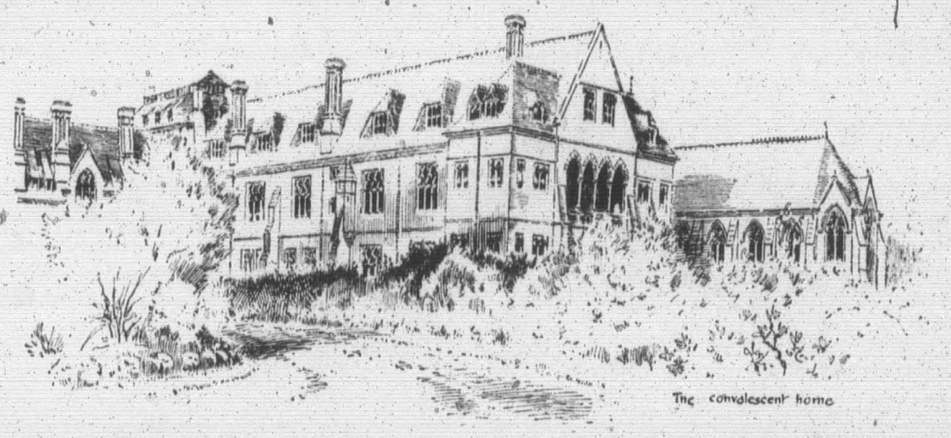
In the town those who are interested in architecture will find much of interest; with the exception, however, of the old Parish Church, the remains of a priory, and one or two doorways, there is little that is old: it will, therefore, be modern work which will principally engage the attention. Specimens of ecclesiastical and domestic architecture of considerable interest have within the last few years sprung up in and about the town. The detached spire of St. Saviour's, an early work of Mr. Street (see Illustration), may be contrasted with the Italian campanile of All Souls (see Illustration), whilst the interior of both are full of details which are quite out of the common. The Convalescent Home (see Illustration), the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital, the School Houses, are all built in the now popular red brick, whilst the instances of picturesque dwellings in this hitherto tabooed material are numberless.

Assuredly the brightest jewel in the crown worn by her Majesty of Eastbourne, if not the crown itself, is Beachy Head. So vast an expanse of open land lying near to a seaside watering-place is altogether exceptional. For it is within an easy walk of the town, and its extent cannot be less than a score square miles. Where its boundaries are it would be difficult to say—if hedges and walls may be so called then it ranges, east and west and north and south, five miles as the crow flies.

What other town has "lungs" to compare with these? And as a breathing place! I cannot trust myself to speak of its merits. Exhilarating!—Intoxicating! These terms altogether fail to express its effect upon the senses. This is what Mr. Jefferies says about it in a chapter on "Nature near London," devoted to the breeze on Beachy Head:—

"But the glory of these glorious downs is the breeze. The

air in the valleys immediately beneath them is pure and pleasant; but the least climb, even a hundred feet, puts you on a plane with the atmosphere, uninterrupted by so much as the tree-tops. It is air without admixture. If it comes from the south, the waves refine it; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distil it.



The convalescent home

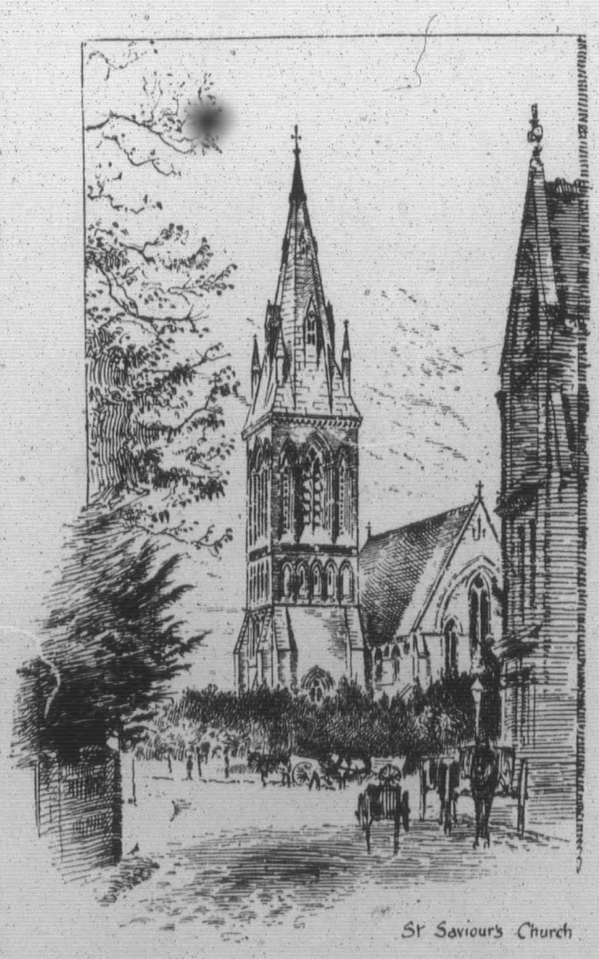
"Discover some excuse to be up there always,—to gather mushrooms, to make a list of flowers and grasses; to do anything, and, if not, go always without any pretext. Lands of gold have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise; but this is the land of health.

"There is the sea below to bathe in, the air of the sky up hither to breathe, the sun to infuse the invisible magnetism of his beam. These are the three potent medicines of Nature, and they are medicines which by degrees strengthen not only the body but the unquiet mind."

There are many ways of seeing the Head—on wheels, a-foot, and on horseback. A new road has recently been made for carriages up to the Coastguard Station, and to an iron building, the *dependence* of a town hotel. The hideousness of this latter erection is, to a considerable extent, condoned by the shelter it affords. The wind is always keen here, and the appetite follows suit, so it is astonishing with how much more appreciation the sunsets can be watched from the cosy veranda, with a dish of tea on the table before one. We are sitting at a height of over 500 feet above the sea, but the land trends away to the west down almost to the sea level, forming an amphitheatre, before which the setting sun and distant sea make a scenic display which has been acted and reacted with undimmed splendour to countless generations, who have probably seldom appreciated its magnificence.

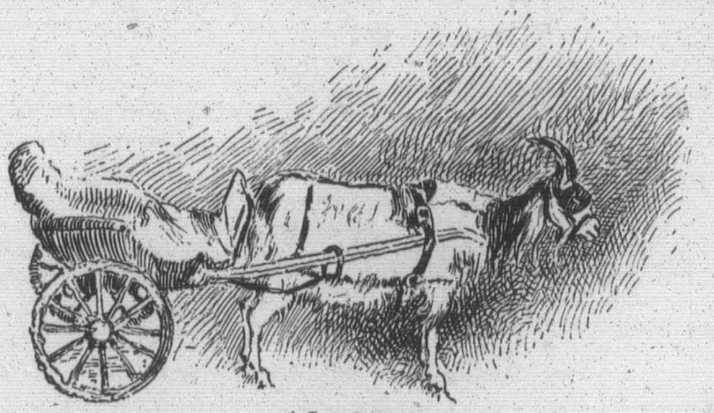
Mr. Jefferies, I believe it was, who, looking seawards from this point, was so impressed with its aspect that he felt that if a Roman trirême appeared suddenly rounding the white edge of cliff, borne on wind and oar from the Isle of Wight towards the castle at Pevensey, it would not have surprised him. The sea so conquered his senses that he felt there was a possibility of its doing anything. Certainly by one who has spent an hour hunting for evidences of the Stone Age in the chipped flintheads which abound hereabouts, yonder fishing-smack, impelled, for want of wind, by sluggish oars, might easily be transformed into the boat of a far-distant age.

Wherever one wanders on Beachy Head, and however lonely one may imagine one's self, it is hard to get rid of two companions, which are vastly agreeable even to those who, perhaps, are running away from every sound—these are the wind, of which I have already spoken, the other is the lark. Very seldom is it that the breeze does not whistle through the bennets, and if one listens for it the lark's song can almost always be distinguished. High up as we are, the lark is a hundred feet higher. Mr. Burroughs, the distinguished American author, made a pilgrimage here expressly to hear the singing of the skylarks. He describes it as one of the most delightful days he spent in England, and that the landscape hereabouts was totally unlike anything he had ever seen. He was at first disappointed with the song of the lark, but the more he heard the better he liked it; until at last he declared that he would gladly have given any of his songsters at home for one that could shower down such notes. An Englishman is apt to forget that the song of many of our birds, about which our poets have written so much, is absolutely unknown to the majority of our



St Saviour's Church

American cousins, who, in several instances, are additionally misled by our and their song birds having similar names; for instance, our blackbird is their robin.



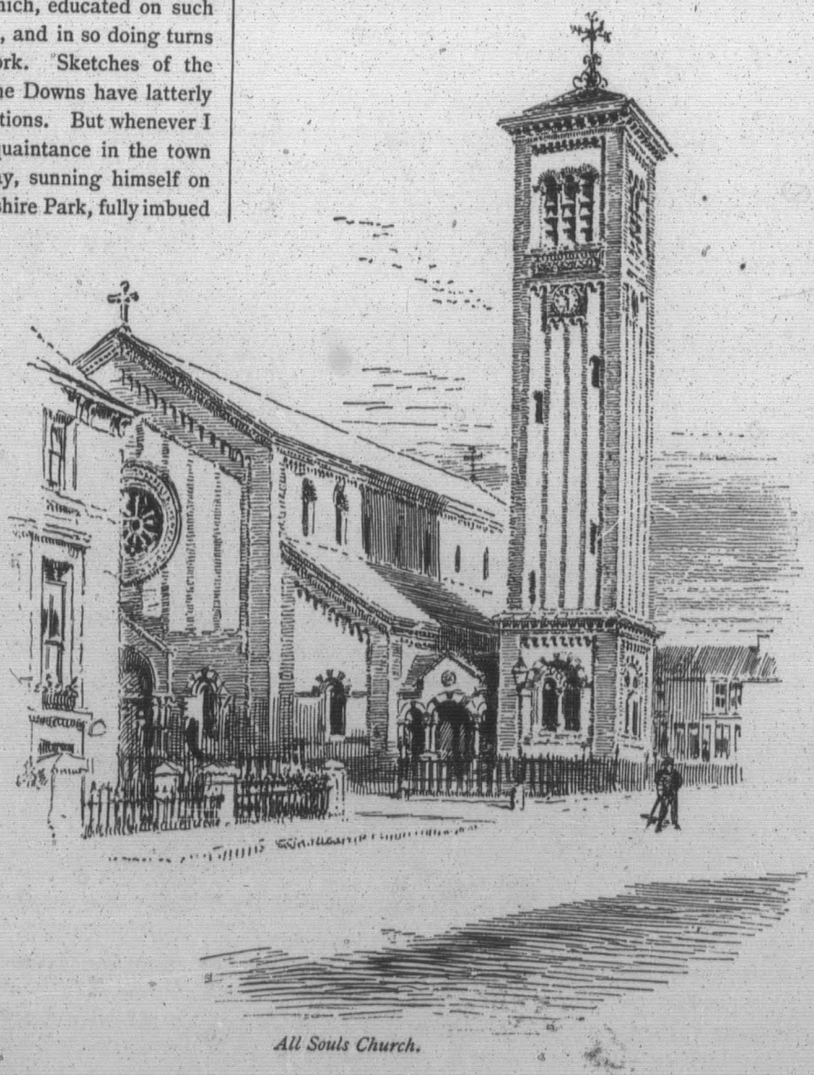
A Goat Carriage.

Eastbourne and its neighbourhood have, we believe, been rather shunned by artists. The white umbrella is a rarity, save and except at Pevensey Castle, whose shapeless ruins still attract that class of sketchers which, educated on such subjects, persists in reproducing them, and in so doing turns its back on far more interesting work. Sketches of the Alfriston Valley on the other side of the Downs have latterly appeared in a few instances at exhibitions. But whenever I have encountered an artist of my acquaintance in the town he has invariably been keeping holiday, sunning himself on the parade, or tennis playing at Devonshire Park, fully imbued with the notion that there was nothing hereabouts worthy of his steel. This is a thorough mistake. For the landscape painter there is a mass of matter easily accessible of quite exceptional quality. In next month's number I hope to take the reader for a ramble round the environs of the town, and I shall then be able, doubtless, to point out to him fair stretches of unspoilt country where everything retains a primitiveness which can hardly be believed unless seen. One instance only need I give here. Within a couple of miles of Eastbourne as the crow flies, oxen may be descried at work dragging ploughs which have not altered in form since the days of the Saxons, and shepherds tending their flock with crook and dress which take one back to the time when Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd sang—

> "Come live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove,
> That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
> Woods or sleepy mountains yields."

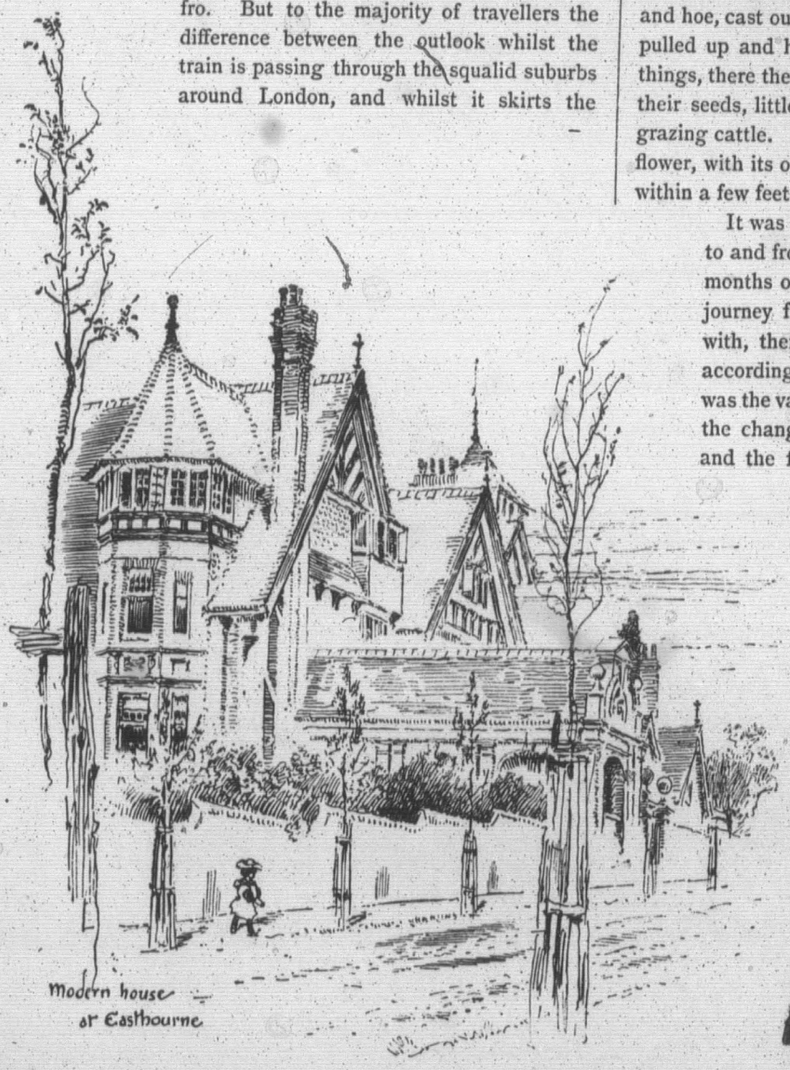
A comprehension of the scenes which are daily rehearsed on the South Downs might have evoked paintings of our English peasantry comparable for poetry and pathos to Millet's, whose works invariably present themselves to one's mind whilst watching the solitary figure against the bare sky-line, tending his flock or driving the plough. In a measure this district has been appreciated by the older school of artists, for here it was that Turner found subjects for some of the loveliest of his early drawings; here was the scene of Copley Fielding's finest work; and it has been perpetuated in many a fair water colour by Mr. H. G. Hine. No notice of Eastbourne would be complete without mention of this last-named artist, whose veteran figure and handsome face have been seen here for many a year. Half a century has not lessened his love of delineating the South Downs, or his capability of extracting fresh delights from them. Through the summer and autumn months he takes up his abode in a lodging, whence from morning till evening he can study their ever-varying aspects.

A further advantage, of a minor character, which Eastbourne possesses, is the beauty of the country through which the line of railway leading to it passes. It cannot be expected that the scenery upon the road shall have any material weight in the selection of the locality where a summer's



All Souls Church.

outing shall be spent, though in every family almost there is some member—often the breadwinner—who has to pass a good deal of his time in journeying to and fro. But to the majority of travellers the difference between the outlook whilst the train is passing through the squalid suburbs around London, and whilst it skirts the swelling South Downs, is a matter of the supremest indifference, their only thought being how they can spin out the newspaper until their destination is reached. It is but a very small minority who can extract from the journey such delights as those felt by the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," who on this very Brighton line finds enjoyment even from the embankments and the cuttings: there he sees flowers which he meets with nowhere else—"driven from the fields by plough and hoe, cast out from the pleasure grounds of modern houses, pulled up and hurled over the walls to wither as accursed things, there they take refuge, there they can flourish and ripen their seeds, little harassed even by the scythe, and never by grazing cattle. So it happens that, extremes meeting, the wild flower, with its old-world associations, often grows most freely within a few feet of the wheels of the locomotive."



Modern house at Eastbourne.

It was my fortune to travel backwards and forwards to and from Eastbourne many times during the autumn months of last year: the pleasure derived during the journey from the scenery was astonishing. To start with, there were, of course, the four different views according to the position in which one sat: then there was the varied aspect under morning and evening light; the change from week to week as autumn came in, and the fields ripe to the harvest were cleared, the sportsmen appeared, and the trees and foliage put on their russet tints. The panoramas unfolded as each range of hills—signalised by the tunnels—was passed, and the valleys spread themselves out. The varieties of the trees, and how they are affected by the soil; the oaks giving place to the firs and the elms, and appearing again with a recurrence of the old strata; the evidences they afford of the old forests which once covered this part of England, and through the remains of which the line still passes. Another diversion of some interest may be obtained by studying the nomenclature of the stations and towns passed on the road; a very small vocabulary will suffice, for hereabouts almost every local name terminates either in *hurst*, the denser portion of the forest; *ley*, the open glades where cattle lie; *den*, the deep wooded valleys; or *field*, the felled or cleared lands. But here we are going back to the time of the Saxons, and we must leave these bygones until next month.

M. Bourne.

ON DARTMOOR.

ALMOST every one who visits Devonshire sees Dartmoor, if it be only a transient glimpse of its rugged outline obtained from coach or railway; and almost every one who has encompassed or crossed that diversified district imagines that he knows Dartmoor. Such knowledge as results from following certain Ordnance Survey tracks is, however, of little value, and yet is all that is obtained by the general. The enthusiast, with an eye to the individual and recondite, whose aim is special, whose desire is intimacy, will discover, ere long, that it is not enough to have been on Dartmoor, even for a lengthy time; he must also have been in the moorland, a distinction capable of very piquant illustration. You may speed across the whole wilderness from Brent Tor to Okehampton, and scale this tor and that, as advocated by Murray; you may journey from Tavistock to Chagford, and miss no sight indicated by your guide; you may exhibit the like conscientious diligence between Ashburton and Okehampton; and yet, in the end, your knowledge of Dartmoor is but superficial. You have been on the moor, but not in it, and, therefore, are not of it; what is most racy, most peculiar, and individual, will have

remained secret unless you pursue other and far different craft.

The more fully this truth is apprehended, the more unreservedly it is accepted, the richer will be the sojourner's experience. He must, above all things, follow no man slavishly in his wanderings, or in emulation of mere pedestrian feats; he must ignore the stereotyped route, and avoid all tourists' combinations, in which coach and train are links to fetter him, however ingeniously they may appear to minister to his requirements; he must be unharassed by visions of lost coaches, and punctual trains, and other phenomena of civilisation. He must, for the nonce, be a nomad; here this week, gone the next, and ever resourceful and unencumbered. He may be a fisherman, or he may sketch; or, better still for his enjoyment, without any special calling beyond the desire to strictly meditate the round of life in Dartmoor. Let him, for his preliminary investigation, settle in or about one of the old Stannary towns, Tavistock or Ashburton for preference; and, without any preconceived itinerary, gradually approach the innermost recesses of the moor, especially careful not to omit the outlying semi-reclaimed districts. Let him, in essaying a ramble, possess no definite plan or resolutions, the non-fulfilment of which may vex his conscience at nightfall; and, as he loves his peace of mind, let him be free of an indigested collection of "facts," and learn orally, if he learn at all. Of course, a little antiquarian lore is profitable, such as may be culled from Sir William Pole, or Prince, or Polwhele, but not to a burthensome extent. Returned at dusk to his snug quarters, the wanderer may revolve the rich research of the day—a pageantry of glowing moor and clear amber torrent, of quaint church-towers, grey hamlets, desolate cleaves, fantastic tors, vague and indeterminate at first, but slowly shaping into significance and value. Such first impressions are of colour, of light and shade, of fleeting mist and sunshine, full of unimaginable subtleties, and fruitful of suggestion; the deeper human interest of the scene that underlies the visual presentment will more slowly be unveiled. Not a day but will add to it freshness and force; not an object, the most lowly, the most remote, natural as well as the work of man, but will be invested with intelligible light; not a chance overheard phrase of the vernacular, without its curious application.

The old town of Ashburton forms an excellent point of departure for an exploration of a most interesting portion of the moor. To the north-west the country embraces the most characteristic section of the half-reclaimed lands that encircle Dartmoor, and contain so much that is fascinating. In spite of the new railway from Totnes, which has very completely destroyed the charm of the once lovely valley between Dartington and Buckfastleigh, Ashburton preserves much of its antiquated air. The grey, compact town has not yet commenced to bring forth abundantly of the blessings of improvement, the straggling blossoms and misshapen fruits of speculative builders. The great hills that almost surround it, the green meadows that sweetly engirdle it, are unbeautified by these evidences of progress; for many hundred years its boundaries have been much as they now are, saving the presence of the railway station. Considering its history, which is notable enough, it has a singularly retiring aspect, substantial though it be and full of delightful old-fashioned contentment. To visit Chagford, after a stay in Ashburton, is like passing from the substance of the eighteenth century to the shadow of the present time, with its feverish movement and progress. For Chagford is, in a sense, fashionable, and delights in stucco and the scattered attractions of villas, and a multitude of tourists, and dreams sometimes of a railway and other giddy joys. Let all who have read "Christowell," all who have picnicked at Fingle Bridge, conceive that railway in its progress up the Teign Valley; let them think of the tunnelling and blasting that must ensue in the magnificent gorge above Fingle Bridge, and the effacement of ten miles of the most beautiful river-scenery in England, and then ask why should not Chagford wait as long as Ashburton has waited, and gather its own stone and mortar into a seemly congeries? Rumours of this monstrous scheme were current last autumn, but were, perhaps, expressive rather of the desire for the continuation of the line from Moretonhampstead than of so independent an undertaking.

From Ashburton the whole of the eastern portion of Dartmoor is of easy access. Leaving the town on the north-west, the traveller may either gain the right bank of the Dart by crossing Holne Bridge, and so reach the village of Holne and Holne Ridge, with the moor beyond, or proceed through Buckland woods to Buckland and Widecombe, and explore the most characteristic portion of the country in the moor. This latter plan, besides offering more variety of scenery, is also an excellent introduction to the study of that outlying district before spoken of; a country abounding in large tracts of moorland, partly surrounded by cultivated valleys, partly spurs of the granite plateau of which Dartmoor chiefly consists, and presenting scenes as wild and desolate, and less monotonous than the most central part of the moor. This district was for long settled by miners engaged in the tin mines, and by farmers; and except that the former have almost disappeared, it has probably undergone few vicissitudes the past two hundred years. About two miles from Ashburton, on the right of the road, lies the Druid mine—one of the few old mines worked in the neighbourhood—and following the road below, Buckland woods are reached, familiar to all visitors to Holne Chace. If, however, the higher road be kept, at its highest point a splendid view is obtained of the Dart Valley on the left, and Buckland Beacon on the right, the latter a notable landmark viewed from Ashburton. Without turning aside to ascend the beacon, but keeping down-hill under the shade of some fine beeches, by old walls shaggy with moss and ferns, a sudden turn in the road reveals a beautiful peep of the Webber River, a tributary of the Dart, which, like the more famous stream at Dartmeet, is compacted of two branches that unite just above this point. To pursue the course of this little stream is to enjoy some lovely and secluded scenery, less frequented than the valley of the Dart, and not less striking. Still proceeding rapidly down-hill, in a narrowing road, and the village of Buckland-in-the-Moor is reached, the most verdurous and retired spot imaginable, shut out from the world of hills by the lushest vegetation, with the sound of many waters for ever in the ear and no apparent outlet to the moor beyond. Yet this spot, so vividly green and fresh, so abundantly watered, with its prodigious growth of greenery, is, as its name imports, in the moor. It is an oasis in the waste, but to a less degree than Widecombe, towards which we hasten. Up the long bare stony lane northward the high land is reached overlooking the Webber, the confluence of whose two branches may be seen below; that to the west we soon lose; the right, or East Webber, we keep in view for some time. On the right rises Rippon Tor, the most isolated and accentuated of all the eastern tors, after a distant view of which, the road

turns to the left downward and the Webber is crossed by a small bridge. Here the Webber Valley opens out, and the lofty tower of Widecombe Church is seen in the distance, while, except for some wild rough land on the left, there is little moorland visible. The valley in which Widecombe-in-the-Moor is situated is wide rather than deep, but it narrows considerably above the village, and assumes then a truly moorland character. The first sight of the church tower is imposing, and it loses nothing of its impressiveness when viewed nearer. Even in the brightest summer weather there is something forsaken and melancholy about the gaunt tower, though the village itself is not depressing in aspect; the churchyard is neat and green, and the huge sycamores about it are noble and picturesque objects. From the churchyard, looking north, a number of rugged tors of curious form dominate the right side of the valley—Charbitor, Bell Tor, Chinkwell Tor, and others—while on the opposite side the great ridge of Hamilton Down rises sheer from the valley, whose brilliant green admirably contrasts with the rich sombre colouring of the moorland hills that enclose it. Within the church is to be seen what the Rev. John Prince, in "The Worthies of Devon," calls "a votive table," placed to commemorate the deliverance of the congregation from the terrible storm of 21st October, 1638, which wrecked the building. Prince's graphic account of this disaster is one of the quaintest and most entertaining passages in his admirable work, and it is curious to compare it with the account of the thunder-storm in "Christowell," and to note how elaborately Mr. Blackmore has reproduced it. The memorial verses are of the Sternhold and Hopkins order, and may have been inspired by the metrical psalmody of the age; the first couplet is generally sufficient for the inquiring:—

"In token of our thanks to God this table is erected,
Who in a dreadful thunder-storm our Persons then protected."

The poem is written in what Prince describes as "large verse consisting of seven feet," and is in spite of its dimensions scarcely worthy of the sublime phenomenon it commemorates. It is not improbable that Prince learned from an eye-witness the details of the scene in the church, incredible though they seem, as he was vicar of Berry Pomeroy, near which village the Rev. George Lyde, the vicar of Widecombe in 1638, was born. The latter is described by Prince with quite unnecessary precision as "the sixth of ten sons, every-one of whom had no less than five sisters;" and it is further said of him that he stood in the pulpit during the storm, continuing to exhort the people, and viewing the devastation with heroic calm. If he witnessed half of what Prince describes, he must have suffered agonies; wedged in by a fallen beam he saw his wife and another gentlewoman set on fire by the lightning, several people killed in their seats, some burnt to death, and "some seats in the body of the church turned upside down, yet those who sat on them had little or no hurt." Still, he tells us in his philosophical reflections, he dared not think the inhabitants of Widecombe greater sinners than those of other parts, and proceeds to account for the phenomena of the storm in accordance with the primitive views of electricity of the seventeenth century.

If, after leaving Widecombe, the valley of the Webber is followed for about a mile, the interesting cluster of tors beforementioned will appear immediately on the right; the central one of the group should be ascended, and from its summit the most wild and romantic stretch of moorland is seen spreading out north and east, bounded only by some lofty height, like Hey Tor in the south-east, the dark line of Hamilton Down on the west, and East Down Tor, beyond Manaton, to the north. Once within the circle of these lone vast granite masses, and the scene of desolation is complete and the stillness delightful, broken as it is only by cries of unfamiliar birds, or the far-off whinnying of one of a herd of half-wild ponies. The billowy surface of the moor continually varies in substance and colour and outline, while the huge boulders and cubes of granite that form the tors are incessantly assuming fresh fantastic shape in the fitful atmosphere, so that without a compass definite progress is not easy. Nothing is more singular and fascinating than the ethereal, intangible appearance of the tors afar off; turning round to survey the tor whose solid ramparts tested your climbing powers, and whose immensity you gauged but a quarter of an hour back, you see something so garish, thin, unsubstantial, in the strong sunlight, that you scarcely recognise it. There is no sharp outline, no pronounced silhouette, against the soft blue haze all is vague, enormous, yet ghostlike and dim; it scarcely seems to belong to the purple and brown land in which it rises. Every step you take its aspect changes, and by such phantasmagoria you are mocked every mile of your wanderings between Bell Tor and Bowerman's Nose, the last tor of the series south of Manaton. You do not wonder that the people who live amid such scenes are superstitious, and that they are more keenly sensible of what is uncanny in their surroundings than appreciative of the wealth of suggestion and beauty lying about them. Not every one even in these days would thoroughly enjoy spending twenty-four hours of perfect solitude in Dartmoor; it is less the dead silence that appals, than the inexplicable sounds that exercise the imagination, the

"undescribed sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds
And wither drearily on barren moors."

Against such, philosophy is less effectual than a nervous system braced by the sweet keen air of the moor, and much strenuous exercise among the "clatters" in the combes, and the boulders of the tors. A memorable day will have been spent if the twenty tors or so between Widecombe and Manaton have been explored from base to apex by the wanderer from Ashburton; he will have well earned the sweet repose that will not fail him in Manaton, a village of irreproachable sobriety and seductive charm.

J. Å. Blaikie.

THE ISLE OF ARRAN.

"THERE is more beauty and more grandeur in little Arran than in the whole of this great island-continent," said an old squatter to me once, some hundreds of miles up the bush: yet the southern district of New South Wales, where we then were, is remarkable for great magnificence of mountain forms and for a striking diversity of forest scenery. As the writer is one of those persons on whom the sense of the sublime in nature is most borne wherever there are vast spaces—the Southern Pacific, for instance, where a ship may sail for weeks without seeing even a rock jutting out of the water or the masts of a single vessel rising above the horizon, or the immense sun-scorched deserts of Central Australia—he did not altogether agree as to the magnificence, heartily as he would endorse the conviction of the loveliness of Arran. But if he feels the grandeur of mountains to be less impressive than that of boundless sea or limitless desert, he is not blind to the fact that, in northern climates at any rate, mere height does not in itself more keenly affect the imagination than lesser altitudes combined with certain favourable circumstances. Many an Alpine mass is less impressive than a Scottish Ben, and this because the former frequently mounts from a series of wave-like plateaux, and rises into an atmosphere serene, sometimes for weeks without intermission; while the latter lifts its granite flanks sheer from some still, dark loch, and takes on a mysterious beauty and stern grandeur from the mists that so frequently trail among the pines on its midway slopes, or tear themselves into thin shreds against the scimitar-like boughs of windy larches, from the sudden rains that sweep over separate heights: these are followed by marvellous iridescence where the sunbeams waver like pliable shafts of wet gold, and the clouds continually shroud and disclose the uppermost peaks.

Goatfell and Brodick Sands. Drawn by F. Noel-Paton. Engraved by R. Paterson.

There are in other parts of Scotland certain localities even more impressive than are to be found in Arran. Glencoe is more terrible than Glen Sannox: there are no fiords or inland lochs in the island that can compare with Loch Coruisk in Skye, or Loch Torridon on the seaboard of Sutherland: there are no moorlands so desolate as the waste of Rannoch, no solitude so gloomy as that of the low, rainy lochs of the outer Hebrides: no cliffs like those of St. Kilda or Staffa: Ben Nevis is loftier than Goatfell, Schehallion more precipitous, Macd'hui more imposing. And as for beauty, it must be confessed that it would be difficult to point to lovelier scenes than are to be found in Loch Maree, Loch Awe, and Loch Lomond.

Yet the fact remains that there is no part of Scotland of equal extent that contains anything like the same amount of beauty and grandeur in unison. Those who have lived in Arran one summer or autumn will admit this: those who have spent two seasons there will declare there is no place like it anywhere: those who have dwelt in it summer after summer find it lovelier every year, and come to the conclusion that the saying, "See Naples and die," requires supplementing by the addition "unless you have not yet seen Arran."

Of the two ways by which most visitors approach the island the more impressive is that by the steamer from Ardrossan. Strangers to the Clyde, however, naturally prefer to take the

boat from Greenock, and thus obtain a glimpse of the charming scenery of the firth between the Loch Long and the Holy Loch openings and the east coast of Bute. After leaving Rothesay Bay a fine view is to be had of Mount Stuart, the picturesque seat of the Marquis of Bute; Kilchattan Bay is passed, and as soon as the headland of Garroch is rounded Arran is seen full in front, a great mountainous mass rising abruptly from the sea. As the steamer approaches nearer we distinguish more clearly the mountains of Glen Sannox, to the north the Seat of Fergus (*Suidhe Fheargas*), and southward the lofty double peaks of the Cioch-na-h'oighe, with the great Cir-mhor behind, and Am Binnein and other heights leading up to the fissured flanks and sterile volcanic cone of Goatfell. Even grander is the approach from Ardrossan, for the island is seen from the first, and grows more and more impressive every moment. As the lovely Brodick Bay is apparently straight ahead, the view is magnificent: to the south the conical height of the Holy Isle standing guard at the entrance to Lamlash Bay, over which, beyond

Standing Stones on Machrie Moor. Drawn by F. Noel-Paton. Engraved by R. Paterson.

Glencloy, lift the ridges of Cnoc Dubh, Cnoc-na-Croise, and Brisderg, with, beyond, the loftier summits of the distant A'Chruach, Ard-Bheinn, and Beinn Bhreac; behind its wooded shores Glen Rosa reaching up by Beinn a' Chliabham to Beinn Ghnuis* and Beinn Tarsuinn, the third loftiest mountain in Arran; and to the right the grand slopes of the Mountain of the Winds (Beinn-na-Gaoith or Na Ghaoil), as Goatfell is called in Gaelic, breaking down to the Corrie seaboard.†

But there is another and seldom-adopted way of reaching Arran which the writer can emphatically recommend to the pedestrian, or to those travelling without impedimenta, human or otherwise. This is to leave Greenock in the morning by the Campbelltown steamer. The boat skirts the whole coast from Corrie to the Cock of Arran, permitting splendid inland views with delightful glimpses of shore scenery: the noted Fallen Rocks are passed—a wonderful mass of boulders of Old Red Sandstone conglomerate, once the seaward side of the great "creag" beyond—then the ever-changing coast-line backed by the Cock and Torr Meadhonach, till, the huge headland of Rudha Creagan Dubha passed, Newton Point is rounded, and between it and the opposite point of Coillemore opens up the lovely vista of Loch Ranza. The inlet of the sea is a small one, not being longer than about a mile by about half a mile broad. But in summer it is one of the loveliest lochs in the Western Islands; in winter, in the words of Lord Teignmouth, "in point of gloomy grandeur no British bay surpasses Loch Ranza." On the right are hills of moderate size, wooded on their lower slopes, which trend rapidly to the sea, till they end in the picturesque promontory of Coillemore; on the left rise lofty bare hills, Cnoc-nan-Sgrath and Creag Ghlas and Strone (the Nose); and in front stretches the beautiful sheet of water, nearly cut in two towards its farther end by a spit of land that runs out from the western shore, where stands the old castle, a strongly built but now ruinous keep (see illustration on opposite page). To its right lies the straggling village; behind it is a nearly closed-in space of the sea-loch, where the herring boats rest from Saturdays till Mondays, and in times of heavy gales. Beyond stretches the fair valley of the Ranza Water, reaching onward to the picturesque and most graceful hill of Tornideon, as it is generally called (*Torr-Nead-an-Eoin*, Bird's-nest-hill), to whose right branches off the wild and precipitous Glen Easan Bhiorach, and to whose extreme left straggles up along the slopes of Meadhonach fern-haunted Glen Narachan; while round the base of Tornideon toils upward the main road through lofty Glen Chalmidael (Chalmadale). Beyond all are the heights of the Sannox hills, the famous Ceim-na-Cailliach (Carlin's Step), looking as if it had been sliced in two by some gigantic sword, and those most peculiar of summits, the Caisteal Abhaill, or Peaks of the Castles.

At Loch Ranza it does not do to depend upon accommodation, unless arrangements have been made beforehand; there are only a couple of rooms or so at the inn, and the fishermen's houses and few summer cottages are mostly let by the month. It is a delightful place to reside in during July or August, for it is more bracing than Lamlash or Brodick, and, quiet as it is, there is always a charming brightness about it, owing to the coming and going of the brown-sailed herring boats. Across the Sound of Kilbrannan, some four miles away, is the opening of the famous Loch Fyne, the finest

* Generally wrongly spelt *Huis* or *Huish*. The outline of this hill is supposed to resemble a human face (often thought like that of the late Lord Brougham), hence called B. Ghnuis, or the Hill of the Countenance.

† It may be noted that the word "Ben," generally supposed to be the Gaelic term for "hill," is no more exactly that than "mtn" is "mountain." The word is spelt "Bheinn" or "Beinn." I may also state that the B. Bhreac and B. Tarsuinn just mentioned are respectively the heights beyond the source of the Benlister Burn, and between B. Ghnuis and Goatfell; for there are in Arran two other "Bhreacs" and two other "Tarsuinns," with one exception all north-west of the upper reaches of Iorsa Water. The exception is the small B. Tarsuinn to the south of the great Glen Iorsa. The other Tarsuinn is a height of about 1,500 ft. beyond the narrow Loch Tanna. Better known are the two B. Bhreacs, one (2,333 ft.) beyond the source of the Allt Gobhlach and facing Kilbrannan Sound, and the other (1,881 ft.) the culminating inland height of Glens Catacol and Easan Bhiorach. The B. Bhreac mentioned in the text is only some 1,650 ft. high, but the B. Tarsuinn is over 2,700 ft., and is thus only topped by the Caisteal Abhaill (2,733 ft.) and Goatfell (2,866 ft.).

herring-grounds known. There is some good trout fishing to be had in Catacol Water, some two or three miles to the westward, good bathing all along the shores of Loch Ranza, delightful boating, and beautiful walks by glen, hill, and shore. Altogether it certainly deserves to be better known than it is. If the visitor who lands in Arran at this point be a pedestrian, and eager to walk round the island, he will do well in starting from this little loch (not omitting to first row over to Newton Point, so as to get the magnificent view of the mountain background) to proceed westward by way of Catacol: the whole distance is about fifty-three miles, but fourteen miles of this can be saved by not returning to Loch Ranza from the eastward, but stopping at Corrie. To miss these fourteen miles, however, would be a great mistake. Corrie is, on the whole, the best possible point for a pedestrian to depart from. On the other hand, tourists whose time or inclination restricts them to the northern and eastern seaboard (undoubtedly the finer portion of Arran), cannot do better, especially if Lamlash be their goal, than to leave Loch Ranza by way of Glen Chalmidael, pass a day or two at Corrie in order to see Glen Sannox, Fallen Stones, etc., the same time at Brodick or Invercloy for Glen Rosa and the ascent of Goatfell, and then go across by Lag-a-Bheith, or the Glen of the Birches, to Lamlash.

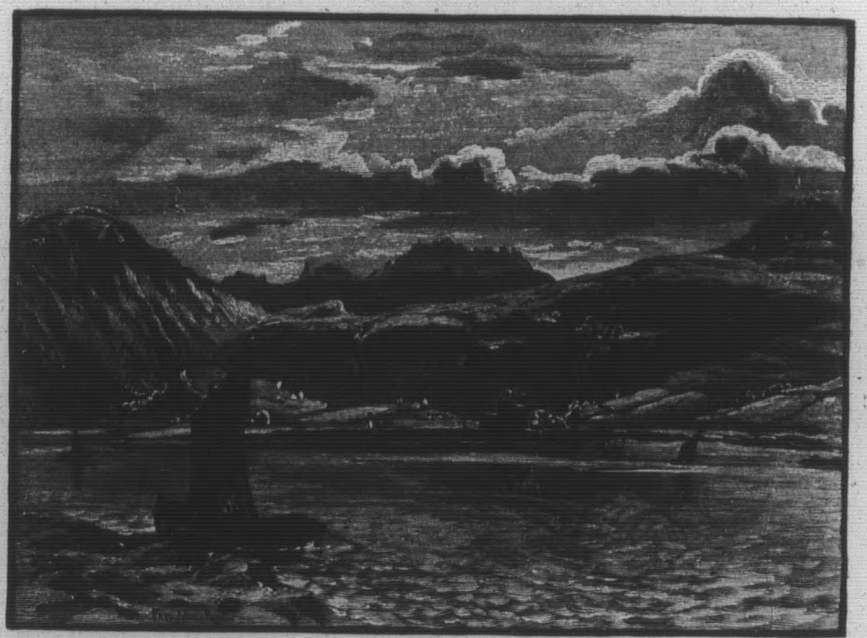
A word as to the name Arran itself. There have been various definitions given of it, at one time the most generally received having been Ar-Fhin, the land of Fingal. Macculloch and other writers on the history of the island have scoffed at this derivation, the former chiefly on the ground that he could discover no positive traces of the great Celtic hero and his kin. But while the name "Arran" has undoubtedly nothing to do with these giants of old time (being almost literally the Celtic word for a mountainous land, *Ar-rinn*, the land of hills, the peak-land), Macculloch is entirely wrong in his doubts about the Ossianic legends. It is now almost as much a matter of certainty that Fingal and Ossian abode in Arran for a time, and that the latter died and was buried there, as, for instance, that there was such a race in Scotland as the Picts.

It was at Loch Ranza that Douglas landed with a few followers from Rachrin, in Ireland, and in time gained the island for King Robert Bruce. It was from the old Castle of Brodick that the latter, one wild stormy twilight, saw the signal fires on Turnberry coast—beacons that told him he might stand once more on his own land with good chance of establishing his kingship again; true signals, too, for, in the prophetic words of the old ballad, "The Signal of the Bruce,"—

> "The licht that gleamed o'er the Frith sae red
> Was the dawn of Bannockburn."

No longer, however, are to be seen the ruins of the Convent of St. Bride, not a corner stone remaining of those cloisters where dwelt the Maid of Lorn, sung of so pathetically in the "Lord of the Isles." Ranza Castle itself dates from about the middle of the fourteenth century, for there is mention of it as a royal lodge in 1380; it is supposed to have been a hunting seat of the Scottish princes, Arran at that time being thickly wooded in the north, and well stocked with deer.

The walk to Catacol is one of great beauty, the overhanging cliffs picturesque with birch, oak, and mountain-ash, mossed and fern-clad rocks, and steep little waterfalls; while seaward is the broad Sound of Kilbrannan, the favourite haunt of *pollacks*, or porpoises, bottlenose whales, and sea-birds of all kinds, including the great gannet and the northern diver. A cairn will be passed on the shore, called Ar-Fhinn; it is supposed to designate the place where the Norsemen, under the Swedish King Manus, were defeated by Fhion, or Fingal—a fight, as an island legend has it, that ended by the famous chieftain driving the Norsemen all round the east side of Arran till the last remnant were forced over the cliffs at Dunfin, between Lamlash and Brodick. Between



Loch Ranza. Drawn by F. Noel-Paton. Engraved by R. Paterson.

Catacol and Machrie Bay there is much that is very beautiful, but on the whole this western coast is unequal to the eastern. On the way will be passed Dugarry (pronounced Dugrie) Lodge, the favourite shooting and fishing seat of the Duke of Hamilton, situated beyond Iorsa Water, and west of its tributary, the Allt-na-h'Airidhe. After Machrie Waterfoot a still more interesting district is reached. At the hamlet of Tormore the pedestrian should strike north-eastward, and a rough path will lead him ere long to the famous Standing Stones. By some these are supposed to be the remains of a Druidical temple, but by the Highlanders they are generally spoken of as Fingal's Judgment-seat. The accompanying engraving, after a drawing by Mr. Frederick Noel-Paton, ably represents a number of these mysterious erections. There are first to be seen two upright stones, "commanding the entrance to what was evidently an avenue leading up to the great circles." * A *dolman*, formed of large

* *Vide* Dr. Bryce's "Geology and Antiquities of Arran" for a detailed description of these most picturesque and interesting remains of old time.

slabs, is next seen. Then comes the first monument, two concentric circles around ground slightly elevated, and probably containing the remains of ancient warriors: the circles are

Lamlash Bay. Drawn by F. Noel-Paton. Engraved by R. Paterson.

composed of granite boulders, the diameter of the larger being about 55 ft. Beyond these is another circle, consisting of four stones; to the north of this a single upright boulder; and farther away "three upright slabs, 15 ft. from the ground, belonging to a circle 60 ft. in diameter." Other groups of similar stones are to be found nearer the hills. Wonderfully impressive are these ancient monumental stones by moonlight, or, as the writer once witnessed, during an autumnal thunderstorm, when from the blue-black lowering clouds the broad white flashes of lightning seem like fiery swords thrusting hither and thither amidst petrified figures.

About a mile and a half along the shore-road from Tormore the pedestrian will reach the equally famous King's Caves, not without remembering, before leaving Machrie Bay, that it was in this neighbourhood Fhion the Great landed, with Ossian the sweet singer, the fair-haired Oscar, the "graceful Evir-allin, lovely daughter of Branno," and the beautiful Malvina, with a great company of heroes and fair women, "mothers of mighty hunters and warriors." A little farther south it was that they re-embarked for Ireland, and by this south coast of Arran did they return again, many having passed away into the unknown land, as is testified by the numerous *tumuli* still to be found. At Clachaig, or Clachog, between Sliddery and Torlin, and just south of Lag, is the tomb of Ossian. Here, blind and weary, the war-worn minstrel is supposed to have wandered from dark Glencoe with his adopted daughter Malvina, the latter dying at Machrie, and the great warrior-poet breathing his last at the spot where, years before, he and the Fingalian heroes had sailed for Erin.

The King's Caves have a double interest. Here Fhion lived for a time, and here the giant-warrior is said to have had born to him a son twelve feet in length! Later King Robert Bruce found shelter here—hence their name. The great cavern is 100 ft. long by 50 ft. in width, and about 55 ft. in height. The caves are generally approached by way of Lamlash, Glen Scorrodale, Clachan Glen, and Shisken: at Clachan, near the Blackwater, is the grave of St. Molios, "the bare-headed servant of Jesus," otherwise known as the hermit of Mullach Mor, generally called the Holy Island; but those able for the walk should go along the shore to Blackwaterfoot Inn, and thus see the magnificent columnar rocks of the Drumadoon Cliffs.

Sliddery, Lag, Kilmory, are near at hand, and before reaching Kildonan a full view is obtained of the small island of Pladda, with its lonely lighthouse. Dippin and Whiting Bay come next, bracing localities yearly becoming more and more frequented. Kingscross left behind, a lovely view is seen of Lamlash, the Bay, and the Holy Island, with the serrated peaks of the mountains cutting clear into the background sky—the same bay where, over six hundred years ago, the Norwegian King Hakono (Haco) moored the remnant of his shattered fleet after his disastrous defeat at Largs, on the mainland.

Lamlash is the most cheerful of the Arran resorts. In the bay, sheltered as it is by the Holy Island from even the fiercest of the south-western gales, there is ample room for a great number of vessels to ride at ease; and here, as a matter of fact, are nearly always to be seen ships, sloops, and even steamers, not infrequently some great Australian liner. Few sights could be more beautiful than a moonlit August night in Lamlash. Behind, and away to the right and left, curve the black, shadowy hills; in front lies the calm bay, the broad track of the moon leading like a golden pathway to the Isle-a-Molass; two score or more vessels, large and small, floating as motionlessly as if on an inland lake, with red and blue lights burning in their bows or high aloft, and the Ardrossan steamer lying off a short distance from the shallow pier, every now and then emitting strange sounds, accompanied by sudden showers of flaming cinders. Beyond all, the clearly defined conical height of Mullach Mhor rises out of the sacred island, worn bare and strangely ribbed and scored at its summit by the winds and rains of many ages.

Certainly when one walks or drives down past the Glen of the Birches, and sees Brodick Bay against its wooded background and the magnificent heights beyond, one must readily admit that it is supremely lovely. That it is not so fine as the Bay of Naples (with which it is sometimes stupidly compared) is no more to the point than to say it is not like Sydney Harbour, or the Port of Lisbon, or the Gulf of Genoa. It is Brodick Bay, and beautiful enough to make any one thankful to have seen it. Glen Cloy, Glen Shuraig, and lovely Glen Rosa branch off south-westward, westward, and northward; and from here also can best be made the ascent of Goatfell—much easier than it looks, and well worth the labour. It is but a few miles along the coast to Corrie, already mentioned, and thence an easy drive or walk to magnificent Glen Sannox, one of the grandest of Highland glens. Here, indeed, is to be found utter solitude. No sounds are to be heard save the indiscriminate tumult of the mountain torrents, the distant bleating of sheep on the slopes of Cir Mhor, the harsh cry of an eagle winging its lofty flight from the uppermost peaks of the Caisteal Abhaill, or the wild sough of the wind as it rushes down through the precipitous gullies of the Cioch-na-h'Oighe.

WILLIAM SHARP.

HILDESHEIM.

IT is strange to see how slight a thing is enough to divert the tourist from a point even of the greatest interest. Every one has heard of Hildesheim. At the beginning of the ninth century there was a Bishop of Hildesheim, and Bernward and his successors made it famous as a centre of Art; the bronze gates of the cathedral and the stone carvings of St. Michael's Church remain to us as typical examples of the best work of the Romanesque period, and are well known from casts at South Kensington. One has heard also of the "Hildesheim treasure," without perhaps very clearly realising in what it consisted. But though the baldest guide-book catalogue of the objects of interest in the town is enough to make one determine upon visiting it, it is not sufficiently known what a wealth of later domestic architecture is to be found in the quiet streets of Hildesheim. It happens not to be on the main line to anywhere. One has to change carriages to get there; and that is enough to nullify the good intention of the tourist, to whom travelling is made so easy that he allows the least difficulty to hinder him; and, though Hildesheim is only an hour and a half's easy journey from Hanover, he passes it by on his way to more distant but less interesting cities.

Portion of the Kaiserhaus.

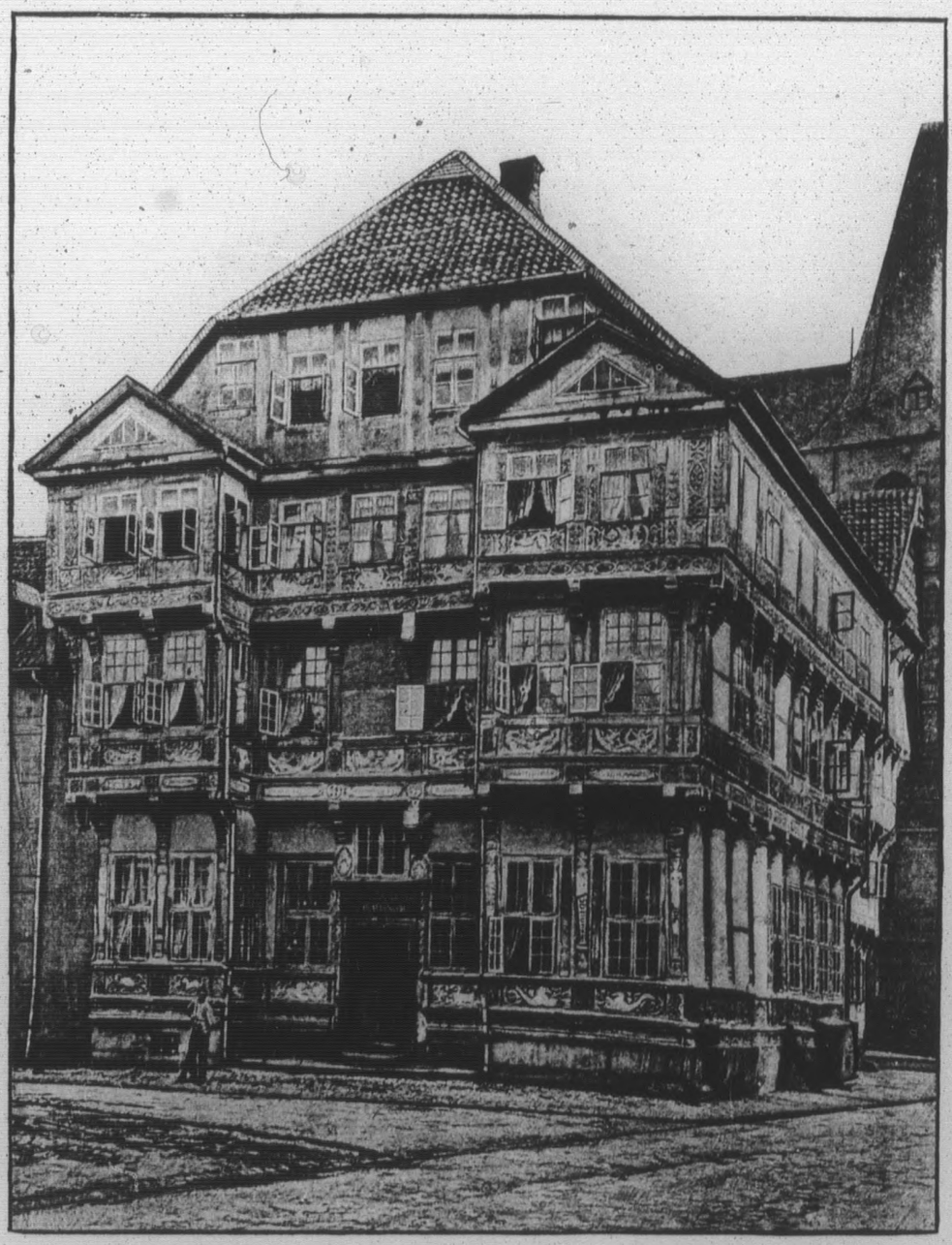
Indeed, it would be hard to find a more enchanting old-world kind of town. It is one of those few spots that have been left by the tide of modern innovation all but untouched, a little island of quaint picturesqueness in the midst of prosaic "progress." It has not even arrived at the dignity of a new hotel. The inn itself is a couple of centuries old or more; but it has at least one good bedroom; and if the service is not brisk—well, anything like "smartness" would be singularly incongruous here. We are here in a dream of three hundred years ago, or more than that, for the fashion of the houses is for the most part earlier than the dates inscribed on their lintels. It must always have been a conservative and self-sufficient place, clinging to traditions otherwhere bygone: there are no Gothic houses standing (which may be accounted for by the probability that, as they were of wood, they have succumbed to the ordeal by fire, which they were all doomed sooner or later to undergo), but in the Renaissance fronts, even of buildings bearing date as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, there is more than evidence of Gothic feeling. Indeed, the general character of the ornamentation is no more truly Renaissance than it is truly Gothic. One might describe it as Gothic in all but its forms, and these are only just as Italian as the artist could make them, he being by birth and feeling a Goth. Even in the nearer past, when the most florid forms of the Rococo were in vogue, the Hildesheimer was not all untrue to the traditions of his forefathers; his scrolls were not invariably broken-backed, and he did not lightly depart from his native reticence. There is, for example, some plaster work decorating the roof of the nave of the cathedral so delicate and graceful in its lines that one can scarcely understand how it came to be done at a period of Art when the love of tawdriness and cheap effect was rampant over Europe.

For all the bewildering variety in the architecture of Hildesheim, the family likeness between one house and another is remarkable. One cannot glibly assign a date to any individual example where tradition lingers so tenaciously—one hesitates even as to the century. These men knew of no Art but that in the midst of which they were reared, and went on working peacefully on the lines of their fathers before them. To this day the inhabitants (much after the manner of inhabitants no matter where) do not seem at all to realise that it is a quite unique and wonderful town they are living in. They go so far as to apologise even for the dulness of the place. Until quite recently tradition was to them all that learning and wide experience are to the best of us. There is an inscription carved over a door with the date 1793, which, for style and character, might have been a good three hundred years old; and this is on a quite insignificant house, the work evidently of a common journeyman.

It is fortunate for us that inscriptions are so frequent as they are, bearing for the most part the date of the building. They occur sometimes in the shape of panels, but more often in band or frieze form, the German character lending itself admirably to this ornamental use of lettering. In one solitary instance the carver has taken it into his perverse head to slant the characters, emphasising thus, no doubt, his personality; but, though the effect of this freak is less unsatisfactory than one would have anticipated, it is the upright Gothic lettering which is so admirably adapted, in its stern simplicity, to the decorative purpose which it here fulfils.

An unbroken succession of home-bred and stay-at-home craftsmen has built the Hildesheim we see to-day—not a town famed only for a few pretentious public buildings (though it is worth a pilgrimage to see its churches), nor possessing, perhaps, a single masterpiece of domestic architecture, but absolutely composed of richly decorated façades, each house in itself most interesting, and together something to be enthusiastic about. There are buildings in Brunswick which are, in their rather different way, as beautiful, but they are few, and the picturesque streets are fast disappearing. At Magdeburg there is here and there a house, and at Goslar, Wernigerode, and other towns on the outskirts of the northern Hartz Mountains, there are isolated timber buildings of exceptional interest. But this is a whole town scarcely yet touched by the restorer—to wander about its cobbled streets is an experience in itself. One can imagine here, more vividly even than in Nuremberg, what it must have been to live in a walled town in Germany three hundred years ago.

The accompanying engravings will show better than any words of description what manner of houses line the streets of Hildesheim. The main lines on which they are built are those of timbered work all the world over, with projecting upper stories, and high-pitched roofs of reddest tiles, broken in the most fantastic manner by gables just as they happen to occur. Nothing could well be more rough and ready than this kind of architecture. The very rudeness of the Art is one great charm about it. Mere carpenters' carving, it might be called, but, such as it is, more suitable to the end of effective exterior decoration than is much of more refined and delicate sculpture.



Old House, now an Inn, decorated on the side with Medallions of Heroes.

There is, it may be said, no great beauty in brutality of treatment, nor yet in rudeness. But there is some advantage even in savagery. These uncouth cuttings are in their place absolutely more effective than would be the *carton-pierre*-like refinements of your strictly Classic builder. They are in fact as perfectly suited to their position and climate as are the exquisite mouldings of the Greeks to their place and purpose; and perhaps the Greek dwellings—as distinguished from the temples—were not of exquisite refinement always! At all events one overwhelming advantage of the rough-and-ready method here is that there is absolutely no stint of this essentially domestic art.

It must be confessed that the familiar forms of Renaissance detail, such as the dentil, egg-and-tongue, guilloche, acanthus-leaf, and so on, are treated with a freedom some might be disposed to resent. Mouldings are chopped and notched with forms more or less borrowed from Classic Art, but executed in a spirit quite opposed to it. The boldly projecting brackets

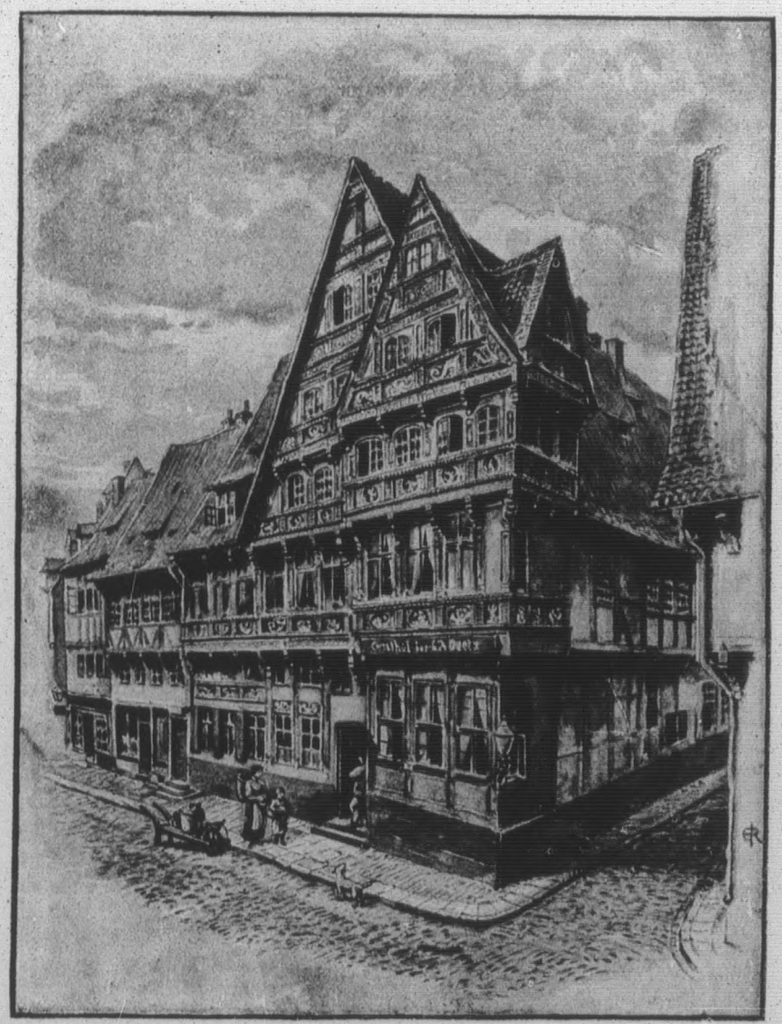
which support the projecting stories, and break at frequent intervals the horizontal courses of mouldings, are decoratively as they are constructionally valuable, but they are not remarkable for any great subtlety of curve or grace of line. The upright timbers beneath them are carved with a kind of sketch of a column in very low relief, completely filling a panel sunk in the beam. The rounding of the edges of such sunken carving reminds one of the Egyptian bas-reliefs.

"Art for Art's sake" was an idea that never entered the craftsman's head. He revelled, like the designers of the emblem books (from whom, as a matter of course, he borrowed) in whatsoever was capable of symbolic interpretation. He dearly loved the Virtues, and introduced them on the slightest provocation, the seven together, or a choice selection of them, according to the sins the builder had no mind to. Here and there their number is supplemented by an apocryphal Virtue, such as Pax, Patienta, Dilectica (*sic*), Concordia,—the last with a church in her hand! The explanatory emblems are for the most part familiar enough. But one is puzzled to know what it is that Temperantia is pouring from a jug into a cup. Is it water? or is the moderation suggested by the *measurement* of whatever it may be? The realist may perhaps appreciate the circumstance that the Vices are not quite left out of account. Pride queens it with peacock feathers, Sloth is accompanied by a snail, and a long-eared beast feeds from her hand; Luxury bears on her wrist a parrot—whilst other Naughtinesses are known only by their descriptive labels.

The classical dictionary is illustrated on many a house-front—Sol and Luna, Jupiter, Saturn, Vulcan, Venus (or Fenus), with an arrow and a flaming heart, such as one is accustomed to see in the representations of "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart;" Mars, Bacchus, and the rest; Mercury too, and Ganymede astride upon his eagle; and a lady recumbent on a dolphin, carrying us back, by suggestion, beyond the Romanesque to ancient Roman Art,—just a ruder and more Gothic version of a common Pompeian motif. The Muses are represented also, all in a row, flanked at either end by a double-headed eagle. One is rather startled to find among the rest Gluttony (Gula) raised to the rank of goddess.

The Elements are a very convenient four. Fire is crowned with flames, or holds them in her hand as though they were the thunderbolts of Zeus. Air sits with a bird on her head by way of emblem, or in front of an arch, which must be supposed to be the rainbow. Earth, with a tower for head-gear, bears a rock, or has for attribute a landscape in which the most conspicuous object is a church. Water is represented by a kneeling figure, with a ship in one hand and a fish in the other. In one case the Elements are used to balance the four Evangelists with their emblems. The Arts and Sciences, again, are represented by Music, Rhetoric, and Dialectic, Geometry, Astrology, Arithmetic, and Grammar; and associated with them a woman blowing bubbles. Is it all vanity then?

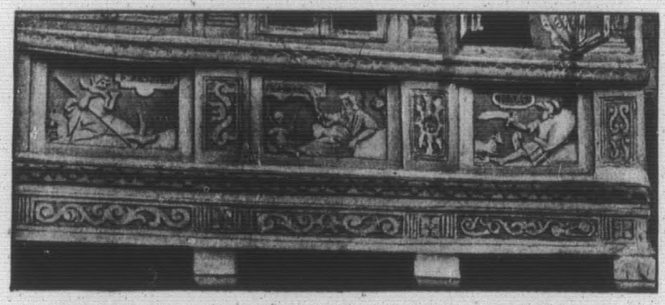
Of the Senses, Touch is indicated by a snake coiled round a man's leg, or a bird pecking at a lady's hand; Smell by a man sniffing at a flower, or holding his nose significantly. The pear-shaped object in the hand of the gentleman, labelled Gustus, may be a ham or a gigantic fruit; but little doubts of this kind only pique one's curiosity and interest. Heraldry, of course, plays a part in the sculptured decorations: shields of arms occur everywhere, separated sometimes by a sort of flat baluster, but more often enclosed in cartouches supplemented with strapwork and the like ornament, forming together just such a frieze-like decoration as the figure-panels make. St. Peter and St. Paul appear as supporters to a shield of arms. "To what base uses—!" In another case the love of symmetry has led to an equal inconsistency: the cartouch and shield on one side of a door, bearing presumably the first owner's arms, are balanced on the other by a cross and crown of thorns.



Gabled Corner-house.

At once the most elaborate and finished carving occurs in the façade of the Slaughterers' guild-house. And there was humour in the artist too. The Slaughterers are represented in gorgeous and warlike array, intent on killing—no matter what—bulls or impossible grotesques, it is the same to them appa-

rently. In the midst of all this a number of chubby Cupids are busily employed: one helps a huntsman to cut up his quarry;



Mythological Panels—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars.

two of them, mounted on grotesque animals, run a tilt against each other; some more are playing on musical instruments; and there is a musical bull too, fiddling. The ornamental use of Indian corn in this frieze is novel and very happy. For the most part the character of the Hildesheim ornament is what we should call Elizabethan or Jacobean, consisting largely of strapwork and jewels, not carried to the point of relief, nor indeed of elaboration, to which we are accustomed in English work, but all the better, to my thinking, for this restraint and simplicity. The effect of it is as pleasing as its execution is direct.

Another important building which, from external evidence, one may safely conclude to have been devoted to some purpose in connection with the very different art of healing—probably the guild-house of the Apothecaries—is decorated with portraits of Hygeia, Machás (Machaon), Hippocrates, Galen, Chiron, Apollo, and Æsculapius.

Like, and yet unlike, the timber houses is the solitary example of stone architecture, which is called the Kaiserhaus, and is dated 1587. It is as rich, and in the main as rude, as the wood carving. The four statues forming part of the street front, and two smaller figures facing the courtyard, the one with a book, singing, the other with a guitar, are, however, quite fine in style, and are evidently by a different hand from that which carved the low reliefs. Among these is a band of birds of various kinds—eagles, parrots, and one with a ring in his beak. Then there is a hunting frieze, with bear, boar, hare, fox, stags, wolf, and unicorn, each with its dog in pursuit. Huntsmen are more occasional; there is one holding a hound in leash. In the midst of the ornamental strapwork is "bunny" peeping from his hole. The series of medallions of emperors, *à la* Certosa di Pavia, are quaintly realistic in their rude likeness to common humanity, and some of the grotesque masks are exceedingly good. Grotesque creatures abound, of course, everywhere; mixed up with stags and birds as natural as might be, are creatures that end impossibly in a kind of snail shell; then there are lion and goat-headed grotesques with leaf endings. Others again show a preference for feeding on their own tails—instinct inherited probably from their Romanesque progenitors, some of whom survive still in bronze or stone at Hildesheim.

It was a capital notion in the Kaiserhaus to put Bacchus over the cellar door. There he is in all his glory. Let us hope that the man who built such a house had a good time of it, and that the workman had his share of the vintage. There is a wooden house, also, of 1601, bearing some resemblance to the Kaiserhaus, inasmuch as it is decorated on one side with medallions in similar low relief and similarly well designed. In this there is, at least, no mistake as to the relation of the associated heroes, namely, Alexander, David, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, Julius Cæsar, King Arthur, Judas Maccabæus, and Hector of Troy. But even in this house, which is more sedate and dignified in its decoration than usual, we find in the midst of all this bravery the head of a man holding his mouth astretch.

The usual oblong shape of the panels is better suited to the recumbent allegorical figures than to scenes domestic or biblical, in which several persons figure. These are, in the nature of the case, smaller in scale, and proportionately less effective, if much more interesting. The Old Testament is a never-failing source of inspiration to the artist. The connection between the selected subjects is not always apparent, but there is complete oneness in the quaint way in which they are conceived and the directness with which they are carved. Jacob's Dream and Balaam's Ass are pictured over and over again. The Life of Moses also is illustrated at length, and the whole history of Samson. We see him putting to flight his enemies with the famous jaw-bone, praying, carrying the gates of Gaza, and succumbing to the wiles of Delilah—such a Delilah! In one panel we have a lion—an altogether heraldic lion—prancing gaily up to him, and in the next that lion's punishment.

In domestic scenes there is, perhaps, greater variety. Husbandry is illustrated in a series of subjects appropriate to the months—shearing, hay-making, harvesting, vintage, ploughing, pig-tending, pig-killing, feasting, fencing and woodcutting in one, boar-hunting, picnicking, sowing. On another house there is carved the cultivation of the vine, in connection with which the little love god figures.

Over the door of an inn, "Zum Goldenen Engel," is a dray with five horses, one of them cut off short (showing that the panel has probably been inserted here), and a gentleman and lady of the period, 1548. Another inn is enlivened with subjects of the "moral" order, such as a man enjoying his glass whilst a diminutive Death, in the form of a skeleton, is proceeding to spear him; and a boy with an hour-glass, seated on a skull, with the motto, "Hodie mihi cras tibi."

Panels with Figures emblematic of the Virtues.

Even the figures of the drinker, the lady smelling flowers, the Bacchus dancing with flowers in his hand, and the

Bacchante with the vine, are followed by a processional figure, with palm and censer, as if to purify the place after them.

The painting of the façades—often of quite recent date—is more or less happy, oftenest perhaps less. One favourite notion is to paint the woodwork all in white, the grounds of the figure panels only being picked out in palish blue, reminding one of Della Robbia. Or the figures are sometimes in yellowish white, and the ground of a plummy brown, a treatment also suggestive of coloured earthenware. Most satisfactory is a house in ochre brown, the subjects relieved on grounds of deeper brown; this goes marvellously well with the red roofing, itself so beautiful. But there are some shades of brown indulged in that are not satisfactory; the various shades of drab are invariably unpleasant. Happier are the houses all in yellow, rich without being too strong. There is a greenish umber colour sometimes used, with medallions of deeper brown ground on which the white figures are strongly marked. The pure white paint toned by the weather is satisfactory enough; none the less so when the paint is pretty old and shows the wood through it, resulting in a delicate effect of grey.

Sometimes the carving is relieved by a mud-coloured ground to the low relief in white, beautiful only in the photographs, which profit considerably by such "picking out." Occasionally quite bright colours were used, such as red or strong blue, for grounds. The Knochenhauer Ampthaus is decorated in part with painted subjects of very German character on a gold ground—said to be restored, but apparently newly done—which are at all events effective and rich.

It is a satisfaction to think that with whatever colour the Hildesheimer may think fit to brighten up his dwelling, a few years will set it something like right; the forms of the architecture he cannot tamper with, except to pull down the house. May he leave them to our enjoyment for many years to come! One takes a more personal interest in this homely work than one can well feel in the statelier mansions of great families far removed from us. We enjoy it much as we are interested in the story of people into whose place we can put ourselves. The wonderful thing about this wonderful work is that it was done apparently at so little expense either of money or of labour, and by men of quite moderate executive capacity—only they had been brought up in the way they should go, and they remained in it. They knew no better!

LEWIS F. DAY.

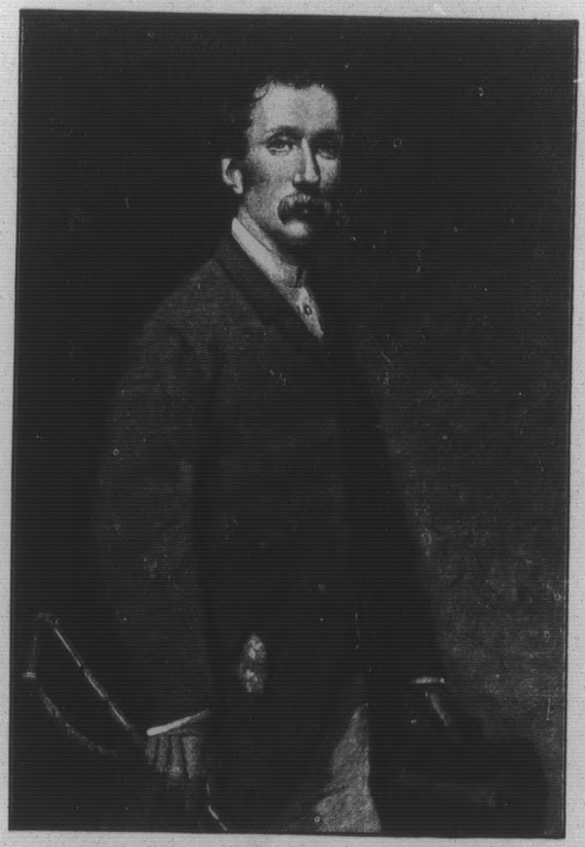
A LOVER AND PAINTER OF ANIMALS.

IT is curious that in so many European countries some of their most rural scenes, some of their most primitive social arrangements, are to be found just outside the gates of the capital, and of these countries England is one. The long, sheltered valley which lies between "the chalk ridge" and "the sand ridge," and runs across Surrey from the borders of Kent to those of Hampshire, is a sort of tame Fontainebleau for English painters. In the shadow of what we may call the backbone of Surrey, and scarcely more than thirty miles by rail from London, cottages and cottagers, inns and innkeepers, farms, farmers, and farmhouses are to be met with at every turn which equal in their picturesque rusticity aught that is to be found in remoter parts of the country. The loveliest part of the valley and the least sophisticated is the stretch between Dorking and Guildford, where the chalk ridge rises abruptly from the north bank of the Tillingbourn, and the sand ridge makes a bold bastion-like curve to the south, ending in the steep spurs of Leith Hill, Holmbury Hill, and Coneyhurst Hill. On the chord of the arc made by these sandhills lie Gomshall and Shiere, twin villages of some hundred houses apiece; the Tillingbourn threads its way through them, expanding here and there into miniature lakes and driving more than one immemorial mill. One of these, a solid, antique, castellated structure, stands upon the

"Yonder he goes!" Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

edge of a considerable sheet of water, and looks as if it ought to be haunted. Some of our readers will remember a picture by Mr. Edward Fahey—'He never came!'—which had a success a few years ago at the Academy; the landscape in it was painted from this weird pool and the building on its bank. But all this part of the valley is made up of natural pictures, and at every step in summer we come upon the making of artificial ones; white umbrellas gleam in every field, and every farmer lets his "rooms" to gentlemen—and ladies—whose luggage looks like the kit of a French soldier in marching order. And no sketching ground more delightful could easily be fancied. The shelter from the north is perfect; the beauties of the scenery lie closely packed, so that a few steps take one from this picture to that; water, trees of every kind, hills, heaths, cottages, mills, venerable churches, are all at hand, while the discreetest of railways, travelling mostly in cuttings, brings it all within easy reach of the great market, London.

But these human swallows are not the only artists to be found in the valley. There are others who live in it all the year round, and among these we must number Mr. Edwin Douglas, whose work is the subject of the present paper. Mr. Douglas is young as artists go, for he was born in 1848. He is the son of a still living Scottish painter, whom delicate health alone has deprived of a wider fame. Mr. Edwin Douglas himself is emphatically one of those artists who paint for the love of the things they paint. To some readers it may seem a heresy to believe that good Art can come of any impulse that is not purely artistic, but experience shows that it is not so. Many men who have reached a very high level in their profession have been impelled in the first instance to take brush in hand from a simple desire to realise some favourite object or class of objects; and this has been especially the case with animal painters. Sir Edwin Landseer was an instance in point; but perhaps a still stronger one is afforded by the French painter Géricault, whose love for horses amounted to a passion.



Mr. Edwin Douglas.
From the Portrait by Mr. Douglas, sen. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

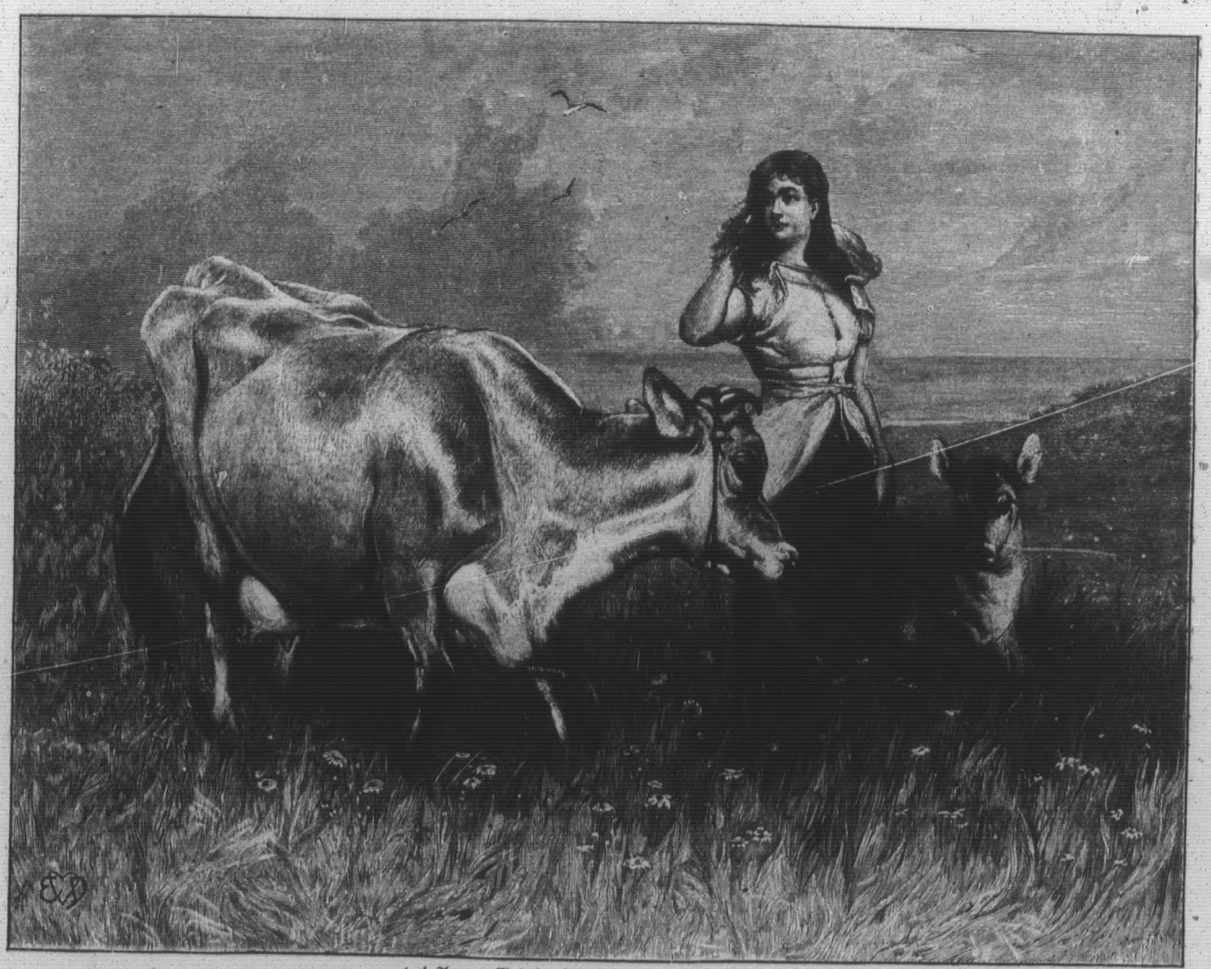
Mr. Edwin Douglas's affections are divided pretty equally between horses, dogs, and cows, but it is chiefly by his pictures of the last that his reputation has been made, and of these the four he calls his "Channel Island series" may be taken as the most characteristic. The first is 'Jersey,' a milkmaid trudging homewards between two tiny cows, which barely rise above her hips. The girl carries a tin milking-can, and the lines of the whole composition fall gracefully into a pyramid. An engraving of this, by Mr. Alais, published some years ago by the Messrs. Graves, has had an extraordinary success, especially in America, where the proofs now fetch between three and four times as much as their published price. The second picture of the series was 'Alderney,' a girl carrying cabbages on her shoulders and walking by an Alderney cow; in the third picture, 'Sark,' the subject was the same except that the cow was slightly different, and a milking-can took the place of the vegetables. The fourth picture, 'A Jersey Family,' was perhaps the best of the set. Its *dramatis personæ* were an old cow, tethered, licking the back of its calf, and behind it, half in shadow, two more cows being milked. All these have been engraved. Jersey cattle are peculiarly paintable. They have sweet heads; their shapes are fine, the frame being well marked but not too salient; and they are so small that they group easily with humanity. To realise how important this matter of size may be we need only look at Landseer's 'Maid and the Magpie,' in the National Gallery, where the painter has had to foreshorten sternly to prevent the long, wide flanks of his Norman cow from taking up far more canvas and attention than they deserve. The picture we engrave illustrates this from an opposite point of view. Nothing could be simpler than its composition—a farm-girl walks homeward between a cow and a calf; but with anything but a very small breed the animal would take up so much room, that instead of being a group, as it is, the picture would look merely like the portrait of a cow with accessories.

Among dogs Mr. Douglas's favourites seem to be English setters. These he has painted often, the best example perhaps being a pair of white ones, coupled and waiting, apparently, with fine patience, until their master has finished his sherry and sandwiches, and is prepared to add to the heap of game which lies beside them. An old black setter, a favourite of his own, gave Mr. Douglas an opportunity when he died to paint an excellent picture, which now hangs in his own house. The old dog lies on its side in an attitude that may mean either death or sleep, like that of Landseer's bloodhound in the National Gallery. The black and tan, with spots of white on the breast and the forepaws, affords a chance for quality in colour of which the painter has fully availed himself.

The horse, like everything else with a perfect and complete symmetry of its own, is not an easy thing to make a picture of, and when a well-groomed thoroughbred has to be painted the difficulty becomes almost an impossibility; the only way to get over it is to give him accessories which make him look like the accessory himself. This Mr. Douglas has felt in his last important work. 'Gifts' shows us a spendid white Arab,

standing beside a girl, a "white slave," in diaphanous drapery; the two are presents for some Eastern king—some latter-day Solomon. The introduction of the girl makes what would be no more than the study of a horse into a picture, and the result is pleasing in every way. 'Yonder he goes!' tells its own tale. A fox makes the best of its way across the furrows that have just been turned, and the excited ploughman gesticulates to the approaching "field." The picture etched by Mr. C. O. Murray deals with the life of an animal that is paintable for the texture of his coat and for its gregariousness, which means "groups." A Southdown flock is gathering at sunset round the tail of a cart, from which turnips are being shovelled for its supper. The arrangement of the picture is happy, and the etcher has successfully reproduced its illusive half light.

The work of an animal-painter has special requirements of its own. In the first place it requires extreme patience; in the second it requires a studio very different in its arrangements from those of Fitzjohn's Avenue or Melbury Road. The whole of Mr. Douglas's house is interesting; it is a patching of old building with new; the site a sort of niche cut out of a southern slope in the sand hills; but the most interesting thing about it, from the artistic point of view, is the combination of riding-house with studio in which a great part of his pictures are painted. This is a room some fifty feet by thirty, built at the back of the stables, and with trap-



'A Jersey Trio.' Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

windows looking into the loose boxes. The floor is tan; the light comes in through a large window to the north; at one end there is a kind of dock in which a cow can be set up to be painted, in one corner there is a small three-cornered stall to hold a calf, in another a sort of raised throne for dogs, and in the middle of one of the two longer walls the fixtures for a jumping bar. Here a horse, or a dog, or a cow, can have its portrait taken as easily as the nature of such sitters will allow; and here on a cheerless winter's day, when the artist grows tired of the easel, he can get into the saddle and stir his blood by a little practice over the bar.

So far I have not said much as to Mr. Douglas's artistic methods. As a painter, he belongs decidedly to what the French call our *vieille école*. He aims at breadth of handling and quality of colour, rather than at the quickly won and startling, but only partial, veracity, which seems to be accepted as the highest art by so many living painters. When at its best, as in the picture of a dead setter already mentioned, his colour is very good indeed, being clear and luminous. In his handling there is none of the stringiness, none of the look as if an attempt had been made to paint every hair of a dog's coat, which spoils the effect of many animal painters' works. He trusts to the broad of his brush, and, remembering the affinity of such a tool with the hairy textures on which he uses it, he has a robust and well-justified faith in its power to suggest the coat of a horse or dog when used with confidence.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION.

BY the kindness of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, we are enabled to reproduce from his recently issued catalogue some of the finest of the works of Art which compose his celebrated collection. The Rothschilds have always been collectors at once fastidious and determined; they will have nothing that is not first-rate, but, at the same time, when anything that is first-rate and that comes within the range of their peculiar taste is in the market, one or other of them is pretty sure to become its possessor. Thus the great Rubenses from Blenheim have become the property of one of the family; the matchless ivory horn, which was the gem of the Fountaine collection, passed into the possession of another member; and to those who are familiar with the recent migrations of the finest works of Art, many similar instances will readily occur. As it has often been remarked, the classes of objects collected by the Rothschilds are limited. The family does not, as a rule, seek for Greek Art, or Italian pictures, or for those lovely Persian vases which people have been lately admiring at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, or for Oriental Art in general. Their taste runs in the direction (1) of Dutch pictures of the seventeenth, and of French and English pictures of the eighteenth century; (2) of the plate, jewellery, carvings, enamels, and faïence of the Renaissance both in France and Italy; (3) of French furniture and china of the period just preceding the Revolution. To these classes the collection of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild is almost entirely confined, but within those limits it is almost unapproachable. The charming house at Seamore Place, whose windows look across a wealth of flowers upon Park Lane, and the country house at Halton, in Buckinghamshire, are filled with priceless possessions. To give his friends some share in the enjoyment of them, the owner has commissioned Mr. Charles Davis to prepare a descriptive catalogue, which has now been printed by Whittingham in two folio volumes. The illustrations, from which our engravings are taken, are photographs by Mr. Joseph Thomson, and all the hundred copies—for to that number this bibliographical rarity is restricted—are bound with great magnificence by Bedford, Rivière, De Coverley, or Zaehnsdorf.

No. 1.—Candlestick of Henri II. Ware. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

It is clear that any selection of objects which we have space to introduce can only give a faint notion of the wealth of the collection. Thus, from the Renaissance objects we are only able to engrave, in the present article, the Henri II. candlestick, to be followed in the next number by the celebrated 'Cellini Stag.' These, however, are mere samples of the faïence, silver, rock crystal, ivory, etc., with which several cases are filled. One of the most exquisite objects, for instance, is a gold spoon and fork, one handle serving for both; nothing more delicate ever came from Florentine workshop in the early sixteenth century; no more spirited chasing could be found than the minute figure of St. George rushing upon the dragon. Still more famous is 'The Orpheus Cup,' an example of Italian cinque-cento workmanship. It is a cup of enamelled gold, some seven and a half inches high; the lid is crowded with figures of animals and Cupids in high relief, while Orpheus and Artemis are seated on a rock on the summit. The body of the vessel is enamelled in mythological subjects on a white ground, while a figure of Atlas, finely modelled in gold, forms the support.

Of South-German goldsmith's work, full of the fine craftsmanship of the contemporaries of Holbein and Albert Dürer, there are several noble examples, and there is at least one specimen of what is much rarer—fine English silverwork of the reign of Elizabeth. Enough remains in various collections to show that the London of that day was in this particular respect not far behind the Continent; but the fatal quarrel between King and Parliament swept almost all the rich examples of English work into the melting-pot. Mr. de Rothschild's English salt-cellar, a beautiful piece of repoussé silver, eleven inches high, is not unworthy to compare with contemporary examples from Augsburg and Nuremberg. But of all the Renaissance silver, the most interesting example is the silver-gilt figure of Diana seated on a stag, a group attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and so much appreciated by the artists and amateurs of the day that several reproductions of it are known. There is one at Seamore Place, evidently made by a German hand at Augsburg, and another was shown at the Loan Exhibition held last March at Downshire House. The figure of Diana is of silver with a very slight provision of silver-gilt drapery, part of which floats in the air behind her. She is seated on a stag of gigantic breed; her beautiful head is thrown back; one hand is laid upon the stag's neck, and with the other she grasps an arrow that is held towards her by the tiny Cupid

seated at her side. The stag is caparisoned with a marvellous harness of gold and jewels; its eyes are of emeralds; ruby drops hang from its ears, and on its head is a gold crown jewelled with ruby and diamonds. On the stand below there is a curious miniature hunt in progress, while two large hounds, drawn to scale with the stag, are stationary, the body of the animal being ingeniously made to rest on one of them; and inside the stand is some clockwork by means of which the group may be set in motion.

The principal piece of the rare Henri Deux ware, or Faïence d'Oiron—that ware of which less than sixty pieces are said to be in existence, and around the origin of which so much mystery hung till lately—is a famous candlestick which matches that sold at the Fountaine sale for the enormous price of £3,675. The origin of this ware was revealed in 1862 by the French connoisseur, M. Fillon, the results of his investigations being thus summarized by Mr. J. C. Robinson in a letter to the *Times* describing the Fountaine collection:—"The Henri Deux ware was made at the Château of Oiron, near Thouars (Deux Sèvres), and two artists were concerned in its production, namely, François Charpentier, a potter, and Jean Bernart or Bernard. The latter was librarian and secretary to Hélène de Hangest Genlis, widow of Artus Gouffier, hereditary Grand Ecuyer de France, who, as well as his mother, was a celebrated amateur and patron of the arts." Mr. Robinson apparently did not know that the companion to the Fountaine candlestick was in existence, since he describes that as "with one exception, the famous ewer in the Magniac collection, the finest piece of the Henri Deux series now extant." It may be added that Mr. de Rothschild possesses four specimens of this ware; the Duke of Hamilton had two, Mr. Fountaine, three; and M. Spitzer, the owner of the marvellous collection in Paris, has no less than seven, the Fountaine *biberon* being one of them.

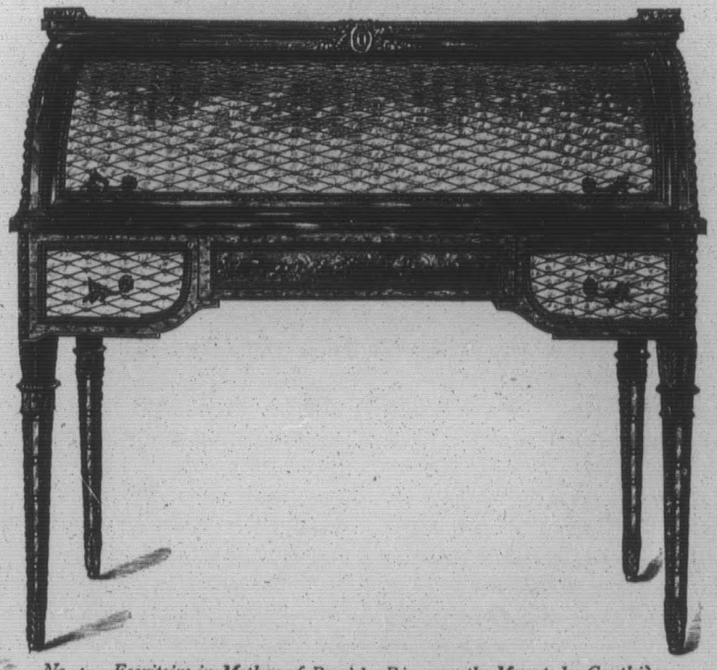
No. 2.—Greuze: Le Baiser Envoyé. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

We must pass, however, from the artists of the Renaissance to the later and less serious world of the eighteenth century—the period of Boucher and Greuze, of Sèvres vases and Riesener furniture, and the chasings of Gouthière. Leaving the Sèvres and its adorners for our second article, we may dwell for a while upon the Art which, of all the decorative work of that day, would seem to have been the best worth doing. This is the Art of the metal-worker, and especially of the *ciseleur*, or chaser, the Art of which Gouthière was the foremost representative. The collection at Seamore Place is very rich in this kind of metal-work, and our illustrations include an extremely fine clock (No. 3)—though this is perhaps not by Gouthière—and, in next paper, two candelabra. As is the case with many of the artists whose name is now held in high honour, little is known of the life of Pierre Gouthière; but that little is worth repeating. It was first put together in 1870 by that careful student of Art, the late Baron Davillier, in his preface to the reprinted catalogue of the collection that had belonged to the celebrated Duc d'Aumont. Gouthière was born in or about 1740. His prosperity and glory are identified with those of Madame du Barry, the fair, frail creature who may very probably have deserved the grim fate which overtook her, but who certainly, if she squandered the treasure of France, squandered it upon the artists of France. She had a craze for Gouthière and his works, and she seems to have made of her villas at Luciennes and Versailles the most magnificent storehouses of his talent. It is on record that in three years she paid him no less than 124,000 livres, equal to about 375,000 francs in modern money. Of this no less than 81,239 livres went for the decoration of the reception rooms at Luciennes, the *salon ovale* being put down for 31,272 livres. What a vision of beauty the room must have been, with its walls and columns festooned in wreaths of ormolu, finer than any that human hand had ever wrought before! *Vanitas vanitatum!* The storm broke a few years afterwards; poor Madame du Barry's pretty head rolled on the scaffold; a few of her *bibelots* and pieces of precious furniture found their way back into the possession of the State; but the rest, and probably a vast amount of Gouthière's work among it, came, according to a record of the time, to be *volé ou vendu*. Gouthière's chief

patrons besides the royal favourite seem to have been the Duc d'Aumont, the Duchesse de Mazarin, and M. de Bondy. He also made a certain number of clocks for the king, and it appears, moreover, that he was not above putting his name to some articles of second-rate workmanship for the general public, and selling them at his shop on the Quai Le Pelletier. The Revolution ruined him, and in 1806, "réduit à solliciter une place à l'hospice, il mourut dans la misère." Thirty years afterwards, when the parliament of the restored monarchy had voted a milliard of francs (£40,000,000) as compensation to the families of the victims of the Revolution, we find Gouthière's son suing the heirs of Madame du Barry for an unpaid debt of 80,000 francs, of which the court granted him something over 30,000.

No. 3.—Clock. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Gouthière did not generally design his own work, and for a long time the name of the principal artist who drew for him was forgotten. It turns out to have been one Dugourc, a man whose fame is not equal to his extraordinary talent. A MS. memoir of his, seen by Davillier, declares that he drew "almost all the precious bronzes executed by Gouthière for his royal and noble patrons." One of the pieces illustrated by us, the fine Commode in mother-of-pearl (Illustration No. 4) was designed by him, made by Riesener, and adorned with chased metal-work by Gouthière. The first owner was Marie Antoinette; and now this historical piece stands between the windows in the "red room" at Seamore Place.



No. 4.—Escritoire in Mother-of-Pearl by Riesener, the Mounts by Gouthière. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

As to the pictures, the two which we reproduce in the present article, and those which will appear next month, only represent very imperfectly the large and precious collection belonging to Mr. de Rothschild. The total number is two hundred and twelve, of which many of the finest examples were inherited, with so many of the other works of Art, from Mr. de Rothschild's father, Baron Lionel, while the rest have been acquired at various times from various great European collections. We will at present confine ourselves to the French and English. The former include works of nearly all the great men of the last century—Watteau, Lancret, Pater, Boucher, Drouais, Largillière and Greuze; while of English pictures the collection contains one first-rate Gainsborough, two good Sir Joshuas, and four Romneys of the highest quality. We have selected for illustration (No. 2) what is, as it may well be, one of the owner's favourite pictures, 'Le Baiser Envoyé,' one of the finest works of Greuze. Besides this example there are also to be seen at Seamore Place three other Greuzes, one of them, 'La Lettre,' being a very celebrated rendering of the painter's favourite youthful model, who appears again in the 'Portrait de Jeune Fille.' 'Le Baiser Envoyé' hangs above a precious but rather debased cabinet with a large Sèvres plaque after Boucher, on either side of which stands a miniature Sèvres table, worth about as much as a comfortable freehold house. A De Hooch and two of the best Wouvermans in the world share the wall with the Greuze. What a constellation! and what a supreme example of the Art of that period of irreflective enjoyment and facile prettiness which this painter represented! The charm of the picture is intelligible at a glance; the sweet, soft creature, who throws her kiss so gracefully, is of a type that all the world

can appreciate. But let us do justice also to the artistic qualities of the picture, to its admirable composition, to its superb draughtsmanship, to the delicate finish of the flowers and the drapery. In points like this Greuze rivalled the greatest masters, and with such powers as he there displays, it is small wonder that he and his bewitching models have between them fascinated the more easily moved portion of posterity.

There are many other French pictures on which we might dwell, especially on the Paters—"delicious fancies of the age of gold," which came before the iron times of the Revolution—and on the graceful, supra-sentimental nymphs and goddesses of Boucher. But it is better to close this article with a few words on the English pictures. Reynolds is well, but not triumphantly, represented at Seamore Place. The Rothschilds admire him, but not with the single-minded devotion of the English families whose fair women and brave men he immortalised. Like Lord Thurlow, a Rothschild is apt to say, "Reynolds and Romney divide the town: I am of the Romney faction." It was one of the family that bought, a year or two ago, the famous 'Mrs. Jordan' at a fabulous price; and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's four beautiful examples of the master are, in their way, quite as good as the 'Mrs. Jordan.' Chief among them is the version, which we reproduce (No. 5), of the fair Lady Hamilton; the fascinating Emma Lyon, or "Mistress Hart," as she called herself at that period of her career, who sat to Romney so incessantly, and of whom he made at will a Bacchante, a Circe, a Cassandra, a Spinstress, a Sensibility, or St. Cecilia. It was in 1782, when Romney was eight-and-forty—with a wife and two children far away at Kendal, sad to say—that Emma first came to Cavendish Square, under the charge of her friend, Mr. Charles Greville; the artist fell instantly under the spell, and between that date and his departure from London, Romney painted her, according to the memoir by his forgiving and most dutiful son, no less than twenty-three times. "It was a great gratification to her to sit as a model," writes the artless biographer, the Rev. John Romney; "it amused her, and flattered her vanity. From the peculiarity of her situation she was excluded from society, justly excluded; and the only resources she had for amusement in her loneliness were reading and music at home, and coming once or twice a week to sit for her picture." We may leave the ethical question to the moralists; we, at all events, are chiefly concerned with the pictures, which remain, and will remain, among the glories of English Art. This version before us is one of the most exquisite that exists, and it is interesting to compare and contrast it—portrait of a light-o'-love as it is—with the work of Greuze. As to the rest, the 'Miss Tickell' and the two others, they have a seriousness, an intellectual quality, in which the beauties of Greuze are quite wanting, though none would deny the superiority of the French painter in the actual technicalities of his art. As to 'Mrs. Beaufoy,' in the celebrated picture of Gainsborough's, her countenance is leagues removed from the type that Greuze delighted in, with its total absence of emotion, of thought, or of knowledge of the realities of life. Beautiful as she is, Mrs. Beaufoy has lived and felt, and the painter has realised all that her face implied. For the rest, the picture has always passed, and rightly, for one of the finest examples of the master, both as regards the brilliant painting of the flesh and the manner in which "the first of the Impressionists" has indicated the drapery and the landscape. It is some consolation to the English visitor to see how well the English pictures, with 'Mrs. Beaufoy' and 'Lady Hamilton' at their head, succeed in holding their own amid the artistic riches of Seamore Place.

No. 5.—Romney: Lady Hamilton. Engraved by C. Dietrich.

(*To be continued.*)

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.*

JOHN DE CRITZ, to whom the following notes refer, made a considerable figure in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It is not very easy to form a precise notion of the office of Serjeant Painter, for certain duties were included, *e.g.*, the gilding of weathercocks, which were entirely beneath any artist; while, on the contrary, the position has been filled by several good painters, such as Streeter, Highmore, Hogarth, and, presumably, the person in question, John de Critz. With others, again, John Brown, Andrew Wright, Nicholas Lyzarde, Leonhart Frier, for instance, there is little or nothing to show that they were more than mere decorators.

The first notices I have found of John de Critz are three letters from him to Secretary Walsingham in 1582. The first, dated from Paris, April 21st, says, "I hope you have received my last letter and the picture by James Painter ('the Post,') and crave your pleasure concerning my voyage into Italy; I might now go safely either with the ambassador of Venice or Ferrara, but I stay to know your pleasure herein. Pray signify it with speed, as the ambassadors are about to depart. If you mislike of my going into Italy, I might go to Fontainebleau, from whence I might send you some rare piece of work." (St. P., Dom., vol. xxvij., No. 69.) Again from Paris on July 19th, "It is long since I wrote to you, but until the king's removal to Fontainebleau I can do nothing there; I have applied myself in doing somehat, but it is not finished. Meantime accept this little toy of mine made upon pleasure." (U.S. vol. xxvij., p. 68.) Also from Paris, October 14th, "Pardon my slackness in not sending oftener, as I have spent some time this summer in seeing fair houses about the country here, some of rare workmanship, but I trust to make amends for all. Meantime I send two pieces, the one of Saint John, the other a poetical story taken out of Ovid, where Neptune took Cænis by the seaside, and having ravished her, for some amends changed her into the form of a man. Take this little present in good part; I trust to send something better next time, as I have a mind to spend the winter in France, and then by your leave repair into Italy." (U.S. vol. xxvij., No. 119.)

By 1598 John de Critz had evidently achieved considerable reputation here, for F. Meres, M.A., in his "Wit's Commonwealth," says, "So England hath these, Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and John de Creetes, very famous for their painting." (Pt. ij., f. 287a.)

He was much employed by James I. A "precept from the king to the Lord Admiral and officers of the navy, To admit John de Crites to the office of serjeant painter, in reversion," is dated September 17th, 1603; the docquet of letters of devization to John de Crites, a Fleming, is dated March 23, 1604, and of a warrant for "John de Crites, his Majesty's Serjeant Painter, to do all needful works about the king's ships," April 7th, 1604. De Critz was admitted to the office of Serjeant Painter conjointly with Leonard Fryer on April 26th, 1605, and the latter died the same year, for in a letter to Sir Thomas Lake, Charles, Earl of Devonshire, asks "for a bill granting to Richard Radcliffe a gunner's room in Estmessy, Essex, void by the death of Leonard Fryer."

1606, March 17th. "To Master John de Cretes, Serjeant Painter, xx li., for the gilding and painting of the tomb for the Lady Sophia, within the Collegiate Church of Saint Peter in Westminster. By a writ of Privy Seal."

1606, August 20th. "To John de Cretes, Serjeant Painter, in full satisfaction and payment of his pains and charges in making of three pictures, the one representing his Majesty, the other two the Queen and the Prince, in full length and proportion, which his Highness hath caused to be sent to his ambassador resident with the Archduke of Austria, to be by him presented to the said Archduke. By a Privy Seal, dated 20th of August, 1606. liij li. vj s. viij d." (Devon: Issues of the Exchequer.)

1610, February 14th, Westminster. "Warrant to pay cccxxx li. to John de Crites, the king's Serjeant Painter, and xxix li. to Thomas Larkin, his locksmith, for work done by them."

1610, May 6th. "Grant with survivorship to John de Crites, junior, and John Maunchi, in reversion after John de Crites, senior, and Robert Peake, of the office of Serjeant Painter."

1611, April 30th. "By order dated this day. To John de Creet, his Majesty's serjeant painter, the sum of cxlvij li. for colouring and painting a barge for the Duke of York's Grace, being gilt with fine gold within and without, appearing by his bill of particulars, taxed and rated at the charge subscribed and allowed by the Right Honourable the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain to his Majesty. By writ dated 19th of March, 1610." (Devon: Issues of the Exchequer.)

1618, September 6th. Certificate of Strangers, Aldersgate Ward, "Conderadus Decreetes; born at Nurcunparis, under the dominion of the Prince Paulegrave." (St. P., Dom., vol. 112; Camden Soc.)

1620, January 6th. "By order dated 5th of January, 1620. To John de Crites, his Majesty's serjeant painter, Clement Chapman, junior, Maximilian Colt, carver, and William Bourdman, his Majesty's locksmith, the sum of cc li. in part of cccc li., to be taken to them by way of imprest towards the charge of making a privy barge for his Majesty's service this next parliament. By writ dated 23rd of December, 1620."

1623, December 8th. "By order dated 2nd of December, 1623. To John de Cretes, his Majesty's serjeant painter, the sum of xl li. in part of xcv li., remainder of ccxlv li. in full satisfaction of the charge of painting and gilding of his Majesty's new barge, and of the two barges thereto belonging, appearing by his bill of particulars over and above the sum of cclv li. formerly imprested to him. By writ dated 15th of June, 1620." (Devon.)

1638—9. "Warrant for payment of £2,158 13s. to John de Critz, his Majesty's serjeant painter."

1639—40, February 26th. "Warrant to the Exchequer to pay to John de Critz and others £620 upon accompt for a barge of state to be made for the king's service against the meeting of parliament."

In a future number several other interesting notes will be given about this Serjeant Painter.

ALFRED BEAVER.

* Continued from page 140.

AN OLD COACH ROAD.

THERE are, doubtless, many persons now living whose recollection of the days before railways will induce a feeling of regret for the total extinction of the romance of the road which then characterized journeys by coach. They can remember the many pleasant reminiscences of glorious summer days spent on the box-seat, in converse with the lively coachman, who knew every man he met, and would tell the news of the country round; and of the bright frosty days of winter, when the steaming horses scudded past fields and through villages, and the horn rang cheerily in the cold air. They can recall the many incidents of the road, the wayside changes, the hospitable urn and fireside chats by night, all tending to make such travelling an enjoyable experience. But the "iron steed," a result of the progress of civilization, now enjoys the monopoly, and stage-coaching, in its halcyon days, has become a part of the past social history of this country.

The old coach road from London to Dover, which we have selected for purposes of illustration and description, is one of unusual interest, for it is contiguous to, and in some places identical with, the great Roman line of road called Watling Street, which commenced at Dover and extended to London, with intermediate stations at Canterbury, Rochester, and Southfleet. Through its association with the Canterbury Pilgrims, and for the reason that it was formerly the principal means of communication with the Continent, it is historically

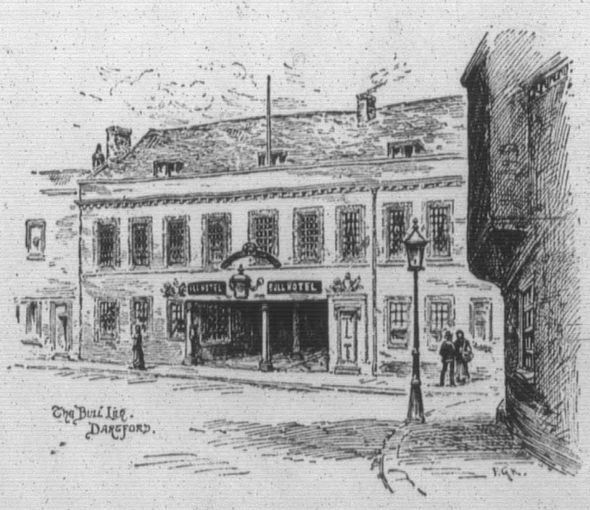
High Street-Borough.

important. Apart from this, the country through which it passes has natural beauties which have earned for it the title of the "Garden of the Home Counties." "Kent, sir! Everybody knows Kent. Apples, cherries, hops, and women!" Such was the remarkably concise description of the county given by Mr. Alfred Jingle, of Pickwickian fame. To this list of its natural products he might justly have added, tramps and chalk; for the chalk hills of Kent are proverbial, and tramps may be said to infest its highways and byways. There is, however, an element of picturesqueness surrounding the latter which did not escape the observation of Charles Dickens. "I have my eye upon a piece of Kentish road," he wrote, "bordered on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road-dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with the distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean, like a man's life. To gain the milestone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, blue-bells, and wild roses would soon render illegible but for peering travellers pushing them aside with their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come which way you may. So, all the tramps and carts or caravans—the gipsy-tramp, the show-tramp, the cheap Jack—find it impossible to resist the temptations of the place, and all turn the horse loose when

they come to it, and boil the pot. Bless the place. I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that have scorched its grass!"

Where does the Dover road begin? This question we naturally asked ourselves when we had decided upon the present sketch. We learned that, before the erection of such large coaching inns as the Golden Cross and the Bull and Mouth, the old-fashioned hostelries in High Street, Borough, near London Bridge, were the head-quarters of celebrated coaches, in the days when coaches performed their journeys in a grave and more solemn manner than they subsequently did. We therefore concluded that it would not be inappropriate to make this our starting-point, more especially when we recall to mind the fact that Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," made an old Borough inn (the Tabard, recently demolished) the scene of the departure of the pilgrims to Canterbury.

As we wend our way along the busy thoroughfare of High Street, Borough, we catch an occasional glimpse of what remains of these old inns (still preserving their external features unchanged), and regard one with especial interest, as being associated with the immortal Sam Weller. Passing St. George's Church and the familiar Elephant and Castle, we hasten along the



New Kent and Old Kent Roads, New Cross Road, and through the populous metropolitan suburb of Deptford, eagerly endeavouring to leave the smoke of London behind us. We feel that this has been accomplished when, after climbing a steep ascent, Blackheath is reached, and we begin to breathe the pure air of the country. Greenwich, with its famous observatory and park, is on our left, and Eltham, once the home of Vandyck, on our right hand. Our way now lies over Shooter's Hill, one of the principal elevations in the county, across which the ancient Roman road, as well as the modern road, is carried. It has been suggested that Shooter's Hill was so called from the archers, in days of yore, frequently exercising there in shooting. An old Kentish historian asserts that "it always was a place of much danger and dread to travellers, for the narrowness of the road over it, and the continual lurking nests of thieves among the woods and coppices with which this hill, especially towards the south and west, was much overspread." Passing through Welling and Bexley New Town, we arrive at Crayford, which derives its name from a ford or passage over the Cray, a river which rises at Newell in

Orpington, runs through St. Mary Cray, Paul's Cray, Foots Cray, and Crayford, proceeds to Dartford, where it mingles with the Darent, and then becomes a tributary of the Thames. The river Cray has been variously utilised as a motive power, for, in early times, the force of its current was of considerable value to the manufacturers of armour-plates, and more recently to the owners of corn-mills and silk and calico-printing establishments situated upon the stream at Crayford.

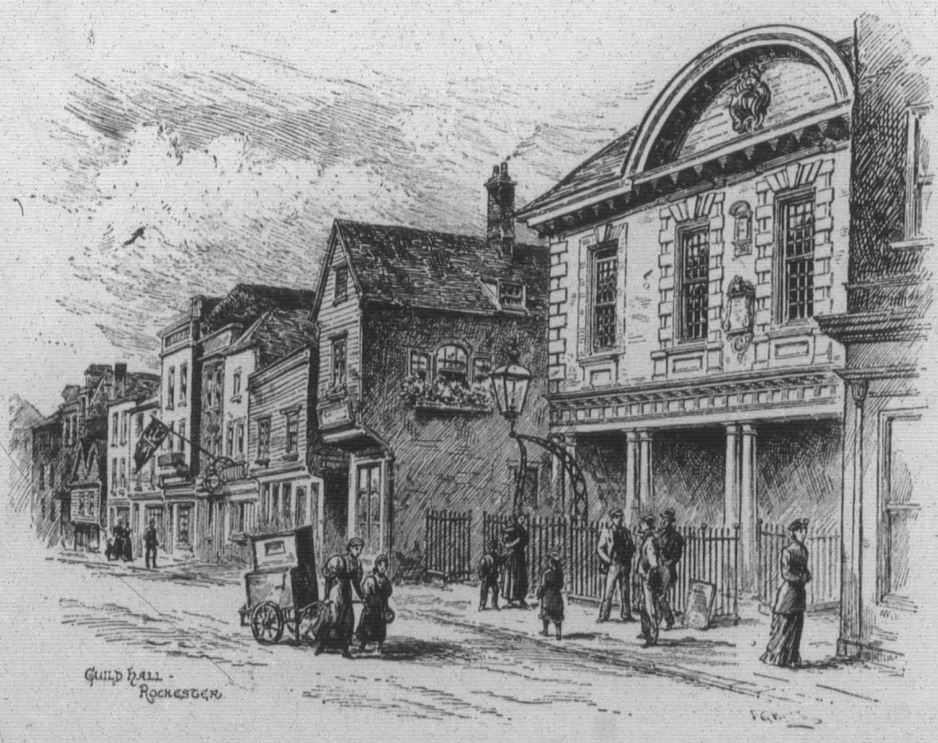
Our road skirts the south of Crayford, but we can just obtain a glimpse of its quaint and narrow High Street, with the church of St. Paulinius situated on an eminence overlooking the town. There is a tradition that several caves in the parish, some of which are twenty fathoms deep, were formed by the Cymri as places of security for their wives and children during the wars with the Britons. Crossing a small bridge over the Cray, we see Dartford Heath on our right, and soon reach Dartford itself, about two miles distant.

The town of Dartford is situated between two hills which rise abruptly at both extremities. It has been a town of importance from the time of the Roman occupation, and, as historians

affirm, the scene of many momentous events. More than five centuries ago an insurrection broke out in Dartford in conse-

quence of the unpopularity of the poll-tax, on which occasion, owing to an insult offered to his daughter, the notorious Wat Tyler (an inhabitant of Dartford) slew the tax-gatherer, and afterwards marched at the head of the insurgents to Blackheath, where they encamped. The parish church of Dartford, situated at the east end of High Street, also possesses historical associations, for not only was a portion of it erected for the use of the pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, but in the reign of Henry III. the nuptials of the Emperor of Germany with Isabella, the king's sister, were solemnised therein. The process of paper-making was first introduced in this town, in the sixteenth century, by Sir John Spillman, who was jeweller to Queen Elizabeth, and who, with her license, had the sole privilege of collecting rags for ten years for the manufacture of writing-paper, an industry with which Dartford has always been prominently connected. It is also worthy of record that the celebrated engineer Richard Trevithick, inventor of the locomotive steam-engine, lived, died, and was buried in the town.

On entering the High Street of Dartford, our attention is first drawn to an inn famous in the coaching days. The Bull Inn still preserves its antique architectural character, and is a worthy example of "past coachfulness and present coachlessness." In ante-railway days the courtyard, with the quaint wooden balcony surrounding it, often presented a busy scene; and the bustle and excitement caused by the daily arrival and departure of seventy coaches formed a strong contrast with its present peaceful character. It was at the Bull Inn that George IV. was grossly insulted while changing horses, by a working currier who, thrusting his shaggy head into the carriage window and looking the king in the face, roared out, "You are a murderer!"—in allusion to his recent treatment of Queen Caroline. The man was instantly seized, dragged away, and felled to the ground, while his Majesty departed as quickly as possible.



On leaving the town, we cross the bridge over the Darent, and are reminded of the fact that, in Henry III.'s reign, the funds required for the erection of the original structure were collected by a hermit, who lived in a cell at that spot, and for its maintenance this custom was continued by his successors for three centuries. After ascending a steep hill, a pleasant view of the Thames, the first since we left London Bridge, is presented to us; but at Northfleet the scene is obscured by dense volumes of smoke arising from the numerous chalk-quarries in the district. This serious objection, however, is no longer felt when we arrive at Gravesend, which, with Rosherville Gardens, is in close proximity. In a pictorial sense, the town has suffered a serious loss by a great fire which, in 1727, destroyed a considerable portion of it; but from the summit of a famous elevation known as Windmill Hill, near at hand, a magnificent view can be obtained, extending for not less than a hundred and fifty miles in circuit. Gravesend was one of the pilgrim stations, and stage-coaches (or tide-coaches, as they were called) were in use there earlier than upon any other road in the country.

A few miles farther, and we see on an eminence on our left an ivy-mantled church surrounded by venerable elms. This is the parish church of the neighbouring village of Chalk, and is remarkable for some grotesque figures carved in stone over the porch door, one of which represents an old monk sitting cross-legged, holding a vessel which may be supposed to contain some fluid more exhilarating than water.

We have now reached the twenty-seventh milestone from London, and tread historic ground. Gad's Hill, where gads, or rogues, were wont to waylay unwary travellers, is supposed to have been the scene, mentioned by Shakespeare in the play of *Henry IV.*, of the robbery of the pilgrims to Canterbury by Prince Henry and Falstaff. There is also reason to think that Cooling Castle, of which the ruins are in the neighbourhood, was inhabited by Sir John Falstaff under the name of Oldcastle. Gad's Hill is also directly associated with Charles Dickens, who lived and died in that sombre-looking mansion, partly hidden by masses of foliage, which stands on the right-hand side of the road. The novelist himself tells us that amid the recollections connected with his childhood it always held a prominent place, for, upon first seeing it as he came from Chatham with his father, and looking up at it with much admiration, he had been promised that he might himself live in it when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough. The special interest which this last home of Dickens possesses induces many enthusiastic admirers of the great

writer to pay a visit there, and to see the room in which he wrote some of his most wonderful books—a homage which is pleasantly recognised and encouraged by the present genial owner, Captain Austin F. Budden.

Continuing our journey we soon find ourselves in Strood, formerly a scattered suburb of, but now as populous as, the city of Rochester, from which it is separated by the river Medway. From the bridge which spans the river a pleasant scene is presented to our view, which remains much the same as that described in the "Pickwick Papers" as contemplated by the immortal hero of that work:—"On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wharf, broken in many places, and, in some, overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of seaweed hung upon the jagged and pointed stone, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a distant church or a windmill, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it."

There are many legends connected with the cathedral of Rochester, some of them of unusual interest. It has twice been converted into huge stabling; once by Simon de Montfort, and once by the army of Cromwell, who made a great saw-pit in the nave. In the year 1201, William of Perth, a wealthy baker, paid a visit to Rochester, on his way to Jerusalem. His liberality was well known, as he made it a point to bestow upon the poor every tenth loaf he baked. When he left Rochester to continue his pilgrimage to the East, his servant, tempted by the large amount of money he carried with him, murdered him outside the city walls. His fate excited the deep sympathy of the good monks of Rochester, and he was buried in the cathedral. Miracles were soon performed at his shrine, and about fifty years after his death he was canonised. His tomb is on the north aisle of the choir, and so many pilgrims used to visit it, that in the thirteenth century the offerings they brought enabled the monks to build a great part of the present cathedral.

Eastgate House, Rochester

The grand old ruin usually called Rochester Castle, but which is really the remains of the "keep," is probably the most perfect specimen of Norman work extant. It was erected on the site of a more ancient structure of Roman origin, the latter having been built by command of Julius Cæsar. In the reign of William Rufus, Rochester Castle was accounted the strongest and most important castle in England. Although the city has undergone several changes, many of its antiquities still remain, and are visible in High Street, the principal thoroughfare. We may note the Guildhall, an ancient structure built of brick, and supported by stone columns of the Doric order. In a house a little below it formerly resided Sir Richard Head, to whom, in 1651, Charles II. went in fear and trembling, by night, an unthroned fugitive, and remained there until a favourable opportunity offered itself for his escape to France by embarking on board a tender in the Medway. Near the quaint Town Hall, with its clock projecting into the street, stands a plain-looking building, known as Watts's Poor Travellers' House, founded and endowed in 1570 by Richard Watts for six poor travellers, "not being rogues or proctors," each of whom receives a supper, a night's lodging, and fourpence on leaving in the morning.

Eastgate House, now utilised as a workman's institute, is also situated in the High Street. It is very picturesque, and is associated with Charles II., who once slept there. Readers of Dickens's "Edwin Drood" will be interested in the fact that Eastgate House is introduced in that story, where it is called the "Nun's House."

We hope to continue our walk to Dover in next month's Journal.

F. G. KITTON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON.

THE promise held out by the President a year ago, that certain structural changes would be effected at Burlington House before the summer of 1885, has been most thoroughly carried out. Two admirably proportioned and tastefully decorated rooms have been opened out of Gallery II., and the space thus gained has been utilised for the exhibition of water colours, and for works in black and white. The refreshment-room is now reached by a broad staircase, of which the iron railings, as designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, are a very striking specimen of modern iron work, and deserve more attention than they have at present received.

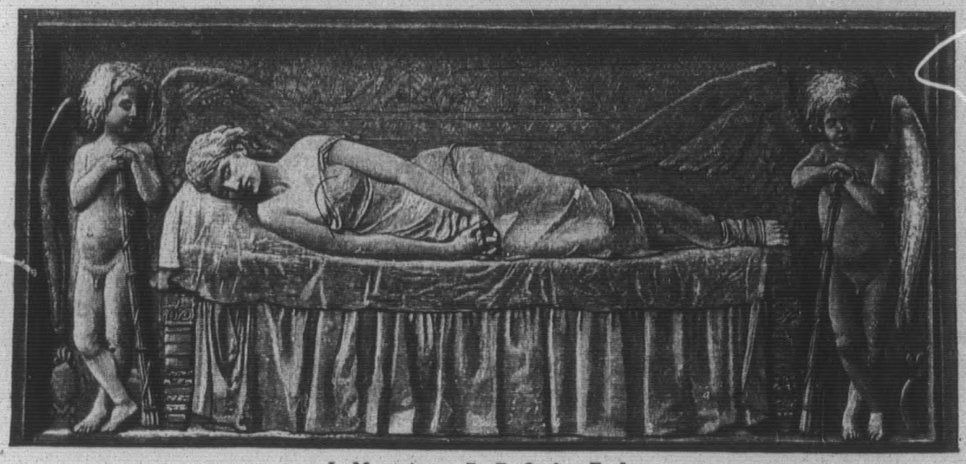
As to the policy of providing special accommodation for a class of works which the Royal Academy in its diploma-giving capacity has refused to acknowledge, we will say nothing. Whether the additional space obtained in the eleven galleries of Burlington House, now devoted to oil paintings, was required, and has been used to the best for the advancement of English Art, is another matter. If the Royal Academicians would but recognise that the principles upon which their society was managed fifty, or even twenty years ago, are no longer applicable to the wants and feelings of the present day, and would inaugurate certain internal and administrative reforms, the criticisms now levelled against them would find little or no echo among the public. The short-sighted policy of fighting for privileges which are at best obsolete, enables knights-errant of the Fine Arts, like Sir Robert Peel and others, to tilt against the President and Council amid general applause. It is only fair to say that the majority of the younger members recognise fully that the public can see too much of their work at the same time, and also that the facilities of public exhibition are so multiplied at the present time, that their productions can find a certain welcome not only in every quarter of the metropolis, but at provincial exhibitions spread over the three kingdoms. The rule of the Paris Salon, limiting the right of any artist, however distinguished, to exhibit more than two works at the same time, is a very salutary one. It not only puts each artist on his mettle to produce something of superior excellence, but it fairly indicates to students and the public the limits of the artist's powers during a particular period of his work, and in this way most distinctly advances the cause of Art. It is impossible to conceive that any benefit—except a commercial one to the artist—can be gained from the display of eight portraits by Mr. Frank Holl, of half-a-dozen each by Mr. Sant, Mr. Sidney Cooper, Mr. W. Ouless, or Mr. Edwin Long; and still less, even on the lowest ground, from the dedication of at least one hundred feet "of the line" to the seven works of Mr. J. R. Herbert, not one of which would probably have been hung at all but for the official position of the painter. In all these cases—and others might be added—the full range of the artist's capabilities might be displayed in a couple of works. In this way, moreover, the first President's counsel to Academy students, "the comparison of Art with Art," would be more easily followed; and the present President's hope that "variety in aim and variety in expression might ever predominate in the exhibitions at Burlington House," might be more amply fulfilled.

The most important works of the year are, as usual, to be found in Gallery No. III., where the place of honour is reserved for Mr. ORCHARDSON'S 'Salon of Madame Récamier'

King Edward I. By Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

(172). In spite of a sense of spaciness in the picture, and of weary, silent posing on the part of the characters, there are few more interesting things on the walls of Burlington House this year. Mr. Orchardson strives to tone down rather than to emphasize his peculiarities, and the result is greater softness in his colour and more delicate gradation of light. Whence his light is obtained is often a matter of indifference to the artist, and the 'Salon of Madame Récamier' does not

help to solve this riddle. Considerable interest must attach to the personages introduced, who include Canova—apparently the chief talker—Cuvier, Fouché, Lucien Buonaparte, etc.; whilst round the recently returned Madame de Staël, at the farther end of the room, Sièyes, Bernadotte, the Duc de Narbonne, are grouped. Talleyrand seems, not unnaturally, more interested with the conversation of Brillat Savarin, the *gourmet*, and Metternich sits apart, apparently as good a listener as Madame Récamier herself.



In Memoriam. By E. Onslow Ford.

Mr. MILLAIS'S subject-picture, 'The Ruling Passion' (212), is pitched in a singularly low tone of colour, a dull brown dominating everything, except the bright-plumaged birds which the bed-ridden naturalist is explaining to a group of keenly interested children. The attitudes of the two little ones, with wonderment in their eyes, contrast admirably with the intelligence of the elder girls; and perhaps for mere technical work Mr. Millais himself never surpassed the accuracy with which every shadow of the blanket thrown over the sofa is rendered. The naturalist is understood to be a portrait of Mr. Millais's fellow-Academician, Mr. T. O. Barlow, the engraver, but it will serve in future years equally well for a life-like rendering of the late Mark Pattison, the well-known Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. On the opposite wall hangs Mr. ALMA-TADEMA'S 'A Reading from Homer' (276), in which that subtle archæologist has worked up his accessories to a higher pitch of realism than ever he has obtained. The white marble bench—veined and semi-transparent—on which the young reader is seated, seems almost cut from the block. His audience is composed of a young girl with a bunch of yellow daffodils in her hand; by her side a man in a blue chiton is standing, and another is stretched at full length at her feet on a goat's skin, whilst a fourth is standing back at a distance under the arcade. A thin line of dark sea is just seen above the marble terrace of the temple, outside which the group is assembled; and just above the horizon a still thinner line indicates the sky. Mr. FRANK HOLL'S four portraits are also among the attractions of this room: the ex-Speaker (Viscount Hampden), full-length in his robes (213), standing in front of the Speaker's chair—remarkable for its luminous treatment of a mass of black; Lord Dufferin (211), in a fur coat, with the light-blue riband and the star of the Order of St. Patrick; Dr. Weir Mitchell (219), of Philadelphia, seated in an easy attitude, dressed in a blue frock-coat and a light overcoat—the most successful of the group; and Mr. Wilson Barrett (203) as Hamlet, in which, forsaking his strong manner, Mr. Holl has attempted, without great success, a more shadowy style of portraiture.

Amongst the other portraits of the year which deserve especial notice are Mr. ORCHARDSON'S rendering of Mrs. Ralli (72), a dignified old lady in black, engaged in knitting; Mr. MARKHAM SHIPWORTH'S Madame Campione (108) in white satin trimmed with swan's-down—a very expressive face, in an engaging pose, and exceedingly harmonious in colour, but wanting in some of the strength and qualities which mark Mr. HERKOMER'S portrait of Miss Katharine Grant (360), which, for force, simplicity, and delicacy, is unsurpassed by any picture in the exhibition. Mr. Herkomer's versatility is proverbial, but this last production must surprise even those who know him most intimately. If we were inclined to find fault with the work, we should say that it wanted something of repose to render it a pleasant companion for all time.

Mr. MILLAIS has two child portraits, Lady Peggy Primrose (275), a merry, apple-faced child, with her apron full of flowers, in strong contrast with the President's portrait of her sister, Lady Sibyl (281), who, dressed in her best clothes, and in an elegant attitude, is playing decorously with her doll. The other of Mr. Millais's children, 'Orphans' (859), is one of the most Reynolds-like of his recent work; a little child in white is carrying in her apron a motherless leveret, of which the head alone is visible. The child's soft eyes show that they are no stranger to recent tears, and the nervous pucker of the mouth shows her little heart is full. Mr. Millais's only male portrait, Mr. Simon Fraser (1082), with arms folded, is very subdued in treatment and colour, but gives the idea of a man of character and decision.

The President sends five works, of which the most important is his frieze, 'Music' (344), a companion to the 'Dance,' exhibited a few years since. The central figure of the group—the Muse herself with the lyre—is golden, and on either side are allegorical figures suggestive of vocal and instrumental music. The attitudes of all are graceful, and the gradations of colour very delightful. In his portrait of a young girl (194) "Serenely wandering in a trance of sober thought," Sir F. Leighton has—probably quite unintentionally—produced a work which forms a natural pendant to Mr. WATTS'S portrait of Miss Laura Gurney (201); the former is a harmony in blue, the latter in red. It is perhaps scarcely fair to say that between the ideal and the real girl there are more points of divergence than of similarity, but they are so hung as to provoke comparison. Mr. JOHN SARGENT'S portrait of Lady Playfair (586) is decidedly *tapageur*, and neither graceful nor dignified; but Mr. FARQUHARSON'S portrait of a lady (283) not only possesses the qualities which Mr. Sargent's work lacks, but adds one more to our list of capable portrait painters.

Mr. JOHN COLLIER shows to best advantage in his 'Circe' (810), a nude figure, with the tiger crouching beside. In the forest glade, which is dimly lighted, panthers and other animals are walking about. The pose of Circe and the painting of the flesh is admirable; and Mr. Collier has skilfully caught the easy attitudes of wild animals in liberty. Mr. STANHOPE FORBES'S 'Fish Sale on the Cornish Beach' (1093) deserves a high place among the pictures of the year for the masterly way in which he has coped with the difficulties of wet sand under a bright sky, and for the busy stir and life he has thrown into the groups awaiting the incoming boats. Mr. WATERHOUSE in his 'St. Eulalia' (503) lying dead on the pavement of the Forum at Rome, whilst the miraculous snowstorm covers her from the gaze of the populace, is another striking work of which the execution is very praiseworthy. In this, however, as in so many other works round the walls, one feels that artists nowadays too frequently have recourse to books to furnish them with subjects for their pictures, instead of finding them in their own imagination or by the adaptation of what they see around them.

Of the sculpture little need be said. There is nothing that will in any way compare with Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT'S 'Reaper' of last year, although his wax study for the equestrian statue of King Edward I. (2133) shows considerable power. It was originally designed for one of the buttresses of Blackfriars Bridge, but was rejected by the Court of Common Council, or some equally competent body of judges of Art. If the other works which shared a similar fate were at all equal to Mr. Thornycroft's, of which the most salient points may be seen in the accompanying engraving, we can only express our regret that London has been deprived of the privilege of seeing these works carried out. Mr. ONSLOW FORD'S 'In Memoriam' (2084) is as pathetic a work in marble as can be well imagined; and it is carried out with so much good taste that it cannot fail to appeal to the most sensitive. It is in relief (see engraving)—the figure of a woman lying on a couch, her locked hands still hold together her powerless arms—but the sense that all hope is gone is finely marked. At either end of the couch stand two cherubs with closed eyes and reversed torches, and in the background are other appropriate symbols, with the touching inscription, "Sleep, but my heart waketh." Mr. Onslow Ford has also a study of Mr. Henry Irving, as Hamlet (2131) seated in his chair and musing on the result of the play just performed before the King. It is a strong but realistic work, excellent as a likeness but rather wanting in repose.

THE PARIS SALON.

THE increasing number of exhibitions calling for notice in these columns, with the consequent curtailment of space permitted for a sufficient criticism of each, renders the task of noticing so vast an exhibition as the Paris Salon a work of extreme difficulty.

The publications, however, which are now issued dealing exclusively with it are so numerous, so well illustrated, and so cheap, as almost to render it possible for the public to obtain an approximate idea of its contents without a visit. This year two new ventures, the *Paris Salon* and the *Illustration*, are being issued in a form and with an excellence which completely throw into the shade the older productions.

The first thought which strikes an Englishman fresh from the Royal Academy is, what a fund of learning English artists would derive from a transfer, *en masse*, to London of the contents of this exhibition. An exchange of collections, just for once, would so certainly be for the benefit, artistically and financially, of both nations, though the Frenchmen probably would hardly bring themselves to believe it. What revelations there would be respecting the work of some of our artists who, having studied in Paris, have attained a name in London for an originality which is, after all, only an inferior imitation of a French manner! The Salon being held contemporaneously with the London season, renders such an idea impossible as regards that city where it would be principally beneficial; but Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow would be well advised to send a qualified representative here to select and, if possible, borrow some of the most remarkable works. The cost of transport is a difficulty, but this should be defrayed out of the vastly increased attraction which a collection so made would insure. Such a selection should, of course, be comprehensive, and instruct as to what it is good to avoid as well as to follow.

The benefits accruing from a yearly survey of what is being done by others than themselves is patent enough in Paris, where an example is set to the Royal Academy of the fraternity which should reign in an association of artists. Nothing but good ensues, not only internationally, but artistically, from the liberality with which foreign works are received at the Salon. This year, for instance, the place of honour in the great room is accorded to a picture by an American artist, Julius Stewart.* In estimating this generosity, the recent impost duty levied on foreign works introduced into America must not be left out of sight; it is indeed a return of good for evil. Yet, again, M. Gérôme's chief work, 'The Bath at Brousse,' is completely killed by its juxtaposition to a work, very fine in colour, by Ernst, a German.

Summing up the Salon shortly, its chief features apparently are:—1. The enormous and increasing size of the pictures, suggesting astonishment as to the ultimate destination and the purchasers of canvases oftentimes twenty, and seldom less than twelve feet in length; the wall space even of museums must be limited. 2. The absence of subjects of a religious nature, probably due to the government having ceased to purchase works in this category, and the decreased wealth of religious communities. 3. The tendency towards subjects dealing with Oriental magnificence: certainly the most important works of this year are to be found under this heading. 4. The presence of an increasing number of portraits of the highest rank, with marvellous delineation of accessories. 5. An advance in landscape painting, especially of a realistic nature, with less of the crude colouring which naturally

* It is entitled 'A Hunt Ball;' the *locus in quo* is intended to be England. The dancers are principally portraits, and include one of a celebrated American beauty. The artist is, we believe, the son of the great American collector here.

offends an English eye. In seascape the foreign schools are still much inferior to the English; there is nothing in the Salon fit to be mentioned in the same day with Hook's best work, or Henry Moore's 'Newhaven Packet.' Prominence is, however, very rightly given to a beautiful wave study, by A. Harrison, an American. 6. The presence in great numbers of terrible pictures of a revolting character, M. Bonnat having this year painted for the decoration of the Pantheon the most ghastly, namely, 'The Martyrdom of St. Denis.' Here decapitated corpses lie about, separated from their heads by pools of blood. 7. The continued attention paid to still-life subjects. In England there is no class of work which is so little thought of, so inartistic, or so unmarketable. Here a very large percentage of the works may be classed under this heading; the majority of them are creditably done, and many of them attain to exceptional excellence. This year the portrayal of fish seems to call for special notice, and before such works as Monginot's 'Fish-market' even the exceptional quality of Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Fishmarket' in our Royal Academy must pale. 8. Peasant life portrayed in the manner of, but at a long interval from, the works of Millet are everywhere. 9. Battle-pieces dealing with the Franco-Prussian War have almost entirely disappeared, both De Neuville and Detaille being unrepresented; the former, unfortunately, now lying at the point of death, the latter being engaged upon the large work dealing with the history of the French army. Lastly, mythology still claims a large muster of followers, in consequence of studies of the nude being principally ranged under this head. We counted in one room, containing seventy-one canvases, nine which dealt exclusively with the nude, and this may be taken as an average.

Were we deputed to select a representative collection of works we should endeavour to secure the following in addition to those mentioned above.

Works of a religious nature.—Merson's 'St. Joseph,' Dawant's 'La Barque de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier,' Bramtot's 'Le Départ de Tobie,' and as a curiosity Uhde's 'Laissez venir à Moi les Petits Enfants.'

Works dealing with Orientalism.—Clairin's 'Après la Victoire,' Prouvé's 'Sardanapale.'

Portraits.—Léon Comerre's lady in blue* and lady in green, wonderful pieces of bravura painting; Cabanel's lady in white satin, and Debat Ponsan's lady in brown; Carolus-Duran's symphony in black, and for badness his 'Madame Pelouse at Chenonceaux;' Kaulbach's clever imitation of a Vandyck; Degrave's portrait in pastel; Corcos' lady in black, honoured by being placed in the large room.

Landscape.—Zuber's 'Septembre au Pâturage;' Guillemet's 'Paris from Meudon;' Pelouse's 'A St. Jean-le-Thomas;' Normann's 'Norwegian Fiord;' young Meissonier's 'Pêcheur à l'Échequier;' Meckel's 'Dead Sea at Sunset;' Blomefield's 'Choux Vaches;' Ernest Bouché's 'Marée Basse;' Hareux's 'Bords de la Creuse,' or his 'Autumn Night'; Wylie's 'Night in Brittany;' Montenard's 'Grande Route à Toulon.'

We also note Alfred Parson's 'Autumn,' which takes an important place in this group.

Still Life.—Thurner's 'Dans le Cellier;' Schuller's 'Pavots des Champs;' Lemaire's 'Bouquet de Pavots.'

Animal Painting.—A very small class. Dupré's 'La Vache Échappée;' Friese's 'Brigands du Désert;' Princeteau's 'Équipage de Bœufs.'

Mythology.—Adolphe Weisz's 'Le Lion Amoureux;' Aubert's sentimental 'Aurora refreshing the Wings of Love;' Marx's 'Œdipe à Colone.'

Historical Subjects.—Rochegrosse's 'La Jacquerie;' Berteaux's 'Attentat à la vie de Hoche,' an astonishing moonlight scene; A. Bloch's 'Défense de Rochefort.'

The Nude.—Henner's 'Madeleine,' white flesh painting opposed to black drapery and yellow hair; Janet's 'La Dernière Coupe.'

Various.—Henner's 'Fabiola,' a head covered with scarlet drapery; Jules Breton's 'Le Dernier Rayon;' Lauren's splendid sketch of 'Faust;' Adan's 'Le Fin de la Journée;' Emile Bayard's 'Bande Joyeuse,' probably the most popular picture in the Salon; Protais' 'Reconnaissance;' J. Lefebvre's 'Laure;' Ralli's 'La Vestale Chrétienne.'

Monstrosities.—Aimé Morot's 'Episode of a Bull Fight;' Benjamin-Constant's 'Justice du Cherif,' a mass of mangled corpses; Mercié, the sculptor's, 'Michael Angelo studying Anatomy;' and Béraud's 'Asylum at Charenton.'

NOTES.

FOURTEEN pictures, mostly of the English school, but of no very great importance, have been left to the National Gallery by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Vaughan.

Within the last six months the collection has been increased by the gift of an altar-piece by Alexander Bonvicino, commonly known as Moretto, the chief master of the Venito-Brescian school. Moretto was already very completely represented in the Gallery by a large altar-piece and two of the very finest portraits he ever painted; but yet another side of his art is shown by the new picture. It is the gift of Mr. Francis T. Palgrave.

The ranks of the Royal Academy have been broken for the first time since the last exhibition by the death of Mr. Richard Ansdell, R.A., the well-known animal painter. He was born at Liverpool in 1815, and after being educated at the Blue-coat School there he followed business for some time; but his intense desire to become an artist induced him to leave it, and in 1840 he contributed two important paintings to the Royal Academy. These were pictures of animals, and ever since his works have more or less been representations of animals. Many of his pictures were engraved and have become very popular. In 1860 *The Art Journal* contained an illustrated notice of Ansdell's works, and this concluded with the remark that if there had been no Landseer, Ansdell would unquestionably occupy a foremost place in the department of Art; words which are as true now as they were twenty-five years ago.

The opening of the Bombay International Exhibition is definitively fixed for November, 1887.

* In the catalogue the portraits are usually only distinguished as M. de X. or Mdlle. A.

A REVERIE.

FAC SIMILE OF AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & Co LIMITED.

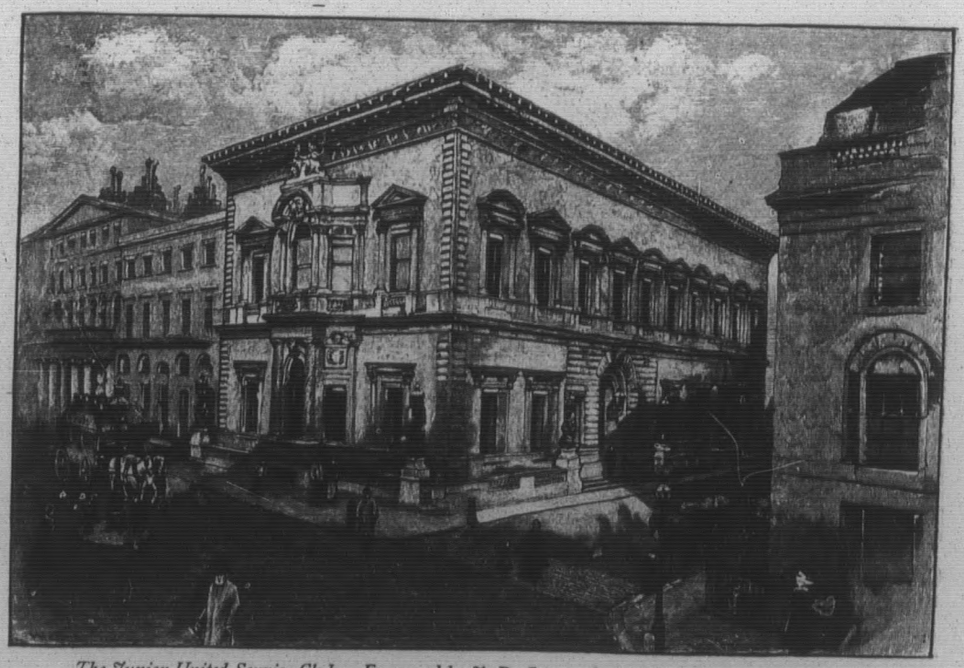
LONDON CLUB-LAND.*

III.

AMONG the miscellaneous coteries that met and dined together in the Johnsonian days, the Nonsense Club has hardly any recognition in the histories. It has escaped that indefatigable inquirer, Timbs; but Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century," dwells with evident relish upon its curious relation to Cowper. The club consisted of seven Westminster men, who were "distinguished by what was then called 'restlessness,' but which we should now call love of change and variety." This club brought Cowper "at least within the circle of literary life." It included Burnel, Thornton, and George Colman the dramatist, who "were of the same class as that large and flourishing branch of the profession which is now occupied in journalistic work." Mrs. Oliphant well observes "that nothing can be more strange than to realise the background of busy and cheerful and trivial existence upon which the agony of Cowper's life at the time stands out." The Nonsense Club continued its existence as long at least as Cowper kept above water, and its pranks were sometimes amusing enough. It had, among other features, an exhibition of signboards, in mockery of the Royal Academy. Hogarth took part in this critical cynicism.

Without such a reminder as this revival of Cowper's life, one is not likely to think of the gentle poet of the tea-table as a clubman. Colman, Thornton, and Churchill (Cowper's Westminster friends) were members of other notable clubs—Colman in particular. A diarist of the period describes him "at the Beefsteak Club, quite drunk," making an extraordinary noise while Morris was singing. Another Westminster lad was Lloyd, "both drawing near the end of their tragedy, and in every external respect far more to be pitied than their old schoolfellow, Cowper. They died about a year after Cowper's attempt at suicide, the one of a broken heart for the loss of the other, having wasted their faculties and stained their names in the brief career through which they had stormed so wildly."

Clubs and coteries, literary and artistic, are and almost always it seems have been, hardly less exclusive in their way than political gatherings. While Cowper and Churchill and their five companions were meeting regularly and having their "fun," Johnson and Goldsmith and their intimate associates were making a notable personal and literary history for themselves. "It is curious," says Mrs. Oliphant, "that these two circles should have flourished so near to each other without touching, and that no echo of Johnson's heavy foot and autocratic speech should have sounded into the precincts in which Cowper was enclosed." But this is only "curious" as an illustration of the individuality which London breeds, both as regards men and coteries. There are clubs and social meeting-places, associated with letters and the arts, to-day in London which, literally next door to each other, are as far apart as the poles. This isolation is a peculiarity of London. It makes it the metropolis of the world, the home of individual liberty, a retreat, a city of refuge, a dwelling-place, where in truth every man's house is indeed his castle.



The Junior United Service Club. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from a Drawing by W. Hatherell.

A man might spend his life in exploring the clubs, guilds, coteries, associations, and societies of London, and yet die in harness at a ripe old age.

Having sauntered through St. James's Street, take a walk

* Continued from page 132.

from Trafalgar Square along Pall Mall, a street of palaces, mostly clubs, and you will be impressed with the material progress of London. The club-house at the south-west angle of Trafalgar Square is the Union. It was built in 1824. The architect was Sir Robert Smirke, R.A. There is no finer site perhaps in any city than this. The clubs that command the Park in Piccadilly have in their outlook the repose that belongs to grass and trees, but the Union has the busy open space of a square that is in the very heart of London, which is, in its turn, the centre of the world. The club is very much the same to-day in its habits and customs as it was when James Smith (author of the "Rejected Addresses"), one of its famous members, thus sketched a day's life at the Union:—"At three o'clock I walk to the club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diablerised, do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock. We then and there discuss the three per cent. consols (some of us preferring the Dutch two-and-a-half), and speculate upon the probable rise, shape, and cost of the new Exchange. If Lady Harrington happens to drive past our window in her landau, we compare her equipage to the Algerian ambassador's; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives alternately, but never seriously, such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six the room begins to be deserted; therefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill-of-fare, exclaim to the waiter, 'Haunch of mutton and apple tart!' These viands dispatched, with the accompanying liquids and water, I mount upward to the library, take a book and my seat in the arm-chair and read till nine. Then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resuming my book till eleven; afterwards return home to bed." A wily old bachelor, James Smith. The Union members to-day are chiefly composed of merchants, lawyers, and gentlemen at large, as they were in his day. Some of them, careful of their health, quiet, peaceful City men, live by rule, and go to bed early; but few of them, I fancy, are content with as frugal a meal as that which in his latter days satisfied one of "the two witty brothers" whom Keats found out of harmony with his feelings and sentiments. He dined with Horace and James, and "they only served to convince" him "how superior humour is to wit. These men say things which make one start without making one feel." There is a good deal of wit of this kind about in some of our junior clubs. Humour has heart in it, wit is of the head; wit wounds, humour tickles; but I am inclined to think James Smith was not at his best when Keats met him. I have read things of his that were genial and kindly, and he had the reputation of being cordial and pleasant among the coterie established by Lady Blessington at Kensington. He wrote some dramatic sketches for Charles Mathews, and received £1,000 for the work. "A thousand pounds for tom-foolery," he remarked, as he told the story; and Mathews said, "You are the only man in London who can write what I want—good nonsense!"

The Union Club. From a Drawing by Herbert Marshall.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantyne, in "Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life," devotes an entire chapter to the Union Club. He says it is "one of the very first established upon the now existing basis of the principal clubs," having come into existence in 1808. It was nearly being "christened the Cumberland, its original meetings being held in a house bearing that title." The first committee was headed by the Marquis of Headfort, Lord Roden, and General Ormsby; several bankers were members; and some years later, when a special effort was made "to make it remunerative," no less than fifty-six members of "the House of Peers joined it, and, most celebrated of all, Lord Byron." The Serjeant says, "At this time it was, in the strictest sense of the term, a proprietary club, which, I believe, was the case with all others then existing. The principal of these were Brooks's and White's, and the Travellers and the United Service; and so it continued until the year 1821, in the August of which it was established substantially in its present form, and, I believe, was the first club that adopted it. A committee of five was appointed to carry it out, and the success that followed is not wonderful, as one of the greatest men of any age assisted in the task, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel. The plot of land upon which the house is built was secured at a rental of £306 per annum, and the lease has forty years to run." The Serjeant has evidently a special affection for the Union. He apologises in the chapter devoted to it for having previously mentioned it so often, and in his last chapter but one returns to the subject *again*, with more apologies, to tell the reader some incidents that had recently been recalled to his mind evidently by meeting with an old member, who

Waterloo Place, with the United Service Club. Engraved by R. Paterson.

was in 1882 still an *habitué* of the club, though elected in 1828. There used to be high play at the Union. Lord Rivers one night showed Mr. Holmes, the Tory whip of those days, £100,000 in bank notes, though at last "he drowned himself in the Serpentine, the act being attributed to losses at play." An Irish member was expelled for tampering with the ballot boxes. A waiter impeached him. There seemed no particular malice in the unclub-like conduct (though it gave a candidate seven black balls when he should have had nine); and this is borne out by the singular generosity of the culprit in sending £100 to the servant who had exposed him.

As evidence that "volumes might be written on the eccentricities of clubs," Serjeant Ballantyne relates that he was acquainted with a clubman (a colonel in the army, and rich) who used to carry away slices of meat from the dinner-table to help out his next morning's breakfast, and who, on hearing of a brother officer being in distress, sent him unsolicited a present of £3,000. He accompanied the gift with a note to the effect that he had intended to bequeath him that amount in his will, but thought "it might at the present time be of more service."

Apropos of the learned Serjeant's suggestion, it is worth while mentioning that in a little volume, "Les Clubs de Londres," by Jean Harley, which I came upon recently, its most prominent chapter is naturally devoted to the eccentricities of les Anglais. The French author's list of strange and curious English clubs is even more complete than that of Mr. Timbs, and some of the societies strike me as still more odd under their French titles: as, for example, "Le Club des Terribles," "Le Club des Tueurs d'Hommes," "Le Club des Mendiants," "Le Club de la Femme qui Batifole," "Le Club de la Toison d'Or," "Le Club des Epouvantails ou des Squelettes," "Le Club des Sans-nez," "Le Club des Grippe-sous," and "Le Club des Mohocks." The latter, and some kindred associations, were extravagantly exploited, but with graphic spirit, by Victor Hugo in "L'homme qui Rit;" and, according to the histories of the time, the French fiction had for its foundation a deep strata of truth. The Mohocks belonged to the golden days of Queen Anne. They sallied forth into the streets at night, and committed assaults on both men and women. The *Spectator* described the marauders as "a set of men who have borrowed their name from a set of cannibals in India, who exist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them." Victor Hugo particularly revelled in the descriptions of the "savage diversion of thrusting women into barrels and rolling them down Snow Hill," as sung by Gay in his "Trivia." It is only fair to state that many persons doubted that these savageries were committed. Swift did, though he professed, in his "Journal to Stella," to go in some fear of the Mohocks. "Grub Street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of nearly eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late."

Passing down Pall Mall you will come to Waterloo Place, the chief gateway into the regions of club-land: the Carlton House, about which Horace Walpole wondered where the money to pay for it was to come from—"all the mines in Cornwall" would not make up a quarter of it. The palace was built for Henry Boyle, Lord Carlton, and afterwards purchased by Frederick, Prince of Wales. It was pulled down in 1827. Its fittings were taken to Buckingham Palace, and its columns were used in the portico of the National Gallery. The United Service Club-house, designed by Nash, occupies the left-hand side of this entrance to the Park, and the Athenæum the other. Pall Mall, as we see it now, is comparatively a new street. Its magnificent club-houses date no farther back than the present century. They occupy, however, the sites of some of the taverns where the first London clubs held their meetings. The great Duke of Wellington, even in his latter days, frequently dined at the United Service, and was so punctilious in monetary discipline in its management that once, when charged 1s. 3d. for his "cut off the joint," he made a fuss, and re-established the regular charge of 1s. The club has several notable pictures, including Stanfield's 'Battle of Trafalgar,' Jones's 'Waterloo,' and W. Robinson's portrait of the Duke, which was painted for the members. The Athenæum is the chief literary club of the metropolis. It is built upon part of the old courtyard of Carlton House. The architecture is of the Grecian order, severe and impressive. The frieze is copied from that of the Parthenon. It was the colossal figure of Minerva over the Roman Doric portico that inspired the epigram:—

> "Ye travellers who pass by, just stop and behold,
> And see, don't you think it a sin,
> That Minerva herself is left out in the cold,
> While her owls are all gorging within."

The figure is by Bailey, and is a fine example of his art. The hall is divided by scagliola columns and pilasters, the capitals being copied from the Choragic monument of Lysicrates. In this "exchange or lounge" (to quote Timbs), "where the members meet," there are two fire-places; "over each of them, in a niche, is a statue—the 'Diana Robing' and the 'Venus Victrix,' selected by Sir Thomas Lawrence—a very fine contrivance for sculptural display." In the library hangs Sir Thomas's last work. It is a portrait of George IV. He was engaged upon it a few hours before he died. Among the many fine busts in the various rooms is Rysbach's Pope, and a fine study of Milton, presented by Anthony Trollope. Although the revival of Gothic architecture is just now a national sentiment, and is in keeping with the exigencies of our climate, one finds, in the best features of Grecian and Italian Art, much that is noble and elevating even under our grey and unsympathetic skies. The design of the Athenæum is a help to the dignity and repose which is characteristic not only of the exterior, but of the rooms in the house itself. If the members have collected a library that is said to be the best of its kind in London, the architect and decorator, repeating classic models, have enshrined the volumes with characteristic taste. It brings the admirer of all this sadly down to the realism of the outer street (where a demonstrative Salvation Army was beating its drums on their way to the Park the other day when I walked down Pall Mall) when one is told that a member, desirous to refer to the Fathers on a theological point, asked one of the officials if "Justin Martyr" was in the library, and was answered, "I don't think he's a member, sir, but I will refer to the list."

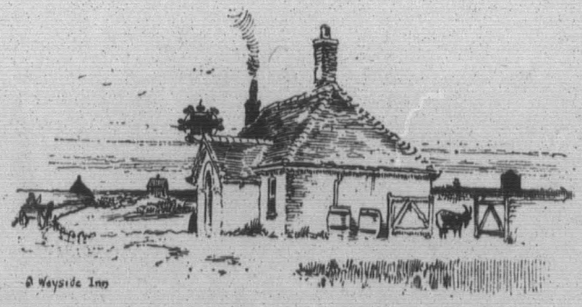
JOSEPH HATTON.

(*To be continued.*)

A SOUTHERN WATERING-PLACE.*

II.

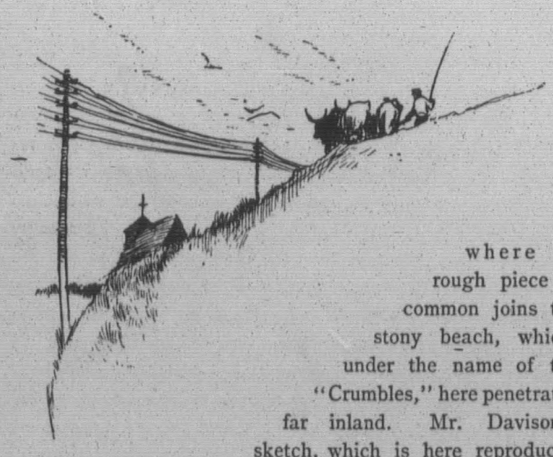
A SEA-SIDE resort, without picturesque environs, can hardly hope to retain its hold for any length of time upon the affections of those who frequent it. The attractions



of lawn tennis, sea-bathing, and a crowded promenade, soon pall upon a community for the most part migrations from great cities. Many persons, it is true, feel when they are at the sea-side that they are there for the sole purpose of inhaling as much sea air as possible, and therefore that it is absolutely wrong to venture any distance away from the shore; but there are a much larger number whose first thought in selecting a watering-place is as to the excursions to be made from it, and who, for instance, consider Scarborough obnoxious, and Whitby delightful, because at the former there is but one stereotyped round, whereas at the latter every outlet from the town is beautiful.

In this respect Eastbourne not only bears away the palm from its great rival Brighton, but competes with Hastings, and eclipses any other Southern Watering-Place. Within an easy distance are to be found Pevensey, Hurstmonceaux, and Lewes Castles, Michelham and Wilmington Priories, besides, in almost every village, a church having artistic and antiquarian interest of quite an exceptional character. The railway companies throw as many impediments as they can in the way of more extended sight-seeing, but the delightful old towns of Winchelsea and Rye, and Battle Abbey and Bodiam Castle, can easily be compassed within the day.

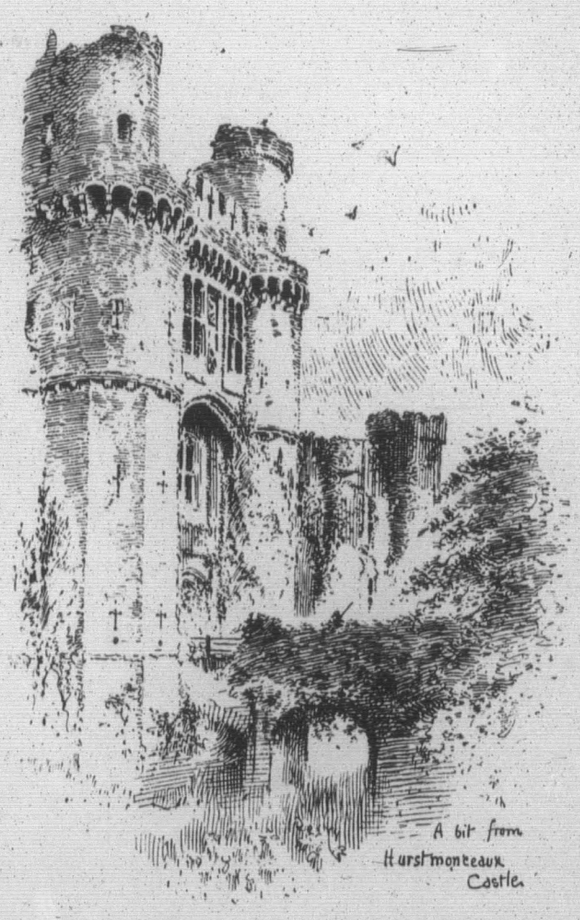
In this paper I can only jot down notes of a couple of excursions which I made in company with Mr. Raffles Davison. That artist was fired with a desire to see how many sketches in pen and ink he could make in a couple of working days. Unfortunately the time selected was late October, when the fast closing in days, combined with a keen air, shortened the hours of daylight, and made work in the open air an almost disagreeable business. Selecting a light pony cart (of which there are plenty to be hired in Eastbourne) as likely to get over the ground quicker, and to save us the inconvenience of a driver, we left Eastbourne by the Hastings road, which stretches away eastwards over the flats. A halt was first made at a picturesque little tavern standing alone



where a rough piece of common joins the stony beach, which, under the name of the "Crumbles," here penetrates far inland. Mr. Davison's sketch, which is here reproduced as it came from his hand, was made as he sat in the cart; it is of course a thumb-nail sketch only, but the subject is an

* Continued from page 202.

admirable one for an amateur to work out—simple, quaint,

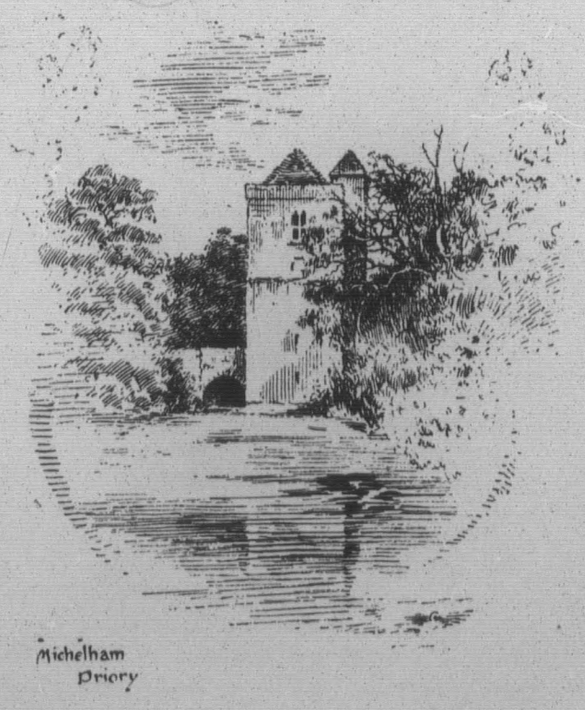


a complete composition in itself. Its signboard—like many others hereabouts—is noteworthy as an example of wrought-iron work. It must not be forgotten that Sussex was for two centuries the centre of an important industry in this metal, and furnished the iron railings for St. Paul's Cathedral and for most of the houses and gardens of the old London squares. With the failure of the supply of wood early in this century, it succumbed to the competition in counties where coal was near at hand, and now the only evidence of its having flourished are in these signboards, a few monumental slabs, and numerous ornamental firebacks and fireirons.*

West Ham, the first village come to, is four miles from Eastbourne. In its single street will be seen more than one old timbered house. The principal attraction here, as elsewhere, is the church, which has been most intelligently restored. It has many of the characteristics of its sister church of St. Mary's, Eastbourne, as may be seen from the sketches of the two which are here given; for instance, its stumpy tower and wide nave.

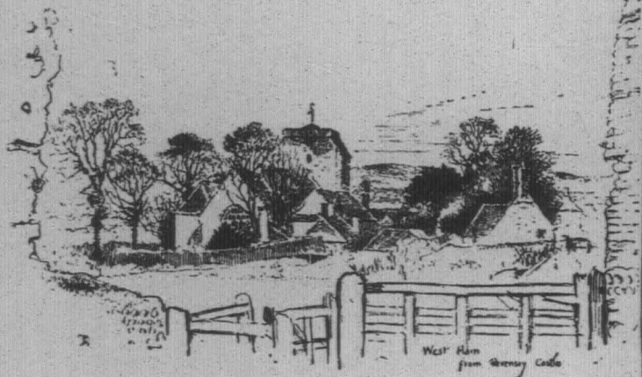
I must admit that when castles arrive at a stage of decay similar to that of Pevensey, my antiquarian zeal is not sufficiently strong to counterbalance my artistic lack of interest. I have never been able to understand the extraordinary delight with which the majority of amateurs seize upon shapeless walls covered with ivy and sketch them. Some years ago I went over for a day's sketching to Pevensey, and horrified the numbers of artists scattered like mushrooms over the enclosure by turning my back upon the castle and sketching, from the vantage ground of its walls, the church of Ham and its background of downs; and I found Mr. Davison of the same mind: he would have used the castle walls only as a setting to his view of the church, but that he feared the charge might be brought against him that his work was sadly deficient if he omitted a view. To us the noticeable features of the place were the vast extent which the works covered—namely, an oval having a length of nearly 400 and a width of 200 yards—the massiveness and interesting composition of its walls—the charming views, at either end, of the villages of Pevensey and West Ham, and especially one looking west from the ditch under the south wall. The most marked piece of Roman work remaining is the herring-bone piece of masonry in the outside wall just before entering the village of Pevensey.

Pevensey and West Ham occupy almost exactly similar positions at either side of the castle, and from the gate at the east end as charming a picture is formed by the red-tiled cottages which flank the street, as in the case of West Ham. But the Early English church of St. Nicholas in no way resembles its fellow church. If such buildings ought, in their structure, to resemble the character of their patron saints, assuredly the delicate shingle spire of St. Nicholas should change places with the sturdy tower of St. Mary. Whilst Mr. Davison was dwelling fondly upon the octagonal and clustered shafts which alternately uphold the interior of the fabric, and the capitals of the chancel arch, which he pronounced to be perfect specimens of Early English work, I wandered round the churchyard, which was gay with flowers. One could not help but make a note of two gravestones recording lives spent in very different forms of labour—one, to Thomas Pearce, mariner and pilot, records that he died, drowned in sight of his home, in the gale of March 6, 1870, at the age of 72. The other told that it was placed in loving



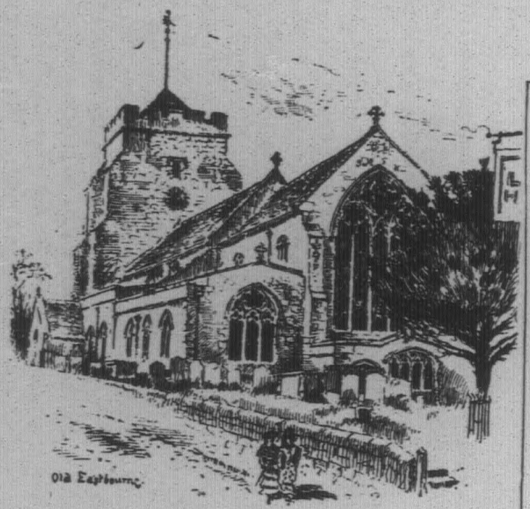
remembrance of George Sharrard, "late engine-driver to the

* A well-designed and humorous signboard at the Rising Sun coffee tavern in Eastbourne calls attention to a revival of work in wrought iron, and to an advance in the artistic capabilities of sign painters.



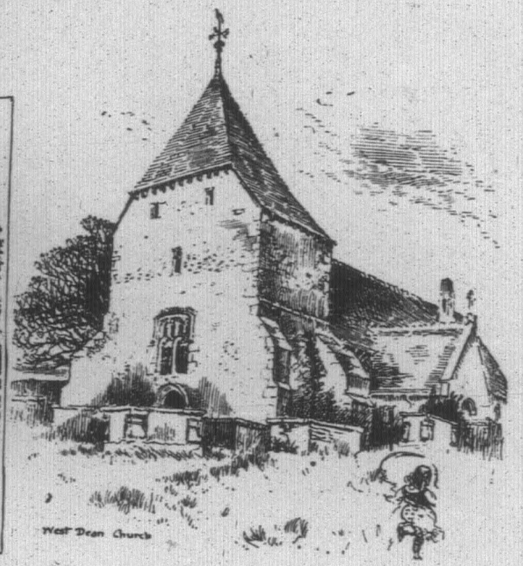
West Ham from Stevenage Castle

East Ham



Old Eastbourne

The north-east front of Wilmington Church



West Dean Church

L. B. & S. C. Railway Company." He did not live to attain to half the years of his fellow-parishioner, but the travail men-

tioned in the words placed on his tomb, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," was probably as self-sacrificing in one case as in the other.

The road to Hurstmonceaux Castle lies over the "Levels," as the flat stretch of marsh land is called. The full force of an equinoctial gale from the south-west sweeping across the plain brought with it exhilarating freshness, and added to the picturesqueness of the scene, flicking the sky with cirri, making billows on the surface of the reeds which line the ditches on the roadside, and tossing aloft the shaggy manes of the cattle which emphasize the landscape with their coal-black hides. Our artist could not resist the tempting views which the windings of the road gave him, and in a few lines expressed a sense of the scene. At Wartling, three miles from Pevensey, the marsh is left. Here another interesting church is to be seen—one portion dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, another to St. Catherine. The sparseness of the population hereabouts was exemplified whilst I waited in the village at the junction of the four cross-roads. It was high-noon, but during the half-hour I was there not a soul came near me sufficiently large to entrust the pony to. In marvellous contrast to this quietude must have been certain days in the long past. For where do these roads tend according to the sign-posts? To Pevensey—Hastings—Battle—Hurstmonceaux. It does not require much conjuring to make believe one hears the Britons retreating from Pevensey before Cæsar's legions—the Saxons sullenly yielding the road to Hastings in front of the hordes which had landed from those seven hundred ships which the Conqueror had burnt on the strand not three miles away. Or a few days after conquerors and conquered pressing down the road from Battle: or later on Sir Roger de Fienes returning in state with the laurels of Agincourt to his castle at Hurstmonceaux.

In the mile which separates Wartling from the entrance to Hurstmonceaux, there are enough subjects to occupy an artist for a whole season; red-roofed houses covered with vines; farms, stack-yards, oast-houses, and cottages, all picturesque with age. The castle is approached through a field resembling a common, overrun as it is with gorse and bracken, which in the autumn form startling contrasts of green and copper colour. It was a curious freak to place a building, ostensibly intended to be safe from attack, in a hollow where it is commanded on every side: and its faulty situation also militates against its impressiveness; one can hardly believe that the gateway tower (Illustration page 234) is close upon eighty feet high. The castle is noteworthy as one of the largest brick edifices in existence of the time of Henry VI. It is said that it contained three hundred and sixty-five windows. There are few more delightful spots round Eastbourne for a picnic than this; it is true that the castle is seldom free from a stream of excursionists, which the char-à-bancs and other conveyances discharge; but in the meadows round about many sufficiently secluded spots can be found having the merit of a delightful view of the castle and a shelter from the breeze which on the warmest day is usually felt here.

Another excursion from Eastbourne of an interesting character will take one in exactly an opposite direction to that just indicated; in fact, the two combine to form a semicircle around the town. The road over the downs by Beachy Head to the Cuckmere Valley is usually vetoed by local fly drivers as being impassable; in reality it is a very fair one for a light vehicle, and as it goes through a district which is but little traversed by the herd of tourists, it has much to recommend it. We have before spoken of the views from Beachy Head; these constitute the principal enjoyment until the hamlet of East Dean is reached, where the artist will at once find a good subject ready to hand in the village as seen across the fields—the old church with its orange-coloured and lichened roof, its surroundings of stately elms, and its framework of woods nestling into the sheltered slopes of the downs. The church is notable as having in its nave and chancel a decided deviation from the straight line; this is not uncommon on the Continent, where it is said to typify the writhing on the cross. A carved pulpit (date 1623) has a good Jacobean panel. I trust the rumour to be incorrect, that at the approaching restoration of the church this relic will be removed.

A steep pull up the hill from hence brings in view the solitary church of Friston, which serves for 80 souls occupying an area of 2,000 acres. The sparseness of the population hereabouts is remarkable; Lullington, with 19 inhabitants, has 1,162 acres; and West Dean, with 139, has 2,464 acres. Equally noticeable is the size of the farms; the 2,464 acres in the parish of West Dean is occupied by three farms. All the land in these parts belongs to the Duke of Devonshire.

Civilisation hereabouts is principally represented by the telegraph posts and wires leading to France, which, ugly as they are, occasionally, as in the sketch on page 233, help the lines of the composition. They form a strange contrast to the teams of cattle dragging the old-fashioned ploughs. These docile beasts of burden are much used in this district: we counted from one point a score in harness. A team of six work against half the number of horses; but they are preferable, because they tread in the light friable ground, they cost less to keep, they will get through as much work in the day, and when they are too old for service they will fatten up to kill. They used to be shod, but are not so now, consequently they are not often seen on the roads. They principally come from Wales, and are hereabouts termed "runts." A capital team is to be seen on the Rodmill farm, within a mile of Eastbourne station, and these are the ones which stood for their portraits for the sketch opposite.

Passing Friston Place, an old Jacobean mansion of some pretension and interest, we skirt the hill which runs parallel with the sea, whence a fine view is obtained of Seaford Bay, on the farther side of which lies Newhaven: the chalk cliffs now diminish in size until they approach the measurements of those with which the Brightonians are familiar. To our right (and, as usual, in a hollow and embowered in trees) lies West Dean. Lying off the road, it is seldom visited from Eastbourne, but it will well repay the necessary extra half mile of journey. Approached by a lane formed into an avenue by the elms which overshadow it, and which on a hot day forms a *grata umbra* to man and beast after the shadeless journey over the downs, it seems on a nearer approach to consist of nothing but a farmstead and church. How picturesque the latter is may be gathered from the sketch on page 235; but the old vicarage-house, now transformed into cottages, a delightful dovecot of vast dimensions, and other old buildings, would occupy an artist of domestic architecture for many a day.

The carriage road now traverses the Cuckmere Valley for several miles, and, in contrast to what we have passed, freshens our appetite for enjoyment. Rounding the bend of the hill, a specially noticeable landscape presents itself. On the right the downs come down steep to the road, the scanty pasture on their side being nipped by a flock of sheep, who make music in the air with their bells; the valley here is a mile across; on its farther side the Cuckmere widens out below the cliffs of Cradle Hill. On this fresh breezy day the pictures require no adaptations of sky or land at the hands of an artist—it is a perfect one. A mile farther on we pass through Litlington. Ask an Eastbourne driver where he should take you, and the invariable answer is to Litlington Pleasure Gardens. Thither two ponderous char-à-bancs run daily. The drive is worth all the money, but the gardens appeal only to the veriest Cockney, who can there for a short season, for the sum of one shilling, eat of strawberries to repletion.

The view, after passing Litlington Church, has more human interest than that which we last described, but is, perhaps, not on that account more pleasurable. To the right, in the centre of a field all by itself, is seen Litlington Church, which, though of diminutive size, is amply sufficient for its congregation, which numbers no more than nineteen. In the centre stands, on a slight eminence above the Cuckmere, Alfriston (Illustration page 233). The roofs of the town form a gay bouquet of colour, with, for its centre, the blue shingled spire of the church between the orange-coloured nave and chancel. The winding river by a little stretch of imagination might be termed the ribbon binding the posy, showing up by contrast whiter than the sky on the horizon. The whole is backed by the town, behind which a roadway leads to another hamlet, which with its tiny spire forms an echo to the whole.

There is an old inn at Alfriston (Illustration opposite) which is much thought of hereabouts, but the carvings which adorn its timbered front are of a rude and inartistic character. It adds interest, however, to the village street, which with its relics of a market cross is a picturesque one. We found the church in process of restoration. Its plan differs from others on the route in having the tower in the centre. The proportions of the arches which support it have been well thought out, and give a simple dignity to the interior which almost rises to nobility and stamps it as a model church. In the chancel are some sedilia and a piscina, with canopies of graceful form.

Two miles of road bring one to Wilmington, notable to tourists for the remains of its abbey and The Giant, a figure cut in the Downs. But the quiet churchyard, with its old yew-tree and extended view, has always the greatest charm to me. If, as will probably be the case, it is towards evening when this place is reached, there is no sweeter spot whereon to sit and muse than the stile at the farther corner of the churchyard. A vast expanse of wooded country extends away past Lewes towards sundown; at that hour the rising damps veil it in mystery in fitting accord with the acre behind, where

> "Beneath the yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Mr. Davison found much in the recently restored church (Illustration page 235) to interest him. After leaving Wilmington the scene is tamer, even as regards the downs, whose northern fringe we skirt. M. BOURNE.

A Farm Team.

HAMMERSMITH AND CHISWICK.*

THE most famous mansion in all this region was Brandenburg House, which, standing near the foot of Hammersmith Bridge, was surrounded by gardens, and commanded a fine view of the river. I shall not attempt a history of this once splendid place; suffice it here that, being originally built at the cost of £25,000 by Sir N. Crispe, it was occupied by Fairfax in 1674, during the military operations to which I have already alluded. Passing to Sir Nicholas's nephew, the latter sold the place to Prince Rupert in 1683, and he bestowed it on the beautiful actress, Margaret Hughes, who fairly bewitched him. She was one of the first women to appear on the stage, and the first female performer of the character of Desdemona. She lived there ten years and sold the house; it passed from hand to hand until Bubb Doddington, a shifty politician and doubtful courtier, who became Lord Melcombe-Regis, bought and reconstructed a considerable portion of the building in the mode of his time. It is in several curious ways mentioned in his "Memoirs" and contemporary publications. There was whimsical vanity in his choice of a name for his palace: he called it La Trappe. He garnished the house with marbles and pictures of extraordinary value and merit: the building is represented in "Vitruvius Britannicus." Doddington died there in 1762. In the grounds his heir erected a monumental column to the memory of the courtier, which, after a few years, was removed to a seat of the Earl of Ailesbury, and re-erected, in 1789, as a memento of the recovery of the king! In 1792 Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, bought La Trappe, and, adding much to it, gave it the name of his own territory. Here lived for awhile that very troublesome woman, his Margravine, who, dying in 1828, was buried at Florence. In 1820 Queen Caroline became the Margravine's tenant, and from that time until her death, August 21, 1821, the mansion was the centre of one of the most preposterous and useless disturbances which can be imagined. Troubles such as these did not cease with the death of the hapless and indiscreet queen. I shall not relate the details of the riot which attended her funeral. They are very stupid, and quite well known. One circumstance is less notorious. It is as follows. On the night before she died a party of Methodists rowed up the Thames, and the voyagers sang hymns to comfort her Majesty in her extremity. She heard their voices through the open windows of her chamber. They were, perhaps, the last sweet sounds she recognised in this world. Of course hatred of her husband, as much as sympathy for the unhappy woman, evoked this unusual tribute.

Near the westward end of the Mall stood, until 1880, a large house, formerly called, according to Faulkner, "Seagreens," which having been occupied successively by E. Trussell, Esq.; William, Lord Allington, his son-in-law; Sir George Warburton, and "a Duke of Norfolk," was sold to the late notorious Louis Weltjie, who was distinguished by Fate as the very skilful cook and "purveyor" to George the Fourth. I am sorry to be compelled to believe that Weltjie's functions were not confined to the royal kitchen; he "purveyed" to his master's pocket, if not to his chamber. Upon these claims for royal favour the reputation of Weltjie was based; he was really a clever "artist" in his way, very impudent, and, in many things, liberal. A great many stories have been told about his dealings with his royal patron, which show him to have been not only a *bon vivant*, but possessed of wit of a certain kind. Every brick of his house has been removed, and the site has been closely built upon. Weltjie was very proud of his little property, often showed it to his numerous guests, and he declared:—"Dis ist moine, dis ist moine, and, vot ist more, I can leef it to my posteriors." Strange it is that the name of the cook and "purveyor" is commemorated in "Weltjie Road."

In Peter Pindar's "Farewell Odes," Ode I. for 1786, the "bard," as he called himself, thus commented on an alleged failure of the Royal Academicians to provide a suitable dinner for the Prince of Wales; the R.A.'s themselves having eaten all the food—

> "O Weltjie! had thy lofty form been there,
> And seen thy Prince so served with scrap and slop,
> Thou surely wouldst have brought him better fare,
> A warm beef-steak, perchance, or mutton chop.
>
> "Thou wouldst have said, 'De Prence of Wales, by Got!
> Do too mush honors to be at der feast
> Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,
> But treated vid de bones shust like a beast.'"

Rowlandson more than once delineated the royal cook in his official capacity, and there is hardly one "scandalous chronicle" of the period which does not include his name. He is still distinguishable as the ostensible proprietor of the Pavilion at Brighton. Weltjie occupied the house on the Mall until his death in 1810: he bequeathed it to his brother Christopher. He was buried in Hammersmith Churchyard.

Far more interesting to the artist is the subject of my note concerned with what has been called the missing house of Turner. In 1808—when he was very oddly styled Professor in Perspective to the Royal Academy, and while, in a curious fashion, he lectured to the students of that body—Turner's address was double, "No. 64, Harley Street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith." This direction was repeated in 1809 and 1810. All these numbers of houses must be taken with caution, because the petty meddling of parochial busybodies has already abolished the veracity of half the life-marks of London. In 1811, "West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith," was given alone, but for the last time. In 1812 Turner was at Queen Anne Street West, which was his head-quarters till the end. Queen Anne Street West is now Queen Anne Street proper: Queen Anne Street East, its former complement, is now called Foley Street; here Landseer was born. Concurrently with this direction Solus, afterwards Sandycombe Lodge, was named till 1826. The "lodge" was near Richmond Bridge. The house at

* Continued from page 181.

"West End" is thus shown to have been a sort of rural retreat for the great painter who was already the focus of a world of admiration, the existence of which those who believe that "Ruskin discovered Turner" take no account. Students of Art know that between 1808—11 the master produced many of his finest pictures, including 'Spithead,' 'Mercury and Hersé,' 'Tabley,' 'Lowther Castle,' and 'Apollo and the Python,' as well as several of the finest plates in the 'Liber Studiorum.'

"West End" is the local name of a small district between the western extremity of the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and the eastern boundary of Chiswick. Partly by means of local information and partly by the exhaustive process, I have found that on the site now occupied by the duplicate buildings of a noisy and fœtid oil-mill stood two houses of white bricks, which like several other houses still existing between the Lower and the Upper Malls were furnished with gardens extending to the bank of the river. These houses were separated from the larger portions of their gardens by the Church Path which extends from the eastern extremity of Chiswick Mall, along the Upper Mall, to the southern end of Waterloo Street; thence, leaving the Lower Mall on the south, it is continued to Hammersmith Church, being for the greater part of its length a mere footway between garden walls.

In the garden of each of the houses built of white bricks was a summer-house raised slightly above the river bank and commanding a charming view of those long reaches of the Thames where the crucial struggle of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race now annually occurs. It was this view, so congenial to his tastes and precious for his studies, which must have attracted to the spot Turner, as it had already attracted P. J. De Loutherbourg, R.A., the father of expressive landscape painting in this country. The younger painter was then thirty-three years of age and a Royal Academician. Of this place Mr. Thornbury, who did not follow the indications given to him, had an account from Turner's old friend, the son of Mr. Trimmer, of Heston. "At the beginning of the century Turner had a place at Hammersmith Mall. The garden, which ran down to the river, terminated in a summer-house; and here, out in the open air, were painted some of his best pictures. It was here that my father, who then resided at Kew, became first acquainted with him, and expressing his surprise that Turner could paint under such circumstances, he remarked that light and room were absurdities, and that a picture could be painted anywhere. His eyes were remarkably strong. He would throw down his water-colour drawings on the floor of the summer-house, requesting my father not to touch them, as he could see them there, and they would be drying at the same time. It was here Mr. Trimmer remembers walking when a child, with his father and Turner at night under the blaze of the great comet. Turner was fond of children, and children reciprocated the affection." The comet must have been that which made a splendid appearance during September, October, and November, 1811.

The Church Path divides all the houses in this quarter from their gardens on the south side, and Turner's residence at West End stood where the northern half of the oil-mill now is, while the southern half covers the painter's garden. There is no room for the place in any other part of West End. Mr. Sawyer, now deceased, a well-known boatmaster of Hammersmith (his place is seen on our right of the cut on page 178), who had resided there from childhood, confirmed in every respect the above account of my inquiries, and averred to me that he remembered Turner and his father quite well. My informant's age qualified him to do so; he was at least seventy years old in 1872, when he told me this, and quite able to recollect his neighbours of 1808-11.

The site of Turner's house adjoins a large riverside tavern, part of the premises of which includes a fragment of an old brick water-gate, dating from the time of Queen Anne, or the first George. Next to the tavern on the west, is the West Middlesex Water Works pumping station, where, by means of a sub-riverine aqueduct, a group of mighty Cornish engines draw water from the mile-and-a-half long filtering beds of the company on the Surrey side of the river, and send it forward by monstrous pipes of iron, partly to a reservoir on Campden Hill, partly to another reservoir on Primrose Hill.

We next come to the Terrace, Hammersmith, the subject of our illustration on page 180. It is a line of houses of a moderate size, built about one hundred and twenty years ago, and during one period occupied by men of standing, M.P's., bankers, and others, who valued the beautiful view from its windows. The Linnell family have at Red Hill a small landscape representing this place, as it must have appeared from the river bank below Turner's house. It is by Benjamin West, and is mentioned in the list of that P.R.A.'s work. It shows the house at the eastern extremity of the Terrace with a bay window opening on the nearer, *i.e.* the eastern side. Against this side a house has been erected since the picture was executed, probably some years before Turner lived in these parts. A group of trees is shown where a coal wharf now has place. Originally the houses of the Terrace were all of one height, that of the lower portion of the row as shown in the cut. Until quite lately there existed along the riverside here a walk which was common to the inmates of all the houses, and had been formed by uniting in one the extremities of all but the first and last of the premises. This arrangement was a pleasing one so long as all the tenants were gentlemen. It was unique in London, and no public access to it existed. At No. 5 on this Terrace, lived for many years, and died, Mrs. Mountain, the famous singer; here she was visited by the élite of her profession and many others of note. In the houses Nos. 13 and 14, the latter being the last but two on the west extremity (our right) of the row of houses, lived and died P. J. De Loutherbourg, R.A., in order to be near whom it is probable Turner found a home at West End. The former painter,—desiring to give dignity to the entrance to his premises, and to honour George III. when that monarch visited him,—altered the ground floor of No. 13, and formed two doors, one for state and one for domestic use, on the north side of the house. This arrangement still obtains. Until about fifty years since only a wide footpath, resembling that already mentioned as dividing Turner's house from his garden, existed on the north side of the Terrace. This quiet-giving arrangement continued till the present inconvenient roadway was formed by taking away portions of the gardens which, until about seven years ago, existed where a line of the smallest "villas" has been erected. Arthur Murphy lived at No. 15, the last house but one on the Terrace; here he was visited by Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others. No. 11 was occupied till his death in 1873, by Mr. Alfred T. Derby, the well-known miniature painter, and assistant to his father, W. Derby, who made the drawings for Lodge's "Portraits," and similar works.

The enormous pile of timber shown in this cut, which, tower-like, dominated the western extremity of the line of houses, was reduced to ashes during a three days' conflagration, in November last.

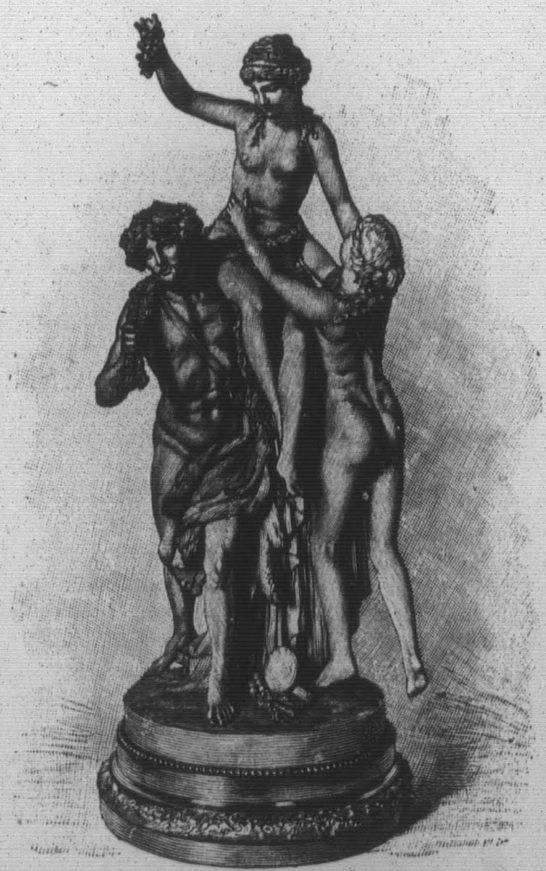
Much has been written about De Loutherbourgh on Hammersmith Terrace. "A. Pasquin" scolded him in "A Liberal Critique on the Exhibition of 1794," p. 81. He removed, in 1784—5, from Prince's Street, Hammersmith, to this spot. Here he was the dupe of a German charlatan in search of the Philosophers' Stone; but one night "a female relative" (his wife?) broke into their laboratory and shattered the crucibles and other apparatus. The painter was a disciple of the Prophet Brothers, and, like that worthy, fancied himself inspired by faith with power to heal the lame and blind. In 1789 an account of the miraculous cures said to have been performed by the artist was published with the title "A List of the few Cures performed by Mr. and Mrs. De Loutherbourgh, of Hammersmith Terrace, without medicine, by a Lover of the Lamb of God." "Most respectfully dedicated to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." A number of names and many details of cases of the grossest credulity follow the above. After a time, finding that the end did not answer their hopes, a host of would-be patients of the unlucky Academician rushed upon his house on the Terrace, broke his windows and defiled the place, much to the terror of the inmates "who," as the author of the "List" averred, "suffered all the malignity and contempt that man could offer, joined to ungrateful behaviour and tumult. I have heard people curse him instead of returning him thanks." "Report says that three thousand people have waited for tickets at a time; for my part the crowd was so immense that I could with difficulty gain the door on healing days, and I suppose upon conviction report spoke the truth." Notwithstanding the trouble he thus fell upon, De Loutherbourgh lived on the Terrace till March 11, 1812, and died there. He was buried in Chiswick churchyard under a tomb, to be represented in a future number of *The Art Journal*.

F. G. STEPHENS.

MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION.*

WE spoke in our last article of the Renaissance work, of the old French furniture, and Louis XVI. bronzes, and of the French and English pictures in Mr. de Rothschild's collection. It remains to say something of the Sèvres porcelain, of the French sculpture, and of the paintings which represent the great schools of Flanders and Holland.

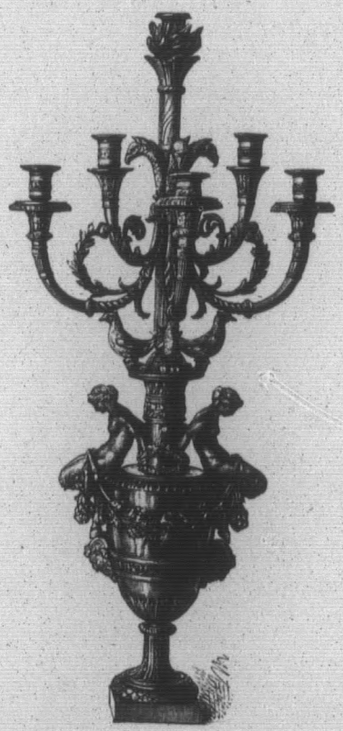
Probably the world of Art lovers will always be divided into people who care for Sèvres and people who do not. On the side of the former will always be ranged those who value a work of Art for its rarity, its fragility, its high finish, and its historical associations; while on the other side will be found those who care very little for these qualities, and who ask for nothing more than sincerity, the love of pure beauty, and a sense of the due relation between ornament and the thing ornamented. To this latter class Sèvres china is almost an abomination: to Mr. William Morris, for example, who groups it with Chelsea and Dresden porcelain, or at all events with the figures made in that material, as among the most depraved examples of human handiwork. If we are to believe Mr. Morris and the school which he represents, the artists who designed and decorated the royal porcelain of France had no understanding either of the laws of form, or of the secrets of colour, or of the kind of ornament which was best adapted to perfectly smooth and generally convex surfaces. Their vases showed a total abandonment of the beautifully simple forms invented by the potters of Greece and the far East. Instead of the graceful outline which we see in a funeral urn of Nola or in a vase of old Nankin, we have in Sèvres a vessel of which the lines all swear at one another, ill-balanced, grotesque, and ugly; or at best, in cases where simplicity was the aim of the artist, a vase which entirely misses the delicate proportions which the Greek workman would hit upon, as it were, by instinct. Still more wrong, according to this school of criticism, is the theory of decoration on which the artist of Sèvres proceeds, and with him almost all the decorators of modern porcelain. Instead of the exquisite vagueness and seeming uncertainty with which the Chinese or the Japanese artist allows his fancy to wander over cup or bowl, the Frenchman—Boucher, or Morin, or some imitator of theirs—takes the round surface of the vase and treats it as if it were a



Group in terra-cotta, by Clodion.

* Continued from page 219.

square of canvas, placing upon it some complete picture, elaborate in all its details, and finished like a miniature, but



Candelabra in gilt bronze. By Gouthière.

having no relation whatever either to the surface, or to the shape, or to the surrounding. His desire is to paint a pretty pastoral, and it never occurs to him that a picture is one thing and the decoration of a plate or cup quite another. In a word, he has not mastered what the Germans would call the "ground principle" of decoration, namely, that it must be strictly relative to the surface and to the material.

It is not our immediate purpose to discuss this theoretical question in all its bearings. We had better leave it with the reflection that tastes are stronger than arguments, and that those who have a passion for Sèvres china will not be convinced, even by a demonstration, that a bit of blue Nankin is artistically far more precious than a masterpiece of Morin. The shades of the old artists of Sèvres, if an echo of earthly criticism ever reaches them in their far-off dwelling-place, may smile with a kind of sardonic triumph at the thought that, after all, the men who have the power of choosing what possessions they will, continue to prefer their handiwork to that of any other of the artists in porcelain that the world has seen. The great collectors—men like the Rothschilds, and the late Lord Hertford, and the late Lord Dudley—will pay any prices for fine sets of vases from the old royal factory; and there is no class of furniture which is competed for at public auctions with more impetuosity than the little tables which were made by Riesener, and adorned with plaques of Sèvres. Of this kind was the small table belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, which was offered two years ago by Messrs. Christie at the modest reserve price of six thousand guineas. At the time nobody was bold enough to make an advance on this figure, and the table was withdrawn; what has happened to it since we cannot say. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild has a pair which resemble it, but which are supposed to be superior. He has also no less than three *garnitures* of five vases, and several of three, one of which we reproduce. It need hardly be said how rare it is to find these garnitures complete. In the first place, but few of them were made; for the porcelain was so tender, and the decoration so extremely costly, that to make a set of three vases, with the two fan-shaped jardinières which accompanied them, was a serious undertaking, especially when the risks of the firing were taken into account. Then to all those that came successfully through the ordeal and that found a home, as they all did find a home, in the houses of royal or noble owners, a century has brought many risks. The Revolution is answerable for a good many shattered vases, as well as for much other shattering and destruction; and careless servants are perhaps answerable for more. But Sèvres garnitures, like the Sibylline books, become the more valuable as they become rarer. Those that remain are sought for with frantic eagerness by the *grandes bourses* of the world. As to those which belong to Mr. de Rothschild, we may say that all are of the highest quality, and that most of them are decorated by the hand of one or other of the greatest men—Boucher, or Dodin, or Morin, the painter of ports and

The "Cellini Stag," in silver-gilt.

harbours. They date from the good period, that is from 1756

to 1793. It was in the former year that the royal factory had been moved from Vincennes to Sèvres; while in 1793, as might have been expected, the Director was arrested and imprisoned as a royalist. They include also all the colours for which Sèvres was famous—the *bleu de roi*, which was the colour first discovered by the chemists; the *bleu turquoise*, the means of making which were found in 1752 by Hellot; the *rose Pompadour*, discovered in 1757 by Xzrowet; and several of the other colours, together with the peculiarly decorated ground which is known as *œil de perdrix;* also the *verte pomme*, which is at its best perhaps the most attractive of all the colours in Sèvres. Among the pieces of Sèvres in the collection we should not omit to notice a curious pair of wall-lights, fashioned like tulips. They are very rare, and of prodigious value.

We reproduce, also, one of two celebrated groups by Clodion, the French sculptor in terra-cotta and bronze, whose work, popular in his day and neglected afterwards, has now again become of high value. M. Thirion has just written a capital life of him for Quantin's series, and has told the story of the families of artists—Adams and Michels—from which he sprung. He was one of the brightest of the "little masters" of the eighteenth century; fanciful, frivolous, clever—the very man to gratify the taste of an age which went on enjoying the short summer-day, and thinking nothing of the coming storm. Clodion, like Gouthière, survived the Revolution and died in extreme poverty. His works now bring any price—up to hundreds, even thousands, of pounds.

'The Marriage of Teniers.' Engraved by J. D. Cooper, after Teniers.

It is time now to turn from these examples of the lighter Art to the more serious works of a greater epoch and school—to the Low Country paintings. The great collectors all over Europe have long been devoted to Dutch and Flemish pictures; and, be it said to the honour of England, it was the English amateurs who, after the native Dutch patrons of the Art, first showed the way. The exhibitions of Old Masters which have been delighting all London for the last fifteen years, have served as a practical demonstration of the wealth in this particular class of possessions which still fortunately remains to us. Nay, the country had an opportunity, some fifteen years ago, of becoming possessed at a single stroke of one of the finest private collections of this Art, that formed by the late Sir Robert Peel; and the opportunity was wisely taken. Consequently we have but to turn into the National Gallery to see brought together in one room, of a size not too great to suit the dimensions of the masterpieces, a gathering of noble examples of the Art of Terburg and Paul Potter, of Hobbima and Ruysdael. So familiar is this department of Art to all who care for pictures, that it is not necessary to enter at any length into its characteristics. It will be enough if we touch upon the special work of the masters chiefly represented at Seamore Place. Rembrandt, strange to say, is absent, and there is nothing from the powerful hand of Franz Hals; but there is no such thing as finality in these collections, and it may well be that Mr. de Rothschild is only looking out for an opportunity of acquiring first-rate examples of these great masters. First-rate examples, as every one knows, are rare. There is not much difficulty in finding a Rembrandt of the second order. Christie's and the Hôtel Drouot annually see specimens of the master in his lighter moods, such as the charming picture of 'The Student' (it was surely a Rembrandt, whatever some judges might say!), which was sold for a very moderate price in the Knighton collection last May; but it is an excellent rule of the great collectors that a picture to be admitted into the sacred company of their possessions must not only be a good picture, but must be in every sense worthy of the master whose name it bears; and it would consequently be something of a solecism to place a second-rate Rembrandt—though a second-rate Rembrandt is in itself a very desirable thing—by the side of absolutely first-rate examples of Terburg and Wouwerman.

Three of the very best pictures in the collection are from the hands of this last-named master, the chief and leader of all those who in the great age of Dutch painting dealt with scenes of military life and with the sports of the cavalier class. Philip, or Philips Wouwerman, born at Haarlem in 1620, was the pupil of Wynants, and as far as animals and figures were concerned, of Pieter Van Laer. During his first period he painted Biblical subjects, and two of his best pictures in this manner are now to be seen at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. But the market for such things was slow, and the

painter longed for something more secular, more full of movement and earthly passion than he was likely to find in the scenes of Jewish life. So in early middle age he took to military subjects, and especially to the study of horses, rapidly developing in this particular department of Art a talent which no one either before or since has quite equalled. He is indeed very various in the degree of his success. He is said by Smith, the author of the "Catalogue Raisonné," strange as it may seem, considering the minuteness and the finish of his works, to have painted about eight hundred pictures; though of these a certain number are probably the work of his imitators, especially of his brothers Pieter and Jan. The critics have moreover attempted to classify his works according to the three periods and the three manners which they attribute to him almost as exactly as they attribute them to Raphael. First, the tentative manner, in which are painted the Biblical scenes to which we have referred, and also some sea-pieces and landscapes, and groups of men and horses wanting in the fine draughtsmanship to which he afterwards attained. Then came his second manner, where horse and man are slighter in outline, and more firmly and brilliantly modelled, and where the whole scene is bathed in a light of amber and gold. Lastly comes the period into which he settled down, some time before his fortieth year, where the gold becomes silver and the colours are somewhat less sharply contrasted than before. Among the finest of the works of the second period are Mr. de Rothschild's pair of 'Hawking Parties' (Nos. 41 and 42); two noble pictures, measuring what was for Wouwerman the large size of twenty-one by twenty-seven inches. Nothing could be more full of movement, life, and animation than these two pictures, in which Wouwerman has rendered for us, with an absolute mastery, characteristic scenes of the life of the high-born and wealthy; while the third picture, the 'Halt of Huntsmen,' is well worthy of being compared with it.

'The Hostess.' Engraved by J. M. Johnstone, after Pieter de Hooch.

Terburg is represented by two fine pictures, the 'Lady Singing' and the 'Card Party.' How unapproachable he is in his textures! how far beyond all his competitors, even beyond Metsu and Jan Steen himself, in the painting of satin dresses such as he has given us in the 'Card Party'! What distinction in his men, as in that one who reclines against the table to listen to the lady as she sings! There is nothing vulgar in Terburg; it seems as if he could never stoop, as Teniers and Ostade stooped, to paint the humours of the crowd, the merry-makings and the self-indulgence of the unrefined. The magistrate of Deventer—for that was his social status—seems to have lived in a world of dignity and decorum, of satin and splendour; and though it is a one-sided view which only takes account of this kind of life, still there is a satisfaction in seeing it painted with the completeness, the sincerity, the absolute truth that Terburg knew how to convey.

There is a very fine 'Village Revels' by Adrian van Ostade, dated 1660; three good examples of Adrian Van de Velde, and a lovely 'Calm' by his namesake Willem; there are also three Cuyps of the highest quality, of which the rarest in subject, and perhaps the best viewed as a work of Art, is the skating scene with the group of fishermen who have broken the ice and are trying to net the fish beneath. There are, besides, three Berghems of considerable size and of the most exquisite finish. And, above all, there are the two pictures which we reproduce; one, a good example of one of the most charming and modern of the great Dutch painters; and one, the work of a man of less inherent interest, but probably his masterpiece, David Teniers' picture of his own marriage. We may well conclude our survey of this fine collection with a short account of these two pictures.

The Palace of Art has many chambers, different in form and in aspect, and lending themselves to adornment at the hands of a hundred different workmen; but every workman, if he is to be worthy of his task, must have an intelligence of the work before him, and must be sincere. Peter de Hooch is both; and none of those who have translated for us the life of those tranquil towns of the Netherlands in the generations that followed the great pacification—in the times when the struggle with Spain was over, and sober, steadfast, sturdy, Protestant Holland was allowed for the first time to possess her soul in patience—none of those who have translated this life for us in Art has done so with more completeness, with more sincerity, or with a stronger appreciation of its essential features, than he. This is one of the secrets of his power over our sympathies; he is, in the true sense of the word, modern; that is, by entering utterly and completely into the spirit of his own age, he seems to have a message for ours. Need it be said to any of those who have examined a fine De Hooch, such as the three masterpieces which our National Gallery

possesses, that in technical achievement also he ranks extremely high? His painting of details is masterly, though he does not detain us over them as many of his second-rate admirers would do; and none, not even the great and mysterious Van der Meer of Delft, has fathomed so profoundly as he the secret of light. In Mr. De Rothschild's picture—which is a treatment of the familiar subject of cavaliers resting at an inn while their hostess brings them drink—we have a first-rate example of this mastery. Notice the different stages, as it were, of the light on the bricks of the courtyard, upon the wall, and upon the garden seen through the distant door. Notice the miraculous skill with which the master has preserved his "values" under conditions with which no one but a master could possibly have contended. Rightly did Smith, in his 'Catalogue Raisonné,' describe this picture as one of the very best examples of De Hooch. It passed through his hands, as did so many of the works that the old man described, and, finding a temporary home in a collection at Redhill, was finally acquired by Baron Lionel, to be bequeathed by him to his son, of whose collection it is one of the chief ornaments.

Set of three old Sèvres Vases. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

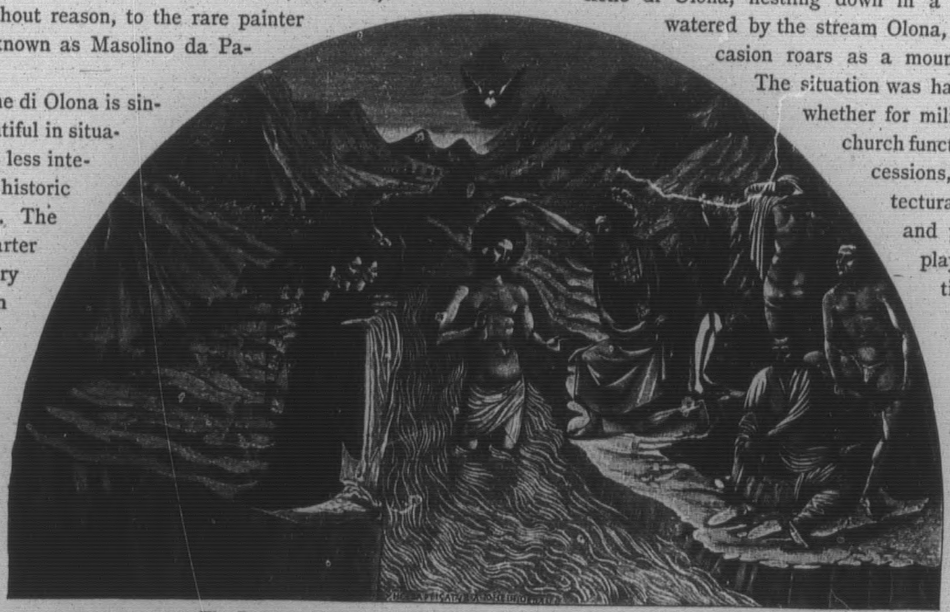
Still more "important," as the dealers would say, is the 'Marriage of Teniers.' As a painter, David Teniers the younger is almost as unequal as Jan Steen; his work is now rude, ugly, and careless, now splendid in colour and steeped in an atmosphere of silvery beauty. Scarcely any painter who ever lived has been so productive as he; Smith catalogues six hundred and eighty-five of his paintings, and it is not known that he had an *atelier* in the sense that Rubens had, or that he handed over his outlines to pupils to finish. During his long life of eighty years he worked incessantly, and with immense artistic and worldly success. Everybody admired his pictures. Queen Christina of Sweden bought them eagerly, and the Archduke Leopold, Governor of the Netherlands, gave him constant occupation, sometimes by ordering original pictures, sometimes by setting him to make that wonderful series of copies of Old Masters which afterwards came into the Duke of Marlborough's hands, and is now, like so many others of the treasures of Blenheim, awaiting a purchaser. Everybody knows Teniers as the painter of village fêtes and of pothouse merry-makings, but he is not so well known in his best vein—as the painter of such fine pictures as 'The Guild of Arquebusiers of Antwerp,' now in the museum at St. Petersburg, or as the beautiful picture of his own marriage, which is now before us. It is here that he shows his real greatness as a painter, and that he rises to a nobility of type which is quite absent from his ordinary work. Unfortunately the best qualities of the painter are not such as can be reproduced in black and white, for they consist in the exquisitely soft colours and in the clear and pearly tone by which the whole scene is pervaded. These are qualities which make it easy to understand how its present possessor ranks this picture, with the Greuze which we described in our last article, as the gems of his collection.

'A REVERIE,' AFTER MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.

IN this drawing, which Mr. Marcus Stone has executed with especial view to publication in black and white, the artist has succeeded in maintaining that delicate appreciation of light and shadow, among trees and bushes, which distinguishes so much of his best work. It would be very difficult to assign Mr. Marcus Stone to any recognised school of painting either in this country or abroad. He is often very French in thought and in composition, but he is always thoroughly English in treatment. In his attention to details which aid the story he desires to tell, he sometimes paints down to the level of the least imaginative; but, on the other hand, there is generally in his pictures another and a hidden story—often a sad one—which is only to be read by those who look below the surface. To such the meaning of little details, which at first sight seem affectations, becomes clearer, and an insight is gained into other qualities besides prettiness and taste, which distinguish Mr. Marcus Stone from many of his contemporaries who perhaps command a larger body of admirers. In this 'Reverie' there is something more than a young girl in an easy pose and a pretty costume seated amongst the trees. She has sought out this solitary spot to be alone with her own thoughts, and these are reflected not only in every trait of her face, but in the attitude of the whole body, whilst the little ray of light breaking through the dark shadows behind her suggests that the cloud which now hovers over her thoughts has its silver lining.

A CRADLE OF ART IN LOMBARDY: CASTIGLIONE DI OLONA.

THE spirit of adventure can hardly be more profitably or pleasantly directed than in ferreting out old historic arts hidden away among untrodden paths in unfrequented places. The sportsman does not set out on a bright morning with keener zest for the chase, than the enterprising traveller starts on the discovery of some mountain chapel or wayside wall-picture. And when the work in date lies far back in a distant century, and the way to it is difficult or obscure, as may easily happen with an old Etruscan tomb or an early Italian fresco, the Art tourist may be compared to the geographer who traces a river to its source, or to a geologist who in the earth's strata hunts for a fossil. Of such interest is the excursion to the small sequestered town of Castiglione di Olona, north of Milan, and within sight of the Alps—a cradle of early Christian Art, wherein were discovered, in the church and its adjoining baptistry on the brow of the hill, a series of remarkable frescoes over four centuries old, ascribed, and not without reason, to the rare painter commonly known as Masolino da Panicale.



The Baptism of Christ in the Jordan. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Castiglione di Olona is singularly beautiful in situation, and no less interesting in historic associations. The access a quarter of a century ago, when first I knew the district, was difficult; now, thanks to railway and tram-car, supplemented by a private carriage, the excursion from Milan can be easily made in a day. The first stage in the journey is to Saronno, a hamlet worth a pilgrimage for its "Santuario della Madonna di Saronno," made familiar by the publications of the Arundel Society. The cupola is peopled by the heavenly host as painted by the impetuous pencil of Gaudenzio Ferrari, while the walls near the choir show the more tranquil phase of the school of Milan, in frescoes which, untouched by time, display the tenderness and beauty peculiar to Luini.

The road, some few miles north of Saronno, leaves the horizontal lines habitual to the Lombard plains, and begins to mount by successive gradients towards the hill-girt lake of Como. When I traversed this romantic region the autumn harvests had been already gathered in, and yoked oxen led by peasant girls were ploughing the fields. Across the foreground passed living pictures, which, as often happens in Italy, serve as not inharmonious accompaniments to the wall paintings of road-side chapels or churches wherein the peasant pilgrim kneels. These fruitful lands of the olive and the vine are no less fertile in Art; we find on all sides how the faith of the people was promulgated by the painter's pencil, how the seeds of the artist's invention grew and multiplied, so that the humblest shrines of religion became populous with pictured saints. Even the natural landscape changes under the dawn and diffusion of Christianity; thus here, in this mountain panorama, rises in view above the town of Verese the pilgrim sanctuary, "La Madonna del Monte," crowned by fourteen chapels, which owe their wall decorations to the successors of Leonardo da Vinci.

The main route leading northwards over the St. Gothard Pass has hardly been quitted half an hour, when a winding country lane brings the traveller, as by stealth, upon Castiglione di Olona, nestling down in a wooded dell, watered by the stream Olona, which on occasion roars as a mountain torrent. The situation was happily chosen, whether for military defence, church functions and processions, or for architectural elevations and pictorial displays. But the tide of civilisation has been diverted into other channels, and now the mediæval splendours of church, castle, and palace suffer under desertion and decay. Yet the ravages of time have brought by way of compensation accustomed picturesqueness: the ruin becomes rugged as the rocks, Art is taken back again into nature, and leaf and flower garland the broken arch and the crumbling capital. But the sylvan landscape still owns the architect's handiwork: the topography on all sides speaks out the ancient history. The winding path first dips into the wooded ravine, and then springs for the height crowned by church and baptistry, with a deep gorge on either hand. The tourist observes that he is treading "La Via del Cardinale Branda Castiglione," the Art patron, whose tomb lies within the church, and close by a precipitous pathway bears the name "Masolino da Panicale," in memory of the painter who, tradition tells, here walked to his daily work. The whole scene accords with oft-repeated experiences that the Cradles of Art nestle mid

the beauties of nature. Yet storms from the stern north invade these tranquil vales. The foreground picture of hanging woods passes into a distance of buttress-like hills jostling together shoulder to shoulder, with serrated heights reaching to the Alps which span the sky in grand profile. The changeful scenery of clouds above, the shadows across the Lombard plains below, the sunsets gilding the topmost crests, complete a panorama hardly surpassed in these most lovely of regions.

It is interesting to note how the painter in the mountain-girt town of Castiglione conformed his designs to the surroundings. The traveller, on entering the baptistry, discovers that the frescoes on the walls have Alpine summits for their backgrounds, and instead of the serene heavens which spiritual artists were accustomed to associate with sacred characters, the skies are dark and troubled. The illustrations engraved for these pages represent the river Jordan passing through a mountain gorge, and the story of Herod has for its accessories savage scenery less resembling Palestine than Switzerland. So true is it that Italian painters took as their materials whatever came nearest to hand: hence is here imaged on the walls the semblance of the scene which meets the eye from the lofty terrace in front of the church.

The signal and singular outburst of Art in this sequestered spot came with the rise of a local family to power and position, in the person of Cardinal Branda Castiglione. This man of great affairs, adroit in business, learned in divinity and law, served as the legate of the Pope in sundry important missions. But when in Milan he provoked hostilities which drove him to take refuge at Castiglione. For more than twenty years he busied himself about the palace and other structures in the town, and crowned with sacred edifices the rock above. At length he died in 1443, at the age of ninety-three, and left money and directions for the handsome tomb still standing in the church he had built and decorated.

Cardinal Branda is known as a munificent patron of the Arts; adopting St. Clement as his patron saint, he appropriately enriched the church of St. Clement, in Rome, with the frescoes usually ascribed to Masaccio, still extant, though in ruin. And when sent by the Pope to eastern Europe, the Cardinal is supposed to have made the acquaintance and engaged the services of Masolino, while at work in Hungary. The story nicely tallies with the discovery of the painter's name on the frescoes at Castiglione. This powerful dignitary was in a position to command the best talent of the time, and doubtless for the great works in hand he gathered together a large and well-qualified staff of painters, sculptors, and artificers. These and other data I gather from a monograph: "La Chiesa di Castiglione, per Francesco Peluso: Milano, 1874."

A morning's ramble through this "Deserted Village" of the plains discovers sundry relics of the brilliant days when Cardinal Branda Castiglione lived in state. The private chapel in the palace retains vestiges of a picture of St. Martin: even the private dwellings, in their carved doorways and decorated façades, mark a period of taste and opulence. A wall in the High Street bears traces of an Annunciation four centuries old: the front of a house in the Piazza shows 'The Virgin and Child' between saints, and above the door are three medallion portraits dated 1504. A church at the foot of the hill stands as an archæologic curiosity in its medley of Lombardic and later styles. The heights above bristle with old masonry, and conspicuous are the remains of the castle which, with the neighbouring sanctuary, command the quiet town and dell as an acropolis.

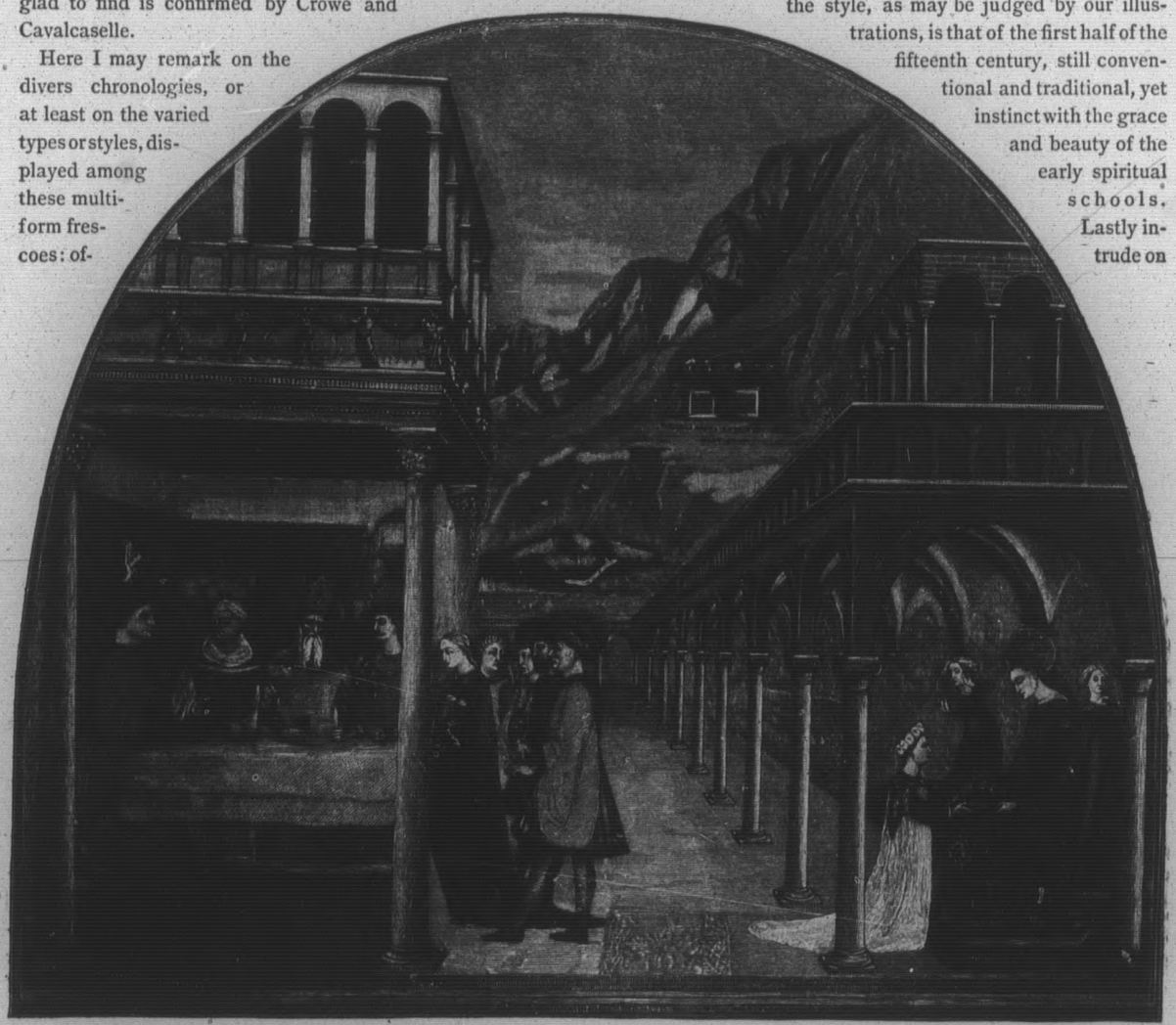
The architecture here, as elsewhere, serves in its divers styles and its corresponding chronologies, as a general index to the local history, and as a connecting link with the sister arts of sculpture and of painting. The forms, as usual in Lombardy, are transitional: the round arch of the Lombards springs stealthily into the pointed span of the Goths. The church at Castiglione is an example of the varieties and incongruities common in the architecture of Northern Italy: the door and window at the west end are round-headed and cable-moulded, while other windows and details, as well as the whole interior, are pointed Gothic. The dates, which of course must differ with the changing styles, are all the more difficult to determine from the sweeping restorations under which the structures have suffered. But Sir Henry Layard, in a monograph written for the Arundel Society, gives credence to "the inscription upon a bas-relief over the principal entrance to the church, which represents the Virgin holding the Infant Christ, who is blessing Cardinal Branda, and records the erection of the building in 1428."

This church, with its frescoes covering the entire apse and choir, is dedicated to the Virgin, St. Stephen, and St. Lawrence. The coincidence may be more than an accident, that about the time when these works were in hand, the chapel of St. Nicholas, in the Vatican, was being decorated with frescoes also commemorative of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, by the hand of Fra Angelico, an artist kindred in style as in spirit to his contemporary, Masolino. The Lombard compositions are somewhat inferior to the Roman, as indeed might be anticipated from the relative merits of the two masters. The frescoes in the church at Castiglione completely clothe the east end, including the apse, the vault, and two side walls of the choir, each 12 ft. by 14 ft.: these last walls alone give an area of more than 300 square ft. The wall pictures in the church and baptistry alike have suffered under barbarous treatment: towards the close of last century the rector hid them under whitewash: and on their attempted rescue in 1843 many were found to be irreparably lost. One half, indeed, have perished: yet large compartments, whole figures, and a multitude of heads stand more or less intact. The technique was well understood: knowledge is proved by sureness of hand and facility of gaining the desired end with simplest means and fewest touches: the best qualities of fresco are present, the whole effect is highly decorative. The style, like the chronology, lies between Giotto and Masaccio, and, as might be anticipated, the sentiment is tender and spiritual, the type generic rather than individual, the effect of the whole supreme in repose, symmetry, and beauty.

The baptistry was decorated from floor to ceiling in a manner closely correspondent to that of the church. The chamber is comparatively small—not more than a cube of 15 ft.—vaulted above, with a tribune beyond 7 ft. deep and 12 ft. wide. The chief compositions were of the measurements of the large walls: the figures range from 4 ft. to 5 ft. in height. The side on the left of the entrance is now almost wholly denuded, but fortunately elsewhere the pictures are fairly well preserved, as may be judged from the illustrations we are able to offer. The Arundel Society, in 1868, gave a general view of the interior, engraved from a drawing made on the spot by Mrs. Higford Burr. The frescoes expound the life and mission of the Baptist. The spectator on entering

sees on the opposite wall, some 12 ft. wide, 'The Baptism of Christ in the Jordan' (see Illustration). Below, as accessories, appear 'St. John preaching to the People,' and 'St. John reproving Herod.' In the vault above looks down, from a sky studded with stars, a composition of singular dignity and beauty, God the Father encircled by an angelic choir. The wall on the right from the door, about 15 ft. long, is occupied by the story of Herod (see Illustration). Accessory themes fill adjacent spaces. The soffit of an arch gives shelter to six saints, while in the spacious vault, divided by the usual diagonals, solemnly repose the four Evangelists. The date 1435, inscribed over the arch of the tribune, I have noted as a modern intrusion, an opinion which I am glad to find is confirmed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

Here I may remark on the divers chronologies, or at least on the varied types or styles, displayed among these multiform frescoes: often such discrepancies prove highly instructive. The decorations in general hold accustomed fellowship with the successive architectural styles, yet anomalous is the appearance of round arches in paintings which clothe the pointed structure of the church apse. Within the baptistry the solecisms are equally perplexing. Thus the four Evangelists in the vault appear, by their monstrous proportions, stately immobility, and severe, almost statuesque, drapery, to pertain to the Byzantine Art of the eleventh or twelfth centuries. Equally archaic, after the manner of the early mosaics at Ravenna, is the severe figure of God the Father in the tribune. Then comes what might seem a second and distinct period, to which the majority of the frescoes pertain: the style, as may be judged by our illustrations, is that of the first half of the fifteenth century, still conventional and traditional, yet instinct with the grace and beauty of the early spiritual schools. Lastly intrude on



The Story of Herod. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

these supersensuous manifestations exceptional naturalistic figures: we observe, for instance, Herod and other stern personages pronounced by individual character as if drawn direct from life. Thus is foreshadowed that Naturalistic School which was about to refashion the Art of Italy. I do not argue necessarily a wide range in time or date correspondent with this diversity of styles. We have to take into account that the period was transitional: the artist had the choice of divers co-existent manners, and possibly suited his treatment to the theme. When mysterious and divine, as in the character of the Creator of the heavens, the type is traditional, the accretion of ages, and chronologies are set at nought as if time had already passed into eternity, wherein a thousand years are as one day. Nothing so completely breaks the spell of religious art, or dissipates all illusion of the supernatural, as the intrusion of common nature, and the world as here depicted is certainly sufficiently removed from the gross image of the senses. Obviously we have to do with an artist accommodative and eclectic, and the choice of Oriental costumes may point to Masolino, who passed some years in Eastern Europe. The painter present, whoever he may turn out to be, has no great power or distinguishing individuality;

in character he is the opposite of Masaccio, Botticelli, Signorelli, and Mantegna, generally strong and originative.

The examination of these wall-paintings on the spot points to conclusions which the reader can verify by the illustrations to these pages. The eye is at once struck with an ostentatious display of perspective almost without example at this early period. And incident to the laws of perspective which are obviously strained to the uttermost, is the license given to accepted canons of pictorial vision or composition. Thus in the story of Herod we discover two scenes joined in one picture, the supper and its sequel the presentation of the Baptist's head: the damsel, it will be observed, appears in two places. This violation of essential unities was boldly essayed by the pre-Raphaelite painters. Countless are the examples showing how painting in those days served as a popular literature for the unlettered, and how a fresco is to be read not as one event or scene, but as a continuous narrative, with a before and after, extending like a book over successive pages, or distributed into several chapters. Furthermore, at Castiglione attention may again be drawn not only to the historic style, but to the scale and daring construction of the architectural backgrounds to the pictures. Take as an instance our illustration, 'The Story of Herod.' At the date of this fresco Gothic architecture had not only taken possession of northern Europe, but had invaded northern Italy: yet the artist prefers to depict columns, capitals, and cornices after the classic type, and arcading like the Lombardic cloisters and porticoes of Pisa and Lucca. And manifestly the painter is chronologically in arrear of the architect: he eschews the comparatively recent Gothic importations, and shows a not unnatural preference for old Romanesque forms indigenous to the soil.

The position and renown of Masolino now turn on the decision of the question whether the frescoes at Castiglione were wholly or in part his handiwork. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have robbed the artist of the works which Vasari tells us he executed in the famous Brancacci Chapel, Florence; and by way of atonement, all recent authorities by common consent give him the entire pictorial acreage at Castiglione. This indiscriminating judgment I cannot but think needs reconsideration. It rests on nothing more than the one solitary inscription "Masolinus de Florentia pinxit," discovered on a scroll in the church. Yet the authenticity of the words is not wholly above suspicion, seeing that sweeping destruction and reckless restoration have played havoc with the whole interior. Furthermore this inscription in the church cannot cover the baptistry, a separate structure possibly of a prior period. And serious doubt is cast upon all writings on the walls by the spurious date 1435, in the baptistry, inserted surreptitiously without a tittle of corroborative evidence. In fine I think I may safely say, that the name and the date of the painter, at least of the baptistry, cannot be determined without more careful study on the spot.

In the meantime incredulity touching the handiwork of Masolino is all the more excusable from the absence of corroborative historic evidence. All authorities are silent; not only was "Vasari unacquainted with the frescoes of Castiglione," but it is also frankly conceded by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "that all who wrote before and after Vasari, including Albertini, Borghini, Thomas Patch, Lastri, Lanzi, d'Agincourt, Rumohr, Gaye, Tanzini, Rosini and the annotators of the latest editions of Vasari, not to mention countless others, all laboured under a similar disadvantage." Let us at any rate rejoice that in these latter days have been reserved for us an advantage and enjoyment denied to previous generations. And we can afford to look on the controversy if not with indifference, yet with resignation, inasmuch as whatever its issue, the value and the beauty of these frescoes can suffer no abatement. If on the one hand Masolino, as seems probable at least in some compartments, should be present, the satisfaction will be that a great man recently shorn of his honours, rises re-crowned. And if on the contrary the major part of the works should be relegated to the region of the anonymous, whatever is lost to the artist will be gained for the period. Castiglione di Olona will bear witness to a nation and a time wherein talent and training had become so general, and Art so widely diffused, that men unknown to fame were competent to arduous effort, and noblest Art could penetrate quiet mountain retreats remote from the busy world.

The periods, if not the masters, whereunto these wall decorations pertain can be determined with some exactitude. The architecture, as before stated, serves as the chronologic table. It is more than a conjecture that Cardinal Branda found standing on the top of the hill an old Romanesque church and baptistry, and we have the proof of our senses that such structures as served his purpose he allowed to remain. This, indeed, was the common-sense practice everywhere. The changes and additions made in his time, on the indubitable evidence of style, are clear: the most considerable were the Gothic choir and apse, and the year 1428 on the façade decides the date. As soon as the walls were fairly dry they received the present frescoes; this also is attested by the style. The historic boundaries of these wall paintings can be defined thus: a century before the Arena Chapel, Padua, had been decorated by Giotto; and the manner is as much earlier as the date. Then about contemporary are the wall pictures of the Brancacci Chapel, Florence, by Masaccio and Filippino Lippi, and possibly in part by Masolino; the style of this chapel is generally more advanced and shows a new departure. The frescoes at Castiglione in manner and chronologic development come between the Arena and Brancacci Chapels; they lie on the frontier line which divides the simplicity of the pre-Raphaelite period from the later glory of the Italian Renaissance. We are happy to learn that the Arundel Society has an artist at Castiglione, and copies already made of the frescoes can be seen at the Society's rooms, Old Bond Street. We have to thank their Council for permission to correct our engravings from these copies.

Excursions among the Apennines or Alps teach the wayfarer that the story of Italian Art, especially in its earlier chapters, is to be spelt out in the least accessible places, and that historic episodes have often to be searched for along geographic byways. And the traveller certainly learns to his cost that his personal comforts suffer keenly in Art centres, such as Urbino and Castiglione, where his mental aspirations are most fully satisfied. Indeed the law might seem to be that under ebbing civilisations the highest Art and the lowest forms of humanity are thrust into juxtaposition. Yet the consolation remains that the best Art has for sundry reasons been planted mid the beauties of nature; indeed, my experience is that the quest for a great picture leads the steps to the finest scenery. So was it in the pilgrimage to Castiglione di Olona, a fit cradle for early Christian Art, mid hills, trees, and streams.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

AN OLD COACH ROAD.*

II.

IN our last paper on this subject, we alluded to the introduction, by Charles Dickens, of Eastgate House, Rochester, as the Nun's House, in "Edwin Drood." We are thus reminded of the novelist's intimate knowledge of, and association with, the Dover Road and its immediate surroundings, a knowledge so obvious in many of his stories, and such as could only be acquired by long acquaintance. We can remember that David Copperfield, when, as a boy, he resolved to escape from the scene of his early troubles, trudged on foot his weary way from London to Dover, in search of his aunt, the resolute Betsy Trotwood, and can recall the many incidents of that eventful walk, so happily portrayed. Again, in the novelist's later works, many instances may be found in which his familiarity with the peculiarities of this district is exhibited, and his admiration of its natural beauties recorded. His long residence at Gad's Hill resulted in the faithful delineation of that neighbourhood, as in "Great Expectations," where constant references are made to the low-lying marshes, the prison-ships and convict life at Chatham Dockyard. Rochester had for him an especial interest, for it is clearly depicted in "Pickwick," one of his earliest productions, and again in his last unfinished romance of "Edwin Drood," under the thinly-disguised name of "Cloisterham," where the influence of the sentimental charm of the city and its old cathedral is strongly apparent.

In starting upon the second stage of our walk we soon leave High Street, Rochester, in the rear. Where Rochester ends and Chatham begins is not easily determined, owing to the absence of a line of demarcation; and the amalgamation of the two, again united with Strood over the Medway, would mislead strangers into the belief that they formed one large town. Mr. Pickwick has told us that, in his day, the principal productions of these places appeared to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dockyard men, and that the commodities exposed for sale in the public streets were marine stores, hardbake, apples, flat-fish, and oysters. He also supposed that the consumption of tobacco in these towns must be very great: and that the smell which pervades the streets must be exceedingly delicious to those who are extremely fond of smoking. "A superficial traveller," he added, "might object to the dirt which is their leading characteristic; but to those who view it as an indication of traffic and commercial prosperity, it is truly gratifying." It may reasonably be doubted whether such an unflattering description is entirely applicable at the present time, but it cannot be denied that many of these unsavoury features still remain. The interest of Chatham belongs to the naval and military services, and, as a natural consequence, its shops are mostly identified with their requirements and the commodities peculiar to seafaring and military people. The town is principally noted for the "lines," or fortifications, and the dockyard with its three thousand workmen. The former are of great extent, stretching round Chatham and its suburb of Brompton, and enclosing dockyards and barracks, descend to the bank of the Medway at either extremity.

An occasional glimpse of the river obtained by a side-glance through the narrow thoroughfares leading from High Street, induces us to direct our steps along one of these to the

water's edge, in order to obtain a more uninterrupted view. Looking westward, we are rewarded by a sight that would

* Continued from page 224.

delight the eye of a painter, for, besides the river, with many barges and other craft borne along by the current, thus giving life and colour to the scene, there is, on our left (as shown in our illustration opposite), a long broken line of picturesque warehouses and sheds, terminating in a distant view of Rochester Cathedral and Castle, sharply defined against the sky. In the opposite direction, on our right, the dockyard and barracks are visible, and the river wending its way to the sea.

We have a long, steep hill to climb on leaving Chatham, from the summit of which we may gaze upon the immensely populous district we have left, lying in the valley below. For the next few miles our walk is neither pleasing nor entertaining, but becomes more rural as, presently, we enter the heart of the district famous for hops and apples. In the early spring, before the hops appear above the surface, the arrangement of the poles, thrust perpendicularly into the ground at regular intervals, is formal and monotonous, but later in the year, when the pendent clusters of hops hang in rich profusion, and the pickers, chiefly women and children, are busy at their work, the charming effects of colour and movement present a scene worthy of pictorial representation.

Inhaling the pure air and the fragrance borne upon the light breeze from gardens and from orchards where the red-streaked apples gleam amidst the foliage, we soon reach Rainham, a village which straggles along both sides of the highway, the church and its lofty tower making a conspicuous object in the landscape. For many miles along the road we have, on our left, a distant view of the Medway, dotted here and there with the brown sails of barges glistening in the sunlight, forming a pleasing background to the stretch of low-lying lands that intervene. Passing through Newington, a town built on the site of a Roman village or station on Watling Street, and crossing the road leading from Maidstone to Sheerness, we arrive at Sittingbourne, which consists principally of one long and wide street, and is approached on the north side by a navigable creek of the Swale. It was at the Red Lion Inn here that Henry V. was entertained on his triumphal return from France, the banquet, although worthy

of the royal guest, costing only 9s. 9d. A few miles farther brings us to Preston, which adjoins Faversham, and forms part of that town. The old coach road passes through Preston, and south of Faversham; but we consider that the historical importance of the latter entitles it to more than a passing remark, and therefore decide to visit and hastily scan its old-fashioned market-place, from which its four principal streets diverge, and in which is situated the Guild Hall, an ancient building supported on several oak pillars, its lower stage dating from the time of Elizabeth. Whitstable being only six miles distant, the oyster fishery is naturally an important means of support and general benefit to Faversham, where, at one time, more than a hundred families were maintained from that source alone.

Retracing our steps to the high-road, we soon arrive at Boughton, and, having ascended Herne Hill, we quickly reach the village of Harbledown. All the ground in this vicinity is hallowed by legends and traditions. There is a well of mineral water, called through long ages the Well of the Black Prince, the tradition being that the warlike prince, in his declining health, sought a cure by drinking the water. We must not omit to state that at Harbledown resides the veteran painter, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., who continues to pursue with unabated vigour his pleasing avocation. A gentle incline now leads us to what may justly be considered the most important part of our journey, and in the distance we soon perceive the graceful towers of Canterbury Cathedral, shown in our headpiece.

Canterbury, as the chief city of Kent and the See of the Primate of All England, claims a foremost place in these sketches. Its history is of unusual interest, and we are told that it was "the seat of letters and study at a time when Cambridge was a desolate fen and Oxford a tangled forest in a wide waste of waters," and that, at the date of the Conquest, it exceeded London in the number of its buildings. Canterbury, like most cathedral towns, is a quiet, sleepy old city, with an old-world air that is peculiarly attractive. On market-days, however, its drowsiness is partly overcome by

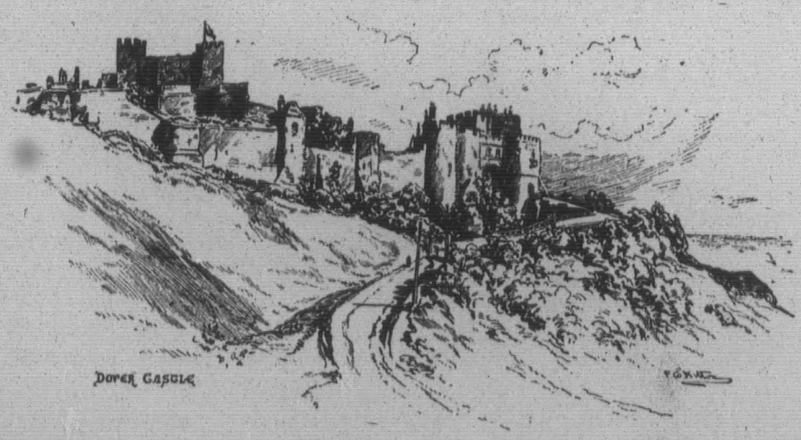
commercial activity, which soon subsides, and sweet repose is again paramount. Nevertheless, Canterbury is a delightful old city, with its ivied towers and gates, its quaint gabled houses, and, rising from their midst, its grand Cathedral, with the rooks cawing as they sail lazily round the high steeples, seeming to play at hide-and-seek in the many nooks and crannies. The immediate vicinity of the city also has its charms. Rich pastures dotted with cattle and intersected by the narrow stream of the Stour, in which the cathedral towers, with red-roofed houses nestling at their base, are reflected—these form a typical English country scene, peaceful and pleasing.

Before entering the city, the London road makes a sudden turn to the right by St. Dunstan's church, and approaches the city by Westgate. In few parts of the country do we find such picturesque architectural grouping as that which we presently see as we draw nearer to the old West Gate (illustration opposite). This ancient structure, built during Richard II.'s reign on the site of one still older, is the only remaining entrance-gate to the city. It stands close to the western part of the river Stour, and is flanked on either side by quaint old houses, the most conspicuous being the Falstaff inn with its elaborate hanging signboard, on which is depicted the doughty knight with sword and shield.

Passing under the West Gate, we enter St. Peter's Street, and then High Street, a continuation of it. There is a small, unpretending building on our left which is notable as the birthplace of the artist to whom we lately referred, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., who, at his own expense, has there established a gallery of casts, statues, and drawings, for the use of students, and where is carried on a School of Art in connection with South Kensington. On our left is Mercery Lane, where may be found the most ancient houses in the city, each story of them projecting upwards so as almost to meet at the top. At the south-west corner formerly stood the Chequers inn, mentioned by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," as being frequented by the pilgrims of his time, and through this lane pilgrims from all parts of Christendom used to direct their steps to the shrine of St. Thomas. From Mercery Lane we obtain a glimpse of the western towers of the Cathedral behind Christchurch Gate, the entrance to the cathedral precincts, but from the next narrow thoroughfare, called Butchery Lane (see illustration on page 249), a good view can be had of the middle tower, familiarly known as the "Bell Harry" tower.

The Cathedral, undoubtedly the centre of attraction in Canterbury, is a magnificent pile, interesting from its historical associations, and embracing every variety of the styles of English ecclesiastical architecture, from the rudest Saxon to the most finished triumphs of Gothic Art. Notwithstanding this mixture of styles, the general effect of the exterior is harmonious, imposing, and impressive. The "Bell Harry" tower is one of the most chaste and beautiful specimens of the pointed style of architecture in England, and the western towers are full of grandeur. The Cathedral has, on different occasions, suffered greatly by fire. The most serious conflagration occurred during the fourth year after the murder of Becket, when nearly everything that was combustible was consumed, the great tower alone escaping. The Cathedral was then rebuilt, and soon after its completion Becket was canonized, which gave an extraordinary impulse to the spirit of pilgrimage. Pilgrims of the highest rank visited the scene of the martyrdom, and left their oblations. By such timely assistance the monks of Christchurch were quickly enabled not only to repair the damage the church had suffered, but to make it far more glorious than ever. The shrine of St. Thomas may, perhaps, be considered by the majority of visitors to the Cathedral as the most interesting feature of the interior. The incidents of the martyrdom are probably familiar to every one, and need not be related here. Suffice it to say, that more than seven centuries ago the Prior of Peterborough carried off the stones stained with Becket's blood, and made two altars of them. Of the shrine, the only trace remaining is the pavement around the spot where it stood, which is worn down by the knees of the crowds of worshippers that, during more than three hundred years, offered their prayers and oblations.

The Dane John is another object in Canterbury possessing more than local interest. It was originally a ploughed tract of land, but a philanthropic citizen converted it into a pleasant promenade for the inhabitants. The hill or mound, upon which it is formed, is supposed to have been constructed by



the Danes when they besieged Canterbury during the reign of Ethelbert. From its summit, where a commemorative obelisk has been erected, a splendid view can be obtained of the city, Cathedral, and surrounding villages.

We must now leave this historical ground, and continue our journey. Taking the new Dover Road (a little north of the old coach road), we may see on our left the Monastery of St. Augustine. Near it stands the little Church of St. Martin, the most venerable in Canterbury, occupying the site of one of the earliest churches in England. It was built long before the Saxon invasion, and is famous as the church in which Christianity was first embraced by a British king. It possesses a very ancient font, traditionally said to be that wherein Ethelbert, the king referred to, was baptized. Three miles from Canterbury are Barham Downs, where Julius Cæsar collected his forces and surveyed them before marching against the Britons, and where many fierce conflicts subsequently raged. Large portions of the Downs are now under cultivation, and present a delightful scene of undulating country. Our road takes us over an extensive range of hills, and after passing through Lydden and Eweil, we presently see Dover Castle, prominently situated on a summit on our left. Its distance from us is greater than we imagine, but it remains within sight until we approach the town of Dover.

We enter Dover by High Street and Biggin Street. On our left is the new Town Hall and Maison Dieu Hall, and near at hand, on our right, stands Dover Priory. Pursuing a straight course along Cannon Street, we see prominently before us the ancient church of St. Mary, with its pre-Norman tower, which Turner has painted. History tells us that Dover, at the period of the Norman conquest, was almost

destroyed by fire, only a few houses escaping, and at the time of the great plague in London it was similarly afflicted, with proportionately serious results. To the westward of the town rises the lofty and majestic head of Shakespeare's Cliff, very graphically described in *King Lear*. The Castle, remarkable for its strength, is situated on an eminence on the opposite side, and is the most prominent object in Dover, being visible from almost every point. This marvellous mass of fortifications, said to have been originally built by Julius Cæsar, has been called the Gibraltar of England, and in the reign of Edward the Confessor was spoken of as the lock and key of the whole kingdom. On the Castle heights is the ancient fabric of St. Mary's-in-the-Castle, immediately abutting on which is a structure of much greater antiquity, the Roman pharos, or watch-tower, supposed to have been constructed A.D. 53. From the Castle walls very fine views can be obtained. Those from the western battlements spread over the fertile valleys, down one of which descends the river Dour and the road we have just traversed, whilst other valleys, intersected by lofty hills, branch off to the west. From the turrets of the "keep" the prospects are grand and beautiful, and include the North Foreland, the Isle of Thanet, Ramsgate, Reculver, Sandwich, the Downs, Calais, and the French coast from Boulogne to Gravelines.

Our journey ends, as all journeys must; but before we part let us walk to the edge of the sea to enjoy the cool breeze, and remain to watch the setting of the sun until he sinks to rest behind the old Castle.

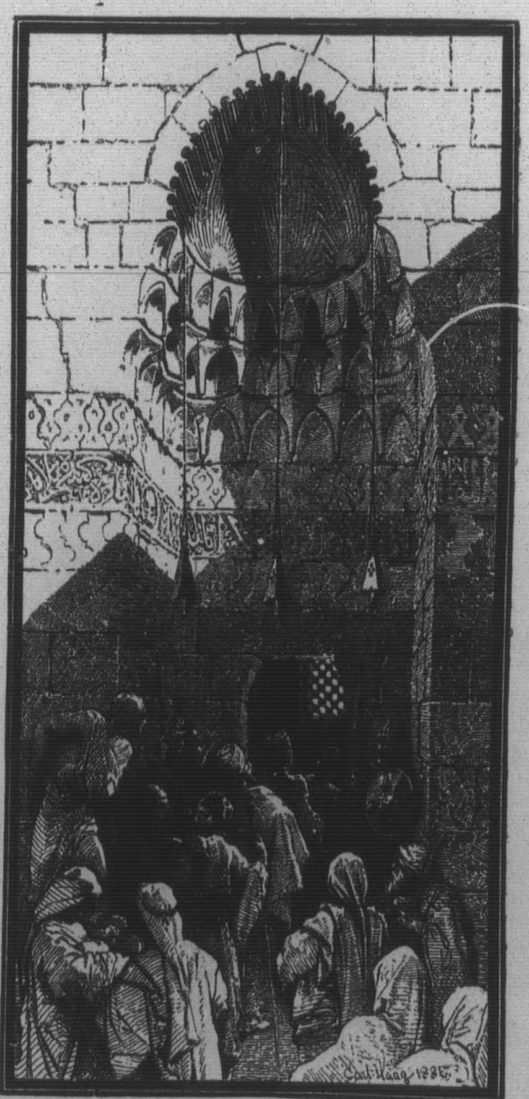
F. G. KITTON.

A Desperate Defence. Charles Cattermole, R.I.

THE LONDON WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

IF there is rarely any work of extraordinary interest or of remarkable originality brought forward at the Old Water-Colour Society, its exhibitions nevertheless serve a far more useful purpose in maintaining at a high level the traditions of English water-colour painting. This year's exhibition is no exception to the general rule, and especially in its English landscapes it shows no falling off. Mr. Alfred Hunt's 'Before the Blaze of Noon' (18), with its knot of cows standing in the river, is the very transcript of a hot summer's day, when the air even seems too lazy to move, but hangs about the trees and bushes in golden mist; and the picture should be compared with Mr. Francis Powell's 'Sunlit Waters' (30) and the 'Opalescent Sea' (254), the works of a scarcely less cunning hand. Mr. J. W. North has for the time forsaken Algeria, and gives a simple but carefully finished study of river life in the 'Mill Stream' (44), noteworthy especially for the care shown in rendering the parting of the mill stream from the river. Mr. Birket Foster's 'Dipping Place' (91, see Illustration) is in some respects the most important picture in the room, the rich tones of the background keeping down the effect which the minute finish of the work might produce upon those who prefer hasty and general effects. Mr. Albert Goodwin is strongly represented by more than one of those fantastic harmonies of colour for which he is so well known; the 'Delectable Mountains' (92), covered with pink heather, 'Porloch Weir' (68), and 'Grey Clovelly' (85), bearing testimony to his varied powers. Mr. George Fripp wanders from the 'London Suburbs' (278) to the 'Isle of Skye' (87), discovering and interpreting the beauties of nature with delicacy. Mr. Callow is even more catholic in his tastes and travels, showing us the bright tints of Venice in the 'Canal Barataria' (23), well known to those who went seeking for the post office in the recesses of the Merceria; the grey seas and skies of 'Hastings' (54), with its picturesque fishing boats; or 'Kirkstall Abbey' (192), on the edge of the Yorkshire moors.

Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury has some excellent autumnal effects, 'When the trees are leafless' (13), the 'Heronry' (130), and many others. Mr. Clarence Whaite is constant to Welsh scenery, which he can render with a master hand, as in 'Snowdon from Tremadoc' (126), 'Harlech Castle' (167); but his most important work is the 'Legendary Castle of Arran' (158), which combines with grace the actual scenery



Bab el Makamah (Gate of Justice, Jerusalem). By Carl Haag, R.W.S.

of this wild island with the imaginative powers of the artist. Amongst the landscapes also a place must be given to Sir John Gilbert's 'Banditti' (151), a very pleasant party assembled under the old oaks looking over a richly-wooded country. It is seldom that the President of the Society can bring himself to treat such peaceful scenes, but this success should embolden him to turn his spearing into pruning-forks. Mr. Thorne Waite is faithful to the Downs and their deeply-embedded valleys, full of sunlight and fresh air, as in 'Haymaking at Christchurch' (108), the 'Village in the Marsh' (167), and half-a-dozen others. Mr. J. P. Jackson contributes some sea views on the southern coast, as in 'Boscastle' (21) and 'Tintagel Valley' (157); but he is at his best in such works as 'By the Running Sea' (171) and 'The Subsiding Gale' (226). Mr. Henry Moore sends four excellent sea studies, of which 'Waiting for the Tide' (214) is the best—full of colours, but covered with a delicate haze.

Amongst the figure painters Mr. Stacy Marks's admirable study of a priest in his cell reading 'A Favourite Author' (154), is quite one of the gems of the exhibition (see Illustration); Mr. E. H. Johnson's 'Sunday' (96), a farmer's daughter in her best frock, and 'Saturday' (174), the same girl going marketing, are fresh and vigorous. Mr. G. du Maurier's 'A Young Face—an Old Tune' (176), is the full-length portrait of an elegant girl about to play the violin. The lifted hand which holds the violin is a trifle large and somewhat ungraceful, but in other respects the figure is excellent and the colour good. Mr. Carl Haag, as usual, is represented by recollections of the East; of these a 'Soudanese Beauty' (40) will not perhaps be fully appreciated by English taste, but none will dispute the skill displayed in the delineation of the 'Gate of Justice' (161, see Illustration), at Jerusalem, with its crowd of eager figures. We understand that this drawing has been sold for eleven hundred guineas. Mrs. Allingham's 'Lessons' (181) is more important in its composition (see Illustration), and therefore of more interest than her works of late have been.

Lessons. By Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S.

We must not omit to mention the names of Mr. H. Marshall, who is now as much master of life by Tyne and Wear as he has shown himself to be of London streets and their subtle atmospheric effects; of Mr. Charles Davidson, Mr. Tom Lloyd, Mr. Paul Naftel, Mr. Charles Gregory, Mr. H. Beavis, Miss Clara Montalba, and Mrs. E. Brewtnall, who, amongst others, do much to make the present exhibition attractive and of solid interest.

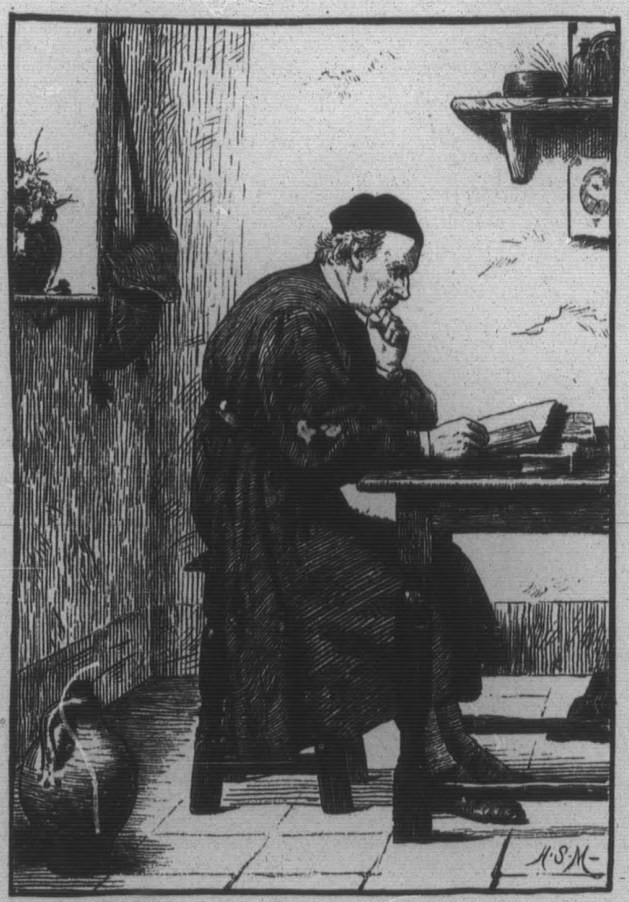
We cannot, however, conclude this short notice without referring to an artist who, year by year, had been gaining in public esteem that position which is the reward of delicate work and of refined taste. Mrs. Lofthouse, better known as Miss Mary Forster, had for many years been a constant exhibitor, and a short time since was elected an associate exhibitor. It is only necessary to refer to her works in the present exhibition, 'Pembroke Castle' (234), as seen through the morning mist, 'Moonrise' (136), and 'A Normandy Landscape' (136), to understand what excellence she had reached and to what success she might hopefully look forward. Her premature death has deprived English water-colour painting of one of its sweetest exponents.

The Dipping Place. By Birket Foster, R.W.S.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which this year holds its third exhibition in its new galleries, shows that their branch of Art requires only space and elbow-room to develop its infinite resources. Variety is the principal feature of this exhibition, comprising upwards of a thousand works. It would be impossible in the limits of the space at our command to do any justice to the contents of the three galleries, and we must limit ourselves to pointing out a few works which have certain distinctive features. For instance, Mr. Napier Hemy's 'Pilchard Fishing' (192), although hung too high to be seen to advantage, cannot fail to attract attention; the eager attitudes of the fishermen, whose boats have closed up with their nets, are rendered with wonderful power; whilst the silver scales from the fish fly about mingled with the sleet which is driving across the blue and moving sea. Mr. Edwin Abbey's 'Old Song' (294), in spite of certain technical defects, is very full of charm and poetry; a young girl is standing to a harp in the middle of an old wainscoted room, in the corner her mother is seated in deep shadow, her hand being held by her husband, on whom falls the pale light of the bay window against which he is sitting. The sentiment is touching and straightforward, and the picture tells its own story. In Mr. Geo. Clausen's 'Summer Evening' (370), and still more in his 'Harvest' (518), we have that richness of tone combined with refinement of sentiment which not unfrequently suggests the influence of Jules Breton. Mr. Syer's 'Dartmoor Stream' (802); Mr. H. G. Hine's 'Cuckmere Downs' (451); Mr. Randolph Caldecott's two hunting scenes, 'The First Flight' (438), men and horses fresh and eager, and 'The Last Flight' (614), men and horses spent and cautious; Mr. Keeley Hallswelle's 'Christchurch, Hants' (950), and Mr. Edwin Hayes' 'Dover Roads' (926) are a few among the excellent landscapes and seascapes of the exhibition. In genre painting the exhibition is exceptionally strong, and not the least achievement of modern water-colour painters in this line is the persistence with which they attempt to obtain, often with great success, results equal to those obtained from oil-colours.

The President, Mr. J. D. Linton, leads the way in this direction, and his two figures of 'Waverley' (444), in black velvet and yellow frieze, and 'Rose Bradwardine' (464), more interesting than in the story, are proofs of what can be achieved. Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'In the piping times of peace' (478), a soldier of fortune taking his ease; Mr. John Tenniel's 'Sir Andrew Aguecheek' (485), playing 'o' the viol-de-gamba,' are instances of a similar tendency. Mr. Frank Dadd shows great humour as well as skill in 'The Boy: what will he become?' (413), the visit of an anxious father to a phrenologist; and a more homely sentiment in 'Tally-ho, off we go!' (543), an old huntsman riding his grandchild on his foot. Mr. Joseph Nash's 'Tithe Pig' (512); Mr. J. C. Dollman's 'No Buyers' (601); Mr. Stephen Dadd's 'In Flagrante Delicto' (697) are also works in which the humorous element predominates.

Amongst the other pictures to which we would especially call attention are Mr. E. M. Wimperis's 'Shaughden Pier' (696); Mr. Thomas Collier's 'Near Burley' (734), a study of the Berkshire Downs in autumn; Mr. Walter May's 'Estuary of the Thames' (808); Miss Christina Ross's 'Old Bridge at Berwick' (638); Mr. C. Green's 'Nelly and her Grandfather' (627), seated behind the Punch-and-Judy show with which Codling and Short are engaged; Mr. W. L. Wyllie's 'Frost and Rime' (583); Mrs. Chandler Roberts's 'May' (1058), a pretty girl's head; Mr. John Fulleylove's 'Great Avenue at Hampton Court' (1066); and Mrs. Kate Perugini's charming portrait of Miss Sophia Millais, in which the artist has paid a pretty compliment to her model's father, by adopting in a great measure the attitude in which Mr. Millais painted Mrs. Perugini's portrait many years ago.



A Favourite Author. By H. S. Marks, R.A., R.W.S.

We give illustrations of Charles Cattermole's 'Desperate Defence' (276), H. Caffieri's 'Shutting the Lock Gates' (286), and Walter Langley's 'Waiting for the Boats' (912), all of them being subjects of note in the exhibition.

Messrs. H. Caffieri, W. H. Weatherhead, T. Pyne, and W. Scott have been elected Members of this Society. A compliment has also been paid to the Water-Colour Art of Australia in the election of Mr. Edward Coombes, C.M.G., who has found time amid his onerous duties to attain to eminence in a pursuit of this branch of the Arts.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists gives very plain evidence of the infusion of fresh blood, but whether the improvement be altogether due to the influence of Mr. Whistler is a question we will not discuss. Certain it is, however, that that versatile artist is not only directly responsible for a very admirable portrait of Señor Sarasate, as well as four charming little *impressions de voyage* in France, Holland, and

London, but he is indirectly responsible for the clever work of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Harper Pennington, and the Australian-born Mr. Mortimer Menpes; for the former, in addition to two girl portraits, painted very much after the style of Mr. Whistler's "harmonies," contributes a very striking, if not wholly pleasing, portrait of Mrs. Cornwallis West; whilst the latter sends half-a-dozen water-colour sketches, minute in size and delicate in execution, imparting as by a flash of intelligence the secret of Spanish street life and bright sunshine. Mr. W. T. Dannat is another American artist whose works have found hospitality among the "British Artists," and his heads of a Spanish peasant and of an old man are among the strongest bits of realistic painting that have been exhibited for some time. Mr. John Burr's 'Peep into the Future,' a peasant girl at the door of the village fortune-teller, is on a larger scale than the President of the Society is accustomed to paint; but it shows no falling off of force or care. Mr. Jacomb Hood's 'Bunch of Blue Ribbons,' a seated full-length of a cavalier, affords further evidence of this artist's capacity for taking pains; and in some way this finished work might be compared with that of Roybet. Among the other figure pictures may be mentioned Mr. Rowland Holyoake's 'Wandering Minstrel,' a girl in a village taproom; Mr. W. Bromley's 'Noughts and Crosses,' the interior of a village school; Mr. R. J. Gordon's 'Gold Fish,' a lady somewhat overdressed; and a 'Fisherman's Daughter,' by Mr. John White. The foreign landscapes are less numerous than usual, amongst the most noteworthy are those of Venice by Mr. Aubrey Hunt; but of English scenes there is a considerable variety of every degree of excellence and the reverse. Of the latter we need not speak. But among the former we do not hesitate to place such works as Mr. H. Hollingdale's 'Thames Backwater,' Mr. W. L. Picknell's (another American) 'Stormy Day,' Mr. George Boyle's 'Old Ferry,' Mr. C. W. Wyllie's 'In the Essex Marshes,' Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Poole Harbour,' and Mr. Alfred East's 'Autumn Reverie.' Some of the flower paintings are of great merit, such as Miss E. Martineau's 'Scarlet Poppy,' and in a less degree her 'Carnations;' and Mr. Clifton Lin's 'Narcissus.' The water colours, in addition to those of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Menpes, comprise good works by Mr. T. B. Hardy, Mr. W. A. Ingram, and Mr. Wyke Bayliss, whose 'Interior of Lierre Cathedral' is most delicate and natural.

Shutting the Lock Gates. By H. Caffieri, R.I.

Waiting for the Boats. By Walter Langley, R.I.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON.*

II.—Landscapes and Marine Pictures.

ENGLISH landscape painting has in the past enjoyed a high reputation, and from the days of Wilson to the death of Turner played an important part in the history of Art. Whether it is destined to recover its authoritative position it would be useless to discuss, but it is plain that at the present moment its influence is altogether out of proportion with the efforts of those who pursue this branch of painting. Two schools are still in presence of the public: the one, of which Hook, Vicat Cole, Leader, etc., are among the chief exponents, aims at perpetuating the traditions handed down from Old Crome through Constable and David Cox; whilst the other, more directly acknowledging the French influence of Daubigny and Corot, and, in certain cases, of Millet, finds its chief supporters amongst the younger artists. The golden haze in which Turner excelled is now rarely attempted, and for it is substituted a sort of milk-and-water wash, which in many cases masks slovenly work, and fails to convince the spectator of the superiority of sentiment over technique. In the more subtle analysis of light, few, if any, except Mr. Alfred Hunt, are left who will conscientiously grapple with the difficulties it presents. The most popular Art, to judge from the evidence of one's eyes and ears, is that which gives a realistic representation of a well-known scene or of an accessible spot: and it is to this cause that the success of Mr. Vicat Cole's 'Iffley Mill' (135) and 'Sinodun Hill' (186) is in some measure due. In the former we have admirably rendered a cold shower on a summer day—the driving rain, the wind rustling in the leaves of the tall poplars which line the river side: in the other all is peaceful enjoyment, the river glides smoothly, and on the half-reaped hill beyond the rich evening sunlight rests.—A wide gulf separates Mr. V. Cole's style from that of his brother Academician, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, who this year sends four works, 'Summer Twilight' (5), 'Lost Sheep' (874), 'Done Work' (891), and 'On the Cliffs' (282), the most important of the set, where cows replace the sheep, and the sky wears a porcelain-blue hue, which somewhat mars the general effect of the scene. Mr. MacWhirter is in far greater force than either of his colleagues, although of his half-dozen works the 'Track of a Hurricane' (662) is the only one which marks out any fresh departure of his Art, representing the head of a ravine strewn with uprooted trees and broken branches, the lately swollen torrent now quietly flowing among the tumbled rocks and débris. Overhead the sky is clear and soft, and across the smiling landscape one can only guess that devastation has so recently swept. Mr. Colin Hunter has aimed at higher things in his attempt to render 'The Rapids of Niagara above the Falls' (709); and in spite of his want of success in convincing the public that the seething waters madly tossed about before taking their terrific leap can assume that glassy look, it is only fair to recollect that the work is the result of conscientious study of a spot which scarcely one among a thousand visitors to Niagara ever see. The water should, we believe, be more sparkling, throwing off rainbow hues from every wavelet, and should scarcely have lost its exquisite transparency. Mr. J. C. Hook is represented by four works, of which two at least are outside his ordinary scenes of seashore life: 'The Stream' (140), a rural scene with cows and milkmaids—conceived very much in the spirit of the Norwich school—and the 'Close of Day' (202), in which the artist has with considerable success attempted to imitate Turner, and to render the effect of the setting sun, partially obscured by a cloud, throwing its golden rays along the horizon and away from the spectator. The sheen on the water in the foreground is, as in all Mr. Hook's works, admirably given, but the dividing line of sea and sky should, we think, be more strongly marked, especially when looked upon from above the sea-level. The other two works are 'Yo! heave ho!' (270), and a flock of cormorants "ful of glotony" (146). It may be worth while to contrast this last-named work with Mr. W. L. Wyllie's 'Debatable Ground' (679), a weird scene of snow and mud, with crows and gulls shrieking and quarrelling over the offal left by the retiring tide. Mr. Joseph Knight's 'Lone Shore' (207) also represents the mud flats of some estuary over which the thick lowering clouds throw dark shadows. Mr. Knight is still stronger in his mountain scene, 'Solitude' (605). There is in both of these pictures a sense of sympathy with solitude which no amount of mere technical ability could produce, and they endorse the artist's long-established claim to a high rank among English landscape painters. Mr. Brett is at the very antipodes of this melancholy school; he paints nature basking in the sun or in full blaze of light, with masses of pink-edged clouds, as if to symbolise the softer side of sorrow. Of his three works, the 'Norman Archipelago' (1106), mention has been already made. In the 'Lighthouse at Cape Wrath' (844) Mr. Brett has attempted not only a northern sky and sea, but a day-break effect, which, if not altogether pleasing, shows very consummate knowledge of the qualities of light, as well as a thorough acquaintance with sea phases, however varying. Mr. Peter Graham is another of those skilful artists on whom the dreary overpowering burden of life seems to weigh depressingly. In his three works, 'Evening' (73), 'Passing Showers' (791), and especially in the picture to which the quotation from *Cymbeline* is affixed (190), we have the elements of black skies and dark green waters admirably painted, but singing the same sad dirge. Mr. J. W. Oakes is, as usual, faithful to Welsh landscape, but his 'Fishing Boats' (981) waiting for the rising tide, is the only work of the year which displays any very distinctive qualities. In this he has very happily seized an effect of sea and sky which, though somewhat hackneyed, has in his hands fresh attractions. Mr. Leader shows little advance in his study of nature. 'A Worcestershire Lane' (254), with skies and hedgerows fresh washed by a summer shower, sparkles rather more than is customary in this artist's work, and his 'Hedgerow elms on hillocks green' (555) is an honest though severe treatment of

* Continued from page 227.

wayside scenery, the outcome of a healthy mind with but little imagination. This side of Mr. Leader's talent is even more strongly visible in his 'Old Holyhead Road' (1033). Mr. R. W. MACBETH, who at one time promised to become the prose poet of East Anglian peasant life, is painfully prosaic in both 'The Miller and the Maid' (1044) and in 'Ripe October' (1127); they are altogether wanting in that subtle sympathy with lowly life which distinguished his earlier works. In many respects 'Salthouse Dock, Liverpool' (575), the work of Mr. ATKINSON GRIMSHAW, contrasts favourably, in aspiration at least, with Mr. Macbeth's prose idyls, for in the wet dark streets along which the gas lamps are dimly flickering, and the tall masts of the shipping just visible against the cloud-driven sky, there is a feeling which invests the subject with something akin to poetry.

Mr. GOODALL finds in his reminiscences of Ancient Egypt unfailing inspiration, as well as the setting of modern episodes. Mr. HERKOMER, who does so many things well, has this year apparently devoted himself to the study of the rocks and of pre-historic Britain. 'Found' (1027) is an outcome of this research, and as such possesses many good qualities, but neither in this nor in his study in modern sociology, 'Hard Times, 1885' (1142), a tramp and his family, does he succeed in creating more than admiration for his technical skill.

Thus far we have dealt almost wholly with names well known to the public. Amongst the works by younger men who keep before them the traditions of the English school may be cited Mr. A. K. BROWN'S 'Frosty Evening in the Fen Country' (68); Mr. W. L. PICKNELL'S 'Brockenhurst Road' (339); Mr. T. HOPE MACLACHLAN'S 'Barden Beck' (23); and Mr. G. W. JOHNSTONE'S 'Glen Falloch' (77). In the second room Mr. NORMAN'S 'Sagne Fjord' (93) is a remarkable study of rocks falling sheer into bright blue water, full of excellent work and patient study; and Mr. JOHN F. FAED'S 'Bleak North-easter' (112) is not less promising and truthful, with its patches of white surf on the dirty grey water. One of the most interesting features of this year's exhibition is the excellent work contributed by the sons of three Academicians. In addition to the above mentioned, Mr. John Faed has another study of sea, 'Storm-beaten' (807), whilst Mr. A. J. HOOK sends two works much in his father's style, 'A Conversation at Sea' (664), and 'A Cornish Port' (905). Mr. FRANK CALDERON has only one work, 'On the Fens' (1692), in black and white, which can be regarded as wholly landscape, but both in 'Driving a Bargain' (60) and 'Showing his Paces' (1018), although horses occupy the most prominent place, yet the landscape in which they are set is rendered with so much delicacy and feeling that we cannot but hope that he will devote himself to its pursuit. In Mr. EDWIN ELLIS'S 'Waiting for those who will never return' (197), the artist invests a well-worn theme with a touch of novelty. In much the same spirit is Mr. WALTER SHAW'S 'North-West Gale' (215), but wanting in the tragic interest infused into Mr. Ellis's work. Mr. BRYAN HOOK'S 'Gathering Eggs at Lundy' (312), with its blue cove between richly flowering hill-sides, is a sunnier side of life.

Turning to those artists who display in more marked manner French influences, the first place must be accorded to Mr. STANHOPE FORBES' 'Fishmarket' (1093), with its high horizon and glittering sands, to which allusion has already been made. But there are other works in this exhibition which show almost equal promise, though perhaps not so much present power. Amongst these are Mr. EDWIN CALVERT'S 'Old Orchard' (16) and 'Day of Sunshine' (70), two expressions of one scene and idea; but Mr. PRINSEP BEADLE pushes this exaggeration of atmosphere still further in such a work as the 'Pas de Calais' (105); and Mr. ALFRED GLENDENING'S 'Green Pastures' (97), under its influence almost lose their claim to that colour. Miss ALICE HAVERS, who is making steady progress, seems to halt between the influence of Mr. Macbeth and that of the French school, especially in her 'Divided' (134). In her other work, 'The Belle of the Village' (748), Miss Havers has been more completely successful; and the group of men, beneath trees, watching the belle and her companions as they wend their way across the bridge from the river washing-place, is a charming bit of country life. Mr. JAMES L. HENRY'S 'Flemish Pastures' (151), with the cattle lazily feeding, is a very excellent work, full of light and air; and so is Mr. FRED. BROWN'S 'Rural England' (335), a village street, with children whose sole resource seems to be the feeding of the village geese and ducks. Mr. ALFRED EAST is another artist who sends some promising works, of which 'Where the sunlight lingers' (241), and 'The Dark Island (351), are the most noteworthy; whilst Mr. HERBERT DALZIEL'S 'Cow-girl' (296) will probably escape the attention it merits on account of its position over a doorway.

Space prevents our giving more than the names of various other works, which we have endeavoured to classify according to the influences which seem to have dominated their artists.

English.—Mr. ERNEST WATERLOW'S 'Scant Fuel' (465), Mr. HENRY MOORE'S 'Cat's Paws off the Land' (510), and 'Newhaven Packet' (533). All these works are deserving of the highest praise, and we are glad to find that the last-named artist has at last received official recognition by the profession. The first-named of Mr. Moore's has been purchased out of the Chantrey Fund, but that is but a slight tribute to his powers as a marine artist. Mr. JAMES LINNELL'S 'The Comus Wood' (478) is quite outshone by Mr. ALFRED HUNT'S 'Bright October' (756), in spite of the disadvantage under which the latter labours from its bad hanging; but with all its excellence it makes one regret that Mr. Hunt does not give himself wholly to water-colour painting, where, by his delicate sense of light, he is unapproachable. Mr. DOUGLAS ADAMS'S 'Haunt of the Wild Fowl' (771), Mr. R. SCOTT TEMPLE'S 'Cor Arden (343), Mr. JOSEPH HENDERSON'S 'Jura, from Kintyre' (779), and Mr. C. E. JOHNSON'S 'Waes me for Prince Charlie' (815), and Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S 'Last Leaves' (1135), are good examples of the Scottish School.

French.—Mr. J. V. JELLEY'S 'A Day of Sunshine' (38), Mr. THOMAS C. S. BENHAM'S 'Drying Day' (495), Mr. TOM LLOYD'S 'Supper for Three' (496), are pastorals which by reason of their strong realisms differ from such works as Mr. MARK FISHER'S 'Autumn: Afternoon' (71) and 'Bay of Kenmare' (200), in which sentiment predominates. Mr. WM. LAIDLAY'S 'Twilight on the Marsh' (615), Mr. F. LOWCOCK'S 'Signal' (645), Mr. STERLING DYCE'S 'The "Roes Pot," Banchory' (702), Mr. MARTIN SNAPE'S 'First Hoar-frost' (754), Mr. RICKATSON'S 'Cottage Homes' (767), Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER'S 'Last Red Leaves' (789), Miss FLORA REID'S 'St. Valentine's Morn' (824), and her brother, Mr. JOHN R. REID'S 'The Fatherless' (1113), all display technical qualities derived from foreign sources.

ART NOTES.

A VERY sensible bequest has been made to the English National Gallery. The late Mr. John L. Walker has left to that institution the sum of £10,000, not to form a "fund," but to be expended on the purchase of one picture or more for the collection, "the said picture or pictures to be labelled with the donor's name." The opportunities for buying great works of Art are becoming very numerous; some celebrated collections are to be sold next year; and now that the gallery has been deprived for a time of its regular grant, Mr. Walker's bequest will at least make it easier to intercept some of the fine things on their way to Continental galleries.

Arrangements are in progress (perhaps by the time these lines appear in print they may be complete) by which the Gallery will be opened to the public an hour later than it has been hitherto during the summer months.

The South Kensington Museum has been enriched by the purchase of two curious pictures, or a picture in two parts, of the Grand Place of Brussels during some great pageant in the year 1604 or thereabouts. The pictures are large, and are full of the most quaint details of dress, architecture, and decoration. They were bought for £262 10s.

At a general assembly of the Royal Academy, held on the 4th of June, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse was elected a Royal Academician, and Messrs. E. Burne Jones, Henry Moore, and J. W. Waterhouse, Associates. A more satisfactory election could hardly have been made. Mr. Alfred Waterhouse was made an Associate seven years ago, and in that period has over and over again shown his worthiness and right to be accorded the full honours. The selection of Mr. Burne Jones is even more satisfactory; it shows a desire to conciliate a class of artists whose work has hitherto been deemed antagonistic to Academic teaching; as to his deserts there can be no question. The exhibitions will be immensely strengthened by the presence of his pictures, and a corresponding blow will fall upon those of the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Henry Moore's election has been long delayed, but it still finds the artist at his best, and this long-deserved encouragement should add vigour even to his strong brush. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse is still young both in years and as an exhibitor, and we can only hope that the honour thus early granted to him may not have other effect than to stimulate him to continue in his endeavours to paint for fame only. The election of two persons of the same name is a curious coincidence.

The varied branches into which the Academic body divides itself were, in February, 1881, and are now, as follows:—

	R.A.		A.R.A.		Total.	
	1881.	1885.	1881.	1885.	1881.	1885.
Painters of Genre	25	22	17	19	42	41
Portrait	2	5	1	—	3	5
Landscape	2	3	5	6	7	9
Animal	3	3	1	—	4	3
Sculptor	3	4	4	3	7	7
Architects	2	3	5	2	7	5
Engravers	1	2	2	1	3	3
					73	73

The Edinburgh Exhibition of Art and Industry will be opened on the 1st of May, 1886.

At the recent sale of pictures in London belonging to the primitive schools of Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, which were collected by the late Mr. Fuller Russell, one of the most interesting was a 'Crucifixion' ascribed, and rightly, to Michael Wohlgemuth. In the foreground it had been marked with the monogram of Albert Dürer, and had once indeed been attributed to him, having been bought as his at the sale of a Dr. Campe, in Nuremberg. It is a characteristic work of Wohlgemuth, being excellent in colour and well composed. Many years ago a Mr. Shipperdson left a 'Crucifixion' to the National Gallery as a work of Wohlgemuth, in which there is much in common with the picture to which we are now referring; but the differences are decisive enough. The wings of this last picture—for it was once a triptych—are now in the Royal Institution Gallery at Liverpool.

At the same sale a small example of Albert Altdorfer changed hands for an insignificant sum. It was said to be the only example of the master in England!

The pictures collected by the late Lord Dudley are to be sold at Christie's in the course of next summer. The Fra Angelico sold to Berlin just before Lord Dudley's death has now been placed in the gallery. The exact price given for it was £10,500.

A good many of the chief pictures in the Louvre have lately been cleaned, a process which the fast-increasing use of coal in Paris has made more necessary than ever. Among these is the 'Vierge aux Rochers' of Leonardo. Its face has been washed, and it has been lowered to the line in the long gallery, a situation which enables it to be better seen than for some years past. It is a pity that this panel cannot be brought into immediate juxtaposition with the replica in London, so that the question as to which is the true "Simon Pure" might be finally settled, as it was in the case of the Holbeins at Darmstadt and Dresden.

In one of the courtyards, between the long gallery of the Louvre and the two great saloons 'Daru' and 'Mollien,' lies the great octagonal room known as the *Salle des Etats*. It opens at one end into the long gallery, at the other into the dark vertical tunnel in which the two great Courbets, the 'Hallali,' and the 'Enterrement à Ornans' are at present located; it would be absurd to say exhibited. This *Salle des Etats* is now to be arranged for the reception of all the French pictures of the present century, so that with the *Salles Daru* and *Mollien*, French painting, from its rise in the seventeenth century down almost to the present day, can be studied, so to speak, within a ring fence.

The Cluny Museum is in course of extension by the building of a new hall between the ancient abbey and ruins of the Palais des Thermes.

The French Ministry of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts has resolved that all the works of Art purchased by the State from the Salon shall be exhibited together immediately after its close. The exhibition will last for a month: it will take place in the École des Beaux-Arts, and will be open free.

The Salon medals have been distributed, and have fallen into less surprising hands than has sometimes been the case. The *médaille d'honneur*, indeed, has gone to M. Bouguereau, which may be explained by his having this year presided over the jury of selection. Next to him came Benjamin Constant with 63 votes, a minority of 9; M. Humbert with 49; M. Roll with 40; Henner 29. No first medals were given, but medals of the second class fell to MM. Friant, Weisz, Mathey, Bramtôt, Princeteau, Dawant, Foubert, Edouard, Loewe-Marchand, Berteaux, Petitjean, Clairin, Hareux, Lagarde. Third medals were voted to MM. Buland, Agache, E. Laurent, Morlon, Thiollet, Victor Marec, Casile, Uhde, Bloch, A. Binet, Gueldry, Thevenot, F. Charlet, Friese, Carrière, Morlot, Pinel, Bettanier, E. Bourgeois, Brispot, Charlemont, Charlay-Pompon, E. Fournier, and to Mdlles. Beaury-Saurel and Julia Marest. The "honourable mentions" are too numerous to give in full, but they include several American and English painters, among them MM. Rooke, E. Martin, Weeks, Stewart, Walter Gay, Harrison, Washington, Swan, and Halkett.

In sculpture no *médaille d'honneur* has been given. The number of votes required to win it was 39, and M. Mercié, who found most favour, could only muster 31. First medals were given to MM. Daillon, Desca, Croisy, A. Carlès, and Roty. Second medals to MM. Hiolin, Louis Cordier, Demaille, Valton, A. Léonard, Marioton, Lange-Guglielmo, and Pallez; and third medals to H. Levasseur, Mengue, Laporte, Leroux, Fouques, Pech, and Lemaire. Besides these 48 sculptors won "honourable mention."

The Frankfort Museum has just acquired a fine Vandyck. It is the portrait of Hendrik de Booys, described in the third volume of Smith's Catalogue (No. 821), and engraved by Cornelius Visscher.

In the course of some recent excavations carried on at the foot of the Palatine, eight hundred and thirty Anglo-Saxon coins were brought to light: three of them belong to the reign of Alfred the Great (871—900), all the rest to the tenth century. Upon this curious treasure, which formed part most likely of some batch of "Peter's pence," M. de Rossi has published an interesting paper in the *Notizie degli Scavi*.

In the year 1788 died at Bologna the Marchese Giacomo Zambecari, leaving a fine collection of pictures, and instructions in his will that it should never be dispersed or taken from his native city. In 1871 died his last descendant, and the town of Bologna commenced a lawsuit against his next of kin, claiming the execution of the old marquis's will, and the transference of the collection intact into their Pinacoteca. After fourteen years of litigation the cause has just been decided in favour of the citizens, and the pictures will take up their places by the St. Cecilia. They of course include examples of all the more famous of the later Bolognese but there are also pictures ascribed to Palma, Veronese, Tintoretto, Correggio, Lucas van Leyden, Albert Dürer, Van der Goes, Vandyck, Rubens, and Metzu.

The Trustees of the National Gallery of New South Wales have, by the purchase of Mr. Millais's 'Captive,' added another first-rate work to their now important collection. This picture is interesting as being the first subject painted by that artist with the aid of spectacles; in consequence, probably, it is remarkable for the delicacy of its execution, being in this respect in marked contrast to some of his almost contemporary pictures. Two foreign works have also been bought, 'Desolation,' by Heffner, and Luminais' 'Enervés de Jumièges,' a powerful but very painful subject, typical of a large section of the French school. A considerable soreness exists just now in the minds of the local artists at Sydney on account of the following circumstances. In August of last year the Trustees passed the following resolution and forwarded it to the Art Society of New South Wales:—"That out of the funds at the disposal of the Trustees for the purchase of works of Art, the sums of £125 and £75 may be set apart to be expended in the purchase of an oil painting and water colour respectively, the works of an artist or artists residing in Australia, to be selected from the next exhibition of the Art Society, provided always that in their opinion the painting or drawing possesses sufficient merit to entitle it to a place in the National Gallery." As the result the Trustees, "after much consideration regretted that they were unable to select anything which they considered to fulfil the conditions of this vote," a polite way of saying that the works were not up to the standard. Unfortunately they added a rider, "that to encourage local artists they were prepared to purchase for 40 guineas a work by Mr. J. R. Ashton, and with £50 placed at their disposal from another source a painting by Mr. Piguinet." The Art Society is up in arms at this. They start by alleging that a National Gallery should be devoted to the assistance of national Art only, and in support of this state that no works by any foreign school, with the exception of Old Masters, are to be found in the English National Gallery or the Louvre! and that they consider that in making any choice whatever, the trustees have rendered themselves liable to pay the sums of £125 and £75. Clearly under the resolution no such claim could be substantiated. It appears to us, however, that every endeavour should be made to assist and encourage native talent. This no doubt will best be done by obtaining the finest examples not only of contemporary but of ancient Art, irrespective of nationality. But because local talent is not able to stand the test of being placed alongside of these, it should not on that account not be purchased. It need not be so placed, and if in the future present efforts look ludicrous, it will only be because the standard has materially advanced, which is the goal towards which all these efforts are tending.

It will be interesting to our American readers to learn that the article we published in our May number (p. 137) on "Education in Industrial Art," by Mr. C. G. Leland, has attracted much attention in England, and a special exhibition of the works produced by the Home Arts Association was held in London from the 9th to the 11th of July.

PAINTED BY B.W.LEADER A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY A.WILLMORE

THE EVENING HOUR

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

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JOHN LA FARGE.

THERE have been two men whose genius and originality have marked an epoch in American Art. William Hunt and John La Farge have been the first among American artists gifted with such a degree of creative power, and animated by such purely ideal aims, as to place their work on a level with the productions of an age thrilled with a deeper feeling than our own. To their Art they have brought a grave earnestness of purpose and a spirit of consecration mediæval in their completeness. In the large sense of being strictly devoted to religious subjects, they have been religious painters. It has been the meaning, the soul, the spirit of things, rather than their carnal or outward appearance, which it has been their aim and purpose to reveal.

The genius of Mr. La Farge is more difficult to analyze or to classify than that of his life-long friend and early master, William Hunt. The former artist's talent is veined with qualities that elude the measuring compass. It possesses the fugitive charm usually allied to the spiritual nature and temperament; and it is due to this characteristic that Mr. La Farge has never been, in the strict sense of the term, a popular painter, nor even been awarded his place as a great one by the mass of his compatriots. The world resents the appearance of a talent which is beyond its easy reading. Mr. La Farge cannot be said to be the founder of any school, nor the disciple of one. The character of his genius is too original, too individual to create a wide following, and he himself too independent to follow in paths already beaten by others. His methods of development have been also peculiar to himself. He has not revealed himself through any one connected series of works, such as usually marks the man of intense convictions and original ideals. Instead, he has attained a more or less complete revelation of himself and of his theories by running a wide gamut of artistic performance. First, he became known to us through his landscapes, flower painting, and portraits; then as a painter of religious subjects of a high order; and later he devoted himself to decorative work, and to the manufacture of stained glass.

There are two influences which mould, more than all else, an artist—the master under whom he first studies, and the nature which surrounds him in his youth. Mr. La Farge was fortunate in having for the former perhaps the most original, and certainly the most spiritual mind America has yet produced; and for his geographical *milieu*, the one spot in America best adapted to a youthful poet-painter's development. Newport made him a colourist, and his friendship with William Hunt deepened and fixed his own natural strong tendency to seek for the religious aspect of life and nature. As a very young man, Mr. La Farge had studied architecture for the pleasure and profit it might bring as a pursuit, with no plan of making it his profession. Later, during a trip abroad, he was drawn to painting under much the same impulse. In Paris, for some weeks he was under Couture; a short time as days count, but long enough to receive the far-reaching influence of that master's magnetic genius. Couture's divining eye was not long in discovering his young pupil's dawning talent. He advised him to free himself from the vicious effects of studio surroundings, to go and study alone, by himself. "Your place," said he, "is not among these students; they have no ideas. They imitate me; they are all trying *to be little Coutures*."

A Fresco. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Mr. La Farge's answer was to return to America. He established himself at Newport, and soon after, making the acquaintance of William Hunt, he found himself irresistibly drawn to that painter.

I have said that Newport made Mr. La Farge a colourist. In the strict sense of creation this is not true, since the gift of the colourist is, and must ever be, a natural endowment. But in the large sense of influencing and developing this artist's tastes and tendencies in his treatment of colour, the influences of Newport, of its skies, its field tints, and sea hues, have been as unmistakably powerful as in the lasting effects produced on Titian by the rocks and slopes of his native Cadore.

The first picture I ever saw by Mr. La Farge was the 'Last Valley,' a study of rocks, with a stretch of long meadow, bounded by a wide overhanging sky. It was a most beautiful transcription of nature in one of her rare, rich moments. The whole picture was luminous, filled with the light breaking

in from the west, flooding the valley. And yet, in the very texture of the atmosphere, there was a subtle earnestness and intensity, a hint of nature's mystery and her strange impenetrability. In common with all Mr. La Farge's landscapes, it was painted in the open air, it being his firm belief that nature can be only truly depicted when she is sitting, so to speak, for her portrait.

All the landscapes belonging to this early period are characterized by these same qualities, the qualities belonging to an investigator, a man who goes to nature to look upon her for himself, who in studying her secrets and her mysteries is led to reveal something of himself, so that the mute loveliness of nature is made to live, thrilled with a human consciousness and meaning.

The Triumph of Love. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

One of the best known of the landscapes of this time is a view from a hill near Paradise, Newport. It is a daring composition, the land stretching out into unending distance drenched in noon light. In this picture we see an example of the painter's peculiar treatment of light. He follows nature in its subtle gradations; the use of these in some of his snow scenes is uncommonly skilful. There is a faint tinting of pink in the foreground shading into green; in certain depressions in the ground a tint of deepest blue, and towards the edges of the horizon a pale touch of yellow. These are all so subdued as to make an *ensemble* of imperceptible colour, yet, while the purity of the snow is exquisitely preserved, its colour and reality seem for the first time to have been seized.

None of these landscapes are in high finish. There is breadth and a sense of largeness in the brush work, but no hint of elaboration. The details are subordinated, almost disdained.

Colour, with Mr. La Farge, is made to symbolise the character of his subject. One of his most strongly held convictions is that colour can be made to express the hidden meaning, the subtleties of things. Hence his originality in his colouring, the most striking features of which are his frequent use of a *crescendo* in his scale of tones, his constant habit of shading by most delicate gradations, and his delight in sharp juxtaposition of the primaries. This latter peculiarity has been chiefly noticeable since his study of Japanese Art and its laws of colour. At one period of his life Mr. La Farge was very largely influenced by the Orientalists, and he has since retained a great admiration for certain qualities in their work. Happily, the soberer, richer examples of the classic Italians were too strong to permit an entire absorption in this vein, so that the best of Mr. La Farge's work in oil is freed from these faults of exaggeration.

Mr. La Farge's fidelity to nature is deeply realised in looking upon some of his flower paintings. The most elaborated of these is the 'Spirit of the Water-lily.' From the liquid depths of a rich pool, on which floats in splendour the full-orbed lilies, there rises a lovely winged female figure, whose garments trail the waters, but whose body seems to swing and sway in mid-air, in sprite-like unison with the undulating flowers beneath her.

This play of fancy recalls other work of Mr. La Farge which shows his gifts as a painter of purely imaginative work. In a series of drawings on wood and water colours, painted at different periods, but all closely allied in character, there are an enchanting number of subjects which take us into the regions of pure fairyland and witchcraft. The 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' the 'Wolf-charmer,' the 'Sorceress,' the 'Fisherman and the Genii,' the 'Siren's Song,' and others, are the purest fantasy winging one into a paradise of pure delight, untouched by too serious a human purpose. Such creations as these cannot, of course, be treated as serious parts of a great painter's work; yet the play of a great artist is always deserving of study. Some of Mr. La Farge's strongest work is, however, to be found in an edition of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," and in the "Songs of Old Dramatists."

The period preceding the year 1868 was one of extraordinary activity. Besides the landscapes, flower pictures, and these drawings on wood and water colours, Mr. La Farge was attracted to other departments of Art. He painted numerous portraits, studies of heads and figures, all of which, while attesting his ceaseless activities, proclaim powers in portraiture as distinct as those shown in landscape. His portraits resemble his landscapes in this: they have the same qualities of depth and sincerity. The treatment also is much the same. The details are slurred, subordinated, disdained; all the power is focussed on the expression of the character, rather than on the mere features of the subject; hence a deep interior look, a sense of soul behind the face, which raises these portraits to the level of the highest Art in portraiture. The scheme of colour is kept, as a rule, in low tones, but these tones are singularly rich and strong.

The highest note of power struck by the artist at this period of his life and work, is in a religious subject known as the 'St. Paul,' a large canvas painted as the altar-piece of a church. In this work, altogether the most important production of the decade, and in many respects one of the finest examples of this artist's genius, one has a sense that here at last the deep underlying chord of deeply religious sentiment, which has thrilled the spiritual organism of this artist, has found its true expression. Only a believer could have painted this 'Saint Paul.' It is the work of a man who believes, not in modern, lukewarm, casuistic fashion, but with a pre-Raphaelistic fervour and sincerity.

The picture, as a composition, shows how closely Mr. La Farge has studied the great Renaissance models. But while he has caught their spirit, the breadth and largeness of their treatment, and learned from them the secret of their marvellous union of strength and simplicity, the 'Saint Paul' does not suggest imitation. It is an original conception, original both in idea and execution.

In 1876 Mr. La Farge was given a more extended opportunity for the exercise of his powers in church decoration. He was summoned by the architect of Trinity Church, Boston, to undertake the mural decoration of that building, one of the most imposing and important ecclesiastical structures in the country. At the outset of the undertaking, Mr. La Farge found himself confronted with difficulties, which under varying conditions he has found almost universal in his subsequent decorative work. He was forced to content himself with as good an effect as was made possible under most restricted conditions. The chief of these conditions was the limited time accorded him and the want of money. The latter difficulty only allowed for the tinting of the walls and ceilings and for the painting of a few single figures on the tower and side walls. The fresco decoration of the chancel, the true focal point of the church's interior, being wholly out of question, unity of design in the plan of decoration was therefore impossible.

Later, in St. Thomas's church in New York, the artist, working together with his friend, the sculptor St. Gaudens, was enabled to prove how beautiful decorative work may be made when a true combination of the Arts is affected. In the centre of the apsis of this church, a reredos in alto-relievo, by St. Gaudens, shows rank upon rank of angels kneeling supporting the cross. On the sides of this fine piece of sculpture Mr. La Farge has painted his frescoes, framed in woods, inlaid with mother-of-pearl shell in beautiful design, to match with the colour of the reredos. This, the most important work in fresco yet done by Mr. La Farge, is the more interesting as being one of the earliest if not the first attempt in America to treat church decoration in the purest style of Ecclesiastical Art. The frescoes show, on a large scale, the qualities already admired in Mr. La Farge's decorative work. The composition is marked by both originality and power, in which a certain element of joyousness is conspicuous. It may be said generally, however, that in his fresco work Mr. La Farge, in carrying out some of his theories as a colourist, misses his effects. He introduces shadings and gradations to the point of obliterating his tones. The effects produced, while brilliant, are never powerful; there is transparency but no depth, a certain iridescent sparkle but no glow.

Hitherto, since Mr. La Farge has made his new departure in the line of decorative work, his chief efforts have been expended on church interiors; but when approached by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt to undertake the decoration of a part of the beautiful house then in process of building, Mr. La Farge, at first unwilling to commit himself at all to house decoration, finally yielded when assured that neither his plans nor his designs should be interfered with. The result of this freedom has been as original and beautiful an *ensemble* as has perhaps been executed since the Renaissance. Again choosing St. Gaudens as his fellow-workman, Mr. La Farge evolved a scheme of composition as elaborate as it was remarkable. The Seasons were embodied in a series of charming poetic conceptions: Spring, a youthful figure with Love

Battle Window in Harvard Memorial Hall. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

in her hand; Winter, a shivering little maiden warming her hands at a brazier.

A still more original conception was an embodiment of the five Senses. These, together with the Seasons, are painted in the same way, in large semicircular panels, which form a part of the decoration of a beautiful corridor, leading from the great dining-room to the smoking-room, in imitation of Vigiola's corridors in some of the fifteenth-century palaces at Rome. This corridor is in reality a room, now known as the water-colour room, it being Mr. Vanderbilt's intention to hang his collection of water colours there. The treatment of the arcades here, and of the panels of Japanese bronze and oak in the dining-room, are especially original, showing that Mr. La Farge's early architectural training, as well as his study of Japanese work, are used with the discretion and the knowledge of a master in design.

The stained glass used in the windows of this now-famous "colour-room" are from Mr. La Farge's own designs and

Window in Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's "Colour Room."

factory. This, the latest and in some respects the most interesting phase of Mr. La Farge's Art development, has been productive of remarkable discoveries and results. The artist was drawn to glass through his love of colour. It offered him an opening for a wider field of action than that afforded in his decorative work. Actuated as he is by the highest Art ideals, Mr. La Farge also believed public taste could be raised more quickly to a finer level, by the introduction in houses and churches, and in buildings generally throughout the country, of beautiful stained glass, and by the elevating influences exercised by it, than by any other Art teaching, for it appeals to the most unlearned through the medium of lovely figures emblazoned in colour. From the personal point of view as an artist, he could here find expression for the full range of his versatility; in church and memorial windows, his preference for religious subjects could be indulged; in orders for state or household decoration he could find play for his pictorial and poetic fancy; as a colourist, here was a glorious opportunity for making unending experiments in combinations, and the man of genius was equally tempted with the hope of lighting on some discovery which should be of lasting worth and beauty.

Without having, as yet, signalized his experiments by any such extraordinary results as to warrant the honour of discoverer being conferred upon him, Mr. La Farge has obtained certain most beautiful and original effects. He has secured a great variety of opalescent tints by superposing one shade of glass upon another. He has obtained a wondrous depth and richness by inserting large bosses, bits of rough glass, which are oftentimes modelled to increase their roughened edges. These are polished, when used for backgrounds, giving a marvellous effect of depth in colour. He has also so skilfully, in many instances, worked the soldering, or plaiting, that it is made to form a part of the general plan in the composition, outlining leaves and flowers, or ornamental borders. In his colour effects, he produces great brilliancy and richness, constantly introducing some striking originality in combinations of colours or some novel beauty in ornamentation. His two most noted public windows are the so-called Blue Window in Trinity Church, Boston, and the Harvard Memorial, or 'Battle Window,' the latter erected to the memory of the fallen dead of that College in the late war. The design of this window is modelled on the heroic order, the figures warlike—the action as stirring as in some great battle scene. The cloud effects introduced into the background are remarkably telling.

In the house of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt the designs of some of the windows are extraordinarily original and daring, proving alike the artist's fertility of invention and his susceptibility to sensuous beauty of form, as well as his sympathy with that pagan largeness of life Rubens so revelled in.

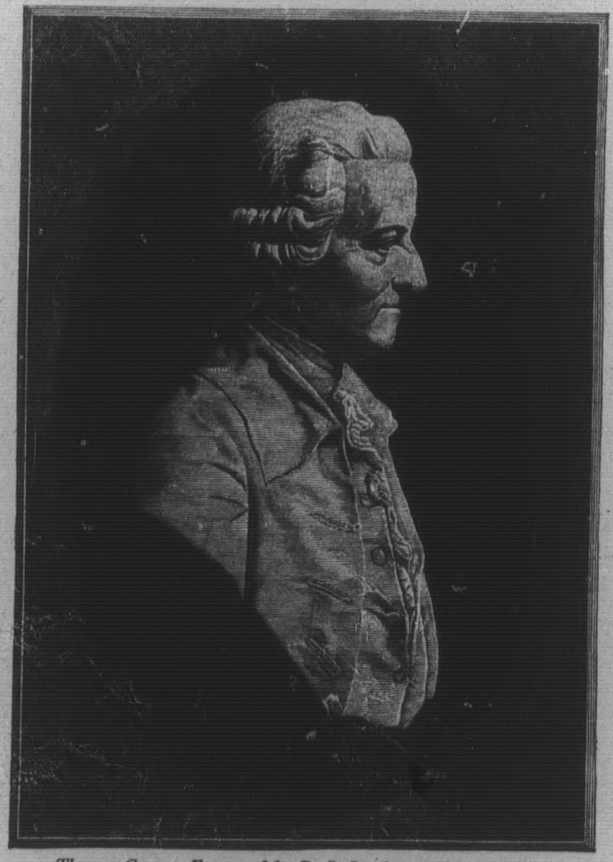
The artist now almost exclusively devotes himself to decorative work and glass. He has long since ceased from painting easel pictures. America both gains and loses by this absorption in the two former branches of Art. She gains in a wider diffusion of Art, and she loses by thus sacrificing the most richly endowed painter she has yet produced to what must at best be reckoned as secondary Art creations. A great picture is, and will ever be, greater than the most beautiful stained glass or the finest decorative work. No country can afford to forego the best creations of which her first artists are capable. A true masterpiece would be a greater glory to American Art than all the Vanderbilt ceilings and the stained glass windows in the country. This opinion Mr. La Farge himself does not concur in. He believes he is doing more for his Art, his country, his fellow-man by leading the people through a love for colour and illuminated figures to a right appreciation of the true principles and aims of Art, than he could by producing serious easel pictures; that here is a medium Americans of the nineteenth century can understand; that in a new country, shut off from the models of Greek perfection and the works of the masters, where churches and large buildings are springing up on every side, here is the artist's opportunity to sow the good seed, to teach the people, the common people, by means of the most beautiful colour and fine decoration, the alphabet of Art. An artist must, indeed, take his country as he finds it. He cannot create his *milieu*. From Mr. La Farge's point of view, that artist best advances his Art who, even if his own eyes be fixed on a star, leads the world about him by the hand.

A. Bowman Dodd.

THE GRAY MEMORIAL.

AT last Gray has his bust at Cambridge. It stands in the hall of Pembroke College, in the corner where he used to sit, and from which, smitten with his last illness, he rose up to go to his own rooms and die. It has been said—it will doubtless be said again—that for the poet whose verses, richer perhaps than those of any other of equal achievement in current quotations, still exist to delight us, no monument is needed beyond that of reverential memory; that, in fact, to quote, with alteration of but one letter, the epitaph by Pope which Johnson mangled so terribly, we should content ourselves with striking our "pensive bosoms" and exclaiming, "*Here* lies Gray." The reply to this is not very practical, but like Mercutio's wound, "'twill serve." Celebrations of this kind freshen and vitalise the somewhat languid interest in our elder English classics: they give a pleasant stimulus to literary sociability: and last, but not least, they have this in common with Bobby's death in "Tristram Shandy," that they afford an opportunity for the saying of many excellent things. On the present occasion the unveiling of Gray's bust was not only the cause of the delivery by Lord Houghton—himself a Cambridge man—of a carefully prepared and singularly sympathetic oration; but it enabled that Chrysostom of the canvas, the President of the Royal Academy, to depict in his own facile and ornate fashion, the dapper presence of the little great man, musing among his flowers and china, or pondering at his harpsichord over some complex passage of Domenico Scarlatti. It enabled him also to touch, with pictorial luxury of epithet, upon the part played by Gray in the new era of nature worship, whereof the dawn, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, both for Art and literature, was already reddening the sky. But the best speech of the day was that from one whose voice will not soon be heard again in England—from Mr. Russell Lowell. Pressed as he was for time, Mr. Lowell, always happy upon a literary theme, was eminently happy on this. The "placid pessimism that is rather a solace than a discouragement," which he defined to be the dominant note of the "Elegy," was an absolute instance of the use of the *mot propre*, and his apology for the commonplace is as useful to the world at large as to the undergraduates for whom it was especially intended. Those who heard him could scarcely realise the fact that he was actually delivering his farewell speech in England, until he said so in his closing words. We had welcomed him as a cousin, we were speeding him as a brother—he told us. And now the *Scythia* has carried back to his Boston home one of the most learned of scholars and most accomplished of occasional speakers.

The story of the bust, an engraving of which accompanies this paper, need not be a long one. Its inception and existence are mainly due to the energy of Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose life of Gray in the "Men of Letters" series, followed at brief intervals by a complete edition of Gray's works, is now well known. In the course of his investigations Mr. Gosse found that although there were busts of the author of the Elegy in the upper school at Eton and in Poets' Corner, there was absolutely no memorial of him in the university town where he had lived so many years, or in either of the colleges to which he had at different times belonged. He set himself to remedy this omission, and his efforts, warmly seconded by the present Master of Pembroke and encouraged by Lord Houghton, resulted in the execution of the bust which was unveiled on the 26th of May last. The promoters of the scheme were fortunate enough to secure the services of one of the most prominent modern sculptors, Mr Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., the artist of the Coleridge bust in Westminster Abbey. This was the more to be desired by reason of certain difficulties of detail connected with the task. As regards the material for the likeness, it was indeed far richer than usual. Besides the well-known drawing by Mason, and the portrait by Eckhardt, painted for Strawberry Hill, two characteristic silhouettes of Gray, recently discovered by the Master of Pembroke (one of which is printed in vol. i. of Mr. Gosse's



Thomas Gray. Engraved by R. S. Lueders. From the Bust by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

edition of the poet), were available. But there were special features in the work—special features in the subject would perhaps be a juster expression—which called for more than ordinarily judicious treatment. Gray's face, as Lord Houghton admitted, was not "altogether sculpturesque." An awkward protrusion of the under lip—due, it may be, to loss of teeth, and equally observable in Fielding, Macklin, and others of the eighteenth-century men—required to be delicately handled. Mr. Thornycroft has combated this defect with great skill and judgment, neither effacing nor accentuating it. His bust is therefore entirely free from the self-satisfied expression which distinguishes one, at least, of the portraits, while as a sufficiently life-like presentment of the reflective and fastidious poet—the refined and somewhat finicking scholar-virtuoso—it leaves little to be desired. There are portraits of painters and poets which, to speak paradoxically, look more like them than themselves. Without for a moment implying that Mr. Thornycroft, conscientious artist as he is, has gone an iota beyond his authorities, he leaves this impression upon us, that whether his bust resembles Gray or not, it unquestionably resembles what he ought to have been. Upon the pedestal—a beautiful specimen of Pavonezza marble—is a little bronze bas-relief, which is the sculptor's personal contribution to the undertaking. Its subject is borrowed from the first stanza of the "Elegy." Through the glimmering landscape the ploughman with his tired team plods homeward, and Fame, flying swiftly to earth, crowns the thoughtful poet as he sits with bent head beneath a wide-boughed tree.

Bas-relief. From a Sketch Design by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MOREAU.

ONE of the prettiest chapters of the volume in which French artists of the eighteenth century have recorded with grace and freedom the lighter manners of their age is that certainly which was written by Moreau le Jeune. He employed, with extreme diligence, half a life in writing it. Born in March, 1741, he died in November, 1814. The son of a Parisian wig-maker, of the parish of St. Sulpice, he, with his brother, Moreau l'Aîné, a painter not greatly known, was drawn early into the charmed circle of the producers of Art. He was a pupil of Louis le Lorrain, a now-forgotten painter, whom he followed, at seventeen years old, to St. Petersburg. Coming back to Paris, he was in the workroom of Le Bas, the engraver, and there he learnt the secret of the burin's most vivacious expression. He engraved with delicate skill. It was but slowly, however, that in his own designs he showed himself an accomplished draughtsman; for, though his daughter, Madame Carle Vernet—who wrote an account of him—lets us understand that he was born drawing, there is much of his early work that is heavy and obviously laboured. Suddenly, the De Goncourts tell us—those critics who, with M. Mahérault, the industrious collector, have studied him the best—suddenly his power of draughtsmanship declared itself—the individuality of his vision and method. It was in a drawing commissioned by Le Bas, who sought to engrave it, the 'Plaine des Sablons,' a review by Louis XV. In it he was revealed the successful draughtsman of festivals, the historian of lively ceremonies. And such success was rewarded. For, with commendable promptitude, in 1770—the year after the drawing was executed—he was appointed "Dessinateur des Menus-plaisirs," and five years later, when Cochin retired, "Dessinateur du Cabinet du Roi." Thus, while still a young man, Moreau's position was assured, and he was left free to use very much of his time in works on which it was possible to bestow a more exquisite grace than any which could be fitly employed upon labours in which official portraiture counted for much. Moreau was free to invent for himself, and free to illustrate the best literary inventions of a literary age. His career was before him, and the day not distant when he would produce 'L'histoire des Mœurs' and the illustrations to the "Nouvelle Héloïse."

I have indicated now, by a brief line or two, the directions in which Moreau le Jeune must chiefly be studied, and the places in which he may be seen if men would see him at his prime. Perhaps it may be a matter of taste, and a matter of taste only, whether one prefers him in his more spontaneous or in his more official work. The draughtsman is the same in either labour, though the inspiration is different. For me his greatest achievement is 'L'histoire des Mœurs,' or, in another phrase, 'Le Monument du Costume,' which must be spoken of in detail later on. For many, and above all for the lovers of curiosities, the seekers in the byways of history, his celebrity hangs chiefly on his performance of the various *Sacres:* his records of the public functions, his 'Fêtes at Versailles for the Marriage of the Dauphin and of Marie Antoinette;' his 'Crowning of Voltaire' in 1788; his 'Fêtes at the Hôtel de Ville' on the birth of a new Dauphin to Louis XVI. in 1782. Among these we may look perhaps principally at the 'Crowning of Voltaire,' for it has the virtues of them all. The drawing was engraved by Gaucher, who has preserved in the print the vivacious touch of the original. But what, one asks, was the occasion of the ceremony, what the cause of the "crowning"? At the Théâtre Français

Voltaire's *Irene* had been performed for sixteen nights. In those days of limited audiences that was a brilliant success. The bust of the poet is placed then in the middle of the stage, to be adorned and declaimed before. Madame Vestris —another, of course, than the Vestris we know—reads aloud, and with emphasis, the lines of which the Marquis de Saint-Maur has hurriedly been delivered. Other performers, in more or less classic garb, cluster about her with garlands in their hands ready to bestow upon the bust. In a box, high up on one side of the theatre, sits the demi-god, with two fair friends, one of whom is Madame Denis and the other that Marquise de Villette to whom the print that represents the occasion is dedicated. The playhouse is full. The clapping of hands is lusty and enthusiastic. People rise in their boxes. Men stare upwards from the pit. Fine ladies crane their necks to catch a glimpse of the hero with the angular thin face, with its tell-tale lines of wit and mockery and observation.

'*Sortie de l'Opéra.*' *After Moreau.*

Moreau must have seen the sight himself, and borne away the vivid recollection of it. Never was *l'actualité* —the thing that passes —the thing that may be insignificant to-day but is to be history to-morrow—never was *l'actualité* designed with a more fitting mixture of grace and precision. But in the more important work next to be spoken of, there was greater room for invention. Therein was Moreau, in the true sense, a dramatist as well as a draughtsman, for even if the outline of the subject was suggested to him by the speculator who undertook the publication, it was Moreau alone who gave veracity and character to the head and gesture of each person of the play.

The "Suite d'Estampes pour servir à l'histoire des Mœurs et du Costume dans le Dix-huitième Siècle," began to be published in 1775, by Prault, of Paris, though it has been of late suggested that it was really conceived and undertaken by a German of the name of Eberts. The notion was to give a series of plates in which the most correct and fashionable manners, and the dress of the moment, and the furniture in vogue, should be together pourtrayed. The artist first pitched upon to recall them was, strangely enough, a foreigner. Freudeberg, a Bernese settled in Paris, a draughtsman of grace and charm undoubtedly, but of a closely-bounded talent, had found favour with the public, and it was he who was chosen to make—and he did make—the first dozen drawings. The best engravers of the day were forthwith to engrave them. But by the time the first series was finished—and two odd pieces, I believe, not generally taken account of as belonging to the set—Freudeberg became home-sick and resolved to depart, and the business of continuing the work, which in the view of its promoter was to be a practical guide to fashion, was assigned to Moreau. Moreau did the second series, and then the third. The second dealt with the fortunes of a lady; the third with those of a *grand seig-*

neur, who was likewise something of a *petit-maître*. And for each there was a text, bald, it may be, but in a measure appropriate. It was anonymous, and chiefly descriptive. A little later, in a new issue, it was sought to associate the work with popular literature, and Restif de la Bretonne—a free-spoken "realist," whom, after long neglect, it is now, not altogether without cause, the fashion to enjoy—was invited to write his commentary, and his commentary took the form of quite a new interpretation. "Restif," says M. Anatole de Montaiglon, "au lieu de respecter le sentiment des trois suites, a isolé chaque motif et chaque planche." Restif has invented for each plate some fresh little story.

In life, the mind associates with a given and chosen landscape the more magnetic and memorable of the figures that people it. These alone bestow on it the reality of its human interest, and the others may be ignored. And so, among the masses of description and criticism of the arts of design, the writings which we really associate with the works they endeavour to vivify are those generally which have a charm of their own—the charm of the literary touch. Restif de la Bretonne's stories, with all their faults, have just that charm. There is that in them which permits their author to take possession of the theme, so that the theme belongs no longer to whatever dullard chanced to be the first to treat it.

The two designs which I have chosen for reproduction here are the most vivacious of Moreau's series. They are the 'Sortie de l'Opéra' and 'C'est un fils, Monsieur!' Others, even among the most admirable, are more limited in their aim. The 'Grande Toilette,' for instance, as its name implies, is occupied more particularly with raiment. It is a very summary of fashion. It is the great lord, or the consummate *petit-maître*, displayed to us when dressing is completed. The edifice, it seems, has just been crowned. Everything has been done for him. "Monseigneur," vividly writes Restif, "Monseigneur is dressed; for some minutes already he has been standing; his *cordon bleu* is assumed; they have just given him his purse, and he has his bouquet." Yes: the edifice has been crowned; for—and the touch is untranslateable—they have "achevé de le chausser." You see the neat shoes, the garter, the closely-drawn stocking, the whole paraphernalia of the leg he was proud of. "Achevé de le chausser"—it is all in the phrase. And now he is free, no doubt, to enjoy the idleness of the morning, to do a service to a comedian, and, after an author has had audience of him, to accept the dedication of a book.

"La Petite Loge" is just as characteristic. What one sees is the inside of an opera-box, of which the tenants are a couple of bachelors of fashion. A dance is over, on the stage, and a girl who has taken part in it has been brought into the box, to be encouraged—to be touched under the chin. And here is an epitome of Restif's story. A prince, struck with the beauty of a ragged little child in the street, determined that she should be educated—pensioned her and her mother. Soon, however, busied with the greatest business of his class and day—"occupied with intrigue," the story-teller tells us—he forgot his little *protégée*. She had her money regularly—all that she was promised—but he was too busy to think of her. Then, one night, at the Opera, smitten with the charm of a new dancer, he inquired who the dancer was, and ordered her to be brought to him. As soon as she was in the box, "il lui passa sous le menton une main un peu libre;" but then it was disclosed to him that she was the child he had been struck with. Coulon, the famous dancing-master, had by this time taught her to some purpose. As for her future, her mother—an ancestress, I take it, of Halévy's Madame Cardinal—had already a register of one hundred and twenty pages filled with the propositions of the Court and the town. "Sa mère se reservait le droit de les comparer,"—for nothing, it seems, even by a Madame Cardinal, should be done in a hurry. Well, among the girl's many lovers there was one who was unselfish. What did he want but to marry her! The prince—not minded now to be outdone in chivalry—generously urged that he should be accepted, and Isabelle was glad to consent. But the king ordered the lover's arrest, and the young people were separated. The girl lived prudently in London and in Paris. She and her art were admired; but she died of a sudden illness. "Her young lover was in absolute despair, and the prince, her protector, wept for her."

In the 'Sortie de l'Opéra' we see the elegant and famous crowd that surged out of the theatre after a performance long looked forward to. "Glück's new operas—it is essential to see them," said a writer who knew what it was that a fashionable woman could not afford to neglect. The "all Paris" of the day was there; and at the end, when the crowd was in the lobbies, and the *aboyeur* was calling the carriages, and the flower-girl was a messenger of intrigue—that was the moment that gave birth to plans for dainty suppers eaten away from home, the time when "abbés without a family learned the secret of how they might belong to all." What a bustle of flirtation! What a passing about of love letters! The elegance of the scene must make amends, as best it can, for its light-hearted naughtiness.

'C'est un fils, Monsieur!' has no such forgiveness to ask of us. It is the blithest picture that we need to be shown, of the home joys of the refined. A young husband, who is known already as "le Président," and who is a student and a fortunate collector of Art as well as a man of the world, rises from his study chair with outstretched hands and radiant face, as the newly-born baby is carried in to him in triumph, followed by a procession of household retainers, and preceded by the lively Miss Rozette, the Président's foster-sister. Nothing is more expressive than the joyous pantomime of this privileged young woman, and the answering gestures of the newly-made father; and delightful is the whole sentiment of the piece. In England, popular Art has sometimes made the joys of domesticity a little dull; but here the respectable is actually gay, and nothing but sunshine lies upon the path of duty.

Of the many writers whom Moreau avowedly illustrated, as distinguished from those who furnished a text for his designs, Rousseau was the one in whom he most believed, and for Rousseau much of his best work was executed. His designs for the "Nouvelle Héloïse" were among the last of the important drawings wrought by him before he made that journey into Italy which his daughter speaks of as having "opened his eyes," but which, to whatever it may have "opened" them, certainly closed them to the aspects of that France it was his truest mission to pourtray. The types of Julie and Saint-Preux are types which Moreau understood—he understood their impulse and their sentiment: and how many faults he would have forgiven them for their grace! To illustrate Rousseau was of course to have the opportunity—and in Moreau's case it was also to profit by it—of representing both a deeper and a more immediate sensitiveness than most of that which claimed interpretation in the sometimes callous figures of the "Monument du Costume." Moreau was

grateful for so fortunate an occasion, and he thoroughly responded to it. His Julie is "un type de Greuze honnête," with her "bouche entr'ouverte," her "regard profond," her "gorge couverte en fille modeste, et non pas en dévote," her "petite figure de blonde, mouvante et sensible." * Moreau read Rousseau again and again; he genuinely cared for him, and when Rousseau died, the death scene was not suffered to pass unrecorded, and of the grave in the Ile des Peupliers, by Geneva, he made a little etching.

Presently, however, Moreau was to be led away from the very sentiment of the scenes he had understood the best. His individuality was lessened, his flexibility arrested, by the journey to Italy, undertaken with Dumont, the architect, in 1786. And his association with David—"le peintre de Marat assassiné et le membre de la Convention"—operated to make more certain his style's divorce from all the natural grace and flowing sentiment and homely unheroic dignity with which it had lived so fruitfully for more than twenty years. The illustrator of Rousseau was already less happy as the illustrator of Voltaire; and in 1791 Moreau was received into the Academy; the drawing which procured him the distinction being that of 'Tullie faisant passer son char sur le corps de son père.' Wille, the engraver, writes in his published journal how he went to the Academical Assembly when Moreau was received. "There was an Academician to receive: it was Monsieur Moreau, draughtsman and engraver. He had begged me to be his sponsor, and I presented him to the Assembly with a great deal of pleasure." But his entrance into the Academy was the signal for his exit from the regions of his native art. The bibliophile may seek with avidity for the editions of Renouard, which years afterwards Moreau illustrated. But his verve had deserted him; his talent was gone; his originality had yielded up the ghost. And somehow, too, in his last years, and in his old age, poverty overtook him. In February, 1814, he wrote to M. Renouard that he was penniless—"Je n'ai pas le sou." Friends he had, though; and one of the first acts of Louis XVIII. was to re-appoint him to the old office—"draughtsman to the King." He held the place for but a short time; for on the 30th of November, in the same year, Moreau died. With his later style both he and his daughter, and the group, too, by whom they were surrounded, were content—no one assailed it then or looked back regretfully to the earlier—but it is by the work of the first half of his career as an artist that Moreau finally takes rank as one of the most precise and flexible of draughtsmen, and as, perhaps, the very closest observer of the world he pourtrayed.

'C'est un fils, Monsieur!' After Moreau.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

* M. de Goncourt, *L'Art du Dix-huitième Siècle.*

THE ART-SALE SEASON.

THE first sale of any note this season at Christie's was that of the very extensive collection of the late Mr. William Russell, of Onslow Gardens, South Kensington. The pictures sold on the 5th and 6th of December, 1884, included a water-colour of E. Burne-Jones, 'Cupid and Delight,' an illustration of Chaucer, 1861, 140 gs. (Benson); oils: H. Raeburn, R.A., 'Sir Walter Scott as a Youth,' formerly the property of Campbell the sculptor, 150 gs. (Agnew); J. Opie, R.A., 'Mary Wolstoncroft, Mrs. Godwin,' 220 gs., bought for the National Gallery; W. Van der Vliet, 'A Jesuit seated at Table,' signed, and dated 1631, 230 gs. (Agnew); W. Owen, R.A., 'Elizabeth Laura Henrietta, youngest daughter of Lord William Russell,' engraved by H. Meyer, 210 gs. (Agnew); G. Romney, 'Lady William Russell,' 350 gs. (Thibaudeau); Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., 'Simplicity,' 160 gs. (Agnew). The porcelain and other objects sold on the 8th and 9th included two noticeable lots, a Louis XV. regulator clock, the case king and tulip woods and ormolu, 250 gs. (Philpott), and a marqueterie escritoire, with inlay of trophies and flowers and chased ormolu mounts, 135 gs. (Duveen).

On February 7th, 1885, in a miscellaneous collection, 'La Coquette,' by J. Bastien-Lepage, 1882, 235 gs. (Grant). The remaining works of J. M. Jopling, well known as an amateur, were sold on the 12th, realising £220. About a hundred miniatures were sold on the 13th, when 'A Lady,' by Andrew Plimer, in gold frame set with pearls, brought £125; and 'A Youth,' by the same, in similar frame, £60 (Renton). The collection of Mr. John Harding, of Manchester, contained a Cuyp, 'The Beach at Scheveningen,' with the artist's horse tied to a tree, which sold for 260 gs. (Hirsch). The pictures of Mr. George Vaughan, late of Westbourne Terrace, sold on the 21st, included a Constable, 'The Lock,' 350 gs.; W. F. Witherington, R.A., 'The Ferry,' 225 gs.; and Luke Clennell's well-known 'Charge of the Guards at Waterloo,' 85 gs.

Some important pictures were sold on February 28th from the collection of the late Mr. Henry Cooper, of "the Haunch," near Birmingham: three by William Müller, 'The Chess-Players,' 330 gs. (Polak, junior); 'Near Llanberis,' 235 gs. (Holmes); and 'The Bay of Naples,' 325 gs. (King); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Landscape and Cattle,' 1843 (Holmes); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Dolly Varden,' 205 gs. Collection of the late Mr. John Thomas Mott, of Barningham Hall, Norfolk: forty drawings by J. S. Cotman mounted in a volume, 205 gs. (Martin Colnaghi). Various properties: Edwin Ellis, 'Coast Scene,' 240 gs.; E. J. Niemann, 'Cliefden, on the Thames,' 215 gs.; John Pettie, R.A., 'Before his Peers,' Royal Academy, 1881, 300 gs. (Agnew); Benjamin Constant, 'Presents for the Ameer,' 280 gs. (Vavasseur); J. Bastien-Lepage, 'Pas Mèche,' 420 gs. (Tooth); and by the same, 'Le Père Jacques,' 1881, 515 gs.

On March 5th, the remaining works of the late Harry J. Johnson were sold, realising a total of £3,991. The highest prices were 'A Grecian Tomb,' 235 gs. (Mayo); 'Carrara Mountains from Magra Ferry,' 100 gs. (C. Eley); and 'Temple of Minerva, Cape Colonna,' 80 gs. (Bacon). On March 11th and 13th, those of the late Edward Duncan, total £1,963; highest price, 'Loch Scavaig, Skye,' 1874, 135 gs. (Agnew). On March 14th, those of F. W. Hulme, total £910; highest price, 'On the Llugwy,' £50 (Permain).

The dispersal of the extensive collection of the late Henry G. Bohn, of North End House, Twickenham, occupied from March 19th to 27th. Many of the specimens were more than doubtful, and nearly all small and unimportant. The 1,621 lots obtained a total of £19,725. The only picture calling for special notice was a signed Jan de Mabuse, 'Virgin and Child,' from the Hollingworth Collection, 245 gs. (Shepherd), but there was an interesting 'Old London Bridge,' very carefully finished, by J. Cleveley, 1760, 85 gs. (Joseph); and a Reynolds, apparently genuine, but poor in quality, 'Lady Campbell Fortescue,' 55 gs. (Smith). Among the miniatures were several of considerable interest, though not of high price, *e.g.*, P. Oliver, 'King of Bohemia,' signed, 31 gs. (Joseph); Sir William Rose, 'My Brother,' engraved in the "Forget-me-not," 40 gs. (Vokins); Cosway, 'Mrs. Fitzherbert,' 60 gs. (Joseph); S. Cooper, 'Richard Cromwell,' £30 (Boore); Cosway, 'Duchess of York and Albany,' from the collection of the Princess of Homburg, 40 gs. (Wells); Nattier, 'Duchesse de Villars as Diana,' 44 gs. (Currie); two by P. Oliver, 'Venus and Cupid with Pan,' after Correggio, dated 1633, originally in Charles I.'s collection, and sold by the Commonwealth in 1651 for £80 to Mr. Baggley, and now for 25 gs. (Holmes), and 'The Instruction of Cupid,' after the picture by Correggio in the National Gallery, dated 1636, and sold by the Commonwealth for £50 to Mr. Emery, now 20 gs. (Holmes). These two miniatures had originally been very beautiful specimens of the master, their injured condition being doubtless the reason of such low prices. Enamels by H. Bone, R.A., 'Edward VI.,' whole length, after the Chicksands Priory Holbein, 205 gs. (Vaux); 'Prince Rupert,' after Vandyck, 38 gs.; 'Diana and Calisto,' after the Titian in the Stafford Gallery, 78 gs. (Dumert); 'Peasant Girl,' after Gainsborough, 47 gs. (Dumert); H. P. Bone, 'William Villiers, Viscount Grandison,' after Vandyck, 39 gs. (Philpott); an old Byzantine chasse, enamelled with the Crucifixion and twelve apostles, 98 gs. (Marks).

The well-known Fuller Russell collection of ancient pictures was sold on April 18th. From the nature of the specimens small prices were of course realised, the highest being an altar-piece with the Crucifixion in the central compartment, by Spinello Aretino, which came from Fonthill, probably the finest known work of this painter, 240 gs. (Ash); Don Silvestro Camaldolese, 'Death and Glorification of the Virgin,' an illumination on vellum from the Ottley collection, a famous *chef-d'œuvre* of this art, 155 gs. (M. Colnaghi)—Mr. Ottley had given 100 gs. for it; Michael Wohlegemuth, 'The Crucifixion,' marked with the monogram of Albert Dürer but considered to be false, 79 gs. (Bodley). One of the features of the collection was the various parts of an altar-piece by Ugolino da Siena, from the Church of Sta. Croce, Florence, and the only authenticated work of the painter now in existence. It was brought from Florence by Mr. W. Y. Ottley. The total obtained was £108 17s., and two portions, 'The Betrayal,' 14 gs., and

'The Procession to Calvary,' 11 gs., were bought by Sir F. Burton for the National Gallery; but it was a pity the whole was not sold in one lot and the parts reunited.

On April 22nd and 23rd the important collection of old Wedgwood formed by Mr. T. Shadford Walker, of Liverpool, was sold. This is the only large collection of Wedgwood which has been sold since the sale of Dr. Sibson in 1877, and the high prices of that date were by no means maintained now, the 344 lots bringing a total of £4,927, whereas at the Sibson sale less than 300 brought nearly £8,000. The "Homeric Vase," with the Apotheosis of Virgil, designed by Flaxman, 24 inches high, £350 (Benson); pair of vases, ovoid, with the Muses and Apollo, 100 gs. (Nattali); vase, green ground, female figures sacrificing, in white relief, 72 gs.; pair of vases, ovoid, blue and rose-coloured ground, with sacrifices in green quatrefoils, 115 gs.; the "Water Vase," designed by Flaxman, 65 gs.; vase of Etruscan form, with frieze of children playing blind-man's buff, 58 gs.; two plaques, 'the Twelve Dancing Hours,' with the very rare pink ground (this lot another property), 200 gs. (Williams); plaque, 'Endymion sleeping on the Rock Latmos,' 85 gs.; plaque, 'Apotheosis of Homer,' blue and white, Wedgwood and Bentley, 90 gs.; a frame with various medallions and camei, £110; two plaques, 'The Dancing Hours,' blue and white, designed by Flaxman, 80 gs.; oval jardinière, green and white, with the 'Nine Muses and Apollo,' £80.

The important collection formed by Mr. George Schlotel, of Essex Lodge, Brixton Rise, was sold on April 25th. Water-colours: Copley Fielding, 'A Village under the South Downs,' 1858, 160 gs. (McLean); W. Hunt, 'Black Hambro Grapes and Pear,' 195 gs. (Vokins); Turner, 'Rochester, Strood, and Chatham,' engraved in the "England and Wales" series by J. C. Varrell, 360 gs. (Agnew); Rosa Bonheur, 'Deer Reposing, Forest of Fontainebleau,' 1863, 165 gs.; and 'Returning from the Fair,' by the same, 1864, 195 gs. (McLean); J. L. Gérôme, 'The Duel after the Ball,' replica of the picture etched by Rajon in *The Art Journal*, 1884, 410 gs. (Tooth). Oils: Henriette Brown, 'The Maid of Syracuse,' 1867, 270 gs. (Mason); E. Frère, 'The Study,' 1865, 155 gs. (Vokins); J. L. Gérôme, 'A Turk at Prayer,' 500 gs. (Vokins); and 'The Guard Room, Cairo,' by the same, 595 gs. (Vokins); J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., 'Going to the Ball,' 1875, 195 gs. (Brunning); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Cows and Sheep,' 1853, 295 gs. (Shepherd); T. Faed, R.A., 'Erin, Farewell,' small female head, 210 gs. (Nathan); also by the same, 'The Shepherd's Farewell,' 1864, 165 gs., and 'Cottage Piety,' 1849-1865, fine specimen, 500 gs. (Agnew); F. Goodall, R.A., 'The Nubian Coffee-Bearer,' Royal Academy, 1863, 175 gs.; J. F. Lewis, R.A., 'Caged Doves, Cairo,' Royal Academy, 1864, 420 gs. (Vokins); J. Linnell, sen., 'Evening, driving home the Flock,' 1864, 555 gs.; E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'The Emigrants,' 1864, 175 gs. (Agnew); J. Philip, R.A., 'La Senorita,' 1859, 250 gs. (Agnew); D. Roberts, R.A., 'Church of S. Jean, Caen,' 1863, 210 gs. (Grindlay). Sculpture: G. B. Lombardi, 'Spring,' life-size statue, 211 gs. (Ansell).

The *objets d'Art* of Mr. Edward Cheney, of 4, Audley Square, and Badger Hall, Shropshire, were sold on April 29th and May 1st, including a pair of oviform vases, blue Venetian glass, from the Palazzo Vendramini, 190 gs. (Joseph); S. Cooper, miniature of Richard Cromwell, signed and dated, 101 gs. (Davis); Faithorne, 'Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee,' 71 gs. (Davis); S. Cooper, 'Oliver Cromwell,' signed and dated, 1666, 40 gs. (Philpott); Lewis Crosse, 'Count Anthony Hamilton,' 42 gs. (Davis); a watch, with enamelled portraits of the Pretender and his brother, 201 gs. (Davis); steel casket, arabesques inlaid in gold, 72 gs. (Currie); 'Voltaire,' statuette in stone by Rossel, 210 gs.; 'Vesta,' antique terra-cotta found in Melos, afterwards in the Weber collection at Venice, 160 gs.

Several small collections were sold on May 2nd. That of the late Mr. George Goss, of Park Crescent, included a water-colour by T. M. Richardson, 'Vesuvius from above Vico,' 1867, 150 gs. Among anonymous properties: G. B. O'Niell, 'Reaping Time,' 305 gs.; J. Linnell, senior, 'Landscape: Peasants at a Pond,' 12 ins. by 16½ ins., 300 gs.; S. E. Waller, 'Flown,' 1882, 460 gs.; V. Cole, R.A., 'On the Arun, Castle in the distance,' 1878, 420 gs.; B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 'On the Banks of the Ivy, O!' 350 gs., and 'Clearing up after a Shower,' 1882, 365 gs.; P. Graham, R.A., 'Passing Shower in the Hills,' 1877, 310 gs.; T. Faed, R.A., 'Forgiven,' 1875 (Lovatt sale, 1881, 550 gs.), 450 gs.; E. Crofts, A.R.A., 'On the Farm of Mont St. Jean, Waterloo,' 1882, 450 gs.; E. Long, 'Christmas Day at Seville,' 890 gs., and 'Gipsy Schools going to Vespers, Andalucia,' 1868, 810 gs.; H. Williams, 'His First Offence,' 1882, 380 gs.; Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., 'The Salute' (Lovatt sale, 1881, 460 gs.), 370 gs.

The sale of the late Mr. S. Herman de Zoete's collection, from Pickhurst Mead, Hayes, occupied from May 6th to 9th. D. Cox, 'Darley Churchyard' (E. C. Potter sale, 1884, 460 gs., previously in the E. Bullock collection), 410 gs.; 'View in Wales, Child driving Geese,' 14 ins. by 18 ins., 285 gs., and 'Cottage on the edge of a Common,' inscribed on the back "D. Cox's kind regards," 180 gs.; J. Linnell, senior, 'The coming Storm,' 1857, 455 gs.; W. Müller, 'Haymaking near Gillingham,' sketch of remarkable power (from C. Birch collection), 510 gs.; "Old" Crome, 'Forest Scene' (formerly in the collections of Mr. John Bracey and Mr. Sherrington), 580 gs., and 'Yarmouth Jetty' (from the Fuller-Maitland collection), 295 gs., both fine and well-known examples; J. van der Capella, 'Coast Scene,' excellent specimen, 380 gs.; A. Cuyp, 'Homeward Bound' (formerly at Fonthill), 510 gs.; F. Hals, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' very notable picture, 960 gs.; B. Van der Helst, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' in black, seated, gloves in hand, an excellent picture, 350 gs.; Adrian Ostade, 'Interior,' two men, an old woman, and dog, 14½ ins. by 11½ ins., 830 gs.; Rubens, 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' in black dress and cap, 360 gs.; J. Ruysdael, 'Scene in Guelderland,' cascade, 320 gs.; J. Steen, 'Bad Company,' 1,360 gs.; Weenix, 'Dead Partridge' and other birds in a landscape, 410 gs.; Bellini, 'Portrait of an Ecclesiastic,' 470 gs.; T. della Viti, 'Baptism of Christ,' 370 gs.; Coello, 'Elizabeth of Valois,' 270 gs.

Among several collections of porcelain, etc., sold on the 14th, a Hague dinner service, painted with aquatic birds and festoons of flowers, £150 (Wareham); Sèvres dessert service, gros-bleu and gold borders, painted with birds, 130 gs. (Grindley); the 'Garrick Secrétaire,' Adams' style, black and gold, with portrait of Garrick and eight scenes from plays, 180 gs. (Webb); chandelier in rock crystal and metal gilt, 150 gs. (Webb); Louis XV. commode, marqueterie and chased ormolu, 220 gs.; pair buhl cabinets, ormolu mounts, 165 gs.

On the 16th, the collection of the late Mr. F. J. Sumner, of Glossop. Water-colours: J. Linnell, senior, 'Landscape, Morning,' 12 ins. by 18 ins., 175 gs. (Penmain); F. Taylor, 'Entering the Wood,' 150 gs. (Dr. Wegg); and 'Passing the

Gipsy Tents,' 170 gs. (Fish); D. Cox, 'On the Wye' (from the Suthers collection), 280 gs. (Agnew); S. Prout, 'Market-place, Augsburg,' 155 gs. (Agnew), and 'Milan' (from J. L. Clare collection), very fine example, 480 gs. (Agnew); Copley Fielding, 'Loch Achray,' 1840 (from J. L. Clare collection), 250 gs. (Vokins); 'Scotch Firs, Glen Marie, mist rising,' 240 gs. (McLean); 'In the Highlands,' 21 ins. by 28½ ins., 200 gs. (McLean); and 'Off Portsmouth,' 230 gs. (Vokins); P. de Wint, 'View of Dunster,' 305 gs. (Vokins); 'Tewkesbury Abbey,' 380 gs. (Buckley), and 'Lancaster' (from the collection of the Earl of Lonsdale), 960 gs. (Agnew). Oil: J. Linnell, senior, 'Welsh Scenery' (from Manley Hall and Kensington House collections), 780 gs. (Agnew). Collection of the late Sir James Watts, Abney Hall, Cheadle: R. Ansdell, R.A., 'The Spate,' 1852, 305 gs. (Calcott); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Italian Hurdy-Gurdy Players,' 330 gs. (Bell); W. Collins, R.A., 'Blackberry-Gatherers,' 300 gs. (McLean); T. Creswick, R.A., 'Landscape,' with cottages, stream, and several figures, 760 gs. (Shepherd); J. Philip, R.A., 'A Spanish Courtyard,' 1853, 700 gs. (Brall); W. Müller, 'Island of Rhodes,' 1845 (from C. Cammell's collection), 1,850 gs. (Agnew). Anonymous collections: Cooper and Lee, 'Morning in the Meadows,' 1851, 360 gs. (Vokins); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Summer Showers,' 1850, 310 gs. (Polak, junior); W. Dyce, R.A., 'Meeting of Jacob and Rachel,' 465 gs. (Agnew); T. Faed, R.A., 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' 1859, 370 gs. (Vokins); J. E. Millais, R.A., 'Thomas Carlyle,' 1878 (unfinished), 500 gs. (Reynolds); D. G. Rossetti, 'La Bella Mano' (exhibited at Royal Academy, 1882, Winter Exhibition, by Mr. F. S. Ellis), 815 gs. (Warren); 'La Donna della Finestra,' 1879 (exhibited as above), 510 gs. (Flower); and 'Venus Verticordia' (another property, a larger version of Mr. Graham's picture), 560 gs. (Ellis); E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., four pictures in tempera, 'Caritas,' 505 gs., 'Fides,' 550 gs. (Graham), 'Temperantia,' 610 gs., 'Sperantia,' 590 gs. (Ellis); J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Loch Fyne, Inverary in the distance' (from the Duke of Argyll's collection, 1852), 250 gs. (Ellis); R. S. Stanhope, 'Love and the Maiden,' 1877, 235 gs.; W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons,' 1884, 300 gs. (McLean).

Objets d'Art, the property of the Marquis of Breadalbane, sold on the 20th. Tazza and cover, Limoges enamel, painted with the history of Joseph, £135 (Tayler); brown jasper cup, £220 (Wertheimer); niello plaque, with 'Diana and Acteon,' £120 (Wertheimer).

The collection of the late Sir W. W. Knighton, Bart., of Blendworth Lodge, Hants, formed by the first baronet in the early part of the present century, was sold on May 21st to 23rd. Turner, 'Torbay from Brixham' (engraved in "Southern Coast"), 190 gs. (Vokins); Reynolds, 'Mrs. Collier as Celia' (formerly in the collection of Mrs. Gwynn), 400 gs. (Philpott); Gainsborough, 'The Duke of Cumberland,' small whole-length, 230 gs. (Agnew); 'Children by the fire,' 145 gs. (M. Colnaghi); and 'Child with a Cat,' 305 gs. (Colnaghi); Rembrandt, 'The Student,' 310 gs. (Lesser); J. Ruysdael, 'Cascade, with Charcoal-burners,' 310 gs. (Lesser).

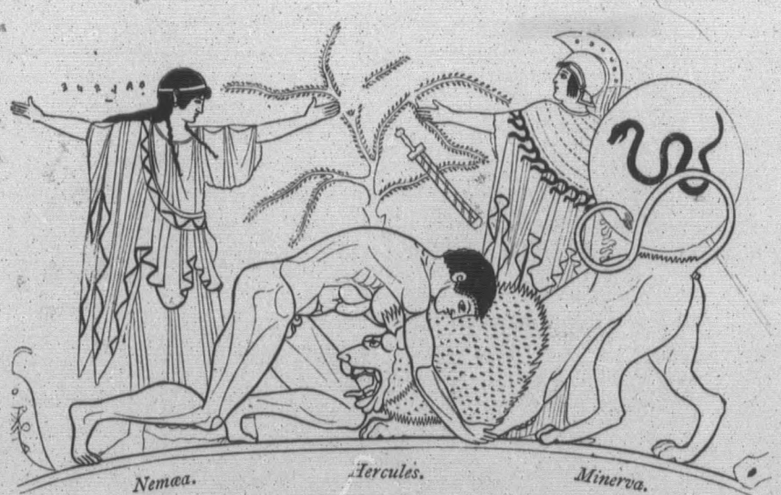
The collection of the late Mr. C. Beckett-Denison, of Upper Grosvenor Street, containing no fewer than 3,554 lots, included a large number of objects of high class, but a great mass of rubbish gave the whole collection a bad name, and low prices were a consequence. A considerable portion was from the Hamilton Palace sale, and the depreciation in some cases of the extravagant prices paid in 1882 is very noticeable. The following pictures were amongst those thus obtained, and the figures in brackets the prices then paid:—N. Largillière, 'James, Prince of Wales, and his Sister in the garden of St. Germains" (800 gs.), 200 gs. (Agnew); A. Bronzino, 'Don Garcia de Medici' (1,700 gs.), 900 gs. (Boore); Titian, 'Holy Family with St. John' (1,150 gs.), 310 gs. (Greenfield); M. Venusti, 'Christ driving out the Money-changers,' design of Michael Angelo (1,360 gs.), 920 gs. (Agnew, for National Gallery); and 'Adoration of the Magi' (1,160 gs.), 250 gs. (Greenfield); P. della Vecchia, 'The Four Fathers of the Church' (450 gs.), 60 gs. (Williams); Vandyck, 'Duchess of Richmond and Son' (1,950 gs.), 842 gs. (Boore); A. Ostade, 'Interior of a Cabaret,' 1656 (1,750 gs.), 900 gs. (Robson); W. Van de Velde, 'Calm—Man-of-war saluting' (1,300 gs.), 780 gs. (Robson); Rubens, 'Birth of Venus,' or 'Acis and Galatea,' *grisaille* (1,600 gs.), 640 gs. (Agnew, for National Gallery); and 'Daniel in the Lions' Den' (4,900 gs.), 2,000 gs. (for Duke of Hamilton). The other pictures worth noting are: J. van der Capella, 'Snow Scene' (from Fuller-Maitland and Levy collections), 210 gs. (M. Colnaghi); Hondikoeter, 'Garden Scene,' 290 gs. (Lesser); S. Botticelli, 'The Madonna with Infant Christ' (from A. Montgomery collection), 240 gs.; A. Canaletti, 'Walton Bridge,' 1754, 235 gs. (Thompson); pair of studies by G. B. Tiepolo, 155 gs. (Agnew, for National Gallery); Turner, 'Departure of Adonis for the Chase' (from the Novar collection), 1,450 gs. (Agnew); J. B. Van Loo, 'Madame de Pompadour as a Vestal' (from collection of Lady Essex), 205 gs. (Coureau). We have space for but a few of the various objects of art,—Louis XV. commode, parqueterie, ormolu, and Breccia marble slab (from collection of Lady Essex, 1883, 210 gs.), 385 gs. (Robson); Louis XV. cabinet, parqueterie, ormolu, and Griotte marble slab, stamped, J. Foeben, 300 gs. (Wertheimer); dwarf four-leaved screen, painted in Lancret style (from Col. Milligan's collection, 1883, 550 gs.), 460 gs. (Wertheimer); pair of cabinets, ebony and mahogany (from Hamilton Palace, 980 gs.), 795 gs. (Davis); Sèvres plateau, painted with life of Ulysses, 360 gs. (Boore); cup and cover, in lapis lazuli, 700 gs. (Boore); rose-water ewer of brown jasper, 520 gs. (Davis); Gubbio dish, with the Three Graces, considered the masterpiece of Maestro Giorgio, 1525 (from the Fountain Sale, 1884, 730 gs.) 790 gs. (Whitehead); 'Rape of Proserpina' and 'Rape of Helen,' bronzes by G. di Bologna, 800 gs. (Boore); Milanese cabinet, *c.* 1540, 420 gs.; Milanese chess-table (from Soltykoff collection), 1,420 gs. (Whitehead); Louis XVI. clock, by Robin (from Hamilton Palace, 630 gs.), 355 gs. (Davis); the D'Artois Cabinet (Hamilton Palace, 730 gs.), 490 gs. (Wertheimer); Louis XIV. cabinet (Hamilton Palace, 2,200 gs.), 950 gs.; pair of celadon green flat vases, mounted in ormolu (Hamilton Palace, 810 gs.), 775 gs.; vase in rock crystal (from Wells collection), 505 gs. (Durlacher); six Chelsea figures (from Dr. Michael's collection), a total of £327; 'The Continents,' four Bristol figures (from Dr. Michael's collection, 1883, 205 gs.), 155 gs. (Chadwick); clock, signed "G. de Grof Anverpiensis fecit" (from collection of Lady Essex, 1883, 410 gs.), 615 gs. (Davis).

On June 27th, a fine portrait of Sir H. Myddleton, by C. Janssens, 1628, was sold for 490 gs. (Noseda).

ALFRED BEAVER.

LIMBUS IN CHRISTIAN ART.

IN the long chain of myths and ancient hymns descending to us from Assyrian and Greek mythology, which celebrate the deliverance of the soul from Hades, in the tales of Ishtar, of Demeter, of Dionysus and Semele, of Alcestis, Orpheus, and Psyche, we find the expression of man's faith not only in the soul's immortality, but in a divine overruling power stronger than death. Tales of heroic effort such as these are supplemented by others of wars and wrestlings of gods and heroes with monsters of the animal world, signifying the strife of mind with brute force—the strife of the moral and physical nature of man.* In the Assyrian hymn of Ishtar† we find divine love figured by that of woman, who descends into the grave in search of the water of life for the husband from whom she has so long been severed, and interwoven with this legend are the struggles of Heabani and Izdubar with the Lion and the Buil. In the Greek hymn of Demeter‡ we find divine love figured by the mother's love and prevailing prayer. In the myth of Dionysus we find divine love figured by that of a son who, through prayer, has won his mother back from Hades, and gained for her a seat in Olympus.§ With these myths, as well as those of Alcestis,‖ Psyche, and Orpheus, Art associates tales of the victories of Hermes the shade leader, Hercules, and Mithra¶ over death and the powers of nature. The Greek vase paintings show us the significance of such myths even more clearly than the poems which they illustrate. Thus on a vase in the Royal Museum of Monaco, where Hercules is painted kneeling above the terrible head of the prostrate lion of Nemæa, Minerva, a majestic figure, stands above him clad in her plaited chiton, with ægis, helmet, and a great round shield, on which the serpent is engraved, while, with right hand outstretched, she seems at once to guide and to protect her loved hero in his strife.**



Hercules and the Nemean Lion. Vase of Monaco.

Yet the religion to which such symbols belong remain as fruit without a core, as broken light without a central orb. The sense of the divine strife between the spiritual and material worlds grew feebler as the light grew more diffuse; the finer lines between right and wrong were smudged in shade, not lost in light. The form had yet to appear which was to symbolise the concentration of divine love and divine strife in one being and in one heart. Henceforth Art presents to us one form alone descending into Hell, one face alone to which the woman raises her adoring gaze, one hand alone outstretched to raise the fallen man. Banner and spear in hand, His victory won, alone, He pierces with a needle's point the poisoned heart of Evil. It may be held by some that in the image of Hermes the shade leader, who, by virtue of his wand draws the soul upward from the grave, we have the prototype of this gracious figure. But the Greek image rather reminds us of St. Michael in Christian mythology—other of whose offices are likewise similar to those of Hermes. In the collection of the Duke of Orleans a fine gem may be seen, on which Hermes is shown lifting a figure from the grave with his left hand, while holding the caduceus in the right. Again, upon a smaller gem in the Uzielli collection Hermes appears raising a soul from the shades.

Such images in all Art should be regarded as sacred poetry, as hymns belonging to a certain cult, and reverenced as such. Each of those images we have contemplated, whether Assyrian, Greek, Etruscan, or Latin, belong to religions pure and elevating, so far as we can see, in their origin, though sinking into corruption at their close.

We now approach an Art which draws its inspiration from an additional source. It is true that we inherit no plastic Art, no material symbol of their Jehovah from the Hebrew people, yet in the writings of their prophets and singers the imagery by which the immaterial world is shadowed forth is not unlike those of other nations, such as the Assyrian and the Greek. This is especially true as connected with the imagery of Hell, which was literally followed by the early illuminators and decorators of the first Christian manuscripts and churches; but the mottoes almost invariably inscribed upon their representations of the Descent of Christ into Hell were Despoliatio Infernorum and Anastasis—the Harrying of Hell and the "Making to rise up." Such works as theirs should be compared with the hymns of the early Church before we can understand the sense of victory and joy, the passion of gratitude that they were meant to express. The first Christian hymns are full of a newly wakened life. Those of Ambrose, we know, were a

* *The Art Journal*, July 1884, Fig. 3, p. 218.
† *Ibid.*, Fig. 1, p. 217.
‡ *Ibid.*, Fig. 2, p. 218, 1.
§ *Ibid.*, Fig. 2, p. 218, 1.
‖ *Ibid.*, Fig. 4, p. 219.
¶ Félix Lajard. "Introduction à l'étude de culte public et des Mystères de Mithra." Pl. CII., Nos. 9, 9a, 9b.
** A. Michaelis, "Annali dell' Instituto Archeologico," vol. xxxi. p. 75.

living power with Augustine, his convert; and many an early painter of the Descent into Hell may have been familiar with the odes of St. John Damascene, written between the seventh and eighth centuries, and the hymn of St. Peter Damian in the eleventh century, written in the very convent to which Dante is said to have afterwards retired, that "still retreat" of Santa Croce d' Avellano, in which he completed the greater part of his "Paradiso."

It is with something of the exaltation that inspired such hymns that we should approach the contemporary representations of the Mysteries of Our Lord's Passion, of which this Anastasis is one. If we do not—if we conceitedly stare them in the face—the whole world of spiritual meaning that is veiled behind them will be as completely lost as is the pathos of Beethoven beneath a hard, unfeeling touch.

In cases where a question may arise as to the significance of a particular subject or symbol in Christian Art, a clue to its solution may often be found by reference to the "Biblia Pauperum" of the early and mediæval churches. In this work type and antitype are placed together in the order prescribed as most fitting for the decoration of churches, themselves intended to become Bibles of the Poor, where the divine scheme of human salvation might be read in pictures. The work from which we have selected our next illustration is held to have belonged originally to the Tuscan school. This book has served as a source from which many of the designs in Orvieto, S. Maria di Toscanella, and San Miniato di Firenze, were drawn. Ugolino da Sienna and Nicolo Pisano sculptured on the walls of the Duomo d' Orvieto biblical subjects bearing a strong resemblance to these. Sprinkenklee (A.D. 1491), Albert Dürer, Hans Leonard Schæuffelein, Lucas van Leyden—all worked from the "Biblia Pauperum," some of the designs in which may have originated with John van Eyck, *circ.* 1336—1446; but most are of early origin, belonging to a period before 1091, as is known by the fact that windows destroyed at that date were copied from them. The subjects

David and Goliath. *Christ and Death.* *Samson and the Lion.*

From the "Biblia Pauperum."

are arranged for a triptych, the central panel being filled by the principal subject, as shown in the illustration, while the two wings show the types drawn from Old Testament history. In this instance the types chosen are of particular interest. The subject is the Descent of Christ into Limbus. The spirits that await him are in the jaws of Death. The Saviour, bearing His bannered cross with one hand, lifts them upwards with the other. Death is represented as a monster with a lion's head. We are now in search of a clue to the significance of this subject of the Christ in Hades. This is pointed out by the types. The type to the right is Samson struggling with the Lion, that to the left, David slaying Goliath—significant of the struggles and redemption of Israel, the usual types of Christ's victory over Satan in the Temptation and the final conquest of Evil. Here, then, the moral significance of the subject is indicated by the types chosen, which correspond to those tales before alluded to: of the wars and wrestlings with animals real or imaginary, signifying the strife of mind with brute force, of good and evil, of moral life and moral death—the divine strife, which once seen in a human face, once read in a human heart, is the revelation of all that is deepest in human nature. Here the author of the "Biblia Pauperum" points to the event upon the cross as the climax of this divine strife, the crucial test, as it is also the pledge of the soul's divinity, the evidence of divine grace that gives warrant of immortality.

The "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis"—Mirror of Human Salvation—was the title of another class of manuscripts which we must learn to be familiar with if we would understand the great works of Italian Art.

The divine scheme of human restoration and salvation was taught by representations, either in sculpture or painting, of a certain series of scenes from the Old and New Testament, chosen as significant of the redemption of man. Such a series was painted in fresco on the walls of the subterranean church of San Clemente, beneath the present church bearing the same name. The series consists of five pictures; the three upper scenes relating to the Resurrection, the two lower being in the position of commentaries or parallel passages illustrating the subject—scenes drawn from Christ's previous life, in which these mysteries of His passion were prefigured. The first is 'The Crucifixion'—St. John and the Mother standing by, with hands upraised towards the dying Saviour. The second shows 'The Women at the Sepulchre;' they who at the rising of the sun came to the tomb bearing sweet spices, who found the angel sitting on the right side of the tomb, and who were the first to hear the words "He is not here." The third scene is the Lord in Hades, raising man in the glorified body—'The Anastasis'—the making to rise up—the change from Death to Life.

The fourth and fifth subjects are supplementary—the fourth is too much injured now to be read; the fifth is 'The Miracle at Cana in Galilee'—the water changed to wine—the transmu-

tation—the miracle which figures forth the change spoken of by St. Paul—the change of the terrestrial body to the celestial—the corruptible to the incorruptible—the natural to the spiritual—the living soul to the life-giving spirit—the transmutation of the mortal to the immortal.

The frescoes of San Clemente are of uncertain date, but seem to be early examples of such Art as was practised in Italy from the fifth to the ninth century. They may be classed with the frescoes on the walls of S. Urbano alla Caffarella, in the Campagna, and those found in the porch of S. Lorenzo fuori le Mure, as well as in the chapels of S. Silvestro and Sta. Chiara. These works were not, strictly speaking, Byzantine; they were executed by artists living in Rome, and may be taken as proofs that in the origin of Italian Art proper there was a Latin element as well as a Byzantine.

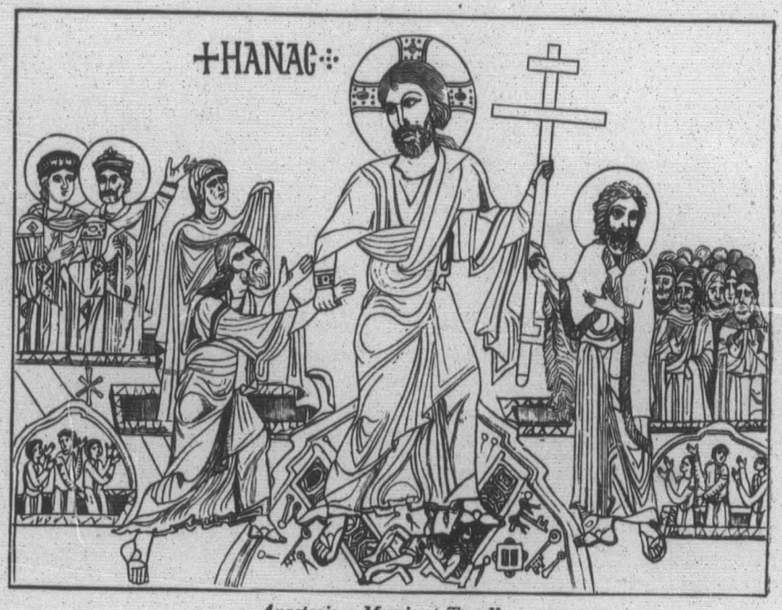
But we have not yet done with the illustrated text-books that were supplied to artists at this early date, prescribing certain subjects and their treatment, although we have now enumerated the Biblia Pauperum, or Bible of the Poor; the Speculum Humanæ Salvationis, or Mirror of Human Salvation. In the Physiologus, the Bestiaries, and Bibles Historiées, down to the close of the thirteenth century, we have the sources from whence the accessories for the grand subjects of mosaic, fresco painting, and stained-glass windows—to say nothing of sculpture—were drawn.

The Bestiaries contained drawings of animals, either real or mythical—drawings meant to represent the animals mentioned in Scripture or in the apocryphal writings. To these drawings texts were added explaining the allegorical meaning of these beasts.

There was an old work by a St. Mélito, Bishop of Sardis, in Lydia, in the second century, called the Key (*clavis*), about beasts and other living things, in which he describes the symbolical application of animals. He was author of the earliest catalogue of the Old Testament. Many commentators on such works as his sprang up in the dark ages. St. Isodorus, of Seville, who lived A.D. 595—636, wrote about symbolical things in Psysiologus, as in the following passage:

"When the lioness has brought forth the cub she is said to sleep during three days, until by the sound of the father's roar, which causes her sleeping-place as it were to tremble, she rouses the sleeping cub; so Christ, when He had given us birth upon the cross, slept during three days, until the great movement of the earth was made, and He was roused in the blessed Resurrection." Again we read, "The lioness brings forth her cubs dead, and watches over them during three days, until the father comes and breathes into their faces, and they come to life; so, when the three days were ended—from Adam to Noah, from Noah to Moses, from Moses to the Maccabees—at that time came the Father of all, Christ, who breathes by His sacred teaching into their faces, and brings them to life."

Pope Gelasius, who died toward the end of the fifth century, places a Physiologus among apocryphal writings of heretics, which had been attributed to St. Ambrose, as it was said to have contained false doctrine taught through some of these animals, while in other instances such interpretations were



Anastasis.—Mosaic at Torcello.

allowed—thus the allegory he taught by means of the sawfish was unorthodox, whereas the allegory of the tortoise was orthodox; that of the stone curlew or thick-kneed bustard was unorthodox, that of the venomous serpent was orthodox; and so on.

In a Bestiaire in the Bibliothèque Royale in Paris, we find an illustration of the descent of Christ into hell with the following inscription:—

"Ce est le sarmū del cokadulle e de la serpente."

Here the large head of a fish-like monster is seen in profile. From its gaping mouth, armed with sharp teeth, it vomits flame, through which the long-imprisoned souls press forward, Adam first, who grasps the hand of Christ, who has driven His spear down the monster's throat, while the serpent is seen gliding away beneath Him. Another illustration strongly resembling this appears in a Bible Historiée of the thirteenth century, preserved in the same library, but with more tenderness in the action of Christ as he lifts the man and woman from the jaws of the dreadful monster, and better drawing in the background of mountain scenery. Again, in a fourteenth-century MS., preserved in the Ambrosian Library, Milan, Hell is represented as a prison, the locked gate of which Christ approaches, at whose coming the walls give way and flames burst forth, while pitchforks and rakes, held by the fiends within, are seen projecting above the wall.*

To these sources—native and foreign—Latin, Lydian, Spanish, we may now add the "Byzantine Manuscript Guide to Painting," discovered by Didron in Mount Athos in 1840, containing, as it were, prescriptions, still rigidly followed in Greek churches, for the treatment of the separate scriptural subjects required. Thus the Descent into Hell is to be treated after this manner:—

"Hell, like a dark grotto, beneath mountains. Radiant angels enchain Beelzebub, the Prince of darkness; they strike

* See "History of Our Lord in Art," ed. Lady Eastlake, vol. ii. p. 255.

some demons and pursue others with lances. Several men, naked and in chains, look upwards. Numbers of locks broken. The gates of Hell are overthrown; Christ tramples them under His feet. The Saviour takes Adam by the right hand, and Eve by the left. To the left of the Saviour is John the Baptist (*le Précurseur*), who points to Him. David is near Him, as well as other righteous kings, with crown and nimbus. All round, a brilliant light and a great number of angels."

The great Mosaic at Torcello, here illustrated, is in accordance with these directions. Lord Lindsay thus describes his visit to this island near Venice:—"I must now invite your company in my gondola once more to Torcello, touching *en voyage* at Murano, another of the Venetian islets, where the mosaic in the tribune of the Duomo, executed about the middle of the twelfth century, is one of the most remarkable of the Byzantine revival."* He then adds, after describing this particular one at Murano: "The Mosaics at Torcello are nearly of the same date, and perhaps by the same master. But the most important of them, covering the interior of the western extremity of the church, is a much more elaborate performance. It is divided into five compartments, of which the two uppermost represent the Crucifixion and Descent into Hell, or Limbus, the three lower, connectedly, the Last Judgment."

'The Descent into Hell' appears in a Greek Gospel also, preserved in the Vatican library. Here the Saviour stands above the pit, in which a man half naked and in chains looks hopefully up to Him. He is surrounded by the usual accessories—keys, bolts, etc. The action of the three principal figures is much the same as in the former miniature, and mountains are on each side in the background, but the middle distance is thronged with figures of patriarchs and holy women, and the Baptist, or Precursor, stands in the front and points to our Lord. There is more energy in the action of all the figures in this than in the other illustrations of the Greek school, especially in that of Eve, who, with passionate gesture, stretches forward her bare hands and arms as she hastens to follow her deliverer. Here, as in the Mosaic at Torcello, the Greek word ἀνάστασις (*Anastasis*, Resurrection) is inscribed above the Saviour's head. A semi-circular space at the top of this miniature is too indistinctly copied to be deciphered. A picture of 'The Council of Nicæa' appears in the same MS., where the defeated Arius is seen crouching below in the dark, just as Satan appears here.

It would be a fruitless task to enumerate the repetitions of our subject which occur in the illuminations and sculpture of this date. With few exceptions Art before the thirteenth century was emblematic of the web, woven of lifeless threads, that men kept spinning in their narrow brains, while shut in the cells of their monasteries, until the advent of the great teachers who pierced to the spiritual core of this smouldering faith and restored it to life and activity once more—Benedict, Bernard, Francis, Dominic, and Dante.

MARGARET STOKES.

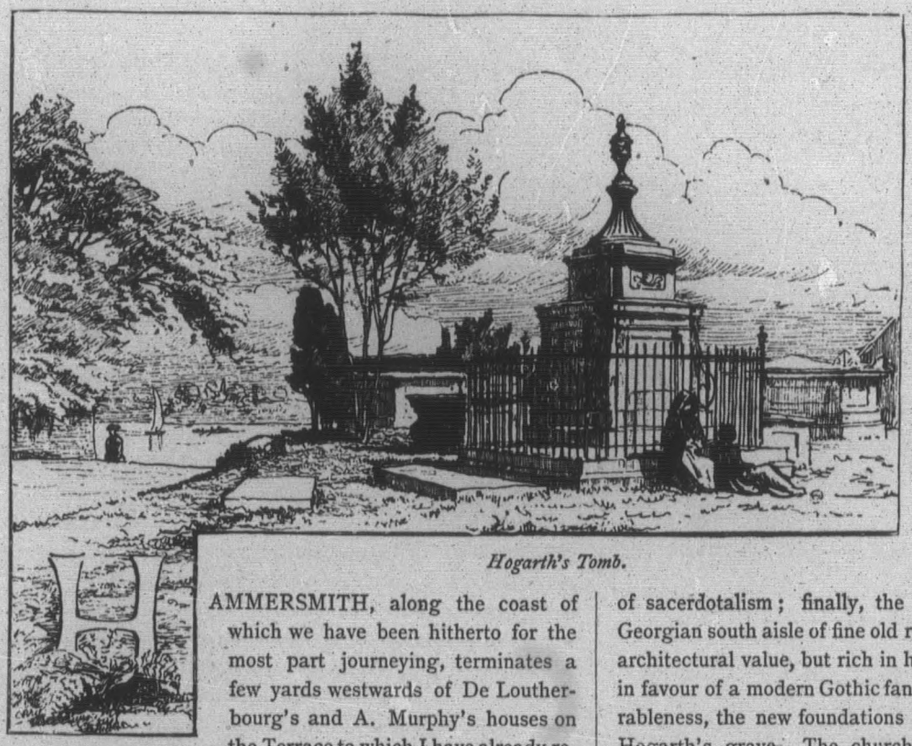
(To be continued.)

* Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," vol. i. p. 128.

THE EVENING HOUR. BY B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

THERE is a kind of competition that comes from the pressure of quantity, as well as a kind that is caused by the stimulus of quality. It would be kind, and perhaps even just, to aver that painters in England now are under the stress of both. But it is the first kind that makes the choice—almost the monopoly—of a characteristic class of subject so necessary for the achievement of conspicuousness by any one artist. Perhaps Mr. Leader's career illustrates this truth better than does any other contemporary artistic biography. The excellent work which he did year by year never became salient until he chose to make a certain kind of *subject* his own. Doubtless among painters who consider distinction of manner more important than it is held in the present English school, before a public too, we may add, of better critical education than ours, conspicuousness would not depend upon a painter's choice of subject. But things being as they are, Mr. Leader won a place on the line, in the eyes of the public, and finally in the ranks of the Associates, by painting glowing evening skies, with their reflections in pools of rain, with pastoral outskirts of rural villages and all the delightful accompaniments of church towers, graves, sheepfolds, and the roads that are trodden by the homeward labourer. All these things are immemorially pleasant to the English picture seer, who likes his landscape with an addition of allusions not difficult to catch and allegories not hard to understand. "In the evening there shall be light," the picture by which Mr. Leader's work became salient, was the type and ideal of popular landscape at the Royal Academy. The force of painting and completeness of work which the artist put into it were well and effectively bestowed, and the picture won its way not only with the public but with the electors. There was, perhaps, a danger that the successful painter would make his range too narrow. In days when numbers are great, division of labour is minute. This applies to the Arts as well as to the handicrafts. Many artists have to divide sunsets behind church towers amongst them, and one of them might have to make a specialty of those sunsets which are reflected in pools of water after rain. But Mr. Leader will not allow tyrannous popularity to have power to limit his choice in the subjects offered by nature. The beautiful picture here engraved has all the sentiment so much prized, with a moderation and refinement which seem to correct any tendency towards insistence. The scene is indeed one which it is not strange that Englishmen should love. A long national history, and the immemorial laws and traditions that rule over the hamlet, the parish, the fold and field, and the river, have had their slow but sure effect upon every part and detail of the landscape. All refers to feudal England, and farther back to that England of families and farms over seas, which emptied its conquering people upon the British lands. The whole story, lost in the modern town, is written in the modern fields, in the very growth of the hedges and clustering of the trees. But Mr. Leader has shown by his quite different range this year that he is not bound to even such attractive scenes, but intends to paint something besides the evening of rural days, and to take the liberty of his now-established reputation in making larger choice.

HAMMERSMITH AND CHISWICK.*



Hogarth's Tomb.

HAMMERSMITH, along the coast of which we have been hitherto for the most part journeying, terminates a few yards westwards of De Loutherbourg's and A. Murphy's houses on the Terrace to which I have already referred. We are now on the frontier of Chiswick, a region sacred to the memory of Hogarth, and we have before us the third and least injured of the once-beautiful line of malls where, when pall-mall stood in the place of modern cricket, countless players drove the flying balls in sunlight at the side of the river, then gay with shallops, skiffs, and wherries laden with passengers and goods, while going up or down the stream in numbers which readers of Evelyn, Pepys, and Horace Walpole can estimate without difficulty. The devious vista of the roadway is before us, fringed with trees, and bounded on the south by a narrow margin of garden ground touching the river, and on the north marked by a very irregular line of old houses grouped in charmingly picturesque masses. Hampstead having suffered terribly, Chiswick Mall remains the sole fine example of an old thoroughfare not quite ruined. The shining water, the verdurous Eyot, with glimpses of the farther shores of Surrey, guarded by tall poplars and huge elms, with the Roehampton uplands rising against the sky, form a whole of beauty which is too soon doomed to ruin by modern hands caring nothing for time or historic honours. Such is the eastern end of Chiswick Mall.

The western end of Chiswick Mall has come to terrible grief already; the very bones of Hogarth shake in his grave close to a group of steam hammers, whose hideous din almost overpowers the clatter of riveters building torpedo boats on the once-quiet village shore; a pandemonium of noisy nuisances shocks the place, and has of late lasted all day and night. Clatter, suitable to Millwall, has doomed to wreck the village which might have been a home of rest for thousands. The rectory facing the church was once a decent and becoming mansion; it has been daubed with stucco and painted with a dirty blue! Nothing remains of Hogarth's church but the core of the tower; the "restorer" began his customary career on this part of the building and took away all it had of interest, grace of service, and harmony of time and life and death. Next, a new chancel was required to suit a service conducted with all the pomp of sacerdotalism; finally, the body of the edifice, with its Georgian south aisle of fine old red brick, a comely group of no architectural value, but rich in historic honours, was abolished in favour of a modern Gothic fane, as void of beauty as of venerableness, the new foundations of which almost approximate Hogarth's grave. The church where Hogarth worshipped, where the villagers proper, and the belles and dames of the Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Commonwealth, and Hanoverian times were baptized, wedded, and buried, has gone for ever. A short distance beyond the church a rivulet of sewage is made "effluent" by a delectable process, and not inodorously discharged into the Thames. The little river bay by Chiswick Church is an indescribable pool.

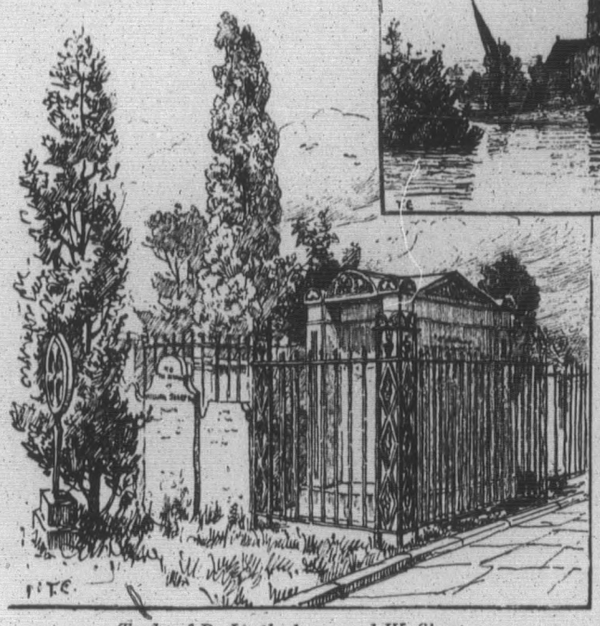
In the church were interred, besides less noteworthy dead, Oliver Cromwell's daughter, Mary, who became Countess of Falconberg; Sir John Chardin, the great traveller, who saw the Sofi when he was worth looking at; and Charles II.'s Duchess of Cleveland, the most impudent, wasteful, and rapacious of the harlots of her time. Ask Grammont, ask Evelyn, ask Pepys what she was. Therefore it may be said with unusual truth, that here "the Wicked cease from troubling and the Weary are at rest," but for the torpedo-building clatter above referred to.

As we have the churchyard before us in Mr. Tristram Ellis's pretty drawing, I may here say that he has modified the facts of its surroundings, but gives strictly enough the general character of Hogarth's tomb. A glimpse of the urn at the top may be had by rowers on the river. Hogarth, of whose country-house I shall write presently, died October 26th, 1764, and he was buried in the spot now marked by the tomb before us, which, however, was not erected till 1771, when his sister Anne was interred in the same place. In this spot was previously (?) deposited the remains of Lady Thornhill, the painter's mother-in-law and constant friend (she helped him in his courtship of her daughter), who died in 1757. Mrs. Hogarth, who died November 30th, 1789, was buried here. The tomb fell into decay, and in 1856, Mr. W. Hogarth, the

* Continued from page 240.

provision-merchant of Aberdeen, no relation to the painter, deserved honour by thoroughly repairing the structure. At this time the graves were opened and, according to a

Chiswick from the River.



Tombs of De Loutherbourg and W. Sharp.

statement made to me by one of the persons employed, bones were seen inside. What bones they were I know not. A coffin, smaller than general, and assumed to be Hogarth's, was seen among the others, but I do not know why this could not have belonged to one of the ladies whose remains rest with his. His coffin-plate was missing. A rumour prevailed in Hammersmith that "the body snatchers," for whose operations the situation of the grave offered considerable facilities, had removed the corpse of the greatest English moralist and "sold it to the surgeons." This story is unlikely to be true. It is certain that not many years ago a man took a human skull to the British Museum, alleged it to be that of our painter, and desired to sell the relic. I need not say his offer was declined without thanks. I believe no effort was made to verify his story.

In Chiswick churchyard, close to Hogarth's grave, lies Constantine Carpue, the famous surgeon; near him James Ralph, whose terrors survive in "The Dunciad," as one "who made night hideous" with his "howls," was laid. Ugo Foscolo's corpse was a few years ago removed from the grave where much melodrama, wrangling, and an ill-conditioned sort of "patriotism" came to an end. Lord Macartney, a traveller who outdid Sir John Chardin himself, lies under a handsome altar-tomb. In the vault of the Burlington family, with certain once-noble bones, are the mortal remains of Kent, the architect, whom Hogarth assailed. Holland the actor's tomb has been shifted, but his coffin was not ravaged during the meddling which attended the destruction of the old church. Dr. Bushby, who flogged so many boys, and Griffiths, the bookseller, who starved Goldsmith, are here; and William Sharp, one of the best English engravers, of whose house on the Mall I have yet to speak, lies at the foot of a common upright slab of York stone. Near this is the grandiose but elegant altar-tomb of De Loutherbourg, R.A., which looks very like a work of Sir John Soane. The new church has encroached on the resting-places of the dead, and it is out of keeping and character with all its surroundings and their history; but, as the new body of the edifice is out of proportion with the tower, an excuse will probably soon be found for destroying even this "restored relic of antiquity," a once-elegant true Gothic one.

Returning now to the eastern end of Chiswick Mall, the reader may see from a boat, or the extremity of the Eyot, not only the water which is part of the channel on the north side of the island, but the swans which float in the front of our illustration; he may likewise see part of the before-mentioned narrow strip of garden ground which borders the Mall proper on the south. Facing us is a tall, handsome red-brick mansion, called Walpole House, until lately used as a boys' school, and interesting to us because it is supposed to have been erst in the occupation of no less a person than Miss Pinkerton, whose "Establishment for Young Ladies" was favoured by the presence of Miss Rebecca Sharp. If this place was in Thackeray's eye when he delineated that matchless personage and her *entourage*, it must have been in front of the gate here, distinguishable by the balls on high above the piers of brick, that Mr. Sedley's coach was standing when Miss Pinkerton—having relented towards her graceless pupil—hastened to bestow on her that copy of the immortal "dixonary" which was incontinently flung out of the carriage window by "Becky," that audacious vixen. I believe this memorable rejection really occurred in Chiswick Square, a queer little quadrangle, situated farther inland and distinguished by the chaste dignity of a much larger mansion than the riverine one. The former house has been a school ever since "Young Ladies" began to learn deportment, "the use of the globes," and what not besides.

Walpole House comprises the two blocks of building in the

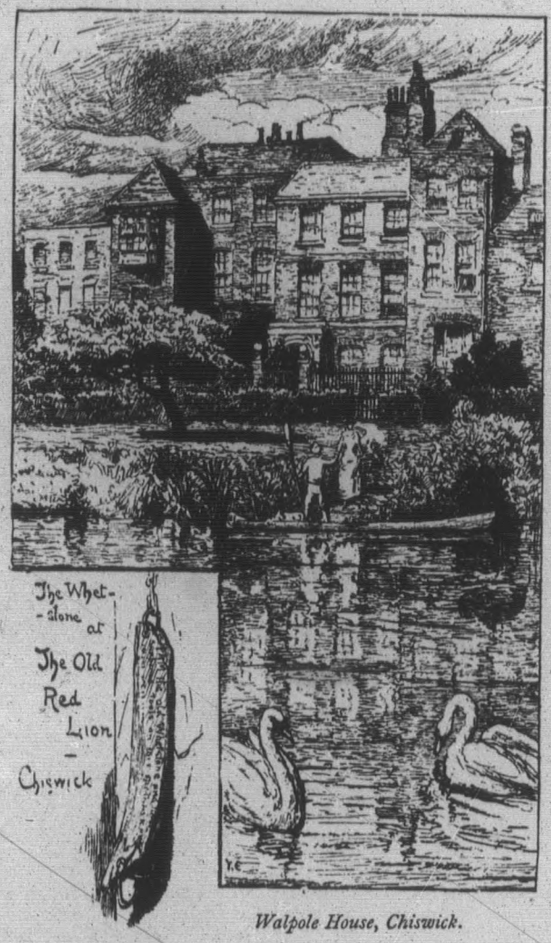
Hogarth House.

middle of the group before us. The advancing smaller block

on our left, with the bay window of wood and a high and conical roof of red tiles, belongs to a little house where the before-named William Sharp, the engraver, lived and died. I was told that he constructed the bay window in order to enjoy the beautiful view of the land and water which it afforded. The window belongs to a little room Sharp used to work in. Here he got into trouble with the Prophet Brothers and his followers, Wright and Bryan, to say nothing of Tom Paine and Horne Tooke, to whom the engraver was devoted. Besides giving much money to promulgate the nonsense of this precious "Prophet," Sharp wasted energy, cash, and time on Johanna Southcott, an impostor of incredible stupidity.

About two hundred yards west of this spot we come to Chiswick Lane, leading northwards, and having on its west side a terrace of red-brick ten-roomed houses, known as Mawson's Row, in No. 5 of which Pope lived with his father. Here he translated part of the "Iliad." Mr. Austin Dobson tells us that in the British Museum "are still many envelopes addressed 'To Mr. Pope, at his house in ye New Buildings, Chiswick.'" A little farther north (we are now going away from the river for a while) still stands a noble and genuine Queen Anne, or rather Early Georgian, mansion, called the Manor House, which is very faithfully represented in an etching made by Hogarth, and called "Mr. Ranby's House at Chiswick," where it appears with stately elms before the door, old gables and a handsome gate. Some of the still-living trees may be seen in Hogarth's plate. The building is now a *maison de santé*, of which much has been heard of late. Mr. Ranby was a Sergeant-Surgeon to the King, whom he attended at Dettingen; he was a man of the highest standing in his day, was called to the death-bed of Sir Robert Walpole, and is often mentioned in memoirs before 1773, when he died, and was buried in Chelsea Hospital.

Returning to the Mall, we pass the site of that Pest House of Westminster School and cradle of the Chiswick Press to which I have before alluded. In the Mall, and facing the river, is the very picturesque ancient "Red Lion" tavern,



Walpole House, Chiswick.

with a long wooden balcony to the first floor, affording a charming prospect of the Thames. Suspended by a chain at the jamb of the front door of this house hangs an extremely large stone, which is represented in our cut. It is much worn by use, and veraciously inscribed, "*I am the old whetstone, and have sharpened tools on this spot more than one thousand years.*" A little farther on is the small and elegant Georgian red-brick Woodruffe House. Mr. Woodruffe, one of the former inmates, was a juror at the trial of John Wilkes. Beyond the Rectory we proceed direct northwards into Chiswick village proper, and thence passing a double line of old and picturesque houses of various sizes, and the primitive Lamb Yard, which is a little quadrangle enclosed by old buildings mostly of weather-boarding, we continue sharply to our left, and, somewhat farther on, again turning to our right at an obtuse angle, we enter Hogarth Lane, an irregular and decidedly squalid thoroughfare, part of which is represented in the cut opposite.

The Lake, Chiswick House.

The small building known as Hogarth House seems to have been in the occupation of Sir James Thornhill ere Hogarth removed there. It is likely enough that Thornhill built it; he died in 1734. Dr. Morell, a great friend of the satirical painter, told us that he went there "not long after his marriage in 1729," but it is more probable that, as Mr. Austin Dobson has suggested, Mrs. Hogarth inherited

it under her father's will. After her husband's death she resided there, and died in one of its chambers. She bequeathed it, in 1789, to Mary Lewis, her cousin, in whose arms Hogarth died. Mary Lewis died there in 1808. Among the tenants of a later date (1814—26), was Mr. H. F. Carey, then Curate of Chiswick, a translator of "Dante." Another tenant was Mr. N. T. Hicks, renowned in transpontine melodrama as "Brayvo Hicks!" (such being the salutation of the "gods" when they saw the gallant actor bawl after their kind, and tear a passion to rags). The house was for some time occupied by Mr. Thomas Clack, a gardener, whose widow held the place and made the best of it. That best is squalid, ragged, neglected, and almost ruinous. Nearly all the relics of Hogarth have disappeared. Nevertheless, it would be a good thing if the building passed to careful hands, was repaired, and, for Hogarth's sake, made to serve as a nook of rest for elderly artists in succession.

Chiswick House.

So much has been written about Hogarth House, it has been so often represented, and is still so frequently visited, that I must not detain the reader before it longer than suffices to say that the cut represents the back view. The low building, which is entered by the third doorway from our left in the wall, is a modern defacement, having nothing to do with the "shrine," which was fairly well described in Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Pilgrimages;" by Mr. Austin Dobson in *The Magazine of Art*, 1883; *The Graphic*, November, 1874; and *The Illustrated London News*, October, 1873.

The last two cuts of our series represent the façade of "the Earl of Burlington's house at Chiswick," a renowned quasi-classic mansion or villa, of the kind made famous by the *dilettanti* of the second quarter of the last century, when (*c.* 1736) it was built by James, third Earl of Burlington, Pope's and Kent's friend, whom Hogarth "bespattered" in the famous skit called "Taste." Chiswick House is the subject of an epigram attributed to Lord Hervey:—

> "Possessed of one great hall for state,
> Without one room to sleep or eat,
> How well you build let flattery tell,
> And all mankind how ill you dwell."

In the vignette on the preceding page we have the bridge over the lake in the grounds of Chiswick House. These precincts abound in spaces of studied elegance of the best kind, enclosed by cedars, elms, poplars, and other stately trees, which time, shelter, and a mild air have brought to perfection. Here were assembled hosts of the famous, learned, witty, valiant, and beautiful men and women of the "Whig persuasion" of the last six generations. Here Fox and Canning died. The house descended with the Earldom of Burlington, and now belongs to the present Duke of Devonshire as holder of the former title.

F. G. STEPHENS.

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

THE following relates to Sir John Soane, the generous founder of the Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is condensed from *The Times* report, May 18, 1799. Westminster Hall, May 17. Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a special jury. The King *v.* Norris. Mr. Erskine stated that this was an indictment which had been preferred by Mr. Soane, architect to the Bank, against the defendant, Mr. Philip Norris, a builder and surveyor, who lived in Castle Street, Holborn, for the publication of a libel. The supposed libel was contained in a piece of poetry, called "The Modern Goth," which reflected on Mr. Soane's taste in those buildings at the Bank which he had executed since the year 1788, when he had succeeded Sir Robert Taylor. Mr. Soane himself, in examination, stated that he was appointed to finish the structures at the Bank, and which he had carried into execution to the best of his skill and understanding. He had been bred a regular architect. In consequence of having gained the gold medal at the Royal Academy, he went to Italy under the patronage of his Majesty, where he remained near three years. During that time he had an opportunity of visiting all the remains of Roman antiquity. The Lord Chief Justice summed up to the effect that architecture and all the other arts, as well as the sciences, were the subjects of fair criticism. A person might find fault with any particular structure, and show that it was not agreeable to the rules of Grecian architecture; but it was for the consideration of the jury whether that might be done, as in this case, in a poem, that was to hold up a man to ridicule all his life long. The gentlemen of the jury withdrew for some time, and then found the defendant—not guilty.

STAIRS AND STAIRCASES.*

GUIZOT believes modern civilisation to be better than the ancient, because it is so much more varied and progressive; because it contains within it all the former modes of civilisation which still struggle for supremacy, and prevent any one of them from being carried to its ultimate conclusion.

M. C. Garnier is possessed with much the same thought in his "Essay on Style," and bids us be thankful that we have so many styles instead of being confined to one. This variety, however, makes it difficult, if not impossible, to speak with authority on style if one would avoid wounding susceptibilities. Twice in my lifetime have two absolutely diverse styles been hailed as the architecture of the future—Greek and Gothic—yet few now believe that the adoption of either would afford the solution of that problem, which the age languidly calls for, and which architects are burning to solve. We are neither Greeks nor Mediævals. New discoveries have been made, new materials have been found, and new forms of construction have come into use, new thoughts and aspirations possess us, nay, we have even new likings, and when mankind begin again to desire architecture with the passion and enthusiasm of Greek or Gothic times, they may possibly get a new style. We have yet to consider one phase of civilisation unknown before the present era. Every style of architecture that is extant, even if it be in ruins, has been measured, drawn, photographed, and to some extent studied. It is impossible that the effects of all this new knowledge, of all these new aspirations, and of this varied culture, should not be conspicuous in the architecture of the future, but as yet we have but gathered and dug the mould from which the new tree is to spring; besides, no one man, no one generation, does more than start a style. It took the Romans five or six hundred years to evolve their style, which we now call Byzantine.

Not that you are to suppose that England gets nothing from architecture. It now gets very much what the Greeks got in the time of Perikles, and the Romans in the time of Augustus: instead of dog-kennels with holes for light, it gets admirably arranged plans, compositions more or less original, proportions more or less good, delicate mouldings, and ornament more or less refined; it merely does not get an architecture purely animated by the present spirit.

Under these circumstances I think it best to speak of some structural feature, the treatment it has received at different times and in different places; to point out when the treatment has succeeded and when it has failed, so that we may if possible learn the cause of success, or at least avoid failure.

The subjects I have chosen are "Stairs" and "Staircases."

The history of these would be interesting from an antiquarian and from an ethnological point of view. As architects the students are not interested in antiquarianism, nor in ethnology; their interest is concentrated on the practical problems of how to make buildings and their parts more convenient, more beautiful, more impressive, and more enduring than they have been, and how to stamp them with the mint-mark of the day. We cannot help unconsciously stamping a building with its date, if it be not an absolute copy of an old one. There must be some flavour of the age imparted to the building in overcoming the difficulties of fitting them for present use. There must be some change in constructive methods, and there must be some new fancy or expression in architecture, just as there are new words and new expressions in speaking which will betray the date of either to the skilful critic.

But we want more than this unconscious stamp. We want the expression of what the age loves, flavoured by the individual taste and invention of the architect. Unhappily the age has not even a liking in matters purely architectural; so all we can have is the personal likings of the architect.

Persia is probably the country where the oldest flights of magnificent steps are to be seen. These flights were evidently used to give dignity and impressiveness to the buildings: those in front of the great walled plateau at Persepolis, occupying with their landings 285 feet in length, and consisting of two double flights of steps, each 23 feet wide—one on the right and one on the left—each pair containing 102 easy steps of about 4-in. rise and 18-in. tread. This imperial plateau, on which the monarchs of Persia built their palaces, is 34 feet high, as may be seen in the work of Flandrin and Coste.

The palaces of Darius and Xerxes, with their flights of stairs and vestibules, or propylæa as we now pedantically call them, did not precede that at Athens by a hundred years. The propylæa of the Akropolis, with its flight of stairs in one broad sweep of nearly 80 feet,* rising nearly 60, must have been the most magnificent in the world. The vestibule which crowned them was splendid and unique amongst Greek buildings, that is to say amongst the most perfect architecture the world has seen. It deserves some mention, though beyond the immediate purport of the lecture—for if I stray, I stray in architectural paths; it was *the* building at the very acme of Greek art that most captivated the taste of the Athenians, and was looked upon by the other Greeks as the personification of Athenian supremacy. Epaminondas said to the assembled Thebans: "We must transport here the propylæa of the Akropolis of Athens, and ornament with it the approaches of the Kadmea."

For some inexplicable reason the name of Mnesikles is much less known than the names of Iktinus and Kalikrates, who built the Parthenon; and yet Mnesikles was the architect of the Propylæa, the gem of Athens, and which in itself combined the most perfect simplicity, the greatest subtlety of composition, the boldest disregard of rules, and the greatest originality of any Greek building that has come down to us. Lifted up on the crag platform of the Akropolis, it forms the main feature of Athens from Mars' Hill; and its stairs not only confer imperial dignity upon it, but enhance the beauty and give vigour to the columns of its portico, and emphasize

* A Lecture delivered at the Royal Academy, 2nd March, 1885.

* In the centre of the flight there is a roadway.

the horizontal lines of its entablature. Its centre intercolumniation for the sacrificial cattle and chariots to pass through, exceeds in proportionate width every other known example; its architrave, twenty-two feet long, rivals that of the gate at Mycene, which is about twenty-seven feet; the flanking porticoes of a smaller Doric order not only form a setting to the central portico, but enhance its size; while its grand pseudo-peripteral front ranges with the first columns of the two flanking porticoes in antis, and so causes it to stand out in bold relief.

Within the central portico, and at right angles to it, a double range of Ionic columns flank the carriage-way; these are higher than the columns of the portico, the soffits of their architraves bearing on the top of the inside one of the portico; the building is cut in two by a cross wall parallel to the face, with five graduated doorways, to four of which you rise by five steps, the top one being of the black marble of Eleusis, as are also the top steps to the flanks. The back portico, which is the same as the front, is raised by these five steps. Nearly £500,000 was spent on this monument of Athenian greatness, while the whole treasure of the state did not exceed two and a-half millions. M. Beulé enthusiastically exclaims, "The cost cannot be considered enormous, when we know that the whole was of white Pentelic marble; that every step was rejected that had a blemish; that each stone came from the quarries, five leagues off, and was carried up this steep ascent; was worked like sculpture; put together like a piece of cabinet-work; and was painted and gilt by the first artists of the day." To our learned friend, Mr. Penrose, we owe the discovery of the steps; and to the sagacity of M. Beulé, of the door in the curtain-wall, probably of mediæval times. Plutarch tells us that the propylæa or vestibule of the city was finished in five years by Mnesikles the architect. Plutarch lived nearly five hundred years after its building, and cannot refrain from this eloquent eulogium:—

"We have the more reason to wonder that the structures raised by Perikles should be built in so short a time, and yet built for ages: for as each of them as soon as finished had the venerable air of antiquity, so, now they are old, they have the freshness of a modern building. A bloom is diffused over them which preserves their aspect untarnished by time, as if they were animated with a spirit of perpetual youth and unfading elegance."

Vitruvius, speaking of temples, says: "The number of steps in front should always be odd, since in that case the right foot which begins ascent will be that which first alights on the landing of the temple; the thickness of the steps should not I think be more than 10 inches nor less than 9 inches, which will give an easy ascent. The treads not less than 1½ foot, nor more than 2."

The Ionic temple on the Ilissus has three steps, 10-in. rise, and 15-in. tread. The Erectheum has three steps, 9½-in. rise and 1-ft. 4-in. tread. The Theseum, two steps, about 1-ft. 2-in. rise and 1-ft. 2½-in. tread. The Temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassæ has three steps, 9½-in. rise, 12-in. tread. But the three steps of the Parthenon are over 20-in. rise, and nearly 28-in. tread, so that two steps were made out of one for use, and it is to be observed that these steps of the Parthenon, of the Erectheum, and of the Theseum are what we call "plain solid steps."

At the Propylæa, at the Ionic temple on the Ilissus, and elsewhere, there is a chase cut out at the bottom of the riser, and another at the back of the tread, which looks as if it were made for a rain-water channel. Mr. Penrose tells me that there is no exit to them, and he believes that they marked the finished size of the step, and that the portions left on were to protect the step till it could be finished, as we now stick tiles on to stone or marble steps to protect them till the work is done, and as we know chipping pieces were left at the angles of stonework, as may be seen at Segeste, and that all except the top and bottom flutes were not worked till the columns were up. There are, however, some very curious points about these channels. Some are worked on the riser only, and some on both tread and riser. The sinking on the tread seems confined to Athens, but that on the riser may be seen not only at Athens, but in the Peloponnesus, in Sicily, and at Pæstum. At the Temple of Apollo at Bassæ, in Arcadia, one of the divisions of Peloponnesus, there is a double sinking in the riser, and at the bottom of the pedestal of the Lantern of Demosthenes there are imitation steps purely for ornament. In these the same sinking in the riser is observable, and so it is in the steps of the Temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum, which are also purely ornamental, as six steps rise 14 feet. Doubtless you think this would be more interesting to a mason than to an architect. Still as architects you may one day regret that the workmen knock off the corners, and notch all the arrises of your stone buildings before they are uncovered, and you may then think these precautions of the Greeks were not so trivial, particularly as their material was costly marble. You may laugh, and say we cannot be roused to enthusiasm over steps, even if they be of marble, but I will try and persuade you that we may learn many lessons even from such humble accessories. First, is it not possible that these chases, first worked to mark the ultimate size of the step, were found to give accent to the whole, and were eventually used for æsthetic purposes? Certainly those at Bassæ look like it, or else why the double sinking if not to tame the shadow, or to make a light and two shadows? And why was the device used at the Lantern of Demosthenes and at Agrigentum? The beauty of everything depends on good proportions, and on the realisation of the proper effect. We can trace the hand of the master or of the bungler in the smallest detail of a building. If you look at the space between the cap and necking of a pilaster, supposing it be not a copy, it is enough to show you whether the architect has a sense of proportion or not; if you see a long-necked one you only examine the building for faults. So with the mouldings; if these are coarse, ill-proportioned, and commonplace you say the architect is a savage. Let us see if he be a clever savage.

We soon tire of a plot, however good, if that is all the merit of a story, it is the invention and exquisiteness of its detail that make us linger over it, and return again and again to enjoy its subtle flavours. It is too by seizing on accidental beauties that much of architecture has been perfected. See what varied tunes have been played on the unfinished flutings of columns whose origin was but a mason's scheme for temporary protection and exact workmanship.

In flights of steps, if the treads are too narrow, the flight rises before you like a wall, and if the risers are too low you lose the lines which are the beauty of the steps, and by whose aid the vertical lines above them gain their value; that their æsthetic value was appreciated we may be sure, by their use in the Lantern of Demosthenes, at Agrigentum, and by the 24 steps at the top of the Mausoleum.

I was simple enough to suppose that I had only to go to the Institute, or at most to the British Museum Library,

and get full details of every grand flight of steps, or staircase, I had seen, but it is almost like digging for diamonds on Salisbury Plain; it is not a question of hours of search, but of days—nay, of weeks, fruitlessly wasted. La Scalinata, that struck me as the most magnificent staircase I ever saw, seems not to be architecturally delineated; of those two grand staircases the great Wilkins built at the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, when they were together, perhaps the most unique in Europe, scarce a trace is to be found; but—

"Like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever."

A plan of the staircase to Sta. Maria in Ara Cœli, though worthy of Canaletto's pencil, is not to be found. If our competitors for the silver medal could be set to illustrate the great buildings of England, if these could be published, even could they be bound, what a museum of English architectural glory might not the Academy possess!

Open-air staircases present infinite possibilities of splendour, for in them we are not hampered by want of space, nor by the chance of spoiling interior arrangements by curious shapes.

The Scalinata, from the Piazza d'Espagna to the platform in front of Sta. Trinità dei Monti at Rome, is certainly superb, said to be due to the genius of Alessandro Specchi, and finished by Francesco di Sanctis, in the first third of the eighteenth century. It consists of three grand straight flights with three landings opposite the Barcaccia of Bernini. These flights are divided into three by square-stepped pedestals, the central portion being about three-fifths of the whole width. Beyond this are curved steps in one sweep, leading to a wide space with a balustraded wall, a higher level being gained by quadrant staircases on either side, and the road reached by twin staircases within the curve of the wall, the whole crowned by the two-towered Church of Sta. Trinità dei Monti, with the Obelisk of Antinous in front of it.

Sir John Sloane evidently took his suggestion for a Scala Regia, published in his works, from this.

Another splendid staircase at Rome is that leading to the Church of Sta. Maria d'Ara Cœli, consisting of one hundred and twenty-four steps of Greek marble, from the Temple of Venus at Rome. The staircase was built in 1348 by Maestro Lorenzo, of the Rione Colonna. However inferior in position this staircase may be, it suggests to us the magnificence of that to the Propylæa, though the former is only crowned by the front of a rude church in bare brickwork; the jewel is by no means worth the setting, but like the blackened bone of some saint in a jewelled reliquary we perhaps dwell all the more on the setting.

Though this staircase is not so magnificent as the Scalinata, it is perhaps more striking on account of its perfect simplicity; you admire the art in the former, but the art is only too apparent, while the highest art is to conceal it. Every architect who looks at a fine Doric temple wishes he had lived before the Greeks, because he feels sure he should have designed the temple in the same way; all looks so natural, so simple, so obvious, as if it could have fallen into no form but sublimity, for as Quintilian says, "the keen and polished Greeks produced nothing that was worthless or superfluous." On first seeing the inside of the Pantheon you are almost angry that this nameless architect should have lit that vast domed hall by a single eye before *you* had the chance. I wish to impress on you the infinite pains to be taken, and the self-denial to be exercised, if you want to produce the highest work which shall live in the admiration of posterity.

Perhaps the most historic open-air staircase is the Giants', in the courtyard of the Doges' Palace, at Venice. Whether it be from the magnificent sound in Italian, "Scala dei Giganti," or from early imagination having run away with us, I know not, but it is certainly disappointing. It was built in 1483 by Anto. Rizzo, and takes its name from the statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino. As this staircase was not built when Marin Falier was beheaded, A.D. 1355, it was certainly not the place of his execution.

In Cæsare Vecellio's book of "Ancient and Modern Dresses," published in 1590, another staircase is shown on the opposite side, roofed over with lead, and called "Sotto i piombi."

The Giants' Staircase, a little over 13 ft. wide, consists of twenty-eight marble steps, of 5½-in. rise, and 14½-in. tread, with one landing in the middle 4 ft. 9 in. wide, and one 5 ft. 7 in. wide at the top, from which four steps lead you into the open arcade of the Doges' Palace. The staircase being wholly of marble, with an openwork balustrade, and the risers inlaid with delicate patterns in black, has caused much more to be said and written about it than it deserves, though truly, when you are in the passage from the Porta della Carta and this staircase fills the field of vision, it is effective. In mediæval times a very large proportion of the staircases were in the open air, built on to, or corbelled out from, a wall like that of the Bargello at Florence. There is a very fine flight of the same sort to the Courts of Justice at Barcelona,* where the angle column of the arcades surrounding the quadrangle is suppressed; this is a very wonderful constructive trick, but, artistically speaking, it is deplorable.

In Viollet-le-Duc there is an outside staircase to the ramparts at Carcassonne; it has no balustrade, but the ends of the steps are corbelled over with a double corbelling.

You see, too, an open-air German staircase, with a pretty open-worked Gothic balustrade, I think from Nuremberg. There is a view of the Ripetta at Rome, showing a series of three steps and a landing on a double curve down to the Tiber, very original in treatment, and now swept away for a bridge. I also exhibit a photograph of a very pretty arrangement of stairs to a late Italian church; a flight of seven straight steps, with the angles hollowed out, leads to a landing, and two quadrant twin flights, with an outside balustrade, lead up to a semicircular landing in front of the entrance doorway.

The President has been amiable enough to lend me his sketch of the summer pulpit at Jerusalem, in front of the Mosque of Omar; it closely resembles the internal Mahomedan pulpits, of which there are some photographs.

Thanks to Mr. O'Connor, I am able to show you his sketch of the staircase in the cathedral at Burgos, which engaged the pencil of the late D. Roberts, R.A., who has rather embellished it. A single flight of twelve steps, circular at the bottom, runs up to a doorway; the circular steps project beyond the balustrade, and abut on both sides against structures like the half of a sarcophagus; the balustrades are solid, and on the face consist of curves ending in a double scroll, the top being carried horizontally outside as a pillow, with an enriched spandril below the handrail; inside the balustrade is plain, and the handrails end in scrolls; behind the scrolls, at the bottom, are griffins. In D. Roberts's picture these are fine, long-necked griffins, with outstretched wings; the true ones resemble the ducks boys cast in lead to play at dumps

* See *The Art Journal*, 1881, page 74.

with; and on the back scroll are two circular pedestals with vases. In David Roberts's picture the pedestals are red, and the vases are replaced by figures. From the door a double twin flight lands you on a projecting balcony; these steps have a modillion cornice below them, with an open balustrade of ironwork, partly gilt.

There is a noble flight of steps from the transept of Canterbury Cathedral to the choir, which would be effective if it did not lead to a dead wall; though it is not in the open air, it is best classed with the open-air ones, like those in the halls of some of the palaces at Genoa, where columns spring up amongst the stairs, as at the Durazzo Palace. And here also should be mentioned Sir C. Barry's magnificent stairs in Westminster Hall, that stretch nearly across it.

Nearly every considerable church or cathedral, both at home and abroad, has, or has had, a more or less imposing flight of steps.

The fine open-air staircases of England are mostly in gardens and terraces of Tudor and Elizabethan days. In the present day they are too often turned over to the landscape gardener, though the late Sir Charles Barry successfully treated terraces, staircases, and fountains. In Italy there are plenty of splendid specimens of stairs in gardens and terraces.

Before entering upon the detail of flights of steps to gardens, terraces, and their adjuncts, I should mention the splendid composition of the stairs to the grand dekastyle portico of University College, by Wilkins. The portico stands at the level of the first floor, and a high stylobate, projecting considerably on either side, runs round the portico. On the face, in front of this, is another lower one with four pedestals; between the two side ones are flights of stairs, and the capping returns below the two middle ones; and in front again of this is a lower wall with a capping; the higher stylobate returns on the face, leaving the flight of stairs the width of five intercolumniations and four columns.

The first point in arranging steps and risers is the proportion that will make them look well, and yet will not prevent them from being used conveniently; and this is mostly gained by making the risers shallow and the treads wide, and in putting in the landings of the proper width at the proper places. Great breadth is also of the first importance. Much may then be done by a careful treatment of the balustrades, pedestals, and their ornaments. In Persia most of the balustrades are solid and enriched with sculpture. The walls between which grand flights of stairs rise offer great scope for sculpture, like the walls of the ascent in Dante's Purgatory:—

> "When I discovered that the rock, around
> Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,
> Was marble white; and so exactly wrought
> With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone
> Had Polycletus, but e'en Nature's self
> Been shamed."
>
> DANTE'S *Purgatory*, Cant. x. 28.

Splendid specimens of stairs in gardens are to be found throughout Italy—in Rome, at Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati, in the Boboli Gardens at Florence, at Genoa—at Versailles—in short, wherever there is sloping or precipitous ground, and where there has been wealth, and a desire for this sort of graceful magnificence and artistic skill.

Gwilt speaks in high praise of the steps leading to the Orangery at Versailles, but if I ever saw them I do not recollect them. It has always appeared to me to be very useless to speak of things you have never seen or have not impressed you. In the first place, any one can *now* consult books, and there are so many points that the best view will not give you that it is rash to speak of effects until you have seen and judged of them with your own eyes. Size, varied points of view, and surroundings have so much to do with effects, and one can hardly call that successful that only looks well from one point.

I remember the beautiful—almost fairy-like—effects of the avenues, gardens, terraces, staircases, fountains, waterworks, and grottoes at the Villa d' Este, near Tivoli, but I cannot give you any useful information about them. All I can say is that those flights of stairs mostly look well that are broad enough, and that come down to you with ramps that curve outwards; and that in terrace staircases, what used to be called "conceits" are mostly successful—wide landings that project beyond the stairs with balconies out of them; but so much depends on the masterly treatment of the steps themselves, of the outlines of the ramps, landings, and terraces, and of the shapes and sizes of the handrails, balusters, pedestals, and their ornaments, that little definite can be said. There is one Italian rule that should never be lost sight of in out-door steps—"to give each tread a slight fall to the nosing, so that the rain-water may run off."

The most successful thing I have seen of modern times is that castle of waters, Longchamps, at Marseilles.*

We are too practical a people to go up an extra flight of stairs if we can avoid it. So you will have little chance of display in that direction, unless the ground compels it; and I am not sure that it was so much taste, as a belief that the ground story was unwholesome, that made the Italians revel in steps.

I have never walked on the new pier at Brighton without wondering when they would make a wide road from the end of the opposite square to the heights, ending with a grand flight of steps, and crowned with a fine town hall, cathedral, or museum; they would then have one of the finest things in the world.

I fear we Londoners must wait a long time for the crowning of our Mons Sacer, Primrose Hill, with an architectural front, a grand flight of steps, and a pulpit for addressing the people, before we can rival the Propylæa of Athens or Sta. Trinità dei Monti of Rome.

G. AITCHISON.

* See *The Art Journal*, 1882, page 335.

MUSIC AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.*

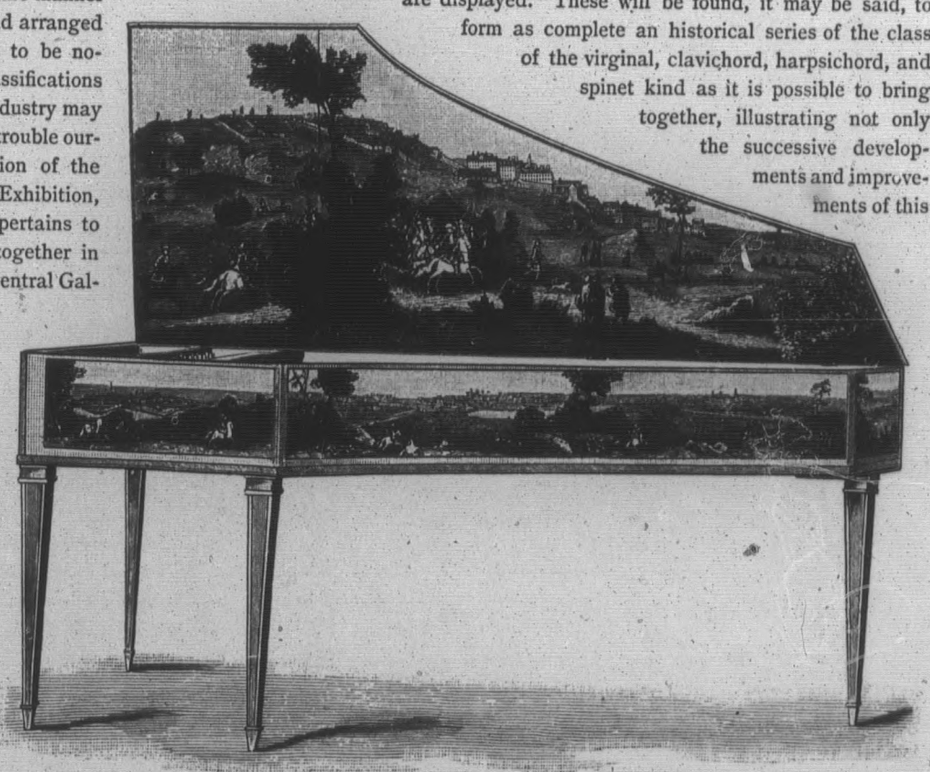
"Praise Him with timbrels and with flute,
Organs and virginalls,
With sounding cimballs praise ye Him,
Praise Him with loud cimbals.
Old Version of Psalms, 1613.—Psalm CL.

THE present fashion of International Exhibitions seems to be a return to the method of our Eastern ancestors (a method which, indeed, the Orientals observe to the present day) of arranging their bazaars so that the various classes of trades or merchandize are kept together in sections. As we traverse a bazaar in Constantinople, Cairo, or other Eastern city, we pass through a street of tailors, a street of bootmakers, a street of armourers or jewellers, of booksellers, and so on; and in the same manner here we have spread out and arranged under our eyes all that is to be noticed under the different classifications into which trade or Art industry may be divided. We need not trouble ourselves with the first division of the International Inventions Exhibition, for not only is all that appertains to the Art of music grouped together in Division II., to which the Central Gallery and its annexes are devoted, but this again is subdivided into different classes, so that we may easily pass in review and compare the qualifications of all the instruments and appliances by which the Art of music is illustrated.

The forms of musical instruments and the different materials of which they are composed being very various, a classification of some kind is necessary. Such a classification is more particularly required in the formation of an historic collection of objects relating to music. An arrangement has therefore been fixed upon based upon somewhat similar lines to that applied to the modern section; and this arrangement is comprehensive enough to include the different developments of all musical instruments from early times, as well as other matters which in any way whatever have relation to the science and art of music.

The number of objects of very high value and interest which have been brought together, and which almost equally demand special notice and description, is so large that it would be obviously impossible to do justice to them within the limits of a single short article. Such a space is insufficient to describe, even generally, the collection as a whole. All that can be attempted in the present article is to point out some of its leading features, to describe at a little greater length one or two important objects for which illustrations have been provided.

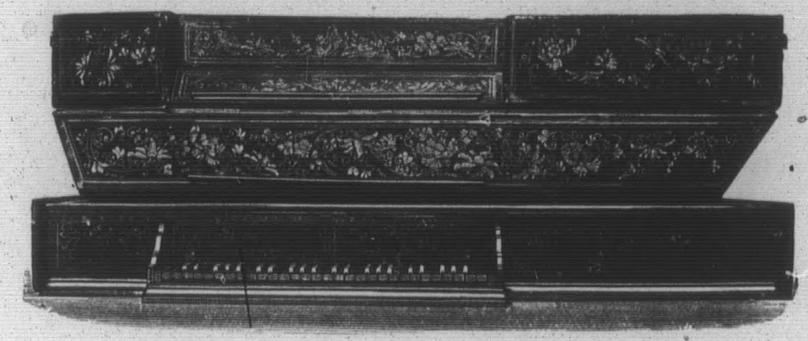
The walls of the spacious gallery of the Royal Albert Hall have been furnished with cases, in which the large number (over a hundred) of examples of stringed instruments with a keyboard are displayed. These will be found, it may be said, to form as complete an historical series of the class of the virginal, clavichord, harpsichord, and spinet kind as it is possible to bring together, illustrating not only the successive developments and improvements of this instrument musically considered, but also giving examples of decorated specimens, many of which are paintings in themselves of sufficient merit for any picture gallery. England contributes not a few remarkably fine ones, amongst them the splendid harpsichord belonging to Lord Powerscourt, of which we give an illustration, and which we shall presently briefly describe. Belgium has contributed in the most generous manner the entire and magnificent collection of the Conservatoire Royal de Musique, with its finely painted portable organs, regals, and harpsichords; three places of honour have been given to the piano with painted case lent by Her



The Powerscourt Harpsichord. Engraved by J. Hipkins.

* Continued from page 164.

Majesty the Queen, and (to come to the most recent times) to the pianos designed and painted, the one by Mr. Alma-Tadema, the other by Mr. Burne Jones.



Queen Elizabeth's Virginal. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

Down the centre of the elliptical gallery have been placed as many as seventy-two table cases for the precious books and manuscripts: screens and pillars with revolving shutters of frames are filled with engravings and drawings; collections of porcelain objects illustrating music are placed in cabinets, and the walls are covered with a fine collection of paintings. Besides this gallery a room decorated in Oriental fashion has been set apart on a lower floor to contain the collections of Eastern musical instruments and ethnographical specimens; and two other rooms are filled with the overflow of the later harpsichords and other large instruments for which accommodation could not be found in the main gallery.

It has been found impossible, from various causes, to attempt anything like a systematic or chronological arrangement of the Historic Loan Collection. So far as practicable, large collections have been kept together; and certain classes, such as the great assemblage of splendid (and in many cases world-renowned) violins, have not been separated. For the rest nothing more has been attempted in this way than to produce a general pleasing effect, and following the example of the South Kensington Museum, every object has a descriptive printed label, so that the assistance of a catalogue is not necessary.

Belgium and Holland have been especially distinguished for the manufacture of stringed instruments of the harpsichord class, since the beginning of the sixteenth century. The fine collection from these countries placed at the disposal of the executive of the Exhibition is therefore extremely interesting. Besides these there are also beautiful examples of the portable organs and regals of the sixteenth century, in perfect condition; and several of these have been played upon at the highly interesting series of historic concerts which were given last month. The regal is a little portable organ used for accompaniment in small chapels and private choirs: the tone is extremely sweet and melodious, and the instrument appears so simple that one is surprised that in these days of revivals exact copies should not be made for modern use.

It would certainly be interesting if the successive development of the art of musical notation could be fully shown and illustrated in this Exhibition. To do so thoroughly would, however, necessitate the formation of a large library, and it would be difficult to exhibit many of the books otherwise than by the backs of the bindings. It has therefore, wisely we think, been decided to select only the rarest and most important specimens, and to show those works only whose interest (either for beauty or early date) entitles them to be placed open under glass cases. Notation is not even at the present day used, so far as we have been able to learn, by several Eastern nations who have a distinct system of music. For instance, the Siamese, whom we have had an opportunity of hearing this year in the band sent over by the king, transmit their music and songs simply by vocal tuition, without any written system of notes.

Liturgical works form a very rich and very important section. For the most part, it must be said with regret, they come from the Continent, for our own cathedrals and religious houses have long since been ruthlessly despoiled. Sometimes we find, as in the case of a contribution from the Cathedral of Durham, some fine fragments which (and this is not infrequent) have been discovered in the bindings of books, but many of our grand old choral books have been cut to pieces and used to line floors, and walls, and ceilings, or put to still baser uses. Yet although here also, for want of space, a strict process of elimination has had to be gone through, the treasures of ancient MSS. which are shown, coming from our great English collections here, and from the cathedrals and other libraries abroad, will be seen many of them for the first time even by those who make these things their special study. For the present it will be sufficient to mention the graduals and antiphoners of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lords Spencer, Ashburnham, Herries, and Petre, and amongst them the first edition of the famous Mentz Psalter belonging to Lord Spencer, a copy of the second edition of which fetched at a recent sale the astounding sum of £4,900.

The various methods used in the production of printed music have been from engraved wooden blocks, type, copper-plate printing, and stamped copper or pewter plates. Many fine specimens of the progress of this Art may here be seen, amongst them the first book believed to have been published in England in which there are printed musical characters. This is Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Wynken de Worde in 1495; and we have also a copy of the work entitled "Parthenia" (A.D. 1611), lent by the Queen. It claims at least to be "the first musick ever printed for the Virginalls."

We have already mentioned the excellent series of instruments of the virginal and harpsichord class, which lead up to the modern piano. The virginal was an improvement on an instrument called "the jack and quill," and the earliest mention of one occurs in one of the "proverbis," as they are called, inscribed on the walls of the Manor House at Leckinfield, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Henry VII. The origin of the name has been variously ascribed; probably the most simple explanation is that it served to lead sweet voices singing hymns to the Virgin. The beautiful instrument which we have selected for illustration is known as "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal," but it must be confessed the claim to this title admits of some little doubt. The great queen, however, was famous as a performer, and it may be said to be more than probable that she was accustomed to play upon this very instrument. Several "pairs" of virginals, as they were called, once belonging to her are yet extant in different parts of England, but these are the only ones which have painted on them her royal arms. One of them is at Helmingham Hall, in

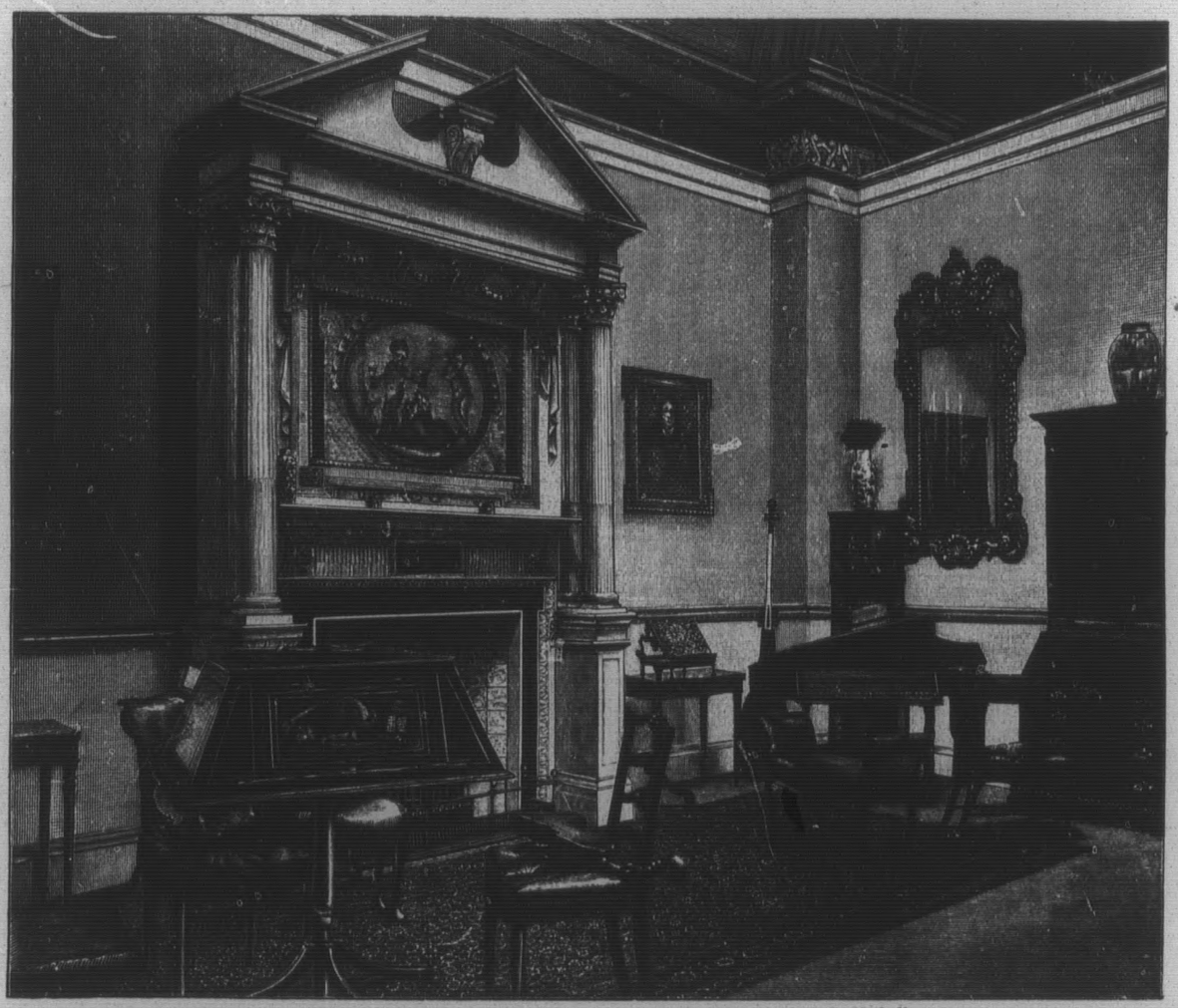
Suffolk (the seat of the Tollemache family); Lord Lytton is or was the possessor of another; the Rev. Mr. Sperling, of Kensington, possessed another; and a fourth, which we have now under notice, belongs to the Reverend Nigel Gresley, Vicar of Milborne St. Andrew, and his brothers.

We cannot do better than transcribe a portion of the interesting account of this instrument to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1815, which runs as follows:—

"DUDLEY, *June 12th*, 1815.

"Mr. Urban,—Allow me to place in your magazine, for the gratification of yourself and your friends, a description and historical account of the virginal of Queen Elizabeth drawn from the most authentic sources.

"This instrument was purchased at Lord Spencer Chichester's sale, at Fisherwick, about twelve years ago. The case (made of cedar) is covered with crimson Genoa velvet, upon which are three ancient gilt locks, finely engraved. The inside of the case is lined with strong yellow tabby silk. The whole is in a high state of preservation, light and portable, not exceeding twenty-four pounds in weight: being five feet long, sixteen inches wide, and seven inches deep. The front is covered entirely with gold, having a border round the inside two inches and a half broad. There are fifty keys



The English Eighteenth-Century Music Room. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

with jacks and quills, thirty of them ebony tipped with gold; and the semitone keys (twenty in number) are inlaid with silver, ivory, and different kinds of wood, each key consisting of about two hundred and fifty pieces. The Royal Arms of Elizabeth, at one end, are most exquisitely emblazoned; at the other end a dove, Luna rising, crowned, holding in its right foot a sceptre, and standing upon an oak-tree, cooped and eradicated. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the ornaments and workmanship of the whole.

"The painting is done upon gold, with carmine, lake, and fine ultramarine, and the ornaments are minutely engraven upon gold, which give it a most beautiful appearance."

In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is preserved a small-sized folio MS. volume in red morocco binding, elaborately tooled, and ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, etc., and gilt edges, traditionally said to have been Queen Elizabeth's virginal book. It is written upon six lines on four hundred and eighteen pages, throughout in the same hand. Dr. Burney says that if Her Majesty was ever able to execute any of the pieces in this book, she must have been a very great player, as some of them by Tallis, Bird, and others, are so difficult that it would be hardly possible to find a master in Europe capable of executing them without great practice.

The historic rooms to which we alluded in a previous article

have justly proved a great attraction. The illustration which we give in this number is that of the English room of the last century. An attempt has been here made to reproduce a room in the house of some wealthy musical amateur of the

Guitar "Rose" by Stradivarius.

eighteenth century, and it may be supposed to be seen just as it might have appeared on the conclusion of a small music party. A quartette music stand is on one side of the room, the chairs round it hastily pushed aside, having on them, or near by, the instruments which have just been used. On the top of the music desk lies an old wind instrument of the period, and other instruments and books of music are scattered about the room. On the opposite side is a fine specimen of an English spinet (lent by Mr. William Dale), but before describing it, the general decoration and other furniture of the room deserve a passing notice. Everything is in thorough keeping of style and period. A carved wood chimney-piece (to which unfortunately has been given a coat of white) is an extremely good example of the carved work of the time. The tiled hearth and fire-grate, the sober panelling of the walls, the brass furniture, bookcase, corner cupboards and Sheraton chairs and tables, are all in excellent taste and harmony. Silver-plate of the time stands upon the shelves of one cupboard: another is filled with specimens of old Staffordshire ware and other examples of the English potters of the last century, and the pictures and engravings which decorate the walls are equally genuine.

Spinet is the name given to a keyed instrument of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which, with other somewhat similar instruments, has developed into our modern pianoforte. It differs from the virginal and harpsichord principally by its form being usually of a triangular or (as, it is called, wing) shape, while the virginal is rectangular, and the harpsichord, as the name would indicate, of the shape of a harp. The strings of all three are twanged with little points, usually of crowquill, set in motion by the keys of the instrument. Harpsichords have often a double keyboard, and always one or more stops to produce different effects; and much as we may pride ourselves with the idea that the modern piano is a perfect instrument, it is certain that the old harpsichord possessed valuable qualities which are lacking in the piano. Very striking also is the charming decoration applied to many of them and to the older virginals in comparison with the best even of our modern decorated pianos. The influence of the present collection may be to bring back a return to much that is good in these old instruments. Should it be so, the beautiful small chamber organs and regals will not be forgotten. Not only is the decoration of their carved and ornamented cases, pipes, and keys worthy of study and imitation, but they also have qualities of tone which possess a peculiar charm. It is indeed nothing less than surprising that these small, portable, decorative and from their size comparatively cheaply constructed instruments, should have completely gone out of fashion and given place to the almost always hideous American organ.

Mr. Dale's spinet is one of the only two known by the famous maker John Hitchcock. It is of the usual wing-shape, the keyboard furnished with ebony naturals and ivory sharps, the latter inlaid with an ebony slip. From the inscription we learn that it was made in 1630: "Johannes Hitchcock, Londini, fecit 1630." The figures are, however, regarded by the owner of the instrument as the consecutive number, it having been the practice of both John and Thomas Hitchcock to number their instruments consecutively. The question is one which we must be content with simply noticing here. The distinctive features of the Hitchcock instruments are their beautiful proportions of form, the patterns of the brass-work, and the character of the keyboard. The naturals were either ivory or ebony, but the sharps were always inlaid with a slip of the contrasted colour, and the fronts of the naturals ornamented with a device of concentric half circles.

The harpsichord lent by Lord Powerscourt is a beautiful example of the practice of almost entirely ornamenting the surfaces of such instruments with paintings. The whole of the top and inside of the lid, as well as the sides and ends, are painted in oils by Van der Meulen with scenes of the period of Louis XIV. The sound-board is decorated in a different fashion, in the manner which we nearly always find in such instruments—that is to say, with sprays of flowers and other small ornaments; and it has of course the usual perforated "rose," or sound-hole. The instrument is dated 1612, but it is further inscribed "Mis a ravallement par Pascal Taskin à Paris, 1774." To Taskin is probably due the table and legs of the harpsichord and their metal mountings. He was a famous Parisian harpsichord-maker, and his instruments were distinguished by several peculiarities, and often by a Japanese style of external decoration of a character similar to the exterior case (of a later date than the interior) of the Ruckers harpsichord, which in this collection stands near the piano lent by Mr. Alma-Tadema. The beautiful instrument which is here illustrated is said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette.

We give also an illustration of an elaborately carved and perforated "rose" of an extremely rare specimen of a guitar by Stradivarius. Openings known by this name were inserted in the sound-boards of nearly all stringed instruments up to a late period, to increase, as it was thought, the resonance. The lutes, mandolines, dulcimers, and other similar instruments, are all furnished with it, and on some harpsichords several sound-holes were perforated. Whether useful or not for the purpose of increased resonance, they certainly afforded an opportunity of very elegant ornament, and served also, in the Netherlands, for example, as the maker's trade mark. Stradivarius, apart from his celebrity as a maker of violins, was unquestionably a great artist.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON.*

III.—Figure Painters.

ALTHOUGH figure painting in one form or another is, to judge from the walls of Burlington House, as highly esteemed by the Council as it is widely followed by the profession, it cannot be said that in this branch of their art English painters display either great originality or imaginative power. To trace the causes of this poverty would be here out of place; it is necessary only to allude to the fact.

Portraits.—Mention has already been made of some of the more important works of the principal exhibitors, but it would be unjust not to recognise the merits of many which in various ways attest the eagerness with which portrait painting is pursued even by those artists who have won their spurs in other fields. As an instance, we may mention Mr. W. P. Frith's three-quarter length portrait of Mrs. Alfred Pope (66); and in contrast we may look at Mr. Fantin's portrait of Miss Sarah Budgett (83), one of the most graceful girl portraits of the year. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann sends four pictures, in all of which respectability seems to be the leading characteristic, to the exclusion of any more individual traits. In this he, however, only follows in the footsteps of Mr. Ouless, who, with greater technical skill, and perhaps quicker insight than any of his contemporaries, has seldom advanced beyond the point he reached half-a-dozen years ago. Of the half-dozen portraits contributed by him this year, that of Dr. Kennedy (164) is at once the most successful and the least satisfactory. As a likeness it is excellent; as a key to the character of the man who raised Shrewsbury to its high position among public schools, who at Cambridge has maintained the claims of learning for its own sake, and the best traditions of English scholarship, this portrait will convey nothing to future members of the University. In the portrait of Mrs. Bruce (177) there is the sense of brightness and cheerfulness combined with the dignity of age. The Hon. John Collier had a somewhat ungrateful task in depicting for generations of fox hunters yet unborn Sir Thos. and Lady Boughey (187). Two full-length figures, of which one must be clothed in bright vermilion, surrounded by suitable accessories, are not promising materials, but the artist has boldly grappled with the difficulty, and if he has not produced an attractive picture, he has shown both power and skill. In such a work as Mr. Solomon's portrait of Mrs. Messel (731), there is evidence of considerable earnestness of purpose even in the pursuit of mere frivolities of fashion.

Other portraits which may be mentioned, though not always with approval, are Mr. Herkomer's Earl of Ducie (119), a pendant to Mr. Frank Holl's Rev. Henry Latham (125); Mr. Lorimer's Lord Reay (238), almost as striking as Mr. Archer's Professor Blackie (279); Mr. W. R. Symonds's Sir Richard Wallace (471); Mr. Arthur S. Cope's Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers (549); Mr. Edwin Long's Miss Fleetwood Wilson (655), and Miss Beatrice Drake (670); Mr. Alma-Tadema's very remarkable portrait of his youngest daughter (386), in a semi-transparent spotted grey dress, and holding a vase of flowers; Mr. Russell Sturgis (1101), by Mrs. Merritt; Mr. Frank Holl's Bishop of Peterborough (1141), and Mr. Evan C. Sutherland (1143), of which that of the layman is incomparably the more successful; Mr. Bret Harte (1077), by Mr. J. Pettie; Mr. Geo. Walton's Miss Edith Campbell (1150), a fair-haired girl in dark blue velvet, painted with breadth and vigour; and the best of Mr. Long's portraits, that of Mrs. Chamberlain Starkie (1147), full of dignity and grace.

Figures.—As a rule the English school shows to slight advantage in simple figure painting; our artists fail to throw into their work that poetry or sentiment of which they are capable when depicting an incident or a scene. Mr. E. Long is perhaps the Academician who strives most laboriously to infuse interest into his single figures, for we must put aside for the moment his confrère, Mr. Stacy Marks, who can tell a complete story with one character. This year Mr. Long's principal female figures are named 'Gunga' (100), and 'Iras' (149), Cleopatra's attendant, of whom we only know that her "nails were stronger that her eyes." Miss Henrietta Rae's 'Ariadne' (6) is a good instance of the attempt at a compromise between classicism and conventionality, and by it an otherwise clever picture is marred. It is perhaps better to be frank and thorough as Mr. Poynter's 'Diadumenè' (322), or Mr. Calderon's 'Andromeda' (295). Mr. W. D. Galpin's 'Beatrice' (74), except in that it recalls too plainly the influence of Mr. W. B. Richmond, is attractive as well as pleasing. Mrs. Merritt's 'Eve' (126) strains too much after effect—the attitude is one which is scarcely ever taken to represent either remorse or despair, and consequently the work owes its success almost entirely to its drawing and colour. Mr. W. F. Yeames' 'Dessert' (260) is composed of somewhat similar materials but treated in a very different spirit—a bright, happy girl, with a tray full of fruit, the picture of innocence, health, and unconcern. Mr. C. E. Perugini's 'Cup and Ball' (361), in spite of its delicate colouring, will hardly attract the attention his work usually obtains. The pose of the girl is graceful and the whole tone of the picture is harmonious, but it is quite devoid of interest except as an Academic study. Mr. W. E. Miller's 'Mehalah' (490), a girl in a fisher dress, is strongly and broadly painted, and in the face there is a fairly successful attempt to convey the alternately soft and savage love of the "maiden of the marshes." Mr. W. Lomas' 'Almond Blossoms' (630) deserves praise for its delicacy of colouring and easy pose. Mr. Skipworth's 'Kittens' (318) is a capital specimen of modern domestic art, telling no particular story but attracting attention and pleasing the eye; but Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw's 'Dulce Domum' (947) is a bold and not altogether unsatisfactory attempt to revive the traditions of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, whilst Mrs. M. L. Waller, as would seem from her 'Little Snow-white' (1154), desires to follow the path in which Sir John Millais is now the best and most engaging guide.

* Continued from page 258.

Genre and Subject Pictures.—It is impossible to do more than glance most cursorily at the hundreds of works which arrange themselves under this heading, which includes studies like Mr. STACY MARKS' 'Treatise on Parrots' (248), a snuff-coloured ornithologist cataloguing his brilliant-plumaged treasures, and the collector 'At the Printseller's' (853), grey in colour but attractive in expression; as well as such crowded canvases as Mr. LINTON'S 'Marriage of the Duke of Albany' (1028), a successful picture for such a subject, and Mr. ERNEST CROFTS' 'William III. at Landen' (1051); Mr. FRIPP'S 'Last Stand at Isandlhula' (1065), or Mrs. ELIZABETH BUTLER'S 'After the Battle' (1081). In such a category, however, Mr. D. GILES' 'Battle of Tamai' (1068) has a double merit. It is the work of an officer who was actually present at the scene he depicts, and who saw the critical position in which the British square found itself for a few moments—and it is also by far the best battle-piece, from an artistic point of view, in the exhibition. Mr. Giles may or may not have been well advised in abandoning the military profession, but painting has clearly gained by counting him amongst its recruits.

To return, however, to more homely subjects. Mr. MARCUS STONE has in the 'Gambler's Wife' (18) told one of those direct stories which appeal forcibly to the public mind. A young wife seated apart under a wide-spreading tree, suddenly realising that her husband, who is playing cards on the lawn with a few friends, is at heart a gambler; it flashes through her mind that the easy life she is now leading, the children who are playing so merrily on the terrace, and the fine old home itself, of which one gets a slight notion, may one day be engulfed in the gambler's ruin. Mr. STACY MARKS' 'Good Story' (30) introduces to us half-a-dozen village worthies, including the squire and the parson, seated round a table—perhaps at the end of a market "ordinary" of bygone days—enjoying the last "good thing" from town. Mr. SOLOMON'S 'Love's First Lesson' (29) is a new treatment of Venus and Cupid, painted with skill, a poetic fancy, and in strong contrast to Mr. YEAMES'S 'Prisoners of War' (67), two little midshipmen brought ashore at a French port, and the object of wonderment and interest to all the fisher-folk. Mr. STOREY is very unequal in his performances this year, 'Zeuxis at Crotona' (1149), for instance, being unworthy of criticism, while 'As Good as Gold' (78), a child on a seat, the model of patience and obedience, equals much of his earlier work. Mr. FRANK CALDERON'S 'Driving a Bargain' (60), horse-dealers at the door of a village inn, is a capital piece of work, and promises a bright future to a young painter who on both his father and mother's side can boast artistic distinction. Mr. DICKSEE'S 'Chivalry' (53) is a bold and successful attempt to acclimatise Venetian colouring and a mediæval mysticism which the pre-Raphaelites failed to revive, and it falls short, in interest, of Mr. BURGESS' bit of thoroughly Spanish life at the church door, 'Una Limosnita' (106). Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S 'After Naseby' (107) is a very large room lighted by a lofty window, occupied only by a lady and two small spaniels; it is more interesting than his 'Vae Victis' (231), a struggle between a wolf and an eagle for the body of a lamb. Mr. PETTIE sends three genre works—'Challenged' (239), a young rake just out of bed reading a cartel, the result of the previous night's debauch; 'Charles Surface selling his Ancestors' (812), in which the attitude of the young scapegrace is excellent, and 'Sir Peter and Lady Teazle' (868). A simpler style of painting is seen in Mr. G. LESLIE'S 'Language of Flowers' (141). Here Mr. Leslie shows himself better at home than in the open air, his 'Whispering Leaves' (288) eliciting no sense of concentration. Mr. DENDY SADLER is very happy in delineation of cockney life, such as the 'Lea Roachers' (1133), and 'Gudgeon-fishing' (1063). Of the more ambitious works, which although they hardly deserve to be described as historical yet aim above the level of the mere anecdotal, may be mentioned Mr. FRITH'S 'John Knox at Holyrood' (195); Mr. D. W. WYNFIELD'S 'An episode in the life of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester' (813); Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS'S scene in the cottage where the fugitive from the field of Sedgemoor is hiding (1128), full of stirring interest and reality; Mr. C. C. SETON'S 'In hiding' (1057), an old man of noble mien, gaunt and worn with long-continued harrying. Mr. MAYNARD BROWN'S 'Zenobia taken prisoner' (121) is a striking work, full of movement and good in colouring, but the captive queen does not sufficiently concentrate the interest upon herself.

But the most attractive of all these works is Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON'S 'Milton visited by Andrew Marvell' (663) at his house in Bunhill Fields. The blind old poet is seated in his porch, beside him his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, whose soft face and gentle manner seem to suggest that Mr. Boughton does not hold the discourteous stories of Philips and other biographers. Andrew Marvell is bending down to speak, and around him are two or three other figures, whose tranquil, happy faces seem to partake of the poet's resignation.

Among more homely scenes, in which pathos or humour plays a prominent part, Mr. FAED is always to be found, and of his four exhibited works, 'When the Children are asleep' (225), a cottage scene, recalls some of his best works. He sends also a pretty figure, 'The Rustic Bather' (876). Mr. J. B. KENNINGTON'S 'School' (118), and Mr. B. FLETCHER'S 'Dame Grigson's Academy in the Street' (1139), are pleasant suggestions of a style which Wilkie first made popular; but perhaps two pictures in which dogs play a prominent part will attract more general attention. These are Mr. BURTON BARBER'S 'Once bit, twice shy' (1120), a small urchin of a child struggling with a puppy, which she wishes to make again acquainted with the contents of the mustard-pot; and Mr. YATES CARRINGTON'S 'Hamlet and Polonius' (713), the adventures of a terrier in a painter's studio; in this category we must also mention Mr. LANCE CALKIN'S 'Two Invalids' (1112); and Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S 'Stolen Kisses' (1100).

Among other noteworthy works we have only space to mention Mr. HENRY WOOD'S richly-coloured Venetian sketches, 'The Water-Seller of San Rocco' (337), 'Bartering' (350), 'Returned from the Rialto' (379); and the more important work of Mr. FILDES, 'Venetians' (559), a canvas full of splendid colouring; Mr. J. R. WEGUELIN'S 'Swing Feast' (355); Miss CLACY'S 'Will Myers' (415), rat-catcher and poacher; Mr. ANDREW GOW'S 'Absolution for the Lost at Sea' (656); Mr. LASLETT POTT'S 'Priscilla' (746); Mr. PHIL. MORRIS'S 'First Prince of Wales' (757), and 'The Little Mother' (1056); Mr. FRANK DICEY'S 'His first Pink' (799), a bashful youth at a hunting breakfast, especially noticeable for its luminous qualities and quiet humour; Mr. S. E. WALLER'S 'Outward Bound' (823), in which the change team for the coach play the most important part, to the detriment of the little middy on his way to join Lord Nelson; Mr. TOM. LLOYD'S 'Toilers of the Sea' (1040); Mr. EUGENE DE BLAAS'S 'Vexation' (1050); Mr. LUDOVICI'S 'Dreamland' (1054); and Mr. JOHN R. REID'S 'Fatherless' (1113).

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ON June 10th the splendid new home of the York Institute of Art, Science, and Literature was opened by the Marquis of Lorne in the presence of a distinguished company. The foundation stone of the Institute was laid on July 18th, 1883, by the Prince of Wales. The building is a most desirable addition to the permanent institutions of the city.

Most of our readers are no doubt familiar with the story of Gainsborough's 'Mrs. Graham,' and its stay for years behind the brick and mortar with which the sorrowing widower caused it to be built up. The incident has just found a parallel, more or less, in France. It appears that David's picture of the assassination of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau by the garde-du-corps Pâris, came into the possession of a strict royalist, who, in marrying Lepelletier's daughter, thought it his duty to destroy, so far as he could, all traces of the regicide connections of her father. He bought the picture from David himself, but, in selling it, the latter stipulated that it should not be destroyed. M. de Boisgelin, the purchaser, was a man of his word, and the best way that occurred to him to fulfil his promise to David at the same time as he satisfied his own loyalty, was to build the canvas up in one of the walls of his château. From this hiding-place it has just been rescued in excellent preservation.

From this year's Salon, the city of Paris has selected for purchase pictures and statues to the amount of 43,500 francs, a modest total which has nevertheless been sufficient to secure five statues and groups, and an equal number of pictures. Among the former the best things are 'Lulli Enfant,' by M. Gaudez (a plaster figure of the boy-musician tuning his violin); and 'Au Loup,' a group in the same material, by M. Hiolin. Among the pictures there is but one of the very first class, the fine 'Vue de Paris; l'Estacade,' of M. Casile, a young landscape painter whose work ought to be better known outside Paris. The 'Chantier de Suresnes' of M. Roll, and M. Besnard's eccentric 'Paris' have also been acquired.

One of the most important of recent sales has been the dispersal of the famous Gréau collection of antiquities, in Paris. The Louvre made several notable purchases, thanks to a special grant voted by the Chamber at the very last moment. The authorities of the British Museum were also to the fore. They bought a very elegant oviform vase, with a combat of gladiators upon it, and another vase in the shape of a sleeping vintager with a wine skin beneath his head.

An official valuation has just been completed of the works of Art belonging to the City of Paris: the statues in the streets, on public buildings, and in storehouses, the pictures in the churches, in the Hôtel de Ville, and so on. The grand total amounts to 12,256,860 francs (about £490,000). To this total 4,178,000 francs are contributed by the streets and the civil buildings, and 8,078,551 francs by the churches. The storehouse in the Boulevard Morland, in which statues are placed to await their final installation, contains sculpture to the value of about 390,000 francs. The statues in the streets are estimated at about one million of francs (£40,000), which seems a curiously low figure.

M. Rodin's 'L'Age d'Airain' has been placed in the Luxembourg Gardens, at the edge of the avenue by the School of Mines. Our readers will remember what a sensation this statue made among the well informed when exhibited last year at Burlington House.

A Burgundian sculptor, M. Joseph Tournois, has finished a statue of Rude, the famous sculptor of the reliefs on the Arc de Triomphe; the statue is to be set up in Dijon.

The Art collections of the Vatican have just been enriched by the collection of pictures and other works of Art left to the Pope by the late Cardinal de Falloux, who died a few months ago. The legacy includes a fine Pinturicchio, many first-rate examples of majolica, and some good bronzes; among the latter is a Christ ascribed to John of Bologna. The Borgia Museum at the Propaganda has also acquired a fine series of Greek and Roman coins, and an ethnographical collection from Australia and New Zealand. The latter is the gift of the Romish clergy at the antipodes.

Three wall paintings of unusual interest and excellence have just been uncovered at Pompeii, in the Via Nolana. Their artistic value is considerable, but as a record of the domestic manners of the Romans they are still more welcome. The first shows us a young girl dancing to the sound of the flute; a nude slave stands by with refreshments. The second represents a young man at table with two friends, while a slave stoops to tie his sandal. The third represents a feast. One of the company is quitting the table as best he may, with the support of two slaves. All three paintings are in a very good state.

The pillage of the town library at Parma by the Chevalier Panini, its secretary, turns out to be less extensive than was at first reported. Unlike his prototype, Libri, the Chevalier appears to have cared nothing for books or manuscripts, at least as objects of illicit collecting. He confined his attention to prints, and of these more than three hundred are ascertained to be missing. A few are of very great value.

The Italian Government has been authorised by the Porte to carry out a series of excavations in the island of Crete.

The Commendatore Bertini, director of the Brera Gallery at Milan, and Signor Cavenaghi, a restorer employed by him, claim to have discovered in a 'Holy Family with Angels,' hitherto assigned to the school of Bellini and covered with repaints, a picture described by Vasari as one of the best works of Mantegna. The picture is numbered 286 in the present catalogue.

"PORTRAITS OF THE HIGH OFFICERS AND PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH." Drawn and etched by William Hole, A.R.S.A. (Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable).—This large work has been carried out as a memento of the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh, celebrated in April, 1884. There are nearly fifty portraits, which have been cleverly etched by Mr. Hole, who has attained to much proficiency in the art. They represent the present Professors of the University, as well as the Chancellor, the Lord Rector (Sir Stafford Northcote), and the since deceased Principal, Sir Alexander Grant; together with sketches of eminent men of a past age who were students of the University. With few exceptions the plates are excellent likenesses, those of Professors Blackie, Chrystal, Fraser, Lorimer, and Rutherford being the best. The letterpress, giving an account of the career of the Professors, is written with unusual freshness and vigour; and, while nothing disagreeable is ever said, a perfectly fair estimate is set forth of each gentleman's capabilities.

"RAPHAEL." By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Vol. ii. (John Murray).—It is two years since the authors of "Titian" and "The History of Painting in North Italy" gave us the first volume of their study of the records, the drawings and the pictures of this immortal Florentine. Those whose memory will serve them, or those who care to turn back, will remember how Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle devoted themselves in their first volume to an attempt to set at rest the speculation, uncertainty, and controversy which have ever surrounded the period which gave to Raphael his supreme knowledge of the mechanism of his Art. Their scanty success did not prevent us from enjoying the wealth of material which they collected, nor from appreciating the patience and labour which they expended on their research. This is no less the case with their second instalment, for whilst we thank the authors for their careful chronicle of the painter's life and works, we receive their assertions of fact, but fail to be convinced as to them. To take an instance: the date of Raphael's coming to Rome. First we are assured, on the evidence of a letter from Raphael to Francia, that the writer is describing the life he is leading at Rome in September, 1508. This letter is assumed (in vol. i., pp. 335 and 353-4) to be genuine. A closer inspection has now led Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle to question the date; and our authors lead us on through a labyrinth of discussion to the conclusion that Raphael was sent to Rome early in 1509. How far their reasoning is conclusive may be judged from the following passage: "In the papal accounts still accessible to us the names of several persons new to the annals of painting have been found. Giovanni Ruyoch and Michael del Becca are prominent amongst a number of strangers who received wages at the Vatican in the winter of 1508 or the spring of 1509. Most of the money charges in the accounts are for work done in 'the upper chambers of the Vatican,' of which Albertini wrote, in 1509, that they had just been restored by the combined efforts of several artists. . . . Neither records nor the books of Albertini contain a single allusion to Raphael." This we feel is evidence that Raphael was not in Rome in 1508; but is it evidence that he was in Rome early in 1509? If the absence of any reference to him in 1508 determines his absence from Rome in that year, does not the omission of any reference to him in the spring of 1509 equally point to the fact of his absence "early" in 1509? To another question, as to whether Raphael was a sculptor, the reply is emphatic; but is not a deduction from the authors' own reasonings, but simply the corroboration of Vasari "that Raphael brought such labours of sculpture as the 'Jonah' and 'Elias' into existence by ordering sculptors to carve them, and assisting them to do so by 'his judgment.'" (Vas. viii., 212.) Turning, however, from the controversial side of the narrative, we find the remaining portion most interesting, showing, of course, considerable enthusiasm and quite unusual powers of description. The accounts of 'The Transfiguration,' the 'Madonna di San Sisto,' and the 'Parnassus' are examples amongst many of this. The authors of the volume before us will always take high rank amongst those who have concerned themselves with "this excellent man, who closed his first life at thirty-three, but the second, which is that of his renown, is subject to neither time nor death, and will be perpetual" (Pico della Mirandola to Isabella Gourjaga, Rome, April 7th, 1520).

"SKETCHES IN SPAIN, FROM NATURE, ART, AND LIFE." By John Lomas (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black; London: Longmans, Green & Co.).—This latest record of rambles in Spain is written with a general intelligence and observation, if without any special distinction or charm of style. From his introduction the author might be expected to show more sympathy with Spain and Spaniards than he does in fact display as he proceeds on his travels. It is true he deprecates the attitude still assumed by the Englishman who believes that the people of a country are bent upon fleecing his opulent self, and that they are guilty of some grave international form of impertinence if they prefer paper to British gold. Some Britons are curiously sensitive on this one point—comfortably complacent when the national sovereign commands a premium from the foreigner, and gravely aggrieved when, as in Spain, it is at a discount. Mr. Lomas has not this precise form of weakness. Nevertheless, he travels through Roman Catholic Spain with his mind strongly inclined to sympathy with the Jew, the Mussulman, and the infrequent Protestant. He takes for proven the coarse accusations made by a class of the town populations against the unfortunate priests, who have been reduced to a salary not sufficient to keep them from hunger, and are daily insulted by caricatures of a gross nature. Mr. Lomas treats interestingly the large subject of Spanish architecture; his historical references show careful preparation, and he indulges in no picturesque English; indeed, his fault is rather on the other side. We could have spared the description of a bull-fight, but are resigned to it as to the inevitable.

"THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA." By George W. Cable (J. C. Nimmo).—To English readers Mr. Cable's name has been lately made not only eminent but dear by his admirable novel "Dr. Sevier;" and more information from him about the Creoles whom he has drawn there with such a significant and exquisite touch will be welcome. But for the influence of that memorable book the interest of his present study of the Creoles would be perhaps too local. It is only persons thoroughly familiar with the history and topography of the various provincial capitals of the States who would generally give attention to a detailed volume about the things of New Orleans. Mr. Cable has a genius for the right rendering of dialect, accent, and inflection, so that it is a disappointment to find little study of language in "The Creoles." The book is principally historical, is well and gravely written, and fully illustrated.

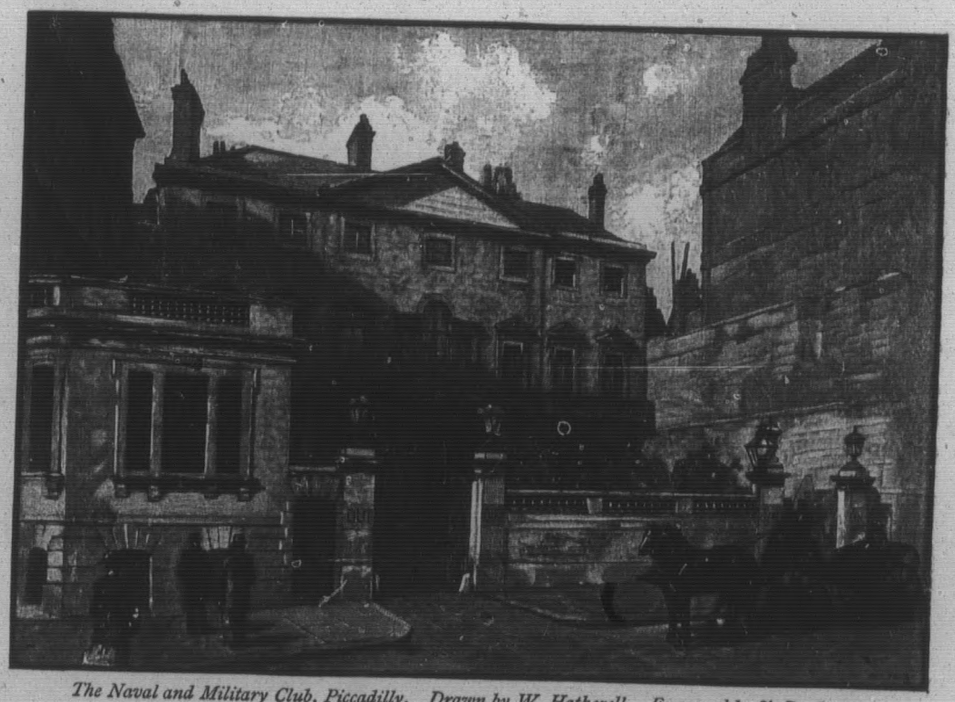
A PUBLIC WRITER AT SEVILLE

ETCHED BY E. DELDUC AFTER J. ARANDA

LONDON CLUB-LAND.*

IV.

THE architectural story of Pall Mall is in the annual volume of *The British Almanack and Companion*. It is true the narrative is brief and prosaic, but perhaps no record gives the reader a more comprehensive view of the national progress than the chronicles of "Public Improvements" which are to be found at the end of each yearly volume. I do not recommend the work for its style, nor for its illustrations, but for its suggestiveness. Take it up year after year (begin at about 1830), and you will be astonished at the architectural achievements of the past fifty years. Many a noble edifice (toned into the appearance of age by our smoky atmosphere) which you have probably regarded as more or less ancient, has been built within the last half-century. In this annual record you will find the very first references to most of our great club-houses, and to many other edifices, and the first pictures of them. The volume for 1832 chronicles the completion of the Travellers Club-house adjoining the Athenæum, and that for 1856 describes the completion of the present Carlton. Designed by Mr. Barry, the Travellers is in the Italian style, and "in some respects similar to a Roman palace." The plan is a quadrangle, with an open area in the middle. The principal feature on the exterior in Pall Mall is a bold and rich cornice, which finishes the wall of the front. "The windows are decorated with Corinthian pilasters," says the chronicler; "the Italian taste is preserved throughout: we should not be sorry to see this taste renewed, more especially as the faint projections of the mouldings in almost all the Greek examples of architecture seldom produce any effect in this climate. We therefore think that Mr. Barry has acted most judiciously in adopting a style of architecture which combines boldness of effect with richness of detail." The criticism of the period seems to single out the building as a work that marks "an epoch in the architectural history of club-houses, being almost the first attempt to introduce into this country that species of rich astylar composition which has obtained the name of the Italian palazzo, made by way of contradistinction from Palladianism and its orders." At the same time it must be admitted that the building suffers seriously from its position between its two more august-looking neighbours, the Athenæum and Reform.



The Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly. Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

It is a club of world-wide fame, the Travellers. Even eligible candidates have sometimes been on the proposal book for ten years. The Marquis of Londonderry originated it immediately after the peace of 1814, "as a resort for gentlemen who had resided or travelled abroad, as well as with a view to the accommodation of foreigners," who, properly endorsed, are made honorary members during their stay in London. No person is eligible who has not travelled "out of the British Islands to a distance of at least five hundred miles from London in a direct line." Gambling is not permitted. All games of hazard are excluded. Cards are not allowed before dinner, and the highest stake is guinea points at whist. Mr. Timbs says Prince Talleyrand, during his residence in London, was a frequenter of the whist tables, and he thinks it was here that he made his felicitous rejoinder in regard to the marriage of an elderly lady of rank with her servant: "However could a lady of her birth make such a match?" "It was late in the game," responded Talleyrand; "at nine we don't reckon honours."

* Continued from page 232.

The head-quarters of Conservatism and Liberalism command the entrance to Carlton House Terrace. They are opposite neighbours. Their windows look upon each other. Stranger guests from the country often make the mistake of taking the one for the other. On the demonstration days of political processionists Liberal hisses follow so quickly on the heels of Liberal cheers that they become mixed at the doors of the Carlton. During the excitement of a general election the atmosphere of the two great clubs is charged with the quick electricity of party warfare. It is a fight to the death with these two neighbours. One is in possession of the sweets and privileges of office, the other is besieging the ministerial stronghold. Reports from the field come in every minute—telegrams from Lambeth and Marylebone, from Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Worcester, Derby, Sheffield, and indeed from every point of the battle-field which covers all England, Ireland, and Scotland. A few years ago the excitement was concentrated here, in the houses of these two neighbours; but now it has reliefs, or "chapels of ease," in the Devonshire, the Junior Carlton, the St. Stephen's, the City Liberal, the Beaconsfield, the Constitutional, and the National Liberal. These all, however, yield allegiance to the higher powers of Pall Mall, who supply champions for shaky commands and sinews of war to weak-kneed allies: there the truest echoes of the fight are to be heard.

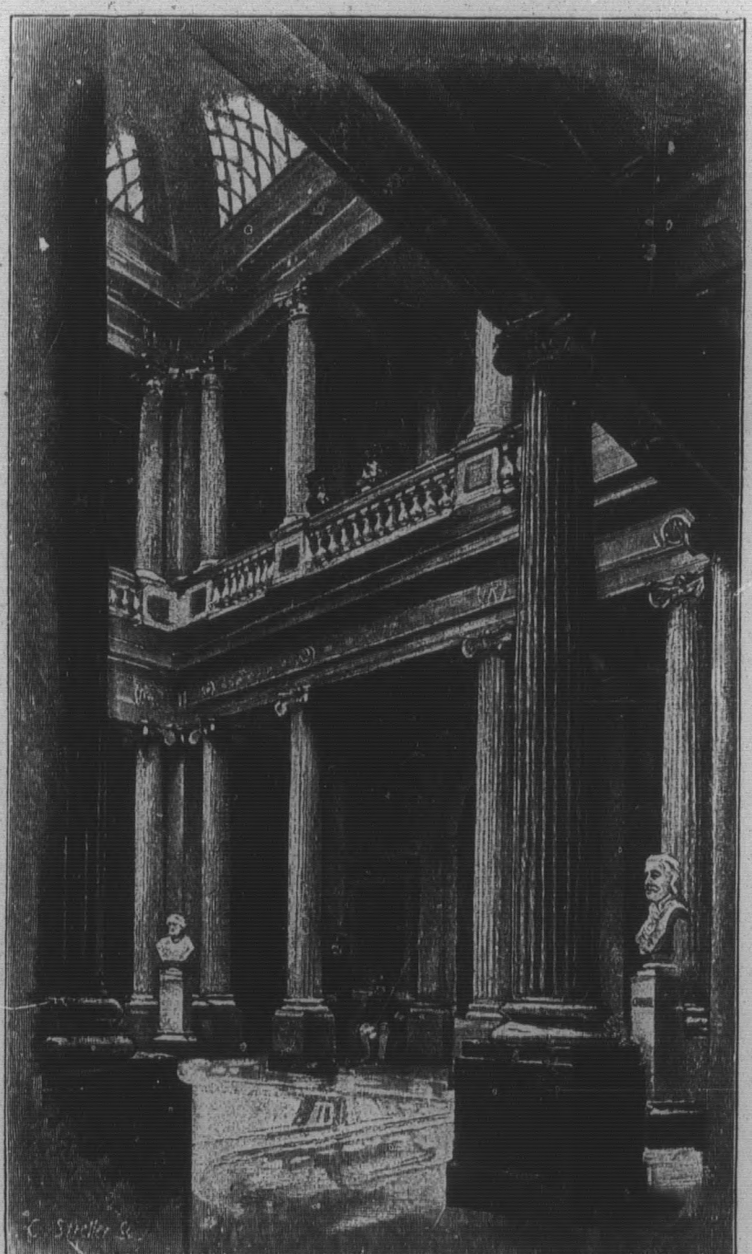
A mighty influence is wielded here at the Reform and the Carlton, the clubs of the "Ins" and "Outs." How like, and yet how unlike, the two fine houses! The Carlton has

The Oriental, Wyndham, and Salisbury Clubs, St. James's Square. Drawn by W. Hatherell.

the most imposing exterior, the Reform the most ornate and extensive reading-room. The granite columns of the Carlton flash in the sun, whose beams seem to lose themselves in the dingy façade of the Reform. Would it be deemed a slight to the majesty of the Caucus to say that the members of the Carlton appear to be better dressed than the Reformers? There is certainly more dignity, and therefore more dulness, at the Carlton; not perhaps that there are more titled aristocrats among the members of one than the other. Mr. Labouchere says that more titles have been sought and obtained in the last few years by Whigs and Liberals than by the other side. It is a curious experience to step out of one club into the other; to luncheon, say, at the Reform, and dine at the Carlton. Recently a Conservative leader jibed at the laxity of spirit in the Tory press. I have often thought that a luncheon at the Reform and a dinner at the Carlton explain the extra life and go and audacity of the Liberal when compared with the Tory newspapers. At the Reform you meet the newspaper men, the editors and contributors, the men who make and lead public opinion; at the Carlton you do not. I wonder how many provincial editors are members of the Carlton? The Tory chiefs made a fuss not long since over the election of an influential London journalist of their order. At the Reform I have met London and country journalists and men of letters; at the Carlton blood and acres rule. It was one of Lord Beaconsfield's failings (almost his only one)

that he snubbed the press, and the lords of the Carlton, I fear, liked him the better for it. I may not mention modern names too much in these papers. Clubs are clubs. But, with a slight experience of both these party houses, I feel that one great difference between the two is that the press is far more in evidence at the Reform than at the Carlton. Great clubs both, for all that—clubs of which the nation may be proud—clubs that well represent the two parties in the State, and which honourably maintain those high and laudable principles that are the life and soul of club-land proper.

The Reform Club was established ostensibly in the interest of the famous Bill of 1830—1832. Great George Street and Gwydyr House, Whitehall, saw its first meetings. It has been erroneously stated that Mr. Disraeli was at the outset of his career a member of the Reform. His name does not appear in any of the Club records. The architect seems to have had *carte blanche* to make the new building "a larger and more magnificent house than any other." Barry's design had been accepted in preference to competing plans of Blore, Basevi, Cockerell, and Sydney Smirke. The style of the architecture is pure Italian, inspired by the Farnese Palace at Rome. While the result is generally excellent, the effect of the frontage is thought to be marred by the windows being too small. An architectural authority considers "the points most admired are extreme simplicity and unity of design, combined with very unusual richness. The breadth of the piers between the windows contribute not a little to that repose which is so essential to simplicity, and hardly less so to stateliness." The hall, which occupies the centre of the building, 56 ft. by 50 ft., if it lacks light, is grand and impressive, surrounded by colonnades, the lower one Ionic, the upper Corinthian; the one a gallery of full-length portraits, the other richly embellished with frescoes typifying the Fine Arts. The great leaders of the Reform party, Cobden and Bright, the famous Premiers Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and others, are immortalised in painting and sculpture. The upper gallery is approached by a noble staircase, and the colonnade opens into the principal rooms of the club. There is a princely air about all this part of the house. The visitor might be excused for fancying himself in an Italian palace. The drawing-room is luxurious enough for the most pampered of aristocracies. It runs the entire length of the building, and is over the coffee-room, which occupies the garden-front in Carlton House Terrace. Every convenience that modern science and existing habits of comfort can supply are supposed to be found here in dining, drawing, billiard, smoke, and card-rooms; and it has been said that no club has a more autocratic or imposing porter than the individual who scrutinises strangers through his little window as they approach the grand hall. The Liberal party necessarily attracts to itself many of the eccentricities of political opinion; curious members of parliament with crotchets, felt hats, and thick boots, stump into the club, defiant in their country clothes. Some of these worthy gentlemen have occasionally, I am told, "staggered the porter," though many of them have lived to earn his respect, if not his admiration. On the other hand, there have been nervous members who would just as soon have attempted to catch the Speaker's eye as to return with defiance the scrutinising glance of the club porter.



The Hall of the Reform Club. Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by C. Stroller.

If the Carlton does not gather within its fold that variety of opinion which is represented in the ranks of the so-called

Liberal party, it includes the Tory as well as the democratic Conservative. It is a more homogeneous crowd than that of the Reform. The Tories have always been more successful than their rivals in founding clubs. They have, I believe, a greater number of established and flourishing clubs in the country than the Liberals; they have more and finer club-houses in London. It is only necessary to name the Carlton, the Conservative, the City Carlton, the Constitutional, the Junior Carlton, the National, the City Conservative, the St. Stephen's, the Beaconsfield, as against the Reform, Brooks's, the City Liberal, the Cobden, and National Liberal. The limit of members at the Reform is 1,400, at the Carlton 1,600, at the Beaconsfield 900, at Brooks's 600, at the City Carlton 1,000, at the City Conservative 1,500, at the City Liberal 1,150, at the Conservative 1,200, at the Cobden 960, at the Constitutional 3,700, at the Devonshire 1,220, at the St. Stephen's 1,500, National Liberal "unlimited"; and so on. The reasons for the greater success of the Conservatives as clubbists possibly lie in the fact that, as a rule, they belong to the more settled classes of the community, embracing a large number of men whose moneys are invested in lands, household property, and public funds; have more leisure than their rivals, and are not disturbed by the faction friction within their camps that agitates the Liberal party; and that they have by inheritance a larger share of the faculty and habit of administration than the men who have fought their way to power during the present half of this century.

The Duke of Wellington was the originator of the Carlton. It first met in Charles Street, St. James's, fifty odd years ago; then moved for a time to Lord Kensington's in Carlton Gardens; in 1836 it built a house in Pall Mall. The house grew with its candidates and members. Sir Robert Smirke built the first house. Ten years later his brother enlarged it, and in 1854 pulled it down and rebuilt it. The present edifice is the result. It is not a copy, but an adaptation of the beautiful Sansovino's Library of St. Mark at Venice. To the fastidious eye the tone of the rich façade is marred by the highly-polished columns, which are in too violent a contrast with the dead stone. Nevertheless the clean, bright effect thus obtained is cheerful, and has artistic value in the general architectural picture of the street. The interior arrangements are excellent. It was a happy thought to have the smoking-room at the top of the house, on the garden front, with a projecting balcony. The grand central hall is approached by a flight of steps from the entrance, and, as at the Reform, is square in plan. At the level of the first floor it is surrounded by a gallery octagonal in the plan, and lighted from the top. A broad staircase ascends in front: the morning-room is on the right, with the library over it, and the coffee-room is on the left, each apartment luxuriously and artistically furnished. The upper part of the central hall has coupled Corinthian columns executed in scagliola. The library has more or less of a novelty in a sloping ceiling. The space is divided by main and cross beams (the former springing from brackets) into a number of coffers filled in with ornaments.

On the other side of the street are the Junior Carlton and the Army and Navy, the former breaking away somewhat from the uniformity of the street's architectural style; farther down are the Oxford and Cambridge, the Guards, the Marlborough, and the Beaconsfield, and then the street undergoes a startling architectural change in a red-brick revival, with crow's-foot gables and all the pretty picturesque affectations of what may be called the Old Kensington order.

Mr. Sydney Smirke and his brother, Sir Robert, designed the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Club. It somewhat resembles the Athenæum and Travellers, notably in having only a single range of windows above those of the ground floor. "Owing to this alone," says an architectural chronicle of the period, "all these buildings in Pall Mall announce themselves very distinctly for what they are at the first glance, and can hardly be mistaken for private mansions, at least not until the latter shall herein imitate them." At present they have not done so, and Pall Mall retains that characteristically un-English appearance which is, to be a trifle paradoxical, so thoroughly English. To return to the Oxford and Cambridge Club; it was surely a special tribute to English learning and poetry to mix up Bacon with Virgil, and Shakespeare with Homer, in the bas-reliefs of the panels over the windows. The effect is good, the work, by Nicholl, admirable. The entrance vestibule has a flight of steps between two square pillars, which leads to a large doorway opening upon the staircase. On the right is the coffee-room, occupying the entire west side of the building; on the other side is the morning-room, both spacious apartments. A vaulted corridor leads thence to the house dining-room at the south-east angle of the building. These are the principal rooms. Above are coffee-room, drawing-room, library, and other apartments; and from the back library there is a pleasant view of Marlborough House.

Had we but time, we might pause at St. James's Square, with its East India United Service Club, the Wyndham, and the Salisbury (where ladies are admitted as visitors), and travel onwards to the Junior United Service in Waterloo Place, the United University in Suffolk Street, the Raleigh in Regent Street, the Junior Athenæum in Piccadilly, the Arts in Hanover Square, and many other notable houses, for we are still in the heart of that club-land whose chief street has been so delightfully apostrophised by Locker:—

"The dear old street of clubs and cribs,
As north and south it stretches,
Still smacks of William's pungent squibs,
And Gilroy's fiercer sketches;
The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
The *mots*, the racy stories;
The wine, the dice—the wit, the bile,
The hate of Whigs and Tories."

We may not conclude even this brief paper, however, without a few words about the historical character of St. James's Square. The King Street corner of it has for years caught a touch of Oriental colour from the Indian crossing-sweeper, who is almost as familiar a figure here to-day as the statue of William III. in the adjacent enclosure. The Square has a story that dates back to the days of Charles II. Old prints show that where the statue now stands there was a quaint Gothic conduit of some architectural pretensions. Here was the Duke of Ormond's house; Lord Falmouth lived at No. 2; No. 3 was the Earl of Hardwicke's house; Earl Cowper lives at No. 4; and indeed the succession of the old aristocratic days is more or less maintained in this historic corner. The London Library is quartered in the rooms where the third Countess of Buckinghamshire gave her famous masquerade balls. No. 21 is the house in which Frederic, Prince of Wales, took refuge when George II. turned him out of St. James's Palace; and here also George III. was born. And how it carries one back to a world of manners and customs that are as dead as that same George himself when one is told that No. 7 (belonging to Lord Egerton of Tatton) was bought with a lottery ticket!

JOSEPH HATTON.

A MUSEUM OF PICTORIAL TAPESTRY.

FLORENCE added another page to the history of Art which she contains within her walls, by the Museum of Tapestry and Needlework recently opened in the upper floor of the Palazzo della Crocetta, the site of the Etruscan and Egyptian Museums.

Tapestry weaving was one of the distinctive arts of Florence at that time when the busy fingers and refined taste of her citizens evolved artistic forms out of every material they touched, be it marble or canvas, stone or silk, wood or precious stones. Like most of the arts of the Renaissance, this also was brought from the East at the time of the Crusades, took root in France and Germany, and reached its culmination in Italy. The story may be briefly traced in its successive names, Sarazinois, Arras, and Tapestry. The earlier English and French tapestries, such as the *vela depicta* of Dagobert in the church of St. Denis in the sixth century, the Auxerre embroidered hangings in 840, and the Bayeux tapestry of Matilda, do not enter into the history, as they were not woven but worked with a needle, as were also the Byzantine ones. The Flemish factories began in the twelfth century, and those of Arras in Picardy flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth.

The fifteenth century was a great period of emigration for Flemish artists and artisans. Probably they were driven abroad by religious or political persecutions, but it is a fact that about the same time that the workmen of Johann Faust were establishing printing presses all over Italy, Flemish tapestry weavers were setting up looms in her principal cities. The Gonzaghi employed them at Mantua in 1419, the Venetians in 1421; other Flemings settled in Siena and Bologna. Not till 1455 did Pope Nicholas encourage them in Rome, and a certain Livino de' Gilii came to Florence about the same time, to be succeeded towards the end of the century by Johann, son of Johann. The curious old frieze of tapestry, illustrating the Song of Solomon, of which we give a specimen, might have been the work of one of these early weavers, and the Baptism of Christ (No. 66, Museo degli Arazzi) a slightly later one. Of the same style were probably the "Spalliera da casso," spoken of in the Inventory of Lorenzo de' Medici, of which one represented a chase and another a tournament.

But the chief treasures of the new museum were made after the time of Cosimo I., who, in 1545, engaged several Flemish weavers and established a school in Florence. The documents still exist* which set forth the agreement between Pier Francesco Riccio, as major-domo of Duke Cosimo, and the two principal manufacturers, Johann Roost and Nicolo Karcher, both of whom had previously worked in Ferrara. The contract with Johann Roost, dated Sept. 3, 1548, obliges him to keep twenty-four looms, and as many more as needful, at work; to teach the art of weaving arras, of dyeing wool and silk, and spinning wool, silk, and gold, etc., to any Florentine youths who should be placed under his instruction—the instruction to be gratis, but the pupils to keep themselves. The Duke engages to furnish looms and necessaries, and to pay Roost the annual salary of five hundred scudi in gold.

The contract with Karcher, Nov. 17, 1550, is precisely similar in tenor, but he is only obliged to keep eighteen looms, and receives a salary of two hundred scudi. Both these documents are renewals of old contracts made three or four years previously, and rendered necessary by the increased press of business and greater number of pupils. It was not likely that the Italians would for long accept Flemish Art in their tapestries. No! They only took from the foreigners the mere handicraft, and impressed it with their own artistic taste. Before long all the chief artists of the Academy of St. Luke became designers for the weavers of Arazzi. Vasari's friend, Salviati, gave the cartoons for the 'Deposition from the Cross' (Museum, No. 111), which was woven by Roost in 1552, and 'Ecce Homo,' and a 'Resurrection' by Karcher, in 1553.

The work seems to have been distributed pretty equally between the two factories. Of twenty pieces of tapestry representing the history of Joseph, and woven between 1547 and 1550, nine were executed in the looms of Roost, and eleven by those of Karcher; while of Bachiacca's four cartoons of the Months, three of them were woven by Roost and one by Karcher, who at the same time made another hanging of grotesque subjects from a cartoon by the same master. The very pictorial and allegorical style thrown into the tapestry by the Italian artists may be seen in their painting of the Months (December, January, and February), with the border, which is a mixture of mythology, grotesqueness, and classicality. His signature was very curious; the Italians having named him Rosto (roast), he took as his anagram a piece of meat on the spit. Karcher's sign was a mono-

* Archivio di Stato. Fascio G. 299.

gram. About the year 1553 Roost was at work on the fine pieces, 'Justice liberating Innocence,' and 'Flora' (Museum, Nos. 122, 123). The two episodes in the life of Cæsar (Nos. 88 and 89) were of about the same date, but from the factory at Bologna, whence Cosimo purchased them. There is a more German style in the design of these.

Besides improving the artistic value of Flemish arras, the Italians rendered it also richer and more gorgeous in material. The Flemish work was entirely in wool and thread, the Venetian and Florentine hangings are rich in glowing tints of silk and gleams of gold thread. The style used by all the masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the *haute lisse*, or "high warp," in which the frame, with its horizontal threads, was placed upright, and the pattern so far behind it that the weaver could walk round and examine his work from the back. In *basse lisse* the frame lies close on the pattern, and is woven entirely on the face of it. The method in either case is similar, the alternate horizontal threads are lifted with the treadle, and so much of it is woven with one colour as the pattern indicates. A kind of comb is used to press the perpendicular threads together, and all the holes which occur at the junction of two colours horizontally are sown together afterwards.

Karcher ceased to work in 1553, and Roost was buried in San Lorenzo in 1563, after which we hear of no more Flemings. The youths they had been obliged to train became masters in their stead, Benedetto Squilli taking the factory in Via dei Servi, and Giovanni Sconditi that in Via del Cocomero. A little later Guaspari Papini united the two, and in his turn engaged artists to draw his cartoons.

Alessandro Allori gave the designs for Nos. 26, 28, and 33 in the new museum representing scenes from the life of Christ, and also for the six magnificent pieces of the 'Story of Phaeton,' woven by Papini between the years 1587 and 1621. Cigoli supplied those for the 'Christ before Herod' and others, while Bernardino Poccetti was constantly employed by the firm.

The Florentine manufactory declined a little during the reigns of Ferdinand I. and Cosimo II., while that of France, which had revived by its influence, made immense progress. Just as the Italians imported the technical art from Flanders, the French imported their artistic beauty from Italy. Primaticcio was employed to draw cartoons for the weavers of Francis I.; Raphael himself did not disdain to draw for them, as the cartoons at Hampton Court testify; Giulio Romano was also employed: and Henri IV., in 1597, had over not only artists, but weavers in silk and gold. To this Italian influence we may date the rise of the Gobelins, which so far outvied the mother fabric that Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, sought to revive the Florentine manufactory by employing a Parisian named Pierre Fevère, to whom a great number of the tapestries in the new museum are owing, the most original of which are the allegorical pieces of Day, Night, Winter, and Summer.

I do not know whether it was from motives of economy or from the difficulty of finding good artists in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Art was low in Florence, but Fevère seems to have worked more from copies of the older masters than from original cartoons. Thus we find tapestries of his from Michael Angelo, Del Sarto, Cigoli, and other artists. He did not even disdain to copy an old tapestry of Karcher's, the 'Month of May.' To Fevère and Papini, clever as they were, may probably be dated the decline of tapestry as arras proper. They so imitated oil paintings that their tapestries were framed and used as paintings would have been—the old office of clothing the walls was superseded; in ceasing to be a branch of decorative art, and aiming at pictorial effect, tapestry fell. After Fevère, Giovan Battista Termini became the director of the Florentine factory, but he lived in stormy times; the workmen split into factions, one side advocating the *haute lisse*, the other the *basse lisse*. He, however, would not hear of the latter innovation, and was so persecuted that he had to fly from Florence. His successor, Antonio Bronconi, had some good workmen under him, but their tapestries are all ruined by the affectations and bad drawing of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as witness the 'Four Quarters of the Globe' and the 'Four Elements,' in the Museum.

In 1737 the manufacture in Florence was finally closed, after a career of nearly three hundred years. Besides the visible history of her own progress in the art, Florence enshrines in her Museum some of the finest works from the Gobelins, such as the series of 'Scenes from the Life of Esther,' and those delightful pieces of 'Children Gardening,' and a very fine series from a Flemish manufactory of Adam and Eve. These latter have become historically interesting to modern work-a-day Florence, as having been for centuries connected with the bygone days of *feste*. They were always hung in the Loggia dei Lanzi on St. John's Day and the fête of Corpus Domini, while other series of Samson and St. John Baptist adorned the façade of the Palazzo Vecchio.

There are several rooms in the museum set apart for antique needlework and old brocades and costumes.

LEADER SCOTT.

THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

TWO hundred and seventy years have elapsed since the Indian Princess Pocahontas breathed her last on the edge of the shores of England, on board the vessel that was about to carry her back to her home in Virginia. Eagerly as her gentle and susceptible nature had welcomed civilisation, readily as she had accepted English life and its manners and customs, her physical strength—no longer sustained, as in childhood and youth, by the rich sunshine, the bracing air, which enfold the fruitful haunts of the red American Indians—gave way under the damps of a climate so different to her own, and failed, especially when she encountered the thick suffocating fogs which hang over London, her principal residence during the nine months she spent in England. Pocahontas had come over from Jamestown, in Virginia, with her English husband, John, or, as he was sometimes called, Thomas Rolfe, and was on the point of leaving it again, with him and her little son, when the event took place which is still to be seen recorded in the parish register of Gravesend:—"1616. March 21. Rebecca Wrolfe, wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, a Virginian lady borne, was buried in the Chauncell." She had actually mounted the side of the vessel, and the voyage was all but begun, when her illness increased, and she succumbed to it and died.

Fortunately, in the fire which burned to the ground, a hundred years later, the old church at Gravesend in which she was buried, the registers were saved; and thus her visit to England, and her sad fate there, are placed beyond a doubt. Another reliable witness to her presence in England exists in the portrait from which the accompanying print is taken, and the history of which, as far as it is known, attests to its genuineness.

But the antecedents and earlier story of Pocahontas must first be touched upon, to give interest to the piece of portraiture which immortalizes her brief career.

Among the "natural inhabitants of Virginia," characterized by Captain John Smith, in his description of that country, as "very strong, of an able body and full of agilitie, able to endure to lie in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weedes and grass in the summer," one of the most remarkable was the young Princess Pocahontas, or Matoaks, the daughter of the Emperor Powhatan, a powerful Indian chief. Her exceptional qualities are mentioned in Captain John Smith's "True Relation," a letter written to a friend in England, and published in 1608:—"Powhatan's daughter, a child of tenne years old; which, not only for feature, countenance, and proportion, much exceedeth any of the rest of his people; but for wit and spirit, is the only Nonpareil of his country." Very shortly after this mention, and for some years later, Pocahontas constantly befriended the English settlers recently arrived in Virginia; sought to bridge over the enmity between them and the Indian tribes, and served them with devotion and skill, conveying to them assiduously the supplies of food which helped to keep the struggling colony in existence. The first Englishman whose life she saved was Henry Spelman, a Norfolk youth, who, by means of her watchful and protecting care, lived in safety many years among the Potomac Indians. The second was Captain John Smith himself, upon the circumstances of whose rescue by her from death, and of their friendship, have been hung so many a fireside legend, so many a romantic and baseless tale. This Lincolnshire captain, who is somewhat uncommemorated, although he was the enterprising and much-enduring leader of the first English settlement in the New World, testifies that "that blessed Pocahontas, the great king's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life," and relates one instance, the brief and well-known incident of his being condemned to death in the tent of her father, Powhatan, when, by placing her own head over his neck, as the blow of the heavy club was about to descend upon the kneeling figure, she stopped the hand of the executioner and gained the boon of his life. The facts relating to this and other circumstances in the life of Pocahontas, have been much cleared up lately for the general public by the reprints published in 1884 by Mr. Edward Arber, of Birmingham, of the works of Captain John Smith, which extended from 1608 to 1631; works which, in their original editions, are of great rarity and value, and are only to be found in a few of the choicest libraries.

To take up the controversy as to the genuineness of Captain Smith's relation of his escape from execution would be out of place in these pages; suffice it to say that Mr. Wirt Henry, in his address of February, 1882, before the Virginian Historical Society, has succeeded in showing that no ground for doubt exists that the two accounts—one published by Captain Smith in 1616, in the "Letter to Queen Anne of Great Britain," the other in 1624, in the "General Historie of Virginia," Booke III., give the true facts of his deliverance

from death. His works on the first settlement in Virginia have established him as the classic annalist of the early days of that colony.

Pocahontas' acquaintance with Captain Smith ceased when she was about fourteen years old, when he returned to England. She regarded him with admiration and reverence; he was the hero of her youthful fancy, and the earlier portion of her history is associated with his residence in Jamestown. Some time after his departure, in 1609, Pocahontas retreated to the banks of the Potomac River, until brought back to Jamestown, in April, 1613, in some sort as a state prisoner, acting as a hostage for the prisoners detained by her father, but in reality to find congenial surroundings, and, very speedily, the true romance of her life, an English husband, in the person of one of the foremost and most practically useful of the early settlers. John Rolfe, whose "thoughts became entangled and enthralled," according to his own account, by Pocahontas, perceived how greatly it would be "for the good of this plantation" if he married her. The alliance was intended to promote the peace of the colony, and to unite the interests of the settler and the Indian. But there was one drawback, she was an "unbelieving creature." This proved no hindrance eventually. When the Christian faith was placed before her, although no American Indian had previously adopted it, she embraced it with gladness, and was baptized, receiving the name of Rebecca.

John Rolfe had come out to Virginia with Sir Thomas Dale, who was one of its earliest governors, a year or two before Pocahontas was brought forcibly to Jamestown from her Indian retreat. He was the first settler to whom it occurred to grow tobacco for the English market, and his enterprise, although less well known, was as important as the achievement of Sir Walter Raleigh, who first set an example of the use of it. The rose-coloured blossoms, the rich leaves of the tobacco plant, surrounded the log huts of Jamestown, and flourished in their neighbourhood by his agency. He belonged to a family who had been settled at Heacham, on the Norfolk coast of England, for some time, and which still—nearly three centuries since John Rolfe left Norfolk—owns Heacham Hall. In this Hall the Rolfes have lived for generation after generation; in the fine old church hard by they have found their rest. But not John Rolfe. He died in Virginia, and his son after him. He was the grandson of Eustace Rolfe, of Heacham, Norfolk, who died in 1593, and whose monument is in the church at Heacham. John Rolfe, or Thomas, for he is called both (Thomas on the portrait of his wife and in her burial register; John on De Passe's contemporary print), was born at Nasford, in Norfolk, where a branch of the Rolfe family lived, their names frequently appearing in the parish register there during the seventeenth century. His marriage with the Princess Pocahontas took place in 1613, after he had obtained the leave of Sir Thomas Dale, in a letter which is now in the possession of one of the descendants of the Indian Princess in America, and in which he asks for the Governor's sanction for his marriage with "this poor heathen woman." There was a small wooden church there, erected by the colonists, which they had panelled and seated with cedar, and in this, profusely adorned with flowers, John Rolfe and Pocahontas were married. They were held in high esteem during the three years of their married life passed in Jamestown. She was loving and civilised, he honest and industrious. In June, 1616, they embarked for England, and were received with distinction in London. Pocahontas was presented to King James I. and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, just at the time when the Court was ornamented by the presence of the two youthful and distinguished princes, Henry and Charles, the sons of the King; the first, whose bright promise was to be cut off by an early death; the second, who was to survive for a still more tragic end.

The little foreign princess, gentlest and sweetest of savages, the first red Indian in whose heart had ever burned the love of Christianity, was cordially welcomed and entertained by Dr. King, the Bishop of London, and it was at this time that the portrait of her was painted, an engraving of which is here given. The portrait itself belongs to the family of Edwin, of Boston Hall, Norfolk, connections of the Rolfes, in whose possession it has been almost ever since it was painted. It has hitherto only been known by the quarto engraving of it by Simon de Passe, which may occasionally be met with, and which first appeared, with other portraits, in a volume by the Brothers de Passe, 1616—23. H. JONES.

A PUBLIC WRITER AT SEVILLE.

IT is a thoroughly typical Spanish picture this which M. E. Delduc has etched from the painting by J. Jimenez y Aranda—typical as an illustration of Spanish life, representative as an example of Spanish Art. Not so very long ago the Art of Spain was severe to a degree, "grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent," but this has given place to a school of painters at once *piquante*, bright, cheerful, and refreshing, for the most part painters of genre. Serious work is within their grasp too. As in art so in literature. Murillo and Velasquez may be taken with the workers of the modern school, with Leon y Escosura, Gisbert, Madrazo, and Jimenez y Aranda, to illustrate the many-sided nature of Spanish Art, just as the "Don Quixote" or the "Galatea" of Cervantes are to be contrasted with the "Semiramis" and "Casandra" of Cristoval de Virues.

This public letter-writer is a purely national institution, peculiar, we almost think, to southern Europe. Education has made him little more than a memory of the past, but still, here and there, he withstands the march of time. There he stands, half pedagogue and half magistrate—a tradesman never—cutting a refractory quill, for the dies of the Birmingham pen-makers do not work for him. In a little while he will be sought by the villagers from without the old Moorish walls with their sixty-six towers; and for a time he will dispense amateur justice and gratuitous advice to those who have sought his quiet courtyard. As an etching, the plate has many charms, not the least of which is the manner in which M. Delduc has caught the atmosphere of the original, the hot, arid glare which makes Seville one of the hottest summer abodes imaginable, and which produces the olive and the vine in such abundance. We gave another example of the work of this painter in 1879.

FORESTERS AT HOME.

Lady Archibald Campbell as Orlando.

SCENIC effect, however good of its kind, is only imitative, and in spite of its artistic merits often fails in producing a complete harmony between the actors and the surroundings. This must necessarily be so from the varied character of the plays put on the stage, especially in an age when histrionic enterprise aims at making the scenery and its accessories as realistic as possible. Indeed, although the individuality of any particular play may be well defined by an elaborate clothing of the stage, yet the difficulty remains of losing the sense of artificiality which occasionally detracts from the effectiveness of the most brilliant acting. But such an incongruity is not so apparent in plays that treat of indoor subjects as in those which would carry us in fancy to some romantic region where "the songs of birds, the belling of stags, the bleating of the flocks, and a thousand sylvan pastoral sounds" present a charming picture of country life. Now, to portray these vividly, so that as representations they may coincide with the picturesque attire and almost faultless demeanour of the actor, is a difficulty not easily surmounted. In short, the fresh beauty of the landscape, wherein nature infuses a living charm throughout—the very rustling of the wind bespeaking the same animating influence—can never be adequately conceived on the stage. Despite the admirable attempts to attain this end, they seldom if ever succeed in making the audience forget their delusive character. Such a task no scene painter can effect, although his artistic merits may inspire admiration for the grace and beauty wherewith his work is delineated. But, on the other hand, when the opportunity is afforded of replacing artificial scenery by a natural stage, in which the audience can gaze on the green sward, spangled here and there with some familiar wild-flower—whose roof overhead is the blue sky—there can be no doubt as to the advantage of a change of this kind. It must necessarily be so, especially as the object of all true histrionic art is to represent as faithfully as possible, even to the smallest detail, whatever subject may be introduced. Now, in the series of open-air entertainments given in the beautiful grounds of Coombe House, this difficulty has been overcome, and the dramatic result of transporting a company of well-trained amateurs and actors to a most artistically arranged natural stage was highly effective. Thus, in the forest scenes of *As You Like It*, one might easily have fancied himself not only in a veritable Forest of Arden, but imagined that he was a casual looker-on of some real incident in country life.

In the first place, the spot selected for these performances was most judicious, answering in every way the requirements of the situation it was supposed to represent. Under the overlapping and interlaced boughs of lofty trees, which in true forest form made a natural woodland screen and background of lofty shade, beyond which the eye could not penetrate, the actors played their parts. Hence the appearance presented to the spectators in the auditorium was charmingly simple and real, and in striking contrast with the usual rendering of these scenes as witnessed at the theatre. Here nature was the landscape painter, and the soft and mellowed tints, thrown into constant relief by the ever-changing light and shade, produced an effect which stage contrivances can but faintly imitate. The absence of all resources of scenic art, whilst dispelling the feeling that one was witnessing the acting of a pastoral comedy, inspired a reality—surely not otherwise obtainable—into the sententious satire of Jaques and the courtly fooling of Touchstone. And here we may incidentally note that the part of Jaques was most admirably sustained by Mr. Hermann Vezin, whose matured experience added many most valuable touches to this highly finished performance. Instead, too, of the actors—as must necessarily be the case at the theatre—being hampered in their actions by the narrow limits of the stage, and having often to retire abruptly from view when they should gradually walk away, they were not so fettered at Coombe. From the distance, for instance, one saw them gradually approach, making their way in undramatic form through weed and briar, until they reached the spot where they were to assume their respective parts. In the same manner they took their departure, and occasionally, as their voices were heard growing fainter and fainter, until at last nothing but the gentle rustling of the leaves, or the note of a bird, reached the ear, an additional touch was given to the highly graphic effect of this truly picturesque rendering of *As You Like It*. This, too, was especially noticeable in the case of the foresters, as with lusty and ringing shouts of song they started off on their hunting expedition—their movements displaying an amount of graceful agility that could only be acquired after a careful and systematic training. But the hunting scene, as acted on the ordinary stage, must of necessity lose all the force of its romantic beauty. There is, also, a certain grotesque want of harmony between these brave, venturesome, and stalwart men of the forest, bent on some daring exploit in sport, and the artificiality of the conventional scenic effect which is required for this kind of wild and woodland picture. It is true, indeed, that the artist, helped by the stage mechanician, may by his masterly treatment of such pastoral subjects partly arouse the imagination of the audience, and succeed in impressing them with the nature-like appearance of the "sunny glades and mossy shadows" of his forest of Arden, but there is still lacking that freshness of life and open-air feeling

with which Shakespeare has so carefully invested this play throughout. In short, as it has been rightly remarked, "never is the scene within doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony." It must be admitted, therefore, by any impartial critic that, in the late representations at Coombe, an important advance has been made in dramatic art, and one which will undoubtedly lead to similar entertainments being held elsewhere in future years. Consequently the long-established but erroneous notion that the stage of a theatre is the only legitimate place for the performance of Shakespeare's plays, has been superseded by the success which has crowned the labours of the pastoral players. At the same time it must not be supposed that the happy selection of the grounds at Coombe House was the principal cause of the imposing effect produced by the picturesquely-attired group of players; nor that the natural beauty of the situation—added to the novelty of the rendering of these out-door scenes—secured the widespread praise which has been justly lavished on this fresh piece of histrionic enterprise.

Now, as a matter of fact, it may be asserted that the management of an elaborate open-air entertainment like that at Coombe was far more difficult and intricate than that of a similar one on the stage. Indeed, as it has been observed, "to translate actors from the encumbered boards to the free sward was putting their powers to a severe trial, but right well did they grasp the difference of method that was required." But, apart from the dramatic powers of the actors themselves, it would seem that a representation of this kind must depend for success on a variety of circumstances, each of which should be carried out in all respects with equal care and precision. At the outset, the task of handling with

As You Like It, act 5, *scene* 4. *Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

perfect taste and artistic beauty the arrangement of a prolonged performance like the forest scenes of *As You Like It*, or the *Faithfull Shepherdess*, requires that even the smallest detail should be in close harmony with the natural surroundings. Thus, just as in the designs of nature we find a prevailing law, in accordance with which all its works—whether animate or inanimate—display a delicate grace of obedience; so, too, the same principle should be specially applied to any branch of histrionic art that, more or less, depends for its success by invoking the aid of nature. Hence, it is easy to understand that any defect or incongruity which might escape detection in the artificial atmosphere of stage device, would present a very different aspect in a locality where the scenery and furniture are composed of stately trees, studded over a surface carpeted with ferns and woodland flowers. In the latter case, where the surroundings are all in unity, and gain in beauty under the scrutinizing rays of bright sunshine, the general arrangements of a play acted under these conditions should as far as possible be faultless in taste and elegance, and so artistically studied as to coincide with the dressing of the natural stage. At any rate, in the pastoral plays held at Coombe this idea was kept strictly in view by Mr. E. W. Godwin, his purpose having been to render every part of the play acted under his direction as true as possible, not only in an artistic point of view, but even in the very smallest detail illustrative of the time of the action or story. It is evident, therefore, that when a dramatic performance is represented on a high standard of this kind it at once becomes a classic work. But it must be remembered, to bring any play to such a state of perfection

involves an amount of labour of which an ordinary spectator has no knowledge. Hence, as he witnesses with admiration the picturesque attire of any special actor, and, further, notices how every slight movement is executed with a graceful ease and dignity, he little thinks how that figure, around whose every action there hangs a charm, was once—figuratively speaking—like clay in the hands of the potter, and had to be moulded into his present form. Such a training is not the work of a day, but implies that the actor should first of all have been instructed in the principles that ought to guide his actions, so that when eventually he faces the auditorium he may win applause for the completeness of his demeanour. It is only after a succession of rehearsals, however, that this finished state is reached; for even although any actor may know what is required of him, yet he often fails to carry it into execution if left to himself. Consequently, in a performance like that of *As You Like It*, Mr. Godwin had, with but two or three exceptions, to shape his company—oftentimes individually—until they satisfied the conception he had previously formed in his mind of the general appearance they ought to assume for their particular parts. As may be imagined such a process of dramatic evolution implies much careful personal supervision, especially as actors, like other persons, have sometimes peculiar mannerisms which unless removed detract from the merit of their work. From these remarks it will be seen that it is no easy matter to produce a performance of a highly

As You Like It, Rosalind and Celia. Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

artistic kind, although there can be no doubt that the trouble bestowed upon its preparation is amply repaid by the effect it must produce when, in a complete state, it is represented before an educated and intelligent audience.

Furthermore, such a production has something more than an ephemeral existence, for its æsthetic beauty, in truth, after the curtain has closed the stage from view, not only long dwells in the mind, but is chronicled in the annals of dramatic history, to be consulted by others in years to come. But, while we note and recognise the training requisite for such elegant theatrical pageants as under Mr. Godwin's directorship were represented at Coombe, we have a lively remembrance of the tasteful and picturesque attire of the players. To select such shades of colour as should be in sympathy with the surrounding foliage, and at the same time effective, required a skilful discretion of no ordinary measure. On the usual stage, where effect is produced by means of artificial light in exact proportion as may be deemed necessary, it is far easier to blend colours that shall show to advantage than on the green sward on a summer afternoon; but the exquisite taste displayed in the costumes of the pastoral players showed how completely this difficulty had been overcome. Thus, in the forest scenes of *As You Like It* the pervading colours were brown and green—a brown of a soft mellowed hue, which beautifully

harmonized with the faded fern that lay scattered on the ground and the dark tints of the trees around. Hence, whilst there was nothing to strike the eye as in any way glaring, yet, on the other hand, equal precaution was taken that the dresses should not have a too sombre and dusky appearance, for defects of this kind were beforehand judiciously avoided, and red and, still more, yellows had their place allotted them. And then, again, in the *Faithfull Shepherdess*, the same discretion was noticeable. Although in this performance the colours were naturally brighter throughout in accordance with the season of the year, for as Cloe says—

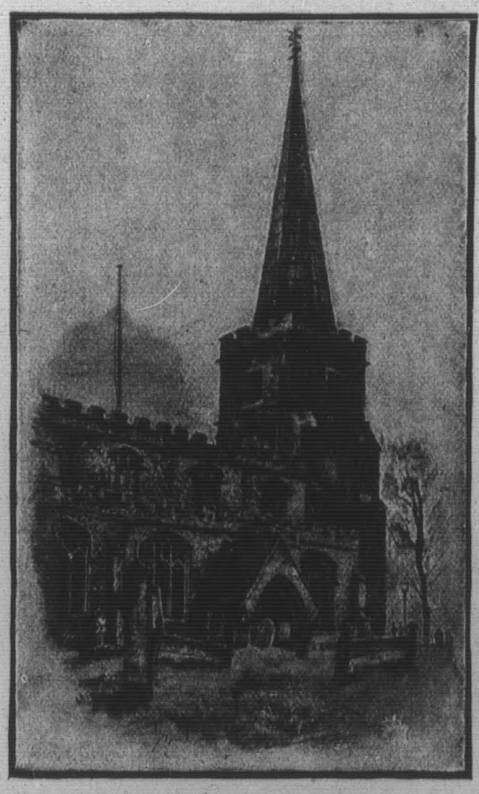
> "Here lie woods as green
> As any are, cool streams and wells,
> Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves, and dells;
> Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
> Or gather rushes, thy fingers for to ring"—

yet the tints were so delicate in their various hues as to be in complete accord with the rich array of choice flowers now in bloom; offerings of which, such as "roses, pinks, and loved lilies," were made to Pan. Thus, although the two styles of dress in these out-door plays were quite distinct from one another, and as far as appearance was concerned presented a very different aspect, yet they were equally satisfactory; indeed, it would be difficult to say which was the most effective—the appropriate dresses of the foresters in *As You Like It* having afforded a striking contrast with the lightly-attired band of shepherds and shepherdesses in Fletcher's *Faithfull Shepherdess*. Anyhow, each performance from beginning to end was a picture of infinite beauty, and was carried out with the highest degree of skill, these plays having had imparted to them an individuality of their own, which reflects the greatest credit on those who were responsible for their production; and here we should mention the name of Lady Archibald Campbell, to whom our thanks are due for having inaugurated these open-air entertainments. She has proved herself, too, a most efficient actress, and her refined and poetical rendering of Orlando was in every way deserving of praise. Her scholarly and sympathetic acting of Perigot was equally successful—a part which, by-the-bye, imposes no slight tax upon the powers of any one by whom it is attempted; but, in the hands of Lady Archibald Campbell, full justice was done to this important part, and, attired in her tasteful costume of green silk and velvet, she formed an imposing figure. In truth, one could well-nigh pardon Amarillis for having resort to such artful and deceitful stratagems to gain the love of so handsome a shepherd. It should be added, also—as Mr. Godwin tells us in the preface to his edition of the *Faithfull Shepherdess*—that it is to Lady Archibald Campbell he was indebted for the first clear perception of the merits of the play.

T. F. Thiselton Dyer.

HARROW CHURCH.

THOUGH we knew the distant view of Harrow from childhood and were fairly familiar with it from prints and drawings, yet it was only recently that we actually visited it. But on at last climbing the hill and actually standing under the shadow of the church, we confess to a certain feeling of disappointment. There is a newness and monotony about the clean regularity of the building that one would not expect to find in the old parish church of world-renowned Harrow, and we are uncertain whether, after all, we would not rather have the old patched-up, weather-beaten building, than the neat, cold regularity which Sir Gilbert Scott introduced forty-five years ago. We were equally surprised with the tower, though in a different way, for it still retains its marks of antiquity. From a distance we had always thought of Slender Harrow, and its massive buttresses and solid look were most unexpected, though they are doubtless necessary if we consider the force of the gales which it has had to withstand since Anselm first consecrated the original building nearly eight hundred years ago. But if the church does not completely fulfil our expectation, there is much to interest. In the west end of the mighty tower is the original carved doorway of old Lanfranc's building, and in the interior—besides the ancient roof, columns, and monuments, amongst which is that to John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of the parish, who founded the neighbouring school in 1571—is the old font, which, after doing duty as water-trough for fifty years in the vicar's garden, was at last brought back to where, probably, Lanfranc placed it.

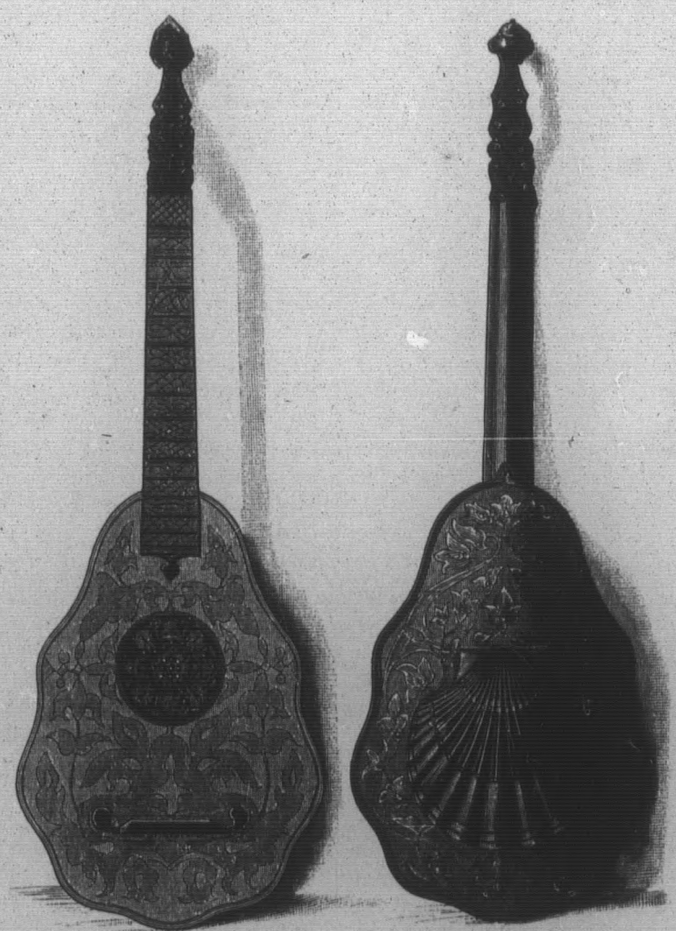


But whatever our opinion of the church, we must agree that the view from the hill is unrivalled. Not, indeed, over smiling corn-fields as in former times, but across green meadows, it is said parts of thirteen counties can be seen, and we can make out such distant landmarks as Windsor Castle and the Crystal Palace. Though we cannot sit on "Byron's Tomb"—the poet was a scholar of the "free grammar school"—for it is now railed in to save it from being all carried away by the polite Vandals who visit it, yet we, too, can drink in health and poetry while watching the glowing sunsets over the weald from this hill of the "visible church."

MUSIC AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.*

THERE is such a wealth of beautiful and interesting objects in the magnificent collection brought together in the gallery of the Royal Albert Hall, that amongst such an *embarras de richesses* it is difficult to make a choice for illustration which should not seem to improperly neglect others which have equal claims for distinction. The loan collection of objects relating to music came modestly before the public without any flourish of trumpets; indeed, in the Great Exhibition of 1885 it seems, together with the sister collection of modern musical instruments, to have been considered of very secondary importance by the promoters and authorities of the Exhibition. However that may be, it is not too much to say that the historic loan collection has taken the musical world completely by surprise. There is but one opinion expressed concerning the value and high interest attached to it. No one seems to have anticipated that so much valuable material existed, or that it could be brought together and exhibited (as it has been) in the short space of three or four months. That it has been done, and done well, appears to be the unanimous opinion of the musical public who have visited it, and of the press, who have commented in such favourable terms.

We have selected for illustration in the present number two of the historic instruments which appear to have a special interest, and we continue the illustrations of the so-called historic rooms by an engraving of the music-room of the period of Louis XVI.



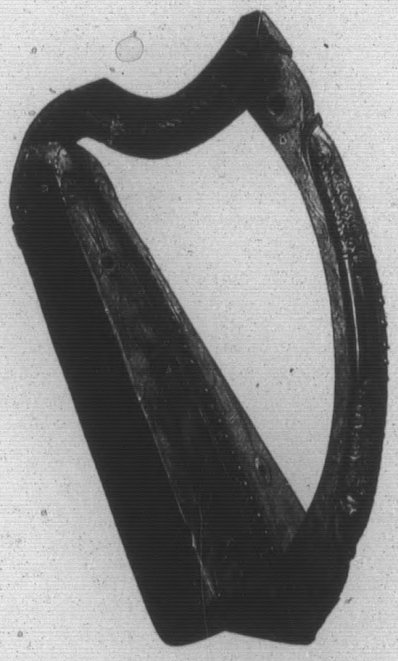
Queen Elizabeth's Lute. Engraved by John Hipkins.

It is somewhat surprising that an instrument of such high antiquity as the harp, which retained its popularity almost to the most recent times, and which lends itself in so complete a manner to grace of form and decoration, should have almost completely fallen into disuse. In the modern section of the Exhibition there is not a single exhibit of a harp. Even in the loan collection there are but four or five, and these, with the exception of the two most ancient, which we describe, are of no especial interest. We find the harp almost solely nowadays as a useful instrument in an orchestra. It does service there, but it is no longer considered necessary to use it as a decorative object, or to take any especial pride in the elegance of its form or the wealth of decoration which might be lavished upon it.

The harp in the loan collection which we now engrave is one of two ancient harps in the possession of Mr. Steuart, of Dalguise. Little reliable information, unfortunately, can be gathered respecting either of them. From their comparatively excellent condition they have probably received great care for centuries, or it may be that they have long been hidden carefully away, for our knowledge of them from any records, or anything more trustworthy than tradition, scarcely goes back farther than the beginning of this century. So little information have we concerning the customs of the ancient Highlanders, that we may not be warranted perhaps in denying a Scotch origin to these ancient harps; still it would seem more than probable that their preference would have been for warlike music of a blatant kind, and that the national bagpipes have been from the earliest times, with its harsh screeching tone of provocation, the instrument which the rude Northerners would have adopted almost exclusively. If, indeed, it was in the earliest times in use amongst them, it would seem most likely that it was an importation from Ireland; for it is much more probable, and there are besides good grounds for the supposition, that the harp was an instrument found always in the armies of the ancient Irish. In no other country than Ireland do tradition and documentary evidence speak so persistently of the harp as the instrument revered by the people and honoured by their chieftains. So it was also throughout the greater part of central and northern

* Continued from page 288.

Europe, by the bards of Germany and the Scandinavian Skalds. Old harps descended as heirlooms: they were used and handed round at feasts for the guests to play upon in turn, and were



Queen Mary's Harp. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

not disdained by the clergy, who are mentioned as being excellent performers. The harp was probably introduced amongst the Gaels from Ireland at a very early period after intercourse had begun between the two nations, and there is evidence in early Scotch history that it was the custom of their princes and chiefs to invite harpers from Ireland, whom they retained as their chief musicians.

An ancient Irish harp is preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy which bears a very considerable resemblance to the one known as Queen Mary's, which we now engrave. It is known as the harp of Brian Boiroimhe. This ascription has doubtless given rise to considerable discussion and dispute, but whatever may be the merits of the case on this point, the great resemblance it bears to Queen Mary's harp is of considerable service in enabling us to fix some approximate date to the latter. The famous Irish monarch came to the throne in the year 1001, and we may not unreasonably fix as the date of the Queen Mary harp somewhere about such a very distinct period as the year 1000. The excellent preservation in which we find a musical instrument of such an early period is a matter of considerable gratification.

The two harps under notice are known as the Lamont harp and the Queen Mary harp. The first information that we have concerning them is that they were sent to Edinburgh, in 1805, by General Robertson, of Lude, at the request of the Highland Society, and examined by a committee appointed for the purpose. Since that time they have been preserved in the families of Lude and Dalguise, forgotten by the general public, and even lost sight of by antiquaries.

The family tradition of Lude says that the largest of the two, the "Clarshach Lumanach," or Lamont harp, was brought from Argyleshire by a daughter of the Lamont family on her marriage with Robertson of Lude, in 1464. It is a plain, substantial, almost undecorated instrument, made perhaps rather for some poor wandering minstrel than for royal or noble use, and if we may properly ascribe to it such an early date as the year 1000, it was a very ancient instrument in the year 1464, and was probably even then battered and knocked about and restored. Subsequent additions and alterations are, judging from its present appearance, not likely to have been many.

It is not easy to say of what wood either of these harps is composed. They have received so many coats of varnish that the grain of the wood is indistinguishable. The Lamont harp has suffered more than the other, and been repaired with small plates and clamps of brass; but in general the present condition cannot differ greatly from the original form.

The other harp has been chosen for illustration as being, apart from the tradition ascribing it to Queen Mary, probably the most interesting specimen of the kind in existence. The ornamentation is of extreme interest, and the condition at such a great age is certainly surprising, and in this regard compares favourably with that of Brian Boiroimhe in the Royal Irish Academy. According to the Lude tradition, Queen Mary, when on a hunting excursion in the highlands of Perthshire in 1563, presented this harp to Miss Beatrix Gardyn, daughter of Mr. Gardyn, of Banchory, whose family is now represented by Mr. Gardyn, of Troup. She married one of the ancestors of the present family of Invercauld, and from her descends the family of Lude, and in this manner the harp has come into that family.

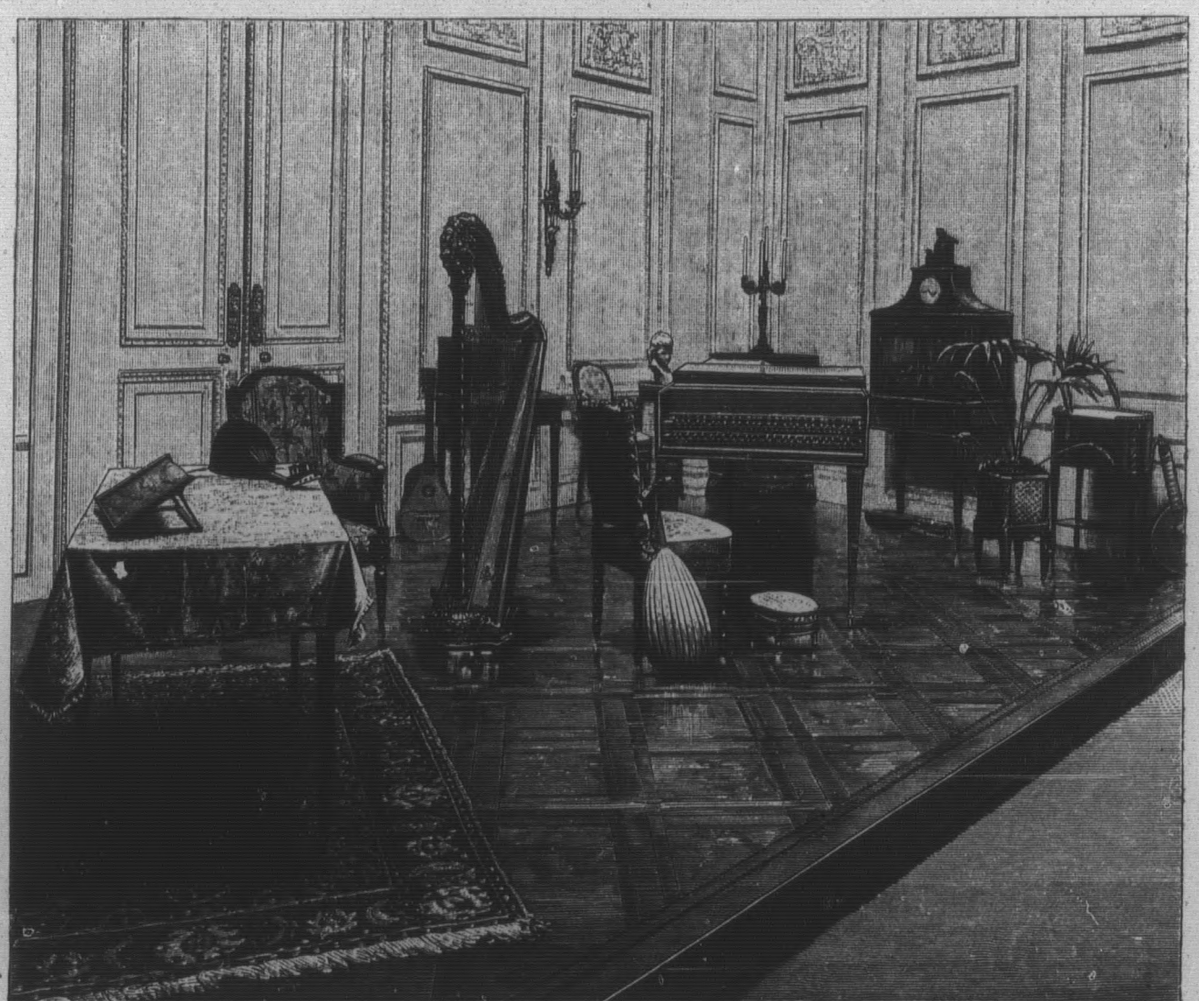
The Queen Mary harp is somewhat smaller than the Lamont, measuring 31 ins. in length and 18 ins. in depth. The general form resembles the larger instrument, but it has a lighter and more graceful appearance, and, instead of being almost plain, it is covered with ornament. The sound-box has, as before, two circular plain sound-holes. The decoration is in two distinct styles. The ornament on the sound-box and upper part or comb of the instrument is simply geometrical, and appears to have been burnt in. The bow is decorated with a profusion of elegant floral work, and with subjects in circular medallions which are enclosed in beaded borders. The subjects, in a style analogous to what we find in other Celtic work, comprise a group of a horse standing with its forefoot uplifted over the tail of a fish, the head of which is in the jaws of a nondescript animal, and three griffin-like creatures such as we find in the Art of Persia and the extreme East. The holes for the strings (of which there were thirty) are protected by small plates of metal of various patterns. Parts of the rounded front are carved in bold relief with leafy scrolls, and there are traces of interlaced work incised on the flat oval space in the centre ornamented with six silver studs. In various parts, and notably in the centre of one of the fabulous animals, are traces of the additional ornament, probably of gold and silver and jewels, which were added about 1563, and stolen in 1745.

The interest attaching to this harp cannot be much lessened by the vagueness of the story or tradition concerning it; but we cannot help regretting that the latter should, indeed, be so vague and meagre. We have to be content with an ascription to a Queen Mary, but whether that queen was Mary Stuart, daughter of James V., or Mary of Guise, her mother, appears to be equally open to acceptance. Neither, unfortunately, can any reliance be placed on the date 1563. From the style and ornament, however—from a comparison with the Lamont harp, and still more with that of Brian Boiroimhe—we cannot

be very far wrong in going back to the eleventh century as the probable date of this harp.

There is probably no single object in the collection likely to attract so much attention as the extremely fine instrument which is lent by Lord Tollemache, of Helmingham, and which is known as Queen Elizabeth's lute. First, it is English work of rare design and still more exquisite workmanship; next, the association with the Queen is of great interest, and has given rise to considerable discussion of late years; and, again, it has been for nearly three hundred years so jealously guarded that it has been seen by a very few privileged persons indeed; scarcely has it been permitted at any time to see the light. Now, through the kindness of its present owner, it occupies a place of honour in the historic loan collection. Both the front and back view of this beautiful instrument are given, for they almost equally claim attention for grace and originality.

We are not inclined to enter into the first question regarding this instrument, which is whether it should properly be termed a lute, and not rather a mandola or some other of the many varieties of the class of stringed instruments to which it belongs. Apart from her known skill as a player on the virginals, there is good reason to believe that Queen Elizabeth was equally proficient as a performer on the lute, which was a very fashionable instrument in her reign, no doubt from the example set by her. This particular instrument has been



The Louis XVI. Music Room. Engraved by John Hipkins.

handed down by that name, and differing though it does from the usual form, it is sufficiently of the lute nature to retain the name.

The pegs and other indications besides the inscription show that this was an instrument having ten strings, probably of wire; none of them, however, now remain. This is scarcely surprising, as the original strings would probably long ago have disappeared, and, having been so long hidden away, it has had no chance of being restrung. The elegantly-shaped neck terminates in a finely-modelled laurel-wreathed female head, the upper part being somewhat bent backwards, as we find in Italian lutes. Below the head the edges of the neck are somewhat wavy for about four inches, and this part is carved on the front with leaf-work in relief, all the ten pegs, which are of a somewhat plain pattern, being at the back. The neck then descends straight, and is divided by frets the whole way down, the intervals between the frets being ornamented with a most delicately imagined interlaced pattern of very fine inlaid work on a *piqué* ground, or rather on a ground covered with a kind of ring-mail pattern of small adjoining circles. The contour of the body of the instrument is wavy in form, the edge of the front part bound with a green silk braid. The whole of the front is decorated with a most elegant and perfectly-executed design of leaf-work, the edges

of the leaves inlaid in a surprising manner with lines of black or dark wood on a ground of a somewhat darker colour. In the centre is a very fine *rose* or sound-hole of perforated work, the design being an arabesque, corresponding on a smaller scale to the leaf-work just mentioned, and still more surprisingly inlaid with minute lines of darker woods, which define and heighten the edges of the leaves. The rose—and this is somewhat unusual—is jewelled, having four quatrefoil rosettes or rather tiny florets, consisting each of four garnets on a gold ground and with gold centres, and having had between them four seed pearls, two of which are now missing. The decoration of the sides of the instrument is still more fanciful, from the manner in which the artist, carrying out the same theme, has varied the effect by lowering the surface of the wood in such a manner as to leave the principal ornament in higher relief, and to give to it a more natural effect. The following inscription runs round the sides:—"Cymbalum decachordon 1580," an inscription remarkable for the perfect sharpness and preservation of the characters.

The back of the instrument has the same leaf ornament as before for the principal ground, and here again it is lowered in parts and given the natural form of the leaves. In the centre in full relief is a large scallop shell, boldly modelled yet still with the greatest delicacy, and showing again the principal motive decoration of the mail-like rings and small zig-zag lines which we find also used on the geometric ornament of the back of the neck. It will further be remarked that the whole of one of the sides of the instrument, from the top of the neck down to the tail-piece, is of much lighter wood than the other. This, we think, is neither the effect of an accidental choice of wood nor of the lapse of time and exposure to the sun and air, but a deliberate intention on the part of the workman to add to the variety of effect of which we have throughout so much evidence.

Such an instrument may well be considered a prize to have secured for the loan collection. If in many ways it is Italian in feeling, it is so full of fancy and detail, so thorough and conscientious in workmanship, that it gives us the surprise that we experience sometimes from a wonderful piece of Japanese work. There is an originality and boldness of conception about it to which we are not accustomed in our solid English work, however good this may be from other points of view. It is, however, the work of a well-known English workman, although his name is somewhat disguised in the label which we find in the inside, which runs thus: "Joannes Rosa (John Rose), Londini fecit in Bridwell the 27 of July, 1580."

We are never astonished nowadays when we are told that such and such object of Art or fine piece of work formerly belonged to Queen Elizabeth, to Marie Antoinette, or Mary Stuart. We are accustomed to receive the statement with the proverbial grain of salt, for it would scarcely be possible that such vast accumulations should have come down to us as are so freely attributed to them. But it would be well if in more cases there were the same grounds of foundation (not indeed perhaps amounting to absolute certainty) as we may find in favour of this heirloom, and in the traditions preserved in the family, which was a great one in the days of Elizabeth herself. Whatever plausibility there may be in the arguments of those who have recently made the genuineness of the history a subject of controversy, we think that the fact of the preservation of this lute in the Tollemache family, and the tradition that has been treasured for centuries, are weighty enough reasons to compel the production of contrary evidence to come from the other side. It may appear to some people to be of very little moment, this eagerness to possess a relic of great people and the reverence that may attach to it in consequence. That may be; but, apart from its being a pure matter of individual taste, it may often happen that such circumstances are of value in the history of countries and of peoples.

The tradition of the Tollemache family is that Queen Elizabeth honoured Helmingham with a visit, and while there she stood sponsor to a son of the house, and presented the child's mother with this lute. Since that time it has been preserved with the greatest care, and has scarcely ever been removed from the original case.

The chief point of the controversy seems to have been on the point whether Queen Elizabeth ever went to Helmingham; and in the April number of the *Genealogist* for 1884 a long story is told which it may be of interest to refer to here, because it seems to relate to the lute given to the Tollemaches by Queen Elizabeth, and so far as we have any information the lute at present in the loan collection is the only one which was so given. The exhibition of this lute naturally gave rise to a renewal of the controversy, and some letters have lately appeared on the subject in an evening paper impugning the correctness of the history. A comparison of dates will, however, we think, show that a great deal of learned discussion has been raised upon a mistaken assumption.

Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," says that after Elizabeth had dispatched the unfortunate Katharine Grey to the Tower, she went to Helmingham Hall, and honoured the then Sir Lionel Tollemache by standing godmother to his heir, leaving an ebony lute, inlaid with ivory and gems, as a present for the mother of the babe, and that this relic, which has the royal initials E. R., is carefully preserved by the family. Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Peerage" (title "Dysart"), gives the same story. And the objections that arise to the credibility of the statement are that the Queen was unlikely to have gone to Helmingham for a grand entertainment when she was so absorbed in the difficulties relating to the case of Lady Katharine Grey; that the parish registers show no entry of the birth of a child to the Tollemaches at that time, that there was no *Sir* Lionel Tollemache then, and that the name of the child is not mentioned in the lists of those to whom the Queen stood godmother in 1561–62, or in the accounts of expenditure, which usually showed the presents made by the royal godmother on these occasions.

Now as to the ebony lute inlaid with ivory and gems, and said to have been given by the Queen in 1561, we think that learned and exhaustive as the inquiry given in the *Genealogist* may be, it is not entirely conclusive even against this instrument, which we should be very pleased to see added to the loan collection. Until it is so added, it seems evident that there has been some strange mistake, which is most easily rectified by the consideration that the beautiful inlaid instrument contributed to the collection by Lord Tollemache, and said by him to have been a godmother's present from the Queen to his ancestors, was made in the year 1580, nearly twenty years later than the date which has been so much commented upon.

GLASS ENGRAVING AS AN ART.

IN a recent number of this journal it was pointed out in what respects glass cutting differs from glass engraving. Geometrical arrangements of prisms and facets polished clear, so as to readily deflect and refract rays of light that fall on them, generally characterize cut glass; but all kinds of lines and forms of various depths may be graved in glass and polished. Engraved glass, therefore, unlike cut glass proper, is capable of true artistic

Figs. 1 and 1A.—Cinque-cento Water-set. Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

treatment. Engraving by means of the point, and also by use of the revolving wheel, was practised on scarabei and cylinders of sardonyx, cornelian, chalcedony, and other stones by Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Indians, as our museum collections testify; and the application of both processes to glass may therefore be about as ancient as the discovery of glass itself. That the Arabs at the height of their power, though competent in the mysteries of glass, did not accomplish much in the ways of engraving and cutting, is not perhaps so strange as that the Venetians, celebrated as glass makers, never became proficient in these arts; and notwithstanding that the Germans, the Dutch, and Flemish, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, produced some wheel work of excellent quality, and that in the present century the French have kept up with the Germans in the use of the lathe, none of them at any time has been remarkable for knowledge of art as applied to engraved glass. Nor until quite recently could England claim any superiority in that respect. As a matter of fact, until within the last decade or so, engraved glass as done by Englishmen was generally most crude and coarse. Before then the names of Keen, Cole, Herbert, and Silvers would about exhaust the list of engravers belonging to the British Isles, who proved that they had ability beyond the common.

For some time past natives of Bohemia have done most of the better class work in England. Englishmen may have learned something from them as to the use of the lathe, but nothing in the way of design. Feeling very much the necessity for improvement in this, and in order to compete successfully at the International Exhibition held in Paris in 1878, the writer of this article was commissioned by Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, of Stourbridge, to prepare designs for glass making, and its ornamenting in several ways, chiefly by means of the wheels. Two or three of the specimens of glass produced under his direction while at the works of this firm are here illustrated: they will help to support, farther on, some remarks on Art and glass engraving. Meanwhile, so as to assist the reader who may desire to form a distinct idea of glass ornamenting as done at the lathe, a few words before describing that method will not be out of place on three other engraving processes.

The hard point for inscribing and engraving rare stones is doubtless older than the lathe, and was certainly used in engraving glass during classical and mediæval times. The Flemish, Dutch, and Germans, within the last three centuries, used it with great success, as testified by examples of their work still remaining. Diamond or other hard stone points—or steel points similar to those used by some glass carvers of the present day—may be employed in engraving glass, and handled in the same way as ordinary gravers for metal or wood. The glass should be coated with a mixture of gum and milk, on which, when dry, a pattern may be drawn or transferred previous to engraving. Very fine line and hatching and stipple effects can be produced by this method. Some of the specimens in the Slade collection of the British Museum are exquisitely done, especially those attributed to Wollfe and Heemskerk. The great drawback to such engraving, when delicately finished, is that it cannot be well seen unless it is held close to the eye and in a good light.

Fig. 2.—Claret Jug, Japanese Style. Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

The sand-blast, though the most recently discovered process of engraving glass, may best be noticed here, and before the hydrofluoric acid process, which falls more naturally in with wheel work—for the reason that wheel work is frequently brought into its service, and is itself on rare occasions assisted by it. It seems that the first intention of the originator of this process, Mr. Tilghman, was

to cut large stones and metals by a jet of sand impelled by escaping steam under high pressure. He soon found that moderate pressure would grind, obscure, or ornament glass. The blast-pipe was made movable in any direction by means of flexible or jointed connecting tubes. By having his stencil plates of tough and elastic materials, such as oil colour, paper, caoutchouc, lace—and not of iron, copper, or steel, which turned up at the edges under the blast—he was enabled to engrave many kinds of patterns. A vacuum process is now in use for propelling the stream of sand. The trade in this decoration has principally developed in the production of signs, in various coloured glass, for shop windows, doors, etc.

Fig. 3.—Table Lamp: Japanese Ornamentation. Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

The acid process is believed to have been originally discovered about the middle of the seventeenth century by Henry Schwanhard. Scheele, in 1771, practised on glass with the acid. The St. Louis and the Baccarat glass manufacturers in 1854 took at once to Kessler's then published adaptation of Gay Lussac and Thénard's (1840) improved method of making the acid. Messrs. Richardson, of Wordsley, Stourbridge, were, as English manufacturers, the first to use hydrofluoric acid in the ornamentation of glass. Mr. John Northwood, ably assisted by Mr. Grice, has produced some very fine etching—as the process is called in the trade. A solution of isinglass or turpentine varnish mixed with white lead, a prepared white wax, or asphaltum mastic mixed with turpentine, will serve all ordinary purposes for protecting glass from the action of hydrofluoric acid. On an article coated with "resist" a pattern is transferred or drawn, and its lines followed with a drawing needle which exposes the clear glass meant to be submitted to the acid bath, or only to acid fumes. The acid freely attacks the silicate in the glass: the parts bitten out in the bath are not only precipitated as silica and the other constituents of glass, they also form, to some extent, a flocculent powder on the pattern, neutralising the corrosive power of the acid; and on that account it has to be occasionally washed off during the aciding of a design intended to be cleanly and deeply sunk. Lines and spaces of a pattern when required in relief are preserved by a resist made to flow easily from a long-haired pencil. Some patterns are submitted to acid of varied strength and admixture for variety of effect. The hydrofluoric acid bath is made use of for assisting towards certain effects in wheel engraving, and also in sinking the ground for carved designs. Cheap and meretricious etched ornamentation, done chiefly by mechanical contrivances, is now far too common. It is manufactured abroad as well as in several parts of England, and though increasing trade and profit, is limiting the pay of the toilers, and condemning them to exist without thought or feeling for the simple but genuine and lasting pleasure that comes of doing true work.

We now have to describe the lathe process of glass engraving. The wheels are copper: in size from about the fourth of an ordinary pin-head to six inches in diameter, and from a full quarter of an inch thick to the thinness of the fiftieth part of an inch, or even less, a few being trimmed to the fineness of a hair at their graving circumferences. The engraver cuts out his copper, makes his own wheels, and keeps them true. The smaller wheels, like those of the seal engraver, are usually iron, formed at the points of the spindles. Files, knives, and at times sharp turning tools steadied on a "rest," are employed for keeping the wheels in trim. The frame of the lathe is of iron or brass, and together with its supporting block rises about eighteen inches above the bench. It has an arched top, screwed down on its perpendicular sides that hold bosses of iron, steel, or type metal in which a mandrel revolves. The spindles fit in the mandrel; on the ends of them the copper wheels are riveted (see diagram A). The mandrel has a pulley that receives a catgut or leather band, communicating with the iron foot-wheel. The axle of the foot-wheel is supported by two legs of the bench. Near its centre is the crank, to which the treadle is attached.

Before beginning to engrave a pattern it is marked on the glass in outline with a pen or well-kept hair-pencil, and a mixture of gum, whiting, and water, or any common colouring matter solved in turpentine or paraffine. The pattern is sometimes transferred from tracing paper coated on one side with a little tallow and whiting. If likely to be long in hand it is marked on bit by bit during the progress of engraving. The workman on starting the lathe brings a leather-pointed "splash-stick" over the wheel, settles the leather point to it, which equalises and retains on it the oil and emery—the real grinding medium. Sometimes for marking-in purposes, as the wheel is small and narrow and only required for a short time, the leather point is not brought on to it, but for large wheels it is indispensable. Suppose he is about to begin on the jug (Fig. 7)—engraved by the writer a few years ago. He rests his elbows on cushions with the jug held in his hands; he then moves it under and against the wheel, and with slight pressure "slides" in the outline. A much larger and thicker wheel and rough emery is next made use of for roughing and

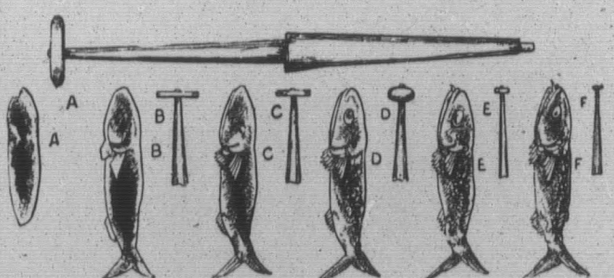


Fig. 4.—Diagram of Wheels employed in engraving Fish.

first sinking. But as it would take too much space to enter minutely into every operation from beginning to finish of this pattern, we select a fish from it in order to show its growth as

effected under different wheels. It must be observed, however, that the fish—like the illustration of the jug—is about a third of the original size, and the wheels nearly one-half, excepting the last, which is full size. A thin wheel (not here shown) about the circumference of a threepenny-piece was used in sharpening the fins. The A tool corresponds to the A roughed in body of fish, and so on with the other diagrams. (See preceding page.)

The light of the eye of the fish is sometimes brought up by polishing with a small iron, or tin and lead, with either of which powdered pumice-stone and water are used. But as a rule it is best to trust to merely sinking for the light with a very small copper or iron wheel and extra fine emery. Good close grained cork wheels and pumice and water give surface light, and if properly managed, shade to parts of engraving. Such wheels are seldom employed with sufficient judgment and taste. Two or three other copper wheels were used on this fish about the gills, eye, and nose, as the pattern altogether was somewhat deeply sunk. Birds and animals of all kinds require a similar set of wheels. The human figure is seldom properly engraved on glass, and no wonder, when most engravers who attempt it satisfy themselves by tracing what they cannot draw. The finest up to the thickest lines the copper wheels allow come into the ornamentation of glass by this process, in which cases the lines correspond to the shapes of the cutting surfaces of the wheels. Great steadiness of hand and eye is required for engraving and meeting lines round a glass. When figure, floriage, and foliage are being engraved they are mostly rolled and wrought into form on the wheels, according to the qualifications of the engraver for such work.

Fig. 5.—Claret Jug: Keltic Ornamentation. Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

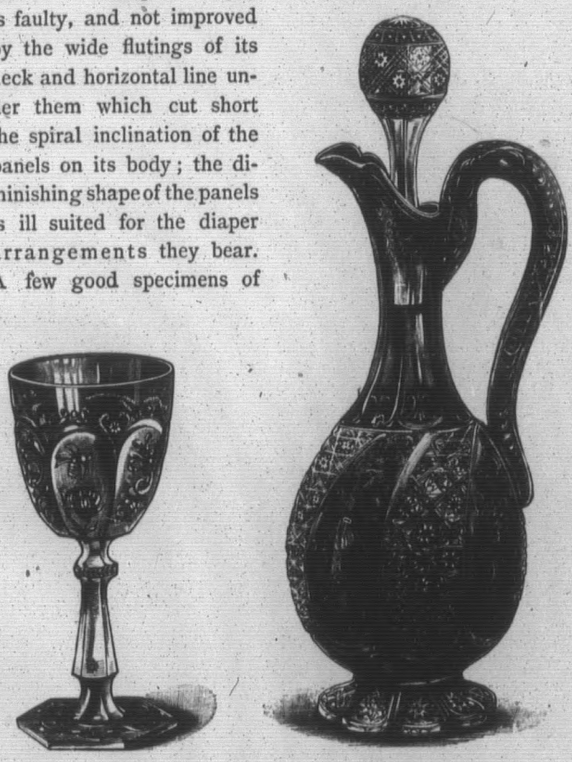
It requires several years of practice with the wheels to know how to select from the rack the ones best suited for certain patterns. The choice of a wheel is governed not only by different parts of a pattern, but by the general shape and particular turns in the shape of the article being engraved. Incavo engraving of the better class demands more care in its execution than relief work of the like class. The technical difficulties are greater; want of practical experience and too much trust in books have caused a deal of confusion to even painstaking writers who have tried to explain engraving and the other methods of ornamenting glass. The introduction to "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Glass Vessels in the South Kensington Museum," by Alexander Nesbitt, though on the whole perhaps the most satisfactory account of glass that has recently appeared, falls short in this respect. Thus, at p. xxix., while he agrees with the often-quoted passage from Pliny—"Aliud torno teritur, aliud argenti modo cœlatur"—as indicating that the wheel was mainly used in cutting and carving, he is scarcely authorised in taking "aliud torno teritur" to signify "merely mechanical work executed by a wheel." "Wheel" and "lapidary's wheel" in his pages mean the same thing, so it is that he fails to show the difference between engraved glass and cut glass; and though fairly noticing the wheel and point as tools employed in working out relief patterns, he does not say in what respects the process of glass carving is distinguishable from glass cutting or engraving.

A full stock of engraving wheels should number from 150 to 200. A competent glass engraver can impart to his work peculiar excellences of surface—qualities of texture that no material save glass is capable of receiving. But to attain to such subtle effects the engraver must be endowed with real artistic feeling. The experienced artist never neglects the proper use of the treadle in regulating the speed of the engraving wheel at certain stages in the progress of a piece of work. For this reason steam-power is of no use to him. It is perhaps worth observing here that the head of a strong engraving lathe is nothing more or less than what glass cutters today call the "mandrel," an instrument they like to avoid even when it is necessary in assisting small work or difficult parts of large patterns. The mandrel is a relic of the times when cutters used the treadle as well as engravers, and were able to turn out a better class of work than on the whole they now do, accustomed so much to rely on the *advantages* of steam power. Glass engraving and glass cutting* many years ago figured together in patterns more frequently than they now do.

We will now devote a few words to the illustrations.

* Caspar Lehmann, contrary to the general tendency of opinion on the subject, with which we agreed in our last article, could not have been the original inventor of glass cutting. Since the article appeared the writer has had special opportunities of fully satisfying himself that Lehmann could only have revived or re-invented the art. Because the Greeks and Romans were able to polish the deep engraving of some of their gems, as many of these prove, it occurred to the writer that the ancients must have been capable of polishing the flat and flattish surfaces of glass when rough-cut on the iron wheel and smoothed on the *lap*. After minute examinations of the collections of glass in the British Museum and South Kensington Museum, and passing over a doubtful specimen or two in the latter, he found in the British Museum five articles bearing genuine ancient cutting; two of them, curiously enough, in the new Assyrian room, and supposed to date from 800 to 600 B.C. If the learned antiquary Caylus, and Natter, the engraver of stones, who, more than a hundred years ago, taking up with Pliny's remarks (Natural History, book xxxvi. cap. 26), both agreed that the Greeks and Romans knew the use of the lathe, and if those who have since so frequently quoted them had distinguished cut from engraved glass, the question would not have been left so long involved. It is difficult to tell what was really understood by "lapidary and glass-cutter," when, as such, Lehmann had his patent granted him by Rudolph II. about 1609. Perhaps in his days the word lapidary was used more correctly than it now is, and designated the cutter of glass who did his work principally by the aid of *stone* wheels. That he knew how to engrave as well

Figs. 1 and 1A.—Jug and one of the goblets of water-set, engraved in the spirit of the Cinque-cento Renaissance. Figs. 6 and 6A.—Examples of polished engraving and cutting combined. The shape of the jug is faulty, and not improved by the wide flutings of its neck and horizontal line under them which cut short the spiral inclination of the panels on its body; the diminishing shape of the panels is ill suited for the diaper arrangements they bear. A few good specimens of



Figs. 6 and 6A.—Examples of Engraving and Cutting combined. Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

cutting combined with engraving, about two hundred years old—but the engraving not polished throughout—may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, and in the Louvre. Fig. 2.—Flat-sided claret jug: a good shape, and well suited for engraving; Japanese style, and polished all over. The background, if meant for cloud or water, or both, would have been improved by a little artistic liberty taken with it—just enough disturbance to carry something of the spirit that seems to be actuating the hybrid monster of wings and fins displayed against it (same firm). Fig. 3.—A table-lamp, polished engraving, Japanese in style: a well-made and handsome table decoration (Messrs. Stevens and Williams). Fig. 8.—One of a pair of pilgrim bottle-shape vases, engraved with the subject, 'The Frog Tight-rope Dancer;' the one not among our illustrations being 'The Frog Clown.' The diaper is acid-etched relieved by engraving (Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons). Fig. 7.—Narrow-necked water jug; subject, 'Pretty Kettle of Fish.' The designer and engraver of this intended to imply that fresh-water and other fish—they seem a little mixed in the design—should express at times some kind of consciousness not referred to in natural history when beholding kindred of theirs who have got into hot water (Messrs. James Green and Nephew). Fig. 9.—Punch-bowl, in the Chinese style of ornament. The squat shape of this bowl is rather against the pattern showing well in illustration; it is, however, a good bold specimen of glass engraving, and was bought by the South Kensington Museum authorities for Bethnal Green Museum. Designed by John Northwood (Messrs. Stevens and Williams). Fig. 5.—One of a pair of claret jugs, in the Keltic style of ornamentation. Purchased by Sir Richard Wallace, the eminent connoisseur, at the Paris Exhibition, 1878. Partly etched with acid, and then engraved in detail at the lathe, and polished with very small wheels (Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons).

In France, during the reign of Louis XVI., engraving on glass was much encouraged; but its figure subjects were generally very poor, and the ornamentation showed too frequently some of the worst forms of *rococo* debasement. Wine-and-water goblets were the order of the day, and the principal articles engraved, even until quite recently. During the Empire their chief ornamentation consisted of cypher letters repeated back to back, and interlacing in monogram form, seldom without a kind of mediæval letter or escutcheon in their centre. Seven or eight years ago some of the French glass began to show a wide departure from this style of engraving, the ornamentation being much influenced by the free play and spirit of Japanese design. The polished imitation rock-crystal work of the Baccarat Company, which mainly characterized their then engraved goods, has since been imitated in England with great success. In Bohemia, during the present century until about 1860, and even since then, coloured vases, wiederkoms, cups, and suchlike things, were turned out in great quantities, engraved with landscapes and stags, and boar hunts, characterized by stereotyped stiffness in workmanship as well as sameness of subject. Within the last quarter of a century natives of that country have flocked into France and England, and learned to do ornament; and one Böhm has executed some fairly good figure work. On the whole Germans, and Bohemians in particular, who are brought up from their childhood to engrave glass—

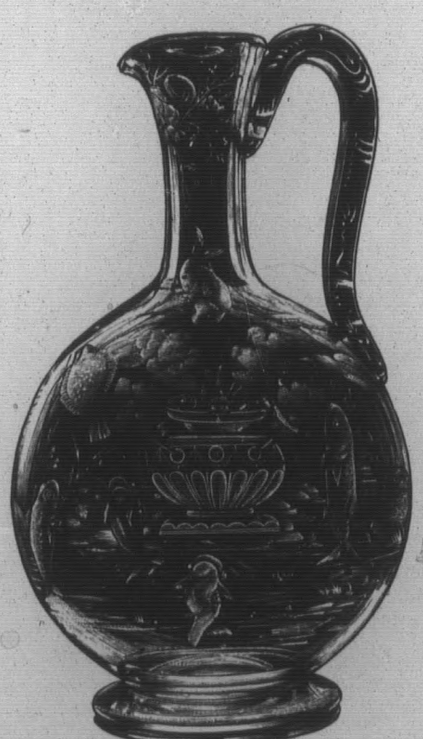


Fig. 7.—'Pretty Kettle of Fish.' Messrs. James Green and Nephew.

as cut glass at the lathe, and perhaps could do point work, is partly borne out by the fact that two sons and three daughters of George Schwanhard (brother of Henry, the supposed original inventor of acid etching on glass) who continued Lehmann's patent, are recorded to have produced incavo as well as relief engraving.

often whole families, descended from generations of engravers, being so employed—take to it naturally. They can imitate almost any kind of design, but have little or nothing of the originating faculty. Whatever their deficiency in that respect, it was scarcely ever so minute as the portion which survived in the ordinary British worker at the glass engraver's lathe. Excepting perhaps four engravers—whose names are given at the beginning of this article—the latter modicum of originality was expended in some (not to be defined) way on what was dignified by the terms "stars," "hop and barley," or "grape vine." But the growth of the "hop and barley" and the "grape vine" on beer-jugs and goblets, decanters and wine-glasses, was poor indeed compared with the "stars;" billions of stars! each of them a consequence of four intersecting gashes done with a mitre—or it did not matter about the mitre—wheel. It is grievous thinking over this class of work, and that it was so generally encouraged by glass manufacturers. But what is to be said for the glass manufacturers—saving less than half-a-dozen—who yet know no better? In the Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Manchester, the Midland, and Stourbridge districts of the glass trade hundreds of engravers, so called, are not fit to do anything besides such brain-impoverished attempts at ornamentation as we indicate. A few years ago a "boss," or journeyman, was in the habit of keeping his "seven years" bound apprentices at nothing better—he seldom could teach them better—and found it to his advantage (reckoned by money) to hold them to it, and produce grosses and grosses every week. It paid him then, no doubt; and the result so far is, that these wine-glasses, for instance, which once were done at the rate of three shillings a dozen, now fetch only that amount per gross! The grosses are not so many, it is true, and that is good; but the men are as heavy-handed as ever, and duller-brained, and are not likely to improve while the majority of manufacturers are quite ignorant of Art, and their pretensions to taste governed by the amount of profit they think they should realise on their wares.

Fig. 8.—'The Frog Tight-rope Dancer.' Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

Fig. 9.—Punch-bowl: Chinese Ornamentation. Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

The engraved glass shown by Lobmeyer, of Vienna, at the various exhibitions, as well as that displayed in them by several of the English firms, was mainly done by Bohemians. Yet it is only too true that Austria, Prussia, and France have not, so far, evinced, in the matter of engraved glass, any sure and well-founded Art knowledge. In this respect Great Britain and Ireland, at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, took the highest award.

Some of the London dealers who give out glass for engraving have assisted much to advance it as an art. As Messrs. Dobson and Pearce at one time were, so now W. P. and G. Phillips, and James Green and Nephew are, eminent for their engraved and cut glass; but at the same time the enterprise of Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons has contributed not a little to the reputation of the chief London producers; and the like praise may be accorded Messrs. Stevens and Williams for the quality of acid engraving they have supplied. They are now encouraging wheel engraving with considerable success. After all it is not to the manufacturer or dealer that the real development of glass engraving as an art, and the arts of glass as a whole, so much depend as on the intelligent industrial artist himself, who grows strong, having love for his work, faith in it, whilst carrying it through to completion—as often happens under adverse circumstances. If we were to try to get at a just appraisement—certainly no easy matter—of rare specimens of glass, and uphold as precious possession engraved examples, original in design and of superior execution, we should not so much contrast them with different other materials to which are entrusted the best efforts of genius, because no material created by man is so marvellous as glass, or more capable of taking artistic finish; but we might feel tempted to, in a manner, single out and reflect over certain glass objects of Art in our museums; one at least of which is absolutely beyond any price to-day, so valuable is it considered, though at one time it was broken into hundreds of pieces! There is no likelihood of a pair of even the most perfect works of Art in glass commanding in the present age 6,000 sestertia (about £50,000 of our money), the price said to have been paid by the Emperor Nero, for "two glass cups with handles." Nor would any pawnbroker of the hour imitate the years-ago Jews of Metz, and advance to a royal personage on security of the "Cup of the Ptolemies" a "million livres tournois"—something like another £50,000, or, in modern currency, £250,000. Money after all is only symbolic of intrinsic value set upon life and its joys, to which genuine works of Art contribute.

Imitation of natural effects, and the, in their turn, imitation of these, which becomes conventionalism more or less consciously rendered and refined, as in the Indian and Persian ornament, are well adapted for engraving on glass. The Keltic style, for the most part, is too difficult for engraving, but occasional advantage should be taken of its curious animal forms and ingenious convolutions of lines, as in Fig. 5, which represents work that greatly influenced the awarding of the Grand Prix of 1878 to Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons. The grotesque style, when its forms show some wit and do not run to outrageous eccentricity, is well adapted for wine jugs, bottles, and drinking glasses, but should be sparingly used. Not only in Gothic ornament but in Italian Renaissance it has been employed at times with charming effect. But for the

glass engraver Arabesque ornamentation which includes within it the three periods of Italian Renaissance is full of suggestion—suggestion in the proper sense, for it should be understood in the light of a revival of Art principles more than of mixed up styles that may be copied without hesitation by the common workman. It is the real world of flowing line and happy form. Much might be said in favour of other styles did space permit.

Glass engraving as done at the lathe is in principle the same as seal engraving. But the engravers of precious stones and crystals have a special advantage that has told in their favour all along: the material they work on being of high value generally, as compared with glass, pays for being engraved to the utmost nicety of finish. Nevertheless, as we have indicated, there are not wanting instances of glass being valued far more highly than the most costly engraved gems. And after all, the intrinsic value of any natural production, be it diamond, ruby, crystal, or whatever else, is small as contrasted with the Art excellence it may be made to exhibit.

J. M. O'FALLON.

LIMBUS IN CHRISTIAN ART.

THAT a great development was being wrought in the art of painting during the lifetime of Dante is evident from certain passages in his own great poem, where the names of some of his artist friends occur. Thus having passed the Gate of Purgatory, Dante is met by a figure bearing a heavy burthen, who proves to be Oderigi, the miniature painter and illuminator—

Fig. 1.—Christ descends into Hell. By Simon Memmi.

> "Agobbio's glory, glory of that art
> Which they at Paris call the limner's skill."

He laments that his light is now eclipsed by that of Franco of Bologna, and adds that Cimabue's fame is also surpassed by that of Giotto. These men were among the great fathers of Italian painting, and to their names we may add those of Gaddo Gaddi, Simon Memmi, Duccio. We may believe that Art and Poetry acted on one another at this period, and that while Dante was doubtless sustained by the sympathy of such masters, the genius of Christian Art was, through Dante's labour, kindled by the sacred fire of religious poetry.

In the fourth canto of the Inferno, Dante treats the subject of the Descent of Christ into Hell and his deliverance of the souls imprisoned there. Limbo is with him in the first circle of Hell, reserved for souls of the unbaptized, among whom Virgil himself is numbered. Dante, "through desire of full assurance in that holy faith which vanquishes all error," inquires of his guide whether any souls have ever risen to blessedness out of this estate of darkness, and Virgil tells how he himself, even when but a short time therein, saw the advent of Christ to the shades below:—

> "I was new to that estate,
> When I beheld a Power then arrive
> Amongst us, with victorious trophy crowned.
> He forth the shade of our first parent drew,
> Abel his child, and Noah, righteous man,
> Of Moses, lawgiver for faith approved,
> Of Patriarch Abraham, and David King,
> Israel with his sire and with his sons,
> Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,
> And others many more, whom he to bliss
> Exalted."

It is significant that Dante never mentions the name of Christ in this passage—rather speaks of Him as of great Power arriving in their midst—a power that is to draw them forth to light,—a victorious power crowned by the symbol of victory.

This passage in Dante has been imitated by the author of the Quadriregio, who, however, adds to it the following lines:—

> "Satan hung writhing round the bolt; but him,
> The huge portcullis, and those gates of brass,
> Christ threw to earth. As down the cavern stream'd
> The radiance: 'Light,' said Adam, 'this, that breathed
> First on me. Thou art come, expected Lord!'"

Following the indications of the Byzantine guide, and in harmony with the vision of Dante, the canvas is now more crowded with figures, and owing to the awakening soul of Christian poetry, these figures are no longer the cold stereotyped forms of Byzantine art—but living, breathing men and women.

Duccio was known as a painter thirty-nine years before the death of Dante: he, while adhering to Byzantine types, ennobled his original treatment of them by more pleasing proportion. "Great must have been his joy when he found himself capable of reproducing for his astonished contemporaries the beauty of the human countenance and the balanced grace of lovely movement and attitude by his own methods. Duccio has painted the Descent into Hades as the twenty-third subject of the Life of Christ series in the Cathedral of Siena." *

Simon Memmi has painted this scene also in the frescoes

Fig. 2.—The Descent into Hell. Mantegna.

on the walls of the Spanish chapel in S. Maria Novella, Florence. This work is beautifully described by Ruskin in his "Mornings in Florence." He identified some of the figures, of Adam, Eve, Abel bearing his lamb, Noah, his wife, Shem, Abraham, Isaac, Ishmael, Moses, Aaron, and David. He points out that the entire dramatic element is centred in the forms of Adam and Eve—the mother is dressed as a nun—her beauty is extreme, standing with her fixed gaze on Christ, her hands clasped in prayer. "However feeble the work of an early painter may be, in its decent and grave inoffensiveness it guides the imagination unerringly to a certain point. . . . How far," continues Ruskin, "you are yourself capable of filling up what is left untold, and conceiving as a reality Eve's first look on this her child, depends on no painter's skill, but on your own understanding." So now we have come back to a point in the history of Art, a point in

* See Lord Lindsay, "Christian Art," vol. iii. p. 13.

the history of painting, when men strove to show a woman's heart speaking through her face, where those who would understand their work must have heart also, human sym-

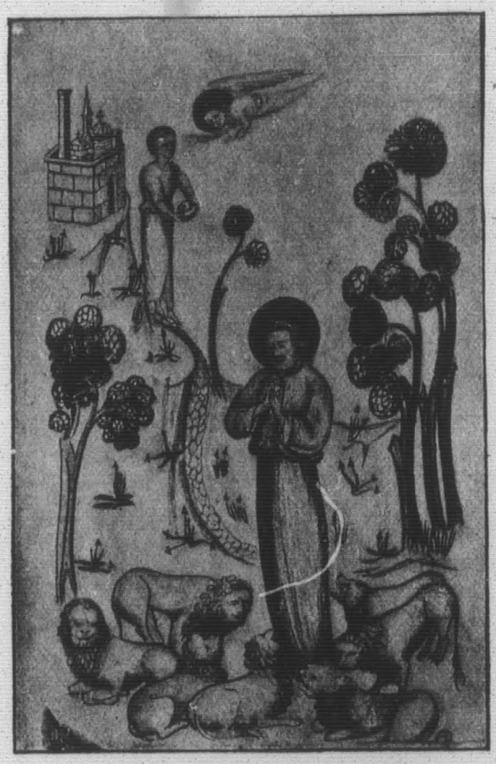


Fig. 3.—Daniel among the Lions. Type of the Descent into Hell. From the Speculum Sancte Marie Virginis.*

pathies, feeling. When Beethoven had finished his Mass in D, which is but another mighty master's *Divina Commedia,* he wrote these words at the opening: "From the Heart, may it go to the Heart." And there is no more perfect expression of this feeling than we find in the work of Felicia Hemans in that poem where she shows Properzia Rossi, the woman artist of Bologna, at work on her head of Ariadne. Properzia speaks:

"The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolded as a rose,
Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
Through the pale marble's veins—It grows!—and now
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne! Thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments; but oh! more fair,
Touched into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer light
All things are glorified—Thou art the mould
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, the untold,
The self-consuming. How fair thou art
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!"

The illustrations of our subject from the thirteenth century downwards, arranged chronologically, are as follows:—

A.D. 1282—1344. Duccio, son of Buoninsegno—School of Siena—one of 23 scenes from the Life of Christ, on predella of altar-piece in Cathedral of Siena.

A.D. Circ. 1377. Jacopo d'Avanzi of Bologna—one of 6 scenes from Life of Christ, now in the Malvezzi collection at Bologna.

A.D. 1387—1455. Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole. No. 1.—One of 35 scenes from Life of Christ, now in Accademia at Florence, originally a panel in a press for church plate in the convent library of the Servites (SS. Annunziata). No. 2.—Fresco painting on wall of dormitory in the Convent of S. Marco, Florence.

A.D. Circ. 1411—1460. Jacopo Bellini—one of a series of pencil drawings preserved in the print room of the British Museum.

A.D. 1430—1506. Andrea Mantegna—one of a series of engravings by this master preserved in the print room of the British Museum.

A.D. 1430—1506. Lorenzo di Pietro, surnamed Vecchietta—School of Siena—fresco painting in Church of S. Giovanni, at San Geminiano.

A.D. 1450—1488. Martin Schöen or Schongauer of Colmar—scene from Life of Christ, from collection of engravings by this master.

A.D. 1477—1549. Giovanni Antonio Razzi, surnamed Il Sodoma—painting now preserved in Accademia at Siena.

A.D. 1484—1549. Gaudenzio Ferrari—one of a series of fresco paintings illustrating the Passion of Christ on the screen wall in the Church of S. Maria delle Grazie, at the foot of the Sacro Monte at Varallo.

A.D. 1484—1549. Domenico Beccafumi.

A.D. Circ. 1450—1530. Valerio Belli—one of a series of scenes in the Life of Christ, engraved on crystal on the coffin of Clement VII., casts of which are in possession of Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski.

A.D. 1511. Albrecht Dürer—one of a series of engravings in the Kleines Passion.

A.D. 1500—1547. Alessandro Bonvicino, surnamed Il Moretto—an oil-painting in Accademia at Brescia.

A.D. 1502—1572. Angelo Bronzino—painting in oils, originally executed for the Cappello Zanchini, in the Church of S. Croce, Florence, now in Uffizi Gallery.

A comparison of all the versions of our subject bequeathed to us by these painters, will show greater variety in their conceptions of its treatment than is manifest at first sight. While inspired by the sublime imagery of the Hebrew prophets, added to the mythological traditionary scenery of Hades, they vary in their choice of the material phenomena in which they symbolise the mystery. The primitive image of Hell as a monster with deathful jaws, is only followed by the Byzantine illuminators—the fortress with barred gates and brazen doors and massive locks is longer-lived. This image is adopted by Albert Dürer, Martin Schöen, and used with supreme power by Mantegna, the architecture of whose hell citadel, with its grand Cyclopean marble blocks, is a tremen-

Fig. 4.—The Ostrich delivers her Young. Type of the Deliverance of Souls from Hell. From the Speculum Sancte Marie Virginis.*

dous image of the hardness and the durability of that power which was to be faced and shattered (Fig. 2). The image

* The illustrations (Figs. 3 and 4) are taken from Italian miniatures of the thirteenth century, presented by the late Sir William Boxall to Lord Coleridge. They belong to a manuscript of the Speculum Sancte Marie Virginis of Joannes Andreas, of Bologna, a block-book copy of which is preserved in the British Museum, 3835 d. The subject of the Ostrich is explained by Lady Eastlake in her "History of our Lord in Art," vol. i. p. 219, and the legend will be given at full length in the second vol. of "Christian Iconography" (Bohn's Illustrated Library), now in the press.

of the dark cavern in a rocky defile among lofty mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, was that most universally followed by the Italian painters of all schools, but none have imbued it with deeper poetry than Jacopo Bellini in the pencil drawing where he shows Christ, a solitary figure, who treads his way through a narrow defile among the Alpine cliffs, and who by his steadfast gaze quells the dragon that spits upon Him as he passes. The image of the dark river Styx lingers on even to the time of Sodoma, who shows us Christ lifting the fallen man out of its cold waters in his exquisitely tender picture at Siena, of the Descent into Hell. But the image, probably of Eastern origin, which most completely differentiates the Christian from the Heathen scenery of Hades, is that of the breaking of light upon darkness. This is the fundamental thought in the fresco in San Clemente and in the Hades of Simon Memmi, Fra Angelico, and Gaudenzio Ferrari. At first the Saviour's floating form surrounded by the oval aureole appears as a yellow patch on a dark ground, and eight centuries later, when painting had gained power to express the more subtle effects of light, it reappears a starlight form irradiating the gloomy cavern's depths. At first we seem to watch the slow rising of the summer moon, a ball of fire along the edge of a brown eastern hill, and then again at midnight in a starless sky, the sudden lustre of sheet lightning bursts upon the blackness and reveals the forms of mountain, cloud, and islands floating in a silent sea. Such are the material images nature offered, and the poet painters of Italy seized, of the sublime apparition of that tender form to those who waited in the darkness.

Jacopo Bellini was, it is said, the first who, in another version of this subject, shows Christ attended by the penitent thief bearing his cross as they tread the dark valley to the cavern's mouth. In this he is followed by Mantegna, Gaudenzio, Ferrari, Albert Dürer, and Beccafumi. His invariably majestic form and noble action speak of a strong man's penitence which has brought him into closest sympathy with all the actors in the scene of mercy which is being enacted before him. A curious, but of course unpremeditated similarity, exists in the attitude of the awakening man in the Byzantine illumination and in Beccafumi's painting. Here the promethean form prostrate on the cavern floor is rising, slow and heavy, and with face averted he lifts his hand as if he, a prisoner, heard a distant tread. This figure calls to mind one of those statuesque forms in the Sistine ceiling stirred by the wind-borne message that fills the temple with its sound.

The subject of the Descent into Hades rarely appears in sixteenth-century Art. The two great ideal painters of Italy, Michael Angelo and Leonardo, never, so far as we know, touched it. It may be that it required the child-like faith of Fra Angelico to paint this mystery and this miracle with sincerity—though the grand conception of Mantegna shows its admission into the realm of Christian poetry of the most powerful order. The subject was spoiled in the hands of men less pure in mind, who, as Ruskin says, began to bring to the cross-foot their systems instead of their sorrow. Men who used art and poetry didactically, who found an abstract moral lesson in this crowning event of Christ's Passion, and only painted Him as the lifter up of the morally fallen man and woman; and so the subject was avoided by the true Idealist in Art. Felt by the sceptic to be the most apocryphal belief confessed in the creed, it was the first dispensed with by those who controlled the painting on the church walls or altar steps.

And now the childlike faith of Fra Angelico having died away from Art, is there no hope of its return in some form of like simplicity? Will no larger conception of Christ's work upon the Cross hereafter find utterance through symbols as sincere and innocent as those of Fiesole, yet nearer the ideal given us in the Word of God? It is manifest that if these mysteries of Christ are ever again to find expression in Art, Religion must be sincere—must pierce to the moral significance of facts, which in themselves are symbols and figures of mental and moral conditions in the soul's experience. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." If this be so, there are times when the reverse is also true, and we expect the hour—

> "Quando ci vidi venire un Possente
> Con segno di vittoria incoronato."

Art is objective; Religion is bound also to be subjective. She must turn the shaft inward and take her part in the divine strife if she will follow Christ in the Harrying of Hell and the Ascension. If she goes forth with the banner, she also must endure the pierced side. In having stood the crucial test she has the warrant of the soul's immortality. The kingdom of heaven has opened within—the kingdom of darkness is dispelled.

When Religion thus stands with feet firmly planted on the ground, what then is the image in which Art in the future may embody our conception of this act in the mysteries of Christ which assured us of the moment

> "When sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
> As by a lightning flash has come to man,
> And he shall see amid the dark profound
> Whom his soul loveth"?

What is the form and figure in which at this hour Art may clothe her vision of the Sacred Head? To find it we must return to Nature, since to the eye of faith Nature is the veil, not of the "Unknown God," but of the Known and the Revealed, and the body is His spirit's temple. Let us look into our human heart—the heart that should be the Speculum Humanæ Salvationis, the mirror of salvation—and question there as to what has pierced its core most deeply. Is it not the expression of the Divine Strife in the Human face that we are to seek for the image of that Power that gives freedom to the imprisoned soul; the look that tells of how the war within has been sharp and fierce and the struggle has scarcely past? Let *us* take part with the Divine, catch it, enshrine it, and lay it before the altar, and we yet may hope to see

> "A worthier image for the sanctuary"

than any hitherto given us in painting. The Strife ended on the Cross has left its lines upon that tender face—its seal upon that mighty brow, and the joy of Victory won and Peace restored, the consciousness of Power to uplift, lies in the depth of those unfathomable eyes.

MARGARET STOKES.

THE PAINTINGS OF HANS MEMLING.

THERE are times when the keenest admirer of Nature in her most solitary aspects is relieved to find himself in some spot whose beauty is helped and increased by the artificial hand of man; where in fact Nature and Art have striven together, "who should express it goodliest." There are times when we may wish ourselves transported from the Pass of Glencoe in midwinter, to the gardens and peace of Chatsworth in midsummer. We experience a somewhat similar feeling with regard to pictures.

Nowhere are we so sensitive to this as in Antwerp. If not the birthplace of Rubens, in no other place can his works be seen in greater profusion or to better advantage. No one has a right to form an opinion of him as a painter until he has seen the noble collection of his paintings gathered together at Antwerp. In the Museum there the mind can scarcely grasp another idea, the eye sees nothing but the free lines and gorgeous colouring of that prince of Flemish painters. It is almost treason to admire any other pictures besides his; it is quite treason to admire the pictures of another man more. But there will not be a few who, giving up all notion of admiring or understanding them, turn, with indescribable relief and a rush of warm affection, to the paintings of Hans Memling, alike naïve in their conception, exquisite in execution, and replete with the truest and deepest religious feeling. Admirers of Rubens need not blame them. Rubens will never suffer by their admiration of Hans Memling, and the latter will receive no injury in being passed over by the admirers of the former. The two men are at the antipodes of Art; each is great in his own line. Rubens greatest, because unequalled and unsurpassed; Memling less, because, even if he equalled, he could not surpass the man he most resembles, John Van Eyck.

There are considerable difficulties connected with the spelling of Memling's name; indeed, it is not perfectly clear what his actual name was, neither is it clear in what town he was born. After mature consideration, I have adopted the form of Memling, as being perhaps the most probable. But the spelling of his name is as various and unsatisfactory as the spelling of Shakespeare's. Hemmelinck, Hemling, Hemeling, Memling, Memeling, and Memelinghe, have all been assigned to him.

The real difficulty lies in the first letter of his name. It is doubtful whether it is H or M. It is sufficient, however, for the purpose of this paper that Hans Memling, as he will henceforth be called, was born somewhere about 1430, whether in Bruges or not it is impossible to say; that in 1472 he was actively engaged as a painter; that in 1478 he was permanently settled in Bruges; and that he died in 1495. He was a pupil of Roger van der Weyden. A great controversy has been waged to decide whether Roger van der Weyden, or Roger of Brussels, was the same man as Roger of Bruges. The point is immaterial. It was customary to give a painter the name of the town he was born in, and then, if he settled anywhere else, to give him the name of the place of settlement in addition to his own. There is little doubt that these two Rogers were one and the same man. Be that as it may, Memling's master was a pupil of Jan van Eyck, and was as inferior to his master as Memling was superior to his, in spite of a touching entry in the burial registry in the church of St. Gudule at Brussels, which states that "Magister Rogerus Vander Weyden *excellens* pictor cum uxore, lizzén voor Ste Catelynen autaer, ondes eenen blauwensteen." It is not known when Memling first began to study under Van der Weyden. It has been said that he painted a portrait of Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, in 1450. There is also a portrait still preserved, with the date 1462, which has been attributed to Memling, but no picture can be actually assigned to him which was painted at a date prior to 1470.

The story is told of Memling—for what famous man is there whose life is not in after years brightened or dulled by some story, true or false?—that he was a man of dissipated character and dissolute habits. It is said he enlisted as a private soldier, and followed the fortunes of Charles the Rash; that he received a wound at Nancy; that, after long and weary wanderings, he dragged himself to his native city, and finally fell senseless at the gate of the Hospital of St. John. He was carried within the building, then in its youth, but now bearing in quiet and dignified peace the weight of five eventful centuries. Here, overcome by the tenderness and care of the monks who nursed him, he realised for the first time the depravity of his conduct and the degradation of his talent. As soon as he was convalescent he made himself known, and promised, as a token of his gratitude and repentance, to paint an altar-piece for their chapel. Such is the origin of the picture of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' still preserved in the Hospital. There is no need to believe this story, it rests on no evidence beyond a vague tradition. Still there is no reason to disbelieve it. It makes us love his picture none the less; it almost makes us love Hans Memling more.

It used to be a somewhat general opinion that he worked in Spain during the last years of the fifteenth century. But this opinion rested on his mistaken identity with Juan Hamenco and Juan de Ilandes. These men painted with great success in Spain at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The subjects of their pictures were precisely those on which Memling exercised his pencil, and hence perhaps the confusion.

Memling's pictures resemble in some degree those of John Van Eyck. We find in both the exquisite finish, the religious naïveté, and the brilliant colours. But Memling was no servile imitator. He has a distinct character of his own. His painting is marked by freedom and originality. The school was founded by Van Eyck, but the most brilliant disciple, the most conscientious pupil of that school, was Hans Memling. In his shrine of St. Ursula the highest point of that school was reached, and we have as the result the most perfect and "captivating illustration of legendary lore bequeathed by the Art of this early period."

Dr. Franz Kügler, in his handbook of the History of Painting, Part II., on the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, gives the following eloquent and discriminative account of Memling's style:—"He adopted the mode of conception peculiar to the school of Van Eyck, tinged, however, with greater severity. The features are less lovely, but more earnest; the figures less eloquent, the movements less soft; the handling sharper, with greater finish of the detail. His grouping is strictly symmetrical, and he confines himself in general to the characters absolutely necessary; whilst, on the other hand, he endeavours to exhaust the history, and often introduces the events which preceded or followed the principal action: in a smaller size in the background we trace his more serious feeling, particularly in the conception and colouring of his landscape. If in John Van Eyck these shone in the light of spring, in Memling they glow with the richness of summer; the greens are darker, the meadows more equally tinted, the foliage of the trees more dense, the shadows stronger, the masses of light broader and more tranquil. In other cases the tone of his landscape is a clear uniform autumnal tint. He is always successful in scenes which require the highest brilliancy of strong light, as the rising sun; or forcible and singular combinations of colour, as in visions and suchlike subjects."

This is a comprehensive, if not an exhaustive criticism. The only part of it with which we at all feel disposed to disagree, is the critic's statement that the greens in Memling's landscapes are darker, and the meadows more equally tinted, than in the landscapes of Van Eyck. Both revel rather in the luxuriance of summer than in the more barren loveliness of spring. What, for example, can be more suggestive of summer than Van Eyck's picture of the 'Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb' at Ghent, that "præstatissima tabula, quâ representatur triumphus Agni Dei, opus sane præclarum et admirandum"? No landscape which Memling has painted, despite his cool, refreshing foregrounds, breathes so truly of summer as this picture. Jan Van Eyck himself cannot give us more exquisite peeps of pale blue mountains, faint in the farness, and conspicuous through the clearness of a summer atmosphere. The truest part of the criticism is that in which it is stated that the features painted by Memling are less lovely but more earnest than those painted by Van Eyck. Holy the Madonnas of Van Eyck sometimes are, beautiful they always are, yet there is something in the calm faces of Memling's Madonnas that we do not find in those of Van Eyck. There is a look of absolute purity and integrity of soul in the countenances of the former that the latter is never quite able to give us. The quiet, simple earnestness in those faces, the hands folded in prayer—prayer which seems really to be the soul's sincerest desire—the humanity, in fact, everywhere in unison with the divinity in his pictures, must cause the hardest unbeliever to respect a religion which has wrought such works of taste and purity as these.

Memling's best pictures are preserved in the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges, in a building which was formerly the chapter-room. In the centre of this room, on a table, is the shrine of St. Ursula. It is a large golden reliquary, representing a Gothic church, on the panels of which are painted scenes from the life of St. Ursula. There are three panels on each side, and one at each end. At one end St. Ursula is represented sheltering the band of maidens under her cloak; at the other the Virgin in a porch is being worshipped by two hospital nuns. On the first panel the fleet is represented as arriving at Cologne, where Ursula prepares to land with her companions. The cathedral is introduced in the background, and several of the church steeples can be recognised by their shape, but they are not in their right places, and are merely put in to show without doubt that Cologne is the place intended. In the next panel we find that St. Ursula has disembarked at Bâle, and left her companions behind. In the third the Pope, with all his court, is waiting for St. Ursula in the porch of a church. St. Ursula is seen kneeling on the steps. In the fourth panel the Pope and his cardinals accompany St. Ursula back to Bâle. In the fifth panel we find the maidens trying to land on the shores of the Rhine. They are being set on by armed men, and are vainly endeavouring to protect themselves. They are being ruthlessly slain in all directions. In the sixth and last picture St. Ursula stands, calm and unmoved, awaiting her death. This last panel is perhaps the best of all. The crowd of armed men are admirably grouped together; the resignation on St. Ursula's face, the cold-blooded look and attitude of the captain waiting the exact moment when he must order the executioner to let fly his arrow, and, lastly, the freedom with which the executioner is drawn, are faultless and inimitable. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their "Early Flemish Painters," write that "the freedom and grace with which these scenes are composed are partly due to the facility with which Memling treated groups and figures of small proportions, but they tell of progress in the art of distribution and arrangement. It would be difficult to select any picture of the Flemish school in which the *drāmatis personæ* are more naturally put together than they are in the shrine of St. Ursula. Nor is there a single panel in the reliquary that has not the charm of rich and well-contrasted colour. A rich fund of life and grace is revealed in shapes of symmetrical proportion, or slender make and attitude of becoming elegance. Nothing is more striking than the minuteness of the painter's touch and the perfect mastery of his finish." Not one whit too high is this praise. The pictures are crowded with figures, and yet each figure seems to be in its right place, and there also seems to be room for it. The colouring is as bright and fresh as if it was painted yesterday. It is said Memling would never employ oils in painting; he continued always to make use of that mixture of paste of gum and of the white of eggs, to which he owes the strength of his tints.

The shrine of St. Ursula is Memling's finest work, and, had nothing else of his been preserved, his reputation could scarcely have been higher than it is. The 'Marriage of St. Catharine,' in the same room, is a far larger but less interesting picture. The centre-piece shows us the Virgin seated in a church porch receiving the ring from the infant on her lap. On the wings are depicted scenes from the Scriptures of a more or less realistic character. There are many more pictures in this room of great interest, but there is one which, next to the shrine of St. Ursula, and perhaps next to a double diptych in the Museum at Antwerp, is worthy to be classed as Memling's highest work. This is a small picture—also a diptych under glass—painted in 1482, representing the Virgin in a red mantle offering an apple to the Child; on the other wing is the donor, Martin van Newenhowen. The painting and technical execution alike are wonderful. The jewels on the Virgin's mantle sparkle, and look like real, tangible gems. The hands of the donor are painted with marvellous finish and exactness. The colouring is rich, deep, and subdued, and through an open window we have one of

those exquisite little peeps of the distant landscape already alluded to. As for the face of the Virgin, "there is no more interesting specimen of portraiture by Memling extant than this; none more characteristic of the large fair oval of the Madonna's face, or for that peculiar clearness which is so surely produced by scant shadow and spacious even light."

Almost more marvellous for the technical skill displayed are the four pictures on two diptychs in the Museum at Antwerp. They are exceedingly small, and indeed they almost resemble miniatures, but every detail is remembered and finished with exquisite clearness. The colours are fresh and harmonious. On one of the panels the Virgin is represented standing in a church with the Child in her arms. The Gothic pillars are executed with almost laborious detail. The tiles on the floor, apparently innumerable, are carefully painted in. The perspective is marvellous in itself, though it totally disregards the central and main figure. On the back of this panel is a picture of Christ in a white robe, with the letters Alpha and Omega and P and F (Pater et Filius) on a ground of red tapestry. Beneath, on two shields, are painted the arms of the donor. On the other diptych are the portraits of the two donors. These two pictures are also conspicuous for the wonderful minuteness and finish of the painting. In one of them on the wall the monogram C. H. is painted up. On the strength of these initials the pictures are by some attributed to Cornelius Horebout, an artist who painted at Bruges in the fifteenth century. In the catalogue of the Antwerp Museum two of these pictures, viz. that of Christ in the white robe, and that of one of the donors in the garb of a Cistercian monk, are set down under the head "Flemish School." The other two, the Blessed Virgin and the portrait of the other donor, Christian de Hondt, thirtieth Abbot of the Downs, near Furness, are attributed to Memling. They were, however, probably all painted by the same man, and the touch, finish, and style all seem to be Memling's. The letters C. H., which have been supposed to refer to the name of the artist, Cornelius Horebout, are clearly the initials of Christian de Hondt, one of the donors. That they were all painted by the same man is shown by the armorial bearings of the two donors being at the foot of the picture of our Saviour. The style of all four pictures is equal to Memling's very best efforts. They excite our wonder by the extraordinary detail and finish of the painting; they gladden the eye by the freshness and clearness of the colours; and they touch the intellectual and religious portion of our nature by the pure and almost holy calm which lingers around them. Can we say the same of the great so-called religious subjects in the same gallery before which the admirers of Rubens stop and marvel? The pleasure derived from looking at Memling's pictures increases as the size of the painting decreases. It is not that he paints worse as his pictures grow larger, but he paints better as his pictures grow less. He was a master of detail, and so much was he a smaller genius than Rubens. No one could paint jewellery and precious stones with greater truth and realism. The jewelled embroidery on the mantles and robes of his Madonnas and high-priests defy description. His pearls especially may be picked off the robes and taken out of his paintings, each one a pearl of great price.

Little things did not escape him any more than they escaped John Van Eyck. Between the windows in the diptych already alluded to, painted for Martin Van Newenhoven in 1487, is a mirror. This mirror reflects the Virgin and Martin Van Newenhoven. In Van Eyck's picture at the National Gallery, representing the portraits of Jean Amolfine and Jeanne de Chenany, his wife, we find three oranges on the window-sill in the picture reflected in a mirror hanging on a wall in the background. Nine people out of ten do not notice this little detail. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would not have noticed the omission if they had not been so reflected.

Though no other gallery can boast of such a collection of Memling's pictures as is to be found at Bruges, there are many fine works of his scattered over the various galleries of Europe. Notably the 'Seven Griefs of Mary,' in the gallery of Turin, and the 'Passion,' or, as it is sometimes called, the 'Seven Joys of Mary,' at Munich.

On the foreground of the 'Seven Griefs' the donor and his wife are kneeling. It is not quite certain who they are, but it is generally considered they are portraits of Willem Vreland and his wife. Vreland was a neighbour of Memling at Bruges, and himself a painter of miniatures.

This picture is a good example of the habit artists of the fifteenth century had of compressing into one landscape as many Biblical incidents as they possibly could. In the background Christ is entering Jerusalem. We next find him in the Pharisee's house, then with the disciples at the last supper. And so on depicting the events of Christ's passion, finishing up with the supper at Emmaus. The canvas is crowded with figures, all finished with Memling's usual skill, and painted with his usual brilliancy of colour.

In 1480 the picture known as the 'Seven Joys of Mary' was painted, which, it has been said, "exhibits Memling's art in a later and better form, and shows him to have been at the time more spirited and lively, as well as more careful and minute, and more fully conscious of the pleasure to be derived from vivid colours and crispness of touch."

In this picture, as in the preceding one, the donors, Catherine Van Riebech, Adrian Buttynck, her son, and Pierre Buttynck, kneel in the foreground. The landscape represents the country round Jerusalem, and contains numerous incidents in the life of Christ. The perspective is of that kind, so common in such pictures, which enables us to see many impossible things happening at once. In this picture, indeed, there is an entire absence of linear perspective and atmosphere. But we do not ask for perspective when each episode is painted so wonderfully and the figures are all arranged so artistically.

There are many other pictures by Memling which require to be seen to be appreciated and understood. The 'Last Judgment,' adorning the altar of St. George in the Cathedral of Dantzig; the 'Baptist,' at Munich; the 'Entombment,' the 'Sybil Sambetha,' and the Morcel portraits, at Bruges and Brussels, may be cited as examples; but enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that Memling was a worthy disciple and powerful representative of the school of Van Eyck—a school whose followers were the first to make use of oil as a medium in painting, and yet whose paintings are to-day unrivalled for the brilliancy and firmness of their colours. Pictures may be great, they may be wonderful and unsurpassable masterpieces, but they may fail to inspire love; and though they are great, wonderful, unsurpassable, and inspire not love, they are become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals.

Herein lies the difference between Rubens and Memling noticed at the commencement of this paper. To see Rubens is to admire him, to see Memling is to love him; and we can have admiration without love, but it is hard to have love without admiration.

T. TYLSTON GREG.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

IN the middle of July the Royal Scottish Academy opened in the galleries at Edinburgh an exhibition of water-colour drawings, black and white, and sculpture, with the intention of holding an annual summer exhibition should the first endeavour prove successful. For some years there has been growing up in, and in connection with, the Academy a strong body of water-colourists whose works found no adequate representation in the one room assigned to that branch of Art in the spring exhibition, and to meet the demands thus arising in obedience to a growing public taste for such works, the present experiment was resolved upon. The notice of the intention to hold the exhibition was short, but, notwithstanding this, above a thousand works have been selected; those sent in and rejected, or not hung, numbering about seven hundred. Amongst the members of the Academy the President, Sir W. Fettes Douglas, contributes eleven drawings, chiefly landscapes, filled with poetic feeling and rich in tone. Sir Noel Paton shows two rock and woodland studies, dated in 1858, being finished drawings of nooks in which his faëry creations might find a fitting home. Mr. Herdman, besides an interesting landscape study, shows a delightful circular head, 'Oudemia,' in his usual luscious tone, and two pencil heads of the same subject full of refined grace. Mr. Lockhart, besides several small and brilliant versions of some of his Spanish subjects, exhibits 'Durham,' a large and important work. Gourlay Steell exhibits two large cartoons in black and white, and some fine animal subjects in tempera, notably an oblong decorative panel of game, brilliant as when executed. In landscape some good work is shown by Mr. Beattie Brown and Mr. J. B. Macdonald. Mr. Clark Stanton shows in sculpture a large memorial tablet in relief, sweetly illustrating the line "When loved ones departed return in our dreams." Amongst the associates Mr. J. C. Noble exhibits two powerful works; and of three pictures by Mr. G. W. Johnston, a small work, 'Woodslee Burn,' is notable for its strength and refined quality. The outsiders have come forward in great force, and give by their works a singular amount of interest and attractiveness to the exhibition. Prominent amongst this class stands Mr. Pollok S. Nisbet, whose large work, 'Bramble-gatherers,' holds a distinguished place in the first room. Mr. Powell, President of the Scottish Water-colour Society, contributes an important seascape representing a gale on the north-west coast of Arran. Mr. Arthur Melville illustrates the capabilities of water-colour art for portraiture in a singularly striking head, and his contributions include a large drawing, 'The Pilgrim's Prayer,' showing a mosque interior very powerfully treated. In 'The Afterglow' Mr. R. W. Allan presents a work of great brilliance, and his other contributions are of high quality. The landscapes of Mr. D. Cameron attract notice by their excellent quality, and Mr. A. K. Brown sends several landscapes of strong and brilliant character. A number of effective figure subjects from Spain, by Mr. C. M. Hardie, are highly attractive; and Mr. John Blair, who seemed for a year or two to hang back, makes a step in advance in his 'Gathering Brushwood.' The loss sustained by the Academy in the recent death of Mr. Robert Anderson is acutely emphasised by the posthumous exhibition of a dozen brilliant works, the incisive touch and fine colour of which mark them out as gems of price. The younger school of artists, whose advent has been a notable feature in recent Scottish Academy Exhibitions, are abundantly represented. Mr. T. Austen Brown takes the most prominent place as regards the size of his works, his 'Spring,' so full of light and graceful in handling, being one of the most important works in the exhibition. His shore scene with figures, called 'Mussel Beds,' is one of the finest of the small drawings in the rooms. The landscapes of Mr. T. Scott, Mr. J. Douglas, Mr. G. N. Langlands, and Mr. A. E. Moffat follow a dainty mode of treatment now much in vogue, and in number and quality add much to the interest of the collection. Mr. P. W. Nicholson differs somewhat from his confrères, seeking after a richer tone and working in a decorative mood, making figures in all cases a more important element in the composition. Mr. R. B. Nisbet and Mr. John S. Fraser deserve mention, also one or two military subjects by Mr. W. S. Cumming; and an interesting head of J. Alexander, 'Old St. Helena,' one of Napoleon's guard still surviving in Edinburgh, has been supplied by Mr. J. M. F. Gow.

Mr. John Pettie contributes a small and powerful drawing, 'A Cromwellian;' and Mr. McWhirter sends drawings of Iona and the Seal Rocks, San Francisco, and other works. The interest of the exhibition is enhanced by a number of contributions from abroad, embracing examples of D. A. C. Artz, B. J. Blommers, W. Maris, A. Mauve, F. Ter Mulin, etc. In sculpture Mr. Stuart Burnett shows the full-sized model of 'Rob Roy' (shown in marble in the Royal Academy); and a number of smaller works, including busts of artists, are shown by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, Mr. McBride, Miss Fraser Tytler, etc. In the black and white room Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., shows a selection of pen-and-ink drawings executed for St. John's "Sport in Moray," and other works. Among the etchings are examples of Mr. C. O. Murray, Mr. George Aikman, Mr. G. S. Ferrier, and others. A small case containing twelve original medals recently executed by Mr. Kirkwood, of Edinburgh, is shown.

Thanks to the fire at the "Inventories," something seems likely to be done, and not a moment too soon, to provide the National Portrait Gallery with a safer haven than it enjoys at present. Mr. Plunket's idea seems to be to rebuild or patch up the existing building, the pictures meanwhile to be distributed on loan among other galleries. Such a notion is to be deprecated from every point of view but that of immediate economy. The site is awkwardly shaped, it is inconveniently placed, and the probability that for years to come the neighbouring gardens will be the resort in summer of great crowds of visitors, makes it likely that a demand for the space might arise which would enable the ground to be utilised to much greater profit in some other way. Why should not a new Portrait Gallery be erected on the Embankment, on the site of the abortive Grand Opera? A road has been made through a part of the site, but if the west front

were carried into Whitehall, there would still be plenty of room for all that is wanted; and Westminster is the right place for a collection whose main object is the record of our national life.

The new buildings of the British Museum are now complete, and almost ready to be opened to the public. The lower floor is taken up with lecture-rooms, rooms for the keeper of the prints and his assistants, and rooms for students. The upper floor is divided into three fine exhibition galleries, two of which have been given to Professor Colvin for showing collections of prints and drawings, while the third has been filled by Mr. Franks with the fine gatherings of glass and majolica lately dispersed in the western galleries.

In the main suite of galleries on the eastern side of the new building have been arranged the ethnographical collections, including the Christy gathering, which has been so long exhibited in a private house. Beginning with Asia, the visitor will be led through Africa to Polynesia and America: not perhaps the ideal arrangement, but the best under the circumstances. Among the objects shown are many which have never been properly seen before, and not a few which will startle the visitor who believes a black or a copper skin to be incompatible with Art. In the centre of one room Mr. Franks has raised a trophy of canoes and weapons of various sorts, which for grace of line and harmony of colour could hardly be beaten; they come from the Solomon Islands. All these rooms will be opened to the public at the same time as the print department galleries; the whole circle of the Museum will then be again in use after a break of several years.

Bellows: Sixteenth Century. South Kensington Museum. From 'Le Meuble.'

At the South Kensington Museum the purchases made at the Becket Denison sale and from the Fountain Syndicate are now on view. The most satisfactory perhaps of them all is the Gubbio plate, by Maestro Giorgio, which was bought for £870. It is a famous bit of majolica. The subject is taken from Raphael's little picture of the 'Three Graces,' now in the Dudley collection; and that picture, as many of our readers will remember, was based upon the mutilated group in the Siena library, which was discovered when the Urbinate was a boy. The glory of this Gubbio plate lies in the fineness of its lustre and in the purity of Maestro Giorgio's colour. The Saltikoff table has been placed in a case by the side of the mirror of similar origin, which was bought some years ago. The Palissy cistern and the Limoges plateau, dish, and flambeaux are set by themselves, to await the arrival of further pieces from the same sale, which will take their places in the Museum as money is found to pay for them.

Six fine examples of Flemish tapestry-weaving in the sixteenth century have lately been hung in the "new cloister" at the South Kensington Museum. They are lent by Lady Henry Somerset. Their subject is a series of triumphs, a modification of that Petrarch series which was generally adopted for such works. The rarest and most curious, in the matter of conception, is a Triumph of Love, in which Cupid rides in procession on the back of a black ram. The whole set appear to be from designs by Bernard van Orley. The borders are peculiarly fine and in excellent condition.

The statue of Queen Anne, which has so long been a disgrace to the *parvis* of St. Paul's, is at last to be taken in hand. A new statue has been commissioned from Mr. Richard Belt, while the pedestal and allegorical figures are to be restored by some artist not yet selected, at the cost of the City of London Corporation.

There has recently been on exhibition in New Bond Street a notable suite of furniture. When we say that the furniture, with its embroidered coverings, was designed by Mr. Alma Tadema, and that it is of the classic type we know so well through his pictures of the ancient world, our readers will no doubt expect to hear of something out of the ordinary run. The framework of the furniture is of rich black ebony, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, box and sandal-wood, with panels also of sandal-wood ornamented with raised scroll-work in ebony and ivory. The panels are of veneer about one-eighth of an inch thick, and the raised ornament is let right through to the back, a difficult and costly method, but one which insures its durability. There are settees, large chairs with high rounded backs richly ornamented, stools, small round tables with carved ebony satyr legs and magnificent slabs of Algerian onyx, and a beautiful music cabinet about 8 ft. by 5 ft., with open front disclosing shelves enclosed with richly embroidered curtains, and surmounted by the reproduction of the portico of a Greek temple, the columns of sandal-wood, with capitals of solid ivory, the whole most beautifully inlaid. We cannot speak too highly of the careful, thorough manner in which the whole work has been carried out, the inlay is wonderfully executed, and, as many of the surfaces are curved, the difficulties to contend with must have been very great; for finish and execution it is necessary to go back to the last century to find a parallel. The embroideries, too, are very beautiful. This suite is intended for a music salon now being constructed in a New York mansion. The walls of the room are to be mainly of marble, and will boast a marble frieze which has not yet left the studio in Rome, where it is being executed; and the ceiling will be decorated with paintings by Sir F. Leighton. There is also to be a piano for the same room, which will not, however, be finished until next year; it is to be richly inlaid, and will be, so far as we can judge, a most successful though costly attempt at a difficult problem. Mr. Alma Tadema will paint a subject on the outside of the lid, and the underside will have panels of parchment for the autographs of the musical celebrities who will perform in the room.

The opening of the Museum in Amsterdam is an era in the history of Art. The building itself, the work of the well-known architect, Josef Cuypers, is a splendid example of Flemish Renaissance style, and its internal decorations are of such extreme beauty as to render it a model for future decorators of all nations. In this noble building are now collected the scattered treasures of Dutch Art, and many private individuals have had the public spirit to place their

collections at the disposal of the State. The fine Art library placed here, and lent to the nation, is the property of Dr. Alferdingk Thym, the Professor of Æsthetics in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. The collection of pictures, as now arranged, and for the first time seen together, is one of the finest in Europe. All schools are represented, and the decorations of the salons are in each case of the same period as the Art treasures hung on their walls: the Rembrandt salon alone is worthy of a pilgrimage, the celebrated 'Night Watch' having the place of honour. The extreme beauty

Sixteenth Century Bed. Cluny Museum. From 'Le Meuble.'

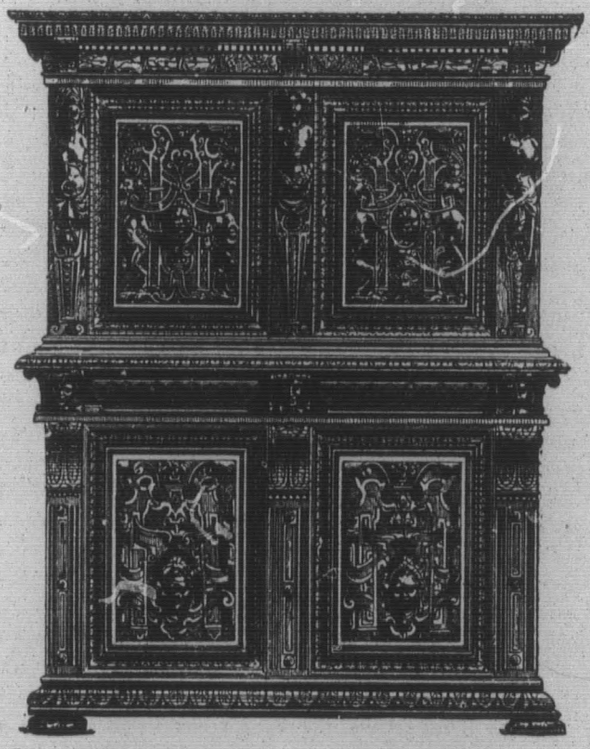
of the new museum, as an example of decorative Art, places it at the head of all European picture galleries, independent of the treasures it contains.

Many of our readers may have heard that Mont St. Michel, the most romantic monument of Gothic architecture in France, and therefore, we may allow, in the world, has been placed in danger by the action of the French Ministère des Travaux Publics. For centuries the traffic between the island and the mainland has been carried on by boat at high water, and cart at low. But lately the engineers who have power in such matters in France, came to the conclusion that a permanent causeway should be raised, which would make the St. Michelites independent of the tides. It was pointed out to them that such an interference with the natural flow of the sea might have awkward consequences to the steep islet and the Gothic pinnacles crowded on its summit; but nevertheless they made the causeway. It now appears that the croakers were right, and that the flowing sea has done so much damage round the skirts of the rock, that unless the mole is removed by man, its *raison d'être* will be removed by nature. It is a pity the French engineers did not take a lesson from an old and sufficiently well-known instance of the same effects flowing from a similar interference with a natural force. "Every schoolboy" knows that Alexander took Tyre by means of a mole thrown across from the mainland, and most travellers in the East know that the mole in question was destruction to the island; that it silted up its harbour on the one hand, and threw down its quays on the other.

"THE LIFE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN." By Sarah Tytler, edited, with an introduction, by Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. Two vols. (J. S. Virtue & Co.) —It may candidly be said at the outset that the life of the Queen written by a lady author might have been a very sickly thing, and that the biography compiled by Miss Tytler is, though necessarily suave and sweet, not sickly, speaks much for the writer's fresh and straightforward style. Materials for the work were abundant. Indeed, many of the slight family incidents of the royal life of England during the last half-century have been told and retold in language the very simplicity of which has fixed it in the national memory. The betrothals, the weddings, births, family gatherings, friendships, *villeggiature*, and the whole *petite vie* of the Queen and her children have been recounted by herself, and the biographer has nothing to reveal. Therefore the most interesting part of Miss Tytler's book is concerned with more public matter—equally well known indeed, but not known in such a familiar form of words. Her opening pages, sketching the political, social, theatrical, artistic, and literary point at which England had arrived in the year of the Queen's birth, and the special state of Kensington, is uncommonly well done. Then come the very slight incidents of the Queen's babyhood, and even here Miss Tytler is not sickly, writing with a certain brightness and humour, and with a kind of journalistic *entrain* and facility. She touches lightly but without timidity upon those family dissensions of which the Queen herself has made no secret, and brings us through many not unwholesome trivialities in her story of the young princess's girlhood up to the time of her sudden entrance upon public life—life eminent and singular in its degree and conspicuousness of publicity. Miss Tytler resumes her general view of things at the date of her Majesty's accession. Of the coronation the many accounts known are so brightly collected and digested that the writer's style becomes like that of an eye-witness. The various royal visits to and from foreign courts have an historical and international interest here well set forth. The biography is brought up to the date of the Duke of Albany's death, and the events of the last twenty years are somewhat hurried, relating as they do to the Queen's children rather than to the Queen herself. The handsome volumes are illustrated with steel engravings, and those that refer to her Majesty's youth cannot be described as belonging to an artistic period. But Boehm's beautiful monument to the Princess Alice makes amends.

The anonymous volume, "EUGÈNE DELACROIX PAR LUI-MÊME" (J. Rouam, Paris), is a simple attempt to collect Delacroix's characteristics, with the artistic and other events of his career, from the numerous letters which he produced in quantities rare in a great pictorial worker. But Delacroix would be considered, by the school of our own time, as a literary painter, and the letter-writing as belonging to his traditions. This greatest master of the French school in the early years of this century, gave that importance to subject which the critics of a later day made a kind of pretence of

discovering to be peculiarly English. Delacroix had this respect for subject in common with his great contemporary compatriots, but he had such a respect for English Art as we are generally told was not born in France until the era of International Exhibitions. Bonnington, much Gallicised, but still an Englishman, was his companion, and he admired Constable, Lawrence, Wilkie—Lawrence inordinately, according to our present reconsideration. His visit to England, including an experience of Kean's interpretation of Shakespeare, left an effect upon the dramatic conceptions



Sixteenth Century Armoire. School of Lyons. From 'Le Meuble.'

of his own art. Imagine a French painter of the present school being influenced by a dramatist and an actor! Confusion of the arts! Apart from the production of his pictures, the events of Delacroix's life were few; friendship was his strongest emotion, love, or rather the *amourette*, playing a doubtful and subordinate part; and his health was so feeble—the digestion being excessively difficult—that even a prolonged conversation left its effects in fever and weakness. We must wait for the subsidence of the present vigorous movement in France to gather the permanent national judgment as to this master's definitive place in the history of painting.

"THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND WALES" (Cassell & Co.).—The studies here published, with excellent illustrations, are by several hands. The thirty-five cathedrals are treated descriptively, historically, and pictorially, and always popularly, the bishop of one diocese contributing the paper that relates to his own church, while canons, deans, prebendaries, and archdeacons have been at work elsewhere. It is very pleasant to have the notes and comments of those who know by heart (in the full sense of the term) the noble works of which they write, and have not merely "got up" the history and the locality for a purpose. There is an enthusiasm in the scholarship of one in whose daily life the Galilee of Durham or Lincoln cloister bears a familiar part; at the same time such a writer is not led into excited writing. Each paper is readable, brief, and well constructed. Among the illustrations special mention should be made of a spirited drawing of St. Paul's from the Surrey side. Most of the others are accurate rather than effective.

"LE MEUBLE." By A. de Champeaux (Paris: A. Quantin).—The present volume is only an instalment of the complete work in which the author intends to carry to the present time the history of furniture, which he traces into antiquity. He dedicates his treatise to Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, much of his research having been conducted in England, owing to the riches of our collections rather than to the value of our production. One of the author's special aims has been to rescue, if possible, from anonymous obscurity the Art craftsmen who have left worthy work, especially those who distinctively deserved the name, having flourished before the age of Louis XIV. effected the divorce (which our time fain would cancel) between high art and decorative art. The volume includes the Renascence, making a particular study of the brilliant achievements of Italy and France, and is full of illustrations, of which we give a sixteenth-century armoire, a bed of the same period, and a pair of bellows from the South Kensington Museum.

"DONATELLO." By Eugène Müntz (Paris: J. Rouam).—This charming study of the great master of modern sculpture forms a beautiful volume, produced with *luxe* of type and illustrations in the series of *Artistes Célèbres*. The author reminds us that Donatello's fame, in the eyes of immediate successors, equalled Michael Angelo's, and he gives a most attractive biography of the man as well as an intelligent essay on the sculptor. His work is full of local colour—the admirable local colour of a French student's appreciation of bygone Italy.

"SONGS OF THE NORTH." The music arranged by Malcolm Lawson (Field and Tuer).—So surely as good wine needs no bush, good music needs not the assistance of the graphic arts—and in this case we should have imagined that Mr. Lawson's name would have floated these old Scotch songs without recourse being had to the aid of pictures. Besides, save in a very few instances, these latter have positively no connection with the words they are supposed to illustrate. What has Albert Moore's 'Seagulls' to do with the "Maiden of Morven," a wave study by Colin Hunter with "Drowned," or a Whistlerian seascape with "Turn ye to me"? Had the drawings which have been pressed into the service of the work been well reproduced, their presence might have been no detriment; but with perhaps the single exception of Sandy's "Proud Maisie," they are travesties of the originals.

"LIFE SONGS:" Original Poems, illustrated and illuminated by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and the Countess of Tankerville (J. Nisbet & Co.).—It is scarcely possible that the circulation which this volume will obtain will ever suffice to repay the very considerable cost which must have been entailed in the production of its illuminated pages. The age has passed when people will give a couple of guineas for a work which interests but for a moment. We do not wish to speak disparagingly of the artistic efforts of these noble-women, but we feel that they, as well as a considerable sum of money, have been all but thrown away.

PAINTED BY E J POYNTER, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY W RIDGWAY

A VISIT TO ÆSCULAPIUS

LONDON: J.S VIRTUE & Co LIMITED

THE EARLY MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL.*

No. IV.

THE earliest mention of the 'Madonna Ansidei' is found in Vasari's "Life of Raphael;" it consists of a bare enumeration of the personages represented:—"Having com-

No. 14.—Study for a Madonna. Musée de Lille.

pleted these works (two or three small pictures for Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino) and arranged his affairs (at Urbino), Raphael returned to Perugia, where he painted a picture of our Lady, with San Giovanni Battista and San Niccolò, for the chapel of the Ansidei family, in the church of the Servites." Recent events have drawn a large amount of public attention to this picture, and if some of the encomiums that have been pronounced upon it are inclined to unduly elevate its importance in the work of Raphael, yet, as marking a distinct stage in the career of the painter, there can scarcely be two opinions respecting its possessing an interest even higher than can be claimed for some more perfect examples from the same hand.

Lamentably restricted as is the exhibition of the art of Raphael at the National Gallery, it contains two works by him which may be referred to for illustrations of the position claimed for the last purchase. The first is the 'Knight's Vision' (No. 213), which, in its tiny dimensions, shows all the distinctive qualities of Raphael's earliest manner in their most attractive form. The second is the 'Garvagh Madonna' (No. 744), painted at Rome after the completion of the Camera della Segnatura, and when the painter had attained the free exercise of his unrivalled gifts. The grace of the design, the lightness and delicacy of the touch, and the charm of the sentiment, are unsurpassable. Nothing mars our enjoyment of the picture; there are no suggestions of difficulties that the artist has not been able to master; its unity is so complete, it is so perfect in itself, that we care not to speculate on the means that have brought about a result so thoroughly satisfying. Pictures like these come to be regarded in much the same light as antique statues, by artists whose names, perhaps, have perished. Research, investigation, comparison, are in abeyance. In a world so full of limitations, if we chance to come before one of these happy instructions in bronze or marble, there are few but will be content to rest under the spell of their faultless excellence. While the mood endures we think not of the laborious striving of the artist; if we were able, we might scarcely care to recall those earlier essays where the stubborn material remained only half subdued, and the struggling thought received but partial emancipation; we may even not regret that the immature work lies for ever hidden. But when the artist was as many-sided as

No. 15.—Preliminary Study for the Madonna Ansidei. Stædel Collection, Frankfort Museum.

Raphael, and his genius so lofty and comprehensive, and when the interest in his personality is so enduring, it naturally

* Continued from page 114.

No. 16.—Sketch for a Madonna and Child. Oxford Gallery.

follows that the sum total of his productions, and even single examples, will come to be regarded from various standpoints. These will vary in every age; our own is certainly critical and inquiring. Hence the craving to obtain a clear understanding of the growth and development of his art; and hence also the special importance attached to those pictures wherein can be detected the germ of a fresh influence and the incipient working of a new force.

To what extent these qualities were recognised in the 'Madonna Ansidei' in the past it is difficult to speak with precision. Careful observers in Raphael's time would detect that there was something more than the mere reproduction of the art of Perugino. It is perhaps only after the exhaustive historical researches and critical examination of recent years that the various influences apparent in the work, and which have modified its design and execution, can be accurately determined. Probably the most trustworthy conclusions respecting the extent of these influences would be obtained by comparing the work with the contents of the gallery at Perugia; certainly they would be the more easily apparent could it be transferred to that locality. Minute descriptions of pictures which may not be known to the reader are confessedly tedious, therefore any reference to the works of the school of Perugia at their native place must be omitted. Fortunately the National Gallery, in the Madonna of Pavia (No. 288), furnishes a typical example of the art of Perugino, painted two or three years before the 'Madonna Ansidei.' For beauty of design, colour, and manipulation, Perugino never surpassed this altar-piece. We have only to glance from one work to the other to see the exact relationship of the two masters at the period the younger was leaving the school of which the elder was the representative. The triumph of Perugino's picture is the head of the Virgin. Its type is far from being the highest conceivable, but for elegance of design, tender sentiment, warm soft colouring, and exquisite modulation, it deservedly receives universal commendation. Compared with it, the face of the Ansidei Virgin shows that in these qualities the art of Raphael could not compete with that of his master. Neither could he in the faculty of combining all the elements of a picture, so as to produce a general effect of harmony and completeness; while Perugino maintains throughout a high level of excellence, very high indeed in the presentation of gracious sentiment, refinement and colour, that can be both deep and harmonious, and also of rare subtlety. Where Raphael's real power displays itself in the 'Madonna Ansidei' is in the more masculine design that he had acquired from Leonardo da Vinci and the Florentines. The San Niccolò has a largeness of drawing and solidity of modelling we fail to find in the attendant figures of the Pavian Madonna; the same remark applies to the Babes in both pictures; the Ansidei also is a finer type, suggesting the children of Florentine sculpture.

No. 17.—The Madonna Ansidei. Size, 9 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. The National Gallery.

As in the case of the 'Madonna of Sant' Antonio,' it has been surmised, and with every appearance of probability, that the 'Madonna Ansidei' was planned and partly executed before Raphael had been to Florence, and also that the general design was adhered to, but that in the working out and completion of the composition the nobler style into which he had been there initiated asserted its influence in several important particulars. In no direction is the advance more plainly perceptible than in the arrangement and delineation of the draperies. Instead of the conventional folds and angular breaks to be seen in Perugino's work, the cloth falls in natural masses, its folds and inflexions being truthfully represented. It is perhaps as superior in cast and design as

No. 18.—Sketch for Child. Oxford Gallery.

it is inferior in colour and dexterity of manipulation. Some of the heaviness of colour may possibly be due to deterioration of the pigments. Perugino used lapis-lazuli for his Virgin's robe; his pupil, who probably received lower payment for his work, employed a cheaper blue, that has now become black and opaque. It is perhaps difficult to say whether the red in the Baptist's drapery is repainted, or whether its want of modulation is due to the hasty or immature execution of the artist. The meagre form, affected attitude, and ungraceful contour, as in the protrusion of the hip, would almost seem to indicate that this figure was finished before the journey to Florence. How much Raphael had yet to learn in the management of the minor details of composition, but which yet go so far in making or marring the effect of the work, is evinced by his treatment of the base of the throne on which the Virgin is seated. The three steps, diminishing in size as they descend, with lines unbroken and all under equal illumination, form a distracting and discordant feature in the composition, to which the eye constantly reverts. The Venetians would have modified the formality of the arrangement by placing a trio of boy angels on the steps; Ghirlandajo would have covered the bare wood with Persian carpet; Botticelli would have scattered flowers, or Crevelli fruit, at the feet of the Virgin; so Raphael, had his art been altogether emancipated from the bonds of Umbrian stiffness and severity, might have chosen some such judicious artifice. But along with the severity, the picture contains all the finer elements of Umbrian Art; its sentiment of simple, earnest piety, and child-like devotion was never more truly expressed. There is the same fervour and vein of poetic feeling that characterize the fourteenth-century hymns and lauds of Raphael's native Umbria, and to which is added an aroma of Renaissance culture, as yet timid and hesitating, but which gives a marked distinction to the composition. It is this commingling of diverse shades of sentiment in harmonious union, not clashing or at strife, which, united with the opposite artistic influences of Florence and Perugia, combine in forming the fascination of the picture. As a page of psychological study, revealing the working of the most supremely-gifted artistic intelligence at a period of transition, it is of the highest interest.

The courtesy of the Director of the Stædel Collection at Frankfort has enabled us to give a reproduction of one of the first ideas for the Ansidei Madonna (No. 15); the original drawing is in pen and umber. M. de Tauzia, the distinguished keeper of the Louvre drawings, in his catalogue of the Timbal Collection, points out that the recently acquired pen-and-ink drawing (No. 19) is also a study for the picture. The attendant saints are here St. Roch and St. Sebastian. It probably preceded the Stædel drawing. The silver-point

No. 19.—Preliminary Study for the Madonna Ansidei. Timbal Collection, Musée du Louvre.

drawing from Lille (No. 14) is a study for the Madonna sketched from a male model. We owe the remaining sketches (Nos. 16, 18, and 20) to the good offices of Mr. Fisher, the keeper of the Oxford Gallery. The predella of this panel consisted of three compositions; two remain in Italy, the third, representing St. John preaching, is at Bowood.

HENRY WALLIS.

No. 20.—Sketch of Buildings for Background. Oxford Gallery.

ART AT MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE cannot claim to be in any true sense of the phrase a "School of Art." Such direct instruction in drawing as is provided in the organization of regular work only affects a proportion, and that not a relatively large proportion, of the boys, and engages even in the case of these a very limited portion of their time. It must be admitted that though a few old Marlburian artists have imbibed their first love of Art, and received their first lessons in it, at the school, it has been rather in spite of than by the aid of the institutions of the place. Not that there has been ever any systematic discouragement of Art. Rather the feeling has prevailed that the exclusive pursuit of Art requires a technical training which it does not fall within the province of a public school to provide, and that it would be impolitic, if not impossible, to desert the strictly literary basis of the education which such a school aims at imparting, in favour of a small band of specialists. The point of view that every boy who possesses any particular talent should have opportunities given him for developing it, may be allowed as excellent in theory, but has never been recognised in practice, except in a spasmodic and tentative fashion. So it comes about that the regular drawing classes, as organized here, have not so much an artistic as a practical end in view—the training of candidates for special examinations, particularly those for admission into Woolwich and Sandhurst. It is well known to all who have any acquaintance with the working of these examinations, that the standard of attainment fixed by their organizers is regulated by the practical wants of the

The Bradleian, the New Museum, and Wing of the Old House. *Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.*

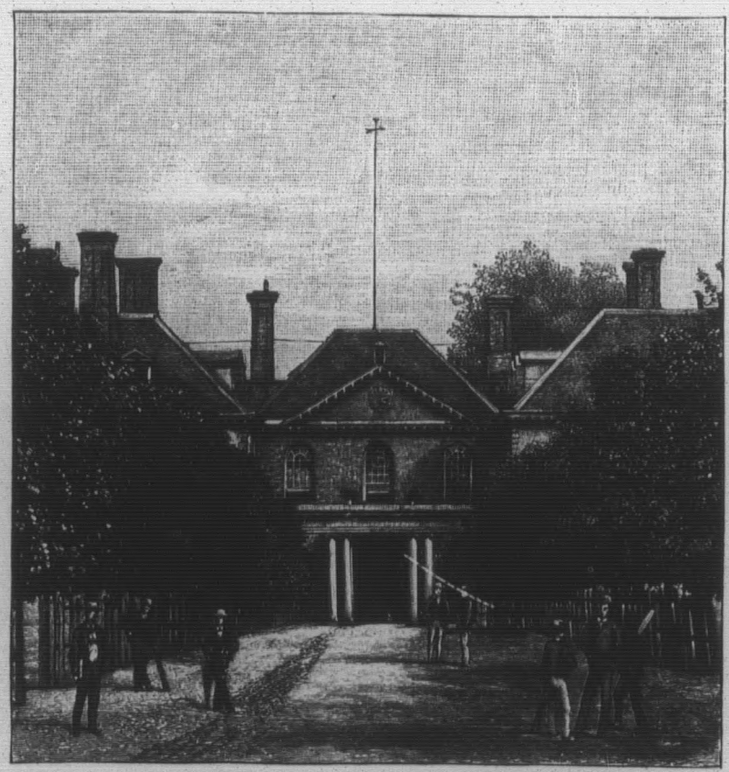
soldier. Strictly speaking, such instruction cannot be called "Art" education at all, if we choose to regard the end aimed at as limiting the meaning of the term; although, of course, the preliminary training in drawing, whether the ultimate motive be practical or artistic, will aim at developing two qualities which are necessary to both ends, correctness of eye and facility of hand. But instruction in the higher branches of drawing, considered as a means of evolving and strengthening the artistic instinct in the arts of design and theory of composition, must necessarily be hindered, generally thrust aside altogether, by the limited and strict requirements of competitive examinations. Thus an Art master of a school such as this has to throw his force into the effort to bring his pupils up to a general level of efficiency, which will enable them to pass a satisfactory technical examination; he can only pursue as a secondary end, by indirect encouragement, the cultivation of drawing as a first stage in the teaching of Art proper, considered as an end in itself.

The drawing classes, as here organized, fall into two broadly distinguished divisions, the regular and the voluntary. Of the three great divisions of the school, the classical side, which is by far the most numerous, the modern side, and the lower school, which is preparatory for both the others, drawing is obligatory only in the modern side throughout, and in part of the lower school. In the modern school the drawing is taught in the regular form divisions; there is no re-arrangement of

boys in classes according to their proficiency in this special subject. This is a result of the fact that the form system prevails throughout the school, modern as well as classical, based upon the principle of division according to proficiency in languages; redivision according to subjects, commonly called the class system, is only carried out in such subjects as, for instance, mathematics, as occupy a large portion of a boy's time. It is hardly necessary to point out that this system hampers the master of drawing, who has to instruct a series of forms comprising boys of very various degrees of attainment in his own department. But it is defended on the ground that such drawbacks are counterbalanced by the superior disciplinary advantages of the form system. In the lower school and lower modern forms freehand drawing alone is taught. In the upper forms of the modern school the teaching comprises freehand, model, and geometrical drawing. In the highest forms of all there has been established a separate drawing class for candidates preparing directly for the army, and four hours each week are devoted to the subject, distributed in the following manner: two hours for geometrical drawing, one hour for model drawing, and one for perspective. The time for the forms below this is one hour each a week as a rule, though sometimes it is possible to allow two.

In addition to these hours of regular and compulsory form teaching, there are voluntary classes. The times for these are three days a week, of one and a-half hour each in the winter, and two days in the summer term. These classes are open to the whole school, modern as well as classical, so that members of the former who wish to give more time to drawing than is provided for in the regular course, can obtain it by utilising these hours. In these voluntary classes the student has opportunities for a wider range of study, embracing shading from the cast, painting still-life in water colour, and drawing from the antique. There is no extra fee chargeable for the voluntary classes. For the encouragement of drawing, prizes are offered at Midsummer and Christmas; two for the best results in form-examination work, and two for voluntary work in the department of painting still-life in water colour and shading from the cast. In addition to these college prizes, the Art master, Mr. J. A. Lloyd, offers at the end of the Christmas term a prize for the best time study (three hours) in chalk or sepia from the cast.

Thus much for the regular instruction in drawing as part of the school work. We now turn to an institution which is independent of the regular school work, the Art Society of the College. Though not so large or influential as our Natural History Society—which has served, we believe, as a type for similar organizations in many other schools, and has recently been furnished with a magnificent museum, arranged and directed by the unremitting labours of the founder of the society, the Rev. T. A. Preston—our Art Society still owes its creation to the same feeling which gave birth to the older society. It is an attempt to organize independent energy, to elicit tastes and satisfy interests not covered by the circumscribed range of regular school studies. Founded in 1877, chiefly by the influence of an energetic member of the school, W. B. Taylor, it was aided by the encouragement of masters, especially the late Art master, Mr. F. E. Hulme, author of several well-known books, as the "Familiar Wild Flowers," and an excellent handbook on "Marlborough: its Town, College, and Neighbourhood." The first president was the Rev. W. J. F. V. Baker; the present is Mr. L. E. Upcott. The object of the society was twofold; it was to be a sketching club, and likewise to hold regular meetings at which sketches done by members should be exhibited, and papers read upon subjects of Art interest. At first a separate class-room was provided, in which members might pursue their sketching studies without interruption; but this plan was not found to be productive of much work, and was given up. By those who know anything of the temper of our public schools, it will be surmised that the numbers of the society were at first very small, and that though no active opposition was offered to it, it did not receive particularly warm encouragement. It has had to struggle against indifference rather than opposition. Nevertheless it has held on its way, and done its best to justify its existence by enlisting the co-operation of some twenty to thirty members each term. A boy's time at school, with his regular form work, occasional extras, and compulsory attendance at games, is so much filled up for him, that unless he is something of an enthusiast he will not care to devote even a portion of the remainder to learning how to sketch or listening to lectures. It is this small band of enthusiasts that gives the society its claim to support; it appeals to those who have tastes and aspirations not adequately met by the ordinary course of school instruction, and are willing to give up a part of their leisure to cultivating and satisfying these. Again, it has not been found always an easy



The Entrance. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

matter to provide the necessary three or four lectures every term. Only those who have tried the experiment can know how very hard a task it is to lecture to boys, especially to boys of different ages, on an unfamiliar and—as they may think until their interest is touched—a dry subject. It is especially difficult in such a society to get that which is always particularly welcome—papers written by the boys themselves. Partly with the view of widening the choice of possible subjects, and partly to enlist more support from the school, the society determined to admit papers upon literature as well as Art, and the experiment has proved successful. The following summary of the work done will give a clear notion of the aims of the society:—(1.) Papers or extempore lectures are given, about four times every term, on some subject of Art or literature. The titles of a few of those delivered during the past year will sufficiently indicate the general character of these lectures:—"Olympia, or the Greek Games illustrated from Ancient Monuments;" "Life in Ancient Egypt," with illustrations; "The Plays doubtfully attributed to Shakespeare;" "American Novelists, Hawthorne and Howells;" "Gothic Architecture, and a Comparison of the French and English Styles;" "Nature and Art;" "Feudal Fortresses;" "Musical Instruments of American Indians." Lectures requiring illustration are sometimes given with the magic lantern; sometimes large diagrams are employed, and photographs exhibited after the lecture. (2.) It will be seen at a glance that the programme is sufficiently varied; there is, in fact, always a danger that the lectures may become merely desultory, and for this reason sections have been set on foot with a definite scheme of study. The two at present in operation are the "Sketching Section," which makes weekly excursions for sketching from nature, and the "Greek Art Section," which attends a course of fortnightly lectures on the sculpture and other Art of the Greeks.

General View of Marlborough College. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

(3.) Members are encouraged to exhibit their work at the society's meetings, and prizes are given for work done during the term and for holiday work. For the benefit of the literary members there are sometimes essay prizes. (4.) During the summer months there are two or more field days. Of course the ostensible object of these field days is usually sketching, but it is not possible to make sketching compulsory, and a place is generally chosen so as to afford some object of interest to those who do not profess the art. One of the most delightful field days is a visit to Bowood, near Calne, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne; all lovers of Art know this magnificent gallery of pictures, containing some world-famous examples, such as Rembrandt's 'Mill,' Reynolds's 'Strawberry Girl' and 'St. Cecilia.' The picture galleries at Corsham Court (Lord Methuen), Oakley Park (Earl Bathurst), and Wilton House (Earl of Pembroke), have also been at various times visited by the kind permission of their owners. (5.) In the autumn term a *conversazione* is held for the exhibition of pictures lent by artists and friends of the College. The most successful was that held last year, when old Marlburian artists were especially invited to contribute specimens of their work. The idea was warmly taken up, and the result was an exhibition, not merely of great personal interest to all connected with the school, but of merit considerably greater than is often found in provincial Art exhibitions. Several of the works of painting and sculpture displayed had been previously exhibited at Burlington House, the Salon, and other galleries; a portrait by Frank Miles, a young artist not unknown to public fame, appeared in the Grosvenor Gallery of the present year.

Among the recent efforts made for the encouragement of the study of Art at the school must be mentioned the formation of a collection of casts from the antique. The necessary funds were obtained by private subscription; by contributions from

masters, friends, boys, and old Marlburians, a sum of money was raised which ultimately amounted to a little under £100, to which must be added £40 granted by the council of the College for fittings. With this fund, as the money gradually came in, a series of casts and photographs was obtained of select monuments illustrating every period of Greek and Roman Art, together with some of the finest examples of ancient portraiture, and some specimens of the sculpture of the Renaissance. The College had already possessed the nucleus of such a collection in a cast of the 'Eleusinian Relief,' given by Professor Colvin; a series of slabs from the Parthenon, given by the late Master; and two of Flaxman's designs, 'Charity' and 'Maternal Affection,' given by Mr. T. Woolner, R.A. It is unfortunate in some respects that the whole of these casts are not gathered into one museum, being distributed as space permitted through several rooms; and it is even more to be regretted that the room in which the majority are placed is only open to a small number of boys. This room is the Bradleian, built in 1872 in commemoration of the third Master, now Dean of Westminster. It is occupied by scholars of the College, foundation scholars, and other picked boys, who live here until they reach the fifth forms and pass into their respective house class-rooms. Other casts are in the sixth form room, others in the Art class-room, Adderley Library, and round the walls of the fine old staircase in the Old House. This method of distribution is not wholly a drawback. It is no small advantage that the casts have not that formal aspect which often strikes the visitor of a regularly arranged museum with an air of repulsion; boys live in the midst of them, so that the ideal of Plato in his republic is in a measure realised, to train the young "in healthy places, whence emanations from noble works may reach their sight, like a breeze bringing health from wholesome lands." But it is well not to make too exalted a virtue of the real necessity —want of space; the grave disadvantages of not having a separate Art museum must not be overlooked. In the first place, anything like an orderly arrangement of the casts is out of the question; again, the Bradleian is only accessible to a small section of the school, and only these have access to it during a part of their time at the school. To this must be added the strict limitations upon the kind of Art represented which the want of a museum imposes. Boys deserve the utmost credit for the respect they pay to the ornaments of the room they inhabit, but of course their spirits occasionally lead to an "untoward incident," and it would obviously be folly to entrust to their daily mercies a work of Art which cannot be replaced, as an original picture. Until we can provide for their safety, we cannot expect to get works of this kind, either through presentations or on loan. But it would be possible to carry out the system of class-room decoration to a greater extent than is done at present. In default of a museum, the most feasible plan is that each class-room should be decorated on some definite principle, by examples drawn from some particular branch or school of Art. It is not generally understood how cheaply as well as effectively this can now be done. For instance, the good photographs which are now obtainable of the principal pictures in our National Gallery, open to provincials a means of acquiring at all events some knowledge of the works of the greatest masters, all that can be learnt from them *minus* their colouring. These are opportunities of which our schools ought to avail themselves to the fullest extent which their funds will allow, when other more pressing, or more commonly recognised aids to a liberal education have been provided for. However, we should now be dealing, not with the possibilities of the future, but with the acquisitions of the present. Among the finest casts in the Bradleian, after those already mentioned, are the busts of the 'Otricoli' Zeus, and the Hermes from Olympia, the mask of the 'Ludovisi' Hera, and reduced copies of Michael Angelo's so-called 'Cosmo' and 'Lorenzo' from the Medicean tomb at Florence. In the hall below the grand staircase in the Old House, are the slabs of 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' and the 'Poseidon, Dionysus, and Demeter' slab from the Parthenon, as well as the grave monument of Sosinos from the Louvre. A description of all the casts and photographs was printed in 1880, by the present president of the Art Society, in the form of a pamphlet entitled a "Sketch of the History of Greek Sculpture, as illustrated by the casts and photographs at Marlborough College."

Of the rest of the Art-treasures of the College we can only speak shortly. In the dining-hall are several portraits of previous masters and distinguished members of the council; the room is likewise adorned with portrait-busts (casts) of famous Englishmen, including two—Tennyson and Carlyle—from the hand of T. Woolner, and a Nelson modelled by E. R. Mullins, formerly a member of the school. In the reading-room is a small collection of excellent old prints of famous pictures, and a series of proof engravings from the Doré Gallery, recently presented by Major Mesham. Nor must we omit the pictures of the school chapel, which formed part of the scheme of decoration in the old chapel, and have been worked into the designs of the new, now in process of building. They were executed by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, and represent twelve scenes of angel ministration. The style of treatment of these pictures, by which, in order to emphasize the central religious idea, the artist has treated all accessories and surroundings with strong realism, demands for its right appreciation some familiarity with the spirit of early Christian Art. It is unfortunate for him that the training of English boys leaves them, as a rule, devoid of the sympathetic qualities which are necessary to a right understanding of his work, or that he should not have spoken in a language more intelligible to them, and adopted a tone more likely to rouse a responsive echo in their hearts.

If space allowed, we might be tempted to dwell a little longer upon the artistic surroundings of the College—the quaint old High Street of the town, with its gabled houses, tiled frontages, and "pent-house" or covered way; the open downs with their sweeping outlines and soft lateral curvature, suggesting infinite possibilities to the painter of light and shadow; the magnificent forest of Savernake, with all its endless variety of foliage, both in form and colour; the picturesque farms and mills; the innumerable antiquities of earth and stone, as the College Mound, Silbury Hill, Avebury Temple, and many another spot dear to the imagination which revels in calling up pictures of the past. But these things must be passed by, or left to the enjoyment of those who are fortunate enough to live a part of their young life in such an environment, and are blessed with the power of feeling its enchantment.

MODERN PROCESSES OF AUTOMATIC ENGRAVING.*

No. III.

THE ultimate object of all engraving, whether artistic or automatic, is the capability of yielding impressions by means of printing; and to this end there are certain absolutely indispensable conditions in the preparation of the printing surface. The most important of these essential conditions is the employment either of lines or of a grain in presenting the details and shading of the picture. This necessity applies to all the ordinary methods of mechanical printing, whether at the copper-plate, the lithographic, or the typographic press; but it is not a necessity for any of the various modes of photographic printing. The use of the line method gives the designation of "line engraving" to a well-known description of artistic engraving upon steel or copper, and is also employed in wood-engraving; while the use of a grain is the characteristic of stipple and mezzotint engraving, and especially of the two varieties of aquatinting—the intaglio and the relief. In etching, also, the picture is entirely made by lines.

Bas-relief of the Mausoleum, by Dawson's Photo-relief Process.

Even where either of these methods may have been successfully adopted in any automatic engraving process, it will be found that there is in the grain or lines employed a limit of delicacy which cannot safely be exceeded. Should the lines, or the dots forming the grain or stipple, be produced too closely together, clear impressions in printing will be difficult, if not impossible, of attainment. In the case of intaglio plates the markings will be so fine, and the work necessarily so shallow, that after a comparatively few impressions it will commence to become indistinct, and ultimately altogether to disappear; while in relief blocks the spaces between the dots and lines will be clogged with ink, and the delicacy of the work completely lost.

Drawings in pen and ink and prints of every description of artistic engraving afford suitable and facile subjects for automatic reproduction, because the necessary condition above pointed out already exists in the designs to be operated upon. Where, however, the outlines and the varieties of tone in the picture are expressed by means of a wash—as in a drawing in sepia or any other monochrome, or in the half-tones of a photograph—difficulties are presented which the process-operator has, until quite recently, been powerless to overcome. The recognition of these very difficulties has, however, stimulated research and experiment, and a certain amount of success has been the consequence. Conspicuous among those who at an early period applied themselves to the solution of the difficulty was Mr. Walter B. Woodbury, the discoverer of the automatic process which is associated with his name. He suggested the use of a fine gauze in the camera, interposed between the object to be photographed and the sensitized plate; and by this arrangement he hoped to produce a system of lines upon the negative which should express upon the printing surface the half-tones of the photographic image. This plan was at the time only partially successful; for although the network was reproduced upon the surface of the block, it was found to be of so coarse a texture as to be unsuitable to the desired end. The gauze being nearer to the sensitized plate than the object to be photographed, the network was necessarily magnified to an unsightly degree.

Another and a successful means of arriving at the desired end is thus described by the inventor, Mr. Frederick E. Ives, of Philadelphia.

"My invention may be best described as a photo-mechanical process for producing direct from nature, or from any object which may be photographed, a pure line and stipple picture, in which the shades of the original are represented by black lines or dots of varying thickness upon a pure white ground, and which may be reproduced (in the same manner as a pen drawing) by the ordinary photo-relief or photo-lithographic processes."

This description merely embodies the general principles involved, and is therefore equally applicable to other means of arriving at the desired results; but the inventor has communicated to the writer of this paper a special account of the method which he employs to obtain the results produced, and from which the following is taken:—

"A thin film of gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash is exposed to light under an ordinary photographic negative of the object to be reproduced, then swelled in water and a cast taken in plaster of Paris. The highest portions of this cast represent the blacks of the picture, the lowest parts the whites, and the middle shades are represented by variations of height between the two extremes. To produce upon the white surface of this relief an impression which will represent the variations

* Continued from page 184.

of shade by black lines and stipple of varying thickness, an evenly inked surface of elastic V-shaped lines or stipple is pressed against it until the required effect is obtained."

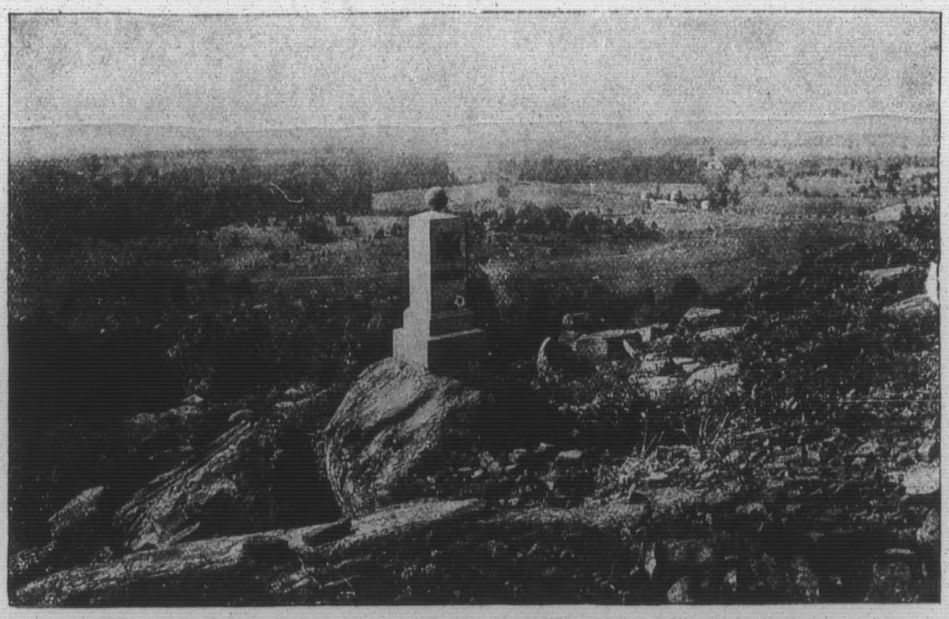
One of the specimens of Ives's process here given is a portrait of Mr. W. B. Woodbury, who is favourably known to the world of science as the inventor of the two processes which are now extensively used under the name of Woodburytype and Stannotype, and to whom allusion has already been made. The block has been cast in stereotype metal from a mould in plaster of Paris, to which the system of lines above described has been applied. The other specimen is an illustration of good landscape work, a view of the Battlefield of Gettysburg

Somewhat similar results, but produced by different means, are obtained by the Meisenbach process, which has also been made the subject of a patent, and is being successfully worked in London as well as in Munich.

The Meisenbach process has been patented in the name of Frank Wirth, and is described as "a communication from George Meisenbach of Munich, in Germany," from the specification of which the following details are obtained:—

A transparent plate is hatched or stippled in parallel lines. A transparent positive is made of the object. The two plates are joined, preferably face to face, and from the combined plates a definitive negative is photographed in the ordinary way. In order to cross-hatch and break the lines of the shading the hatched or stippled plate may be shifted once or twice during the production of the negative. The photographic negative thus obtained may be either applied direct to a zinc plate, or a lithographic transfer may first be made in the usual manner, and the plate subsequently bitten by acid to form a block in relief. Considerable importance is attached to the shifting of the hatched or stippled plate, this being the part of the process which is specially sought to be protected by the patent.

The processes above described claim in their patents the power of using a stipple or grain as well as the adoption of lines in the production of the results obtainable; but a marked preference in practice appears to be given to the line method in the blocks produced. In both processes the method of adding the lines or stipple is purely mechanical. There is,



View on Battlefield, Gettysburg, Pa. Crosscup and West, Philadelphia, by Ives's Process.

however, at least one other method known, whereby a grain can be induced upon the photographic image by a chemical arrangement in conjunction with the use of a gelatine film. The processes employed by Messieurs Boussod Valadon et Cie. (late Goupil et Cie.) of Paris, and also by the Typographic Etching Company of London, are based upon this chemical granulation of the gelatine, and are generally known by the title of Photogravure or Heliogravure. The principles upon which this process is founded were discovered by the late Henry Fox Talbot, who in 1852 and again in 1858 took out patents for this adaptation of photography. The object sought to be attained in these discoveries was the production of a plate upon which a photographic image could be obtained capable of being printed at a copper-plate press. The method discovered by Talbot and subsequently adopted by Paul Pretsch, has been further developed in more recent times, and experience has suggested some slight alterations in the details. Those who are most successfully exercising the process of photogravure purposely envelop the results acquired by experience with a certain mystery, as a "secret process," but the same theoretical principles unquestionably underlie the work of all the operators, the only changes being matters of detail, slight in themselves, although possibly important in their effects.

The process of photogravure by M. Boussod is one of those which is worked with considerable secrecy as to details, but the following brief particulars have been communicated, and which fully confirm the theory that in the main principles the various processes adopting the title are alike. "Our process is founded upon the discovery of a chemical substance which crystallizes under the influence of light, the crystals becoming larger the longer they are exposed to it. After exposure it only remains to make a deposit of copper by means of the electric battery on the crystalline surface, and thus a plate is obtained yielding impressions in which every detail and gradation of tone is faithfully reproduced."

The following is a practical description of one method of arriving at the desired results.

A polished copper-plate is coated with a thin film of sensitized gelatine, which is done by floating over the surface a

Portrait of W. B. Woodbury, by Ives's Process.

mixture of a quarter of an ounce of gelatine dissolved in ten ounces of water, to which is added one ounce of saturated solution of bichromate of potassium. The mixture should be strained through a cloth to remove impurities, and must not be exposed to the light. The plate having been coated with the sensitized gelatine, is placed in a photographic printing frame in contact with a transparency and exposed to light, a diffused light being preferable to positive sunshine. The effect of the light upon the sensitized film will be shown by the exposed parts changing to a brown hue, while the protected parts retain their original colour. When the printing is completed the plate is to be immersed in water, which will deprive the film of its sensitiveness. If the plate be now submitted to heat the film will break up into a fine grain. By way of aiding this result and before applying heat to the plate, an aquatint ground is thrown over the plate by flooding over its surface a mixture of resin and camphor dissolved in chloroform. The chloroform speedily evaporates, and heat applied discharges the camphor, leaving the resin in minute particles distributed over the surface.

Opinions differ as to which may be the best form of mordant for biting. Talbot advised "muriatic acid, otherwise hydrochloric acid, saturated with peroxide of iron." Nitrous acid is the material generally employed by etchers on copper, while those who work upon zinc use nitric acid. Captain Abney recommends ferric chloride in the proportion of six ounces saturated solution of ferric chloride to one of water. Of the nitrous mixture $33\frac{1}{3}$ parts of acid to $66\frac{2}{3}$ of water, and of nitric acid 25 parts to 75 of water, are the proportions adopted by Dr. Seymour Haden for etching purposes, and although it be necessary in the subject under consideration to vary the strength of the mordant according to the requirements of the precise stage of the work, the formula above will be found useful.

The acid will soon bite those portions of the plate from which the soluble gelatine has been removed, while the hardened parts of the gelatine which carry the lines and shading of the picture will, for a time at least, resist the action of the acid. The biting having been accomplished, the plate is washed in water to remove all traces of the acid, and dried. If sulphate of soda be added to the water the stoppage of the biting will be the more effectual and speedy.

By the means above described intaglio plates giving some very fine results have been produced, and among the firms who are successfully working this method are MM. Boussod et Cie., E. Bernard et Cie., Le Mercier et Cie., of Paris, and the Typographic Etching Company, of London. Relief blocks obtained by the same means are not so easy of attainment, on account of the difficulty of getting sufficient depth for printing at the type-press. The specimens here given from the Typographic Etching Company are good examples, inasmuch as while showing a successful result they indicate the difficulties to be

Greek Bas-relief, by Dawson's Photo-relief Process.

overcome, both by engraver and printer, the grain being very fine. They are reproductions from bas-reliefs of the Mausoleum, photographed from the originals in the British Museum, which are—on the authority of Mr. Alexander Stuart Murray's "History of Greek Sculpture"—said to be the work of Skopas.

It is in this direction of the preparation of photo-relief blocks that the most useful results are to be anticipated, and it is precisely in this branch of automatic engraving that the greatest difficulties are presented. The granulation of the gelatine film by the application of heat has not hitherto been found uniformly successful, as other conditions of the atmosphere besides the temperature have to be taken into consideration, and the granulation of the surface is therefore rendered difficult. Where the means employed are purely of a mechanical nature, as is the case in Ives's and Meisenbach's "line" processes, here described, the results attainable are dependent entirely upon the mechanical skill of the operator. On the other hand, where the granulation of the gelatine film is the means employed, as in the case of Dawson's photo-relief process, uniform success can only follow upon the attainment of a competent chemical knowledge reduced to practice.

J. S. HODSON.

THE WALLACE STATUE AT ABERDEEN.

THE desire of the Scottish people to commemorate in some enduring form the heroes who preserved the independence of the kingdom from the encroachments of the English kings, has within the past half century manifested itself in a number of ways. About forty years ago Patrick Park, R.S.A., a sculptor whose early death lost much to Scottish Art, erected in Edinburgh a colossal model as an ideal monument to Wallace, an heroic figure full of fire and dignity. The patriotic sculptor was before his day, however, and both the monument and the temporary studio in which it was constructed were, we believe, left to be destroyed by the elements. The Town Council of Edinburgh holds a small bequest by Mr. Hugh Reid for a memorial to Wallace and Bruce, which, through growth of interest, now amounts to about £2,500. The Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig near Stirling, which owes its origin and completion to the efforts of Charles Rogers, LL.D., is one instance in which practical effect has been given to the national sentiment. Lady Stirling Maxwell (Hon. Caroline Norton) wrote a stirring poem against the idea of erecting any monument to Wallace:—

"Build low, build high,
The great name cannot die,"

she sang, and "the land men fight for is their monument." Undeterred by this view, or by the strange circumstances which attended the Abbey Craig structure, Mr. John Steill, a gentleman residing in Edinburgh, left a sum of money for the erection of a bronze statue to Wallace in Aberdeen. The trustees, who associated with themselves, as professional advisers, Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., and Mr. R. Rowand Anderson, architect, offered the design in competition. This is the most important commission in sculpture offered in Scotland in recent years, and over twenty competitors, including sculptors in England and the Continent, furnished designs. Having selected three for further consideration, those were, after being revised by the artists, again considered, when the choice fell on the design we now engrave, produced by Mr. William Grant Stevenson, sculptor, Edinburgh. The idea conveyed in the kingly figure is an incident in the life of Wallace, when, confronted by messengers from Edward II of England, Wallace said in reply, "We came not to treat, but to fight, and to set Scotland free." The details of costume have been carefully attended to, and the position of the two-handed sword, thrown across the figure, is intended to symbolise the defensive spirit of Scotland and her hero. The figure is to be cast in bronze, and will be 16 ft. high. A site for it has been secured in Duthie Park, a beautiful pleasure ground presented to Aberdeen by the lady whose name it bears, and which was inaugurated by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, in September, 1883. The base of the figure will represent a rocky pinnacle, as partly shown in our illustration. Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, the sculptor, is an artist who, though he has not heretofore executed any prominent public work, has been known in Edinburgh for some years both as a clever sculptor and as an accomplished painter. A student of the Royal Scottish Academy, he has been a regular exhibitor in the exhibition, and has also exhibited in the Royal Academy, in Manchester, and in Glasgow. As a painter he is known as a capable delineator of animal life, many of his pictures affording illustration of a rich vein of humour.

Sir Wm. Wallace, by W. G. Stevenson. Engraved by S. Alphonse.

ON SOME PICTORIAL GLORIES OF LATER AUTUMN.

"The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth, her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying."

THE Spring-time, with its fresh greenery and colours of hope—Summer, with its fresh foliage and gay bowers—ripe Autumn, "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, close bosom-friend of the maturing sun"—and surly Winter, with its tracts of snow, and bare trees standing black against the sky—have found, for reasons which, even on a superficial glance, are obvious enough, a vastly larger number of landscape painters to transfer their phases and effects to the canvas than that period of the circling year of which we propose now to say a few words.

It is the season of transition—which might almost be called a season of its own, so distinctive are its pictorial features—that comes after the Autumn, and before Winter has mustered his snow-clouds and summoned the steely frost.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune
May glides onward into June,"

so gradually and imperceptibly that no line of demarcation is to be traced; but, along the southern shores of England especially, there is often to be noticed a time when Autumn, whose fiery finger has stripped the trees of their leaves, and burned the bracken brown, seems to repent somewhat, and to bid the loveliness of the landscape of the sere and yellow leaf

". . . A moment linger,
Nor fly
Too soon at winter's scowling eye."

Artists are, as we well know, only too glad to have their attention drawn to fresh subjects; and it is therefore hoped that the following observations, jotted down mostly by the Kentish shore during the exceptionally fine weather of November, 1883, may serve the purpose of at least occasionally tempting a few of those who aspire to record other than the well-known landscape effects which adorn our galleries and exhibitions, to seek and find subjects, even in November, which are worthy of the pencil.

In that brumal month there is sometimes a whole week together when, under favourable circumstances, the tent and the easel may be pitched in the open air; there are days in November which, at least on our southern coast, are not so cold and wretched as those of "chill October;" and when, whilst London is wrapped in black or yellow fog, there are smiles of sunshine, or softly dappled skies, to greet him who has the courage to break away for awhile from the chimney corner and the studio. He who dares will find that Thomson was right when he wrote the well-known line—

"The pale, descending year, yet *pleasing* still."

For it should never be forgotten that though painters will generally paint only those pictures which at once interest the public, yet that artists and the public not only act but *re-act* upon each other. Let the painter finely produce a noble landscape, and, however unusual its subject and effects may be, the lovers of Art will sooner or later search in nature for the effects which they, half instinctively, perhaps, admired at first, and will learn thereafter better to appreciate the truthful delineation of effects, however unfamiliar.

It is, however, a noteworthy illustration of what can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as neglect on the part of our artists, that scarcely an attempt appears on the walls of the last two years' Exhibition at the Royal Academy to record the strangely magnificent sunrises and sunsets which formed the theme of so much admiration and speculation during the autumn of 1883, recalling Cowper's lines—

"Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies. . . ."

Yet the effects were as splendid as they were novel. One observer tells how, in London, on a certain morning, "the sombre haze of the east gradually brightened as the sun arose, until the whole firmament was ablaze with roseate light, which by half-past six had changed into a broad belt of orange and scarlet, surmounted by a glorious mass of opalescence. The river seemed as if spanned with an ethereal bridge of ruby and gold." Indeed, such a blaze overspread the city that the cry of fire was raised; and the bridges were lined by spectators who halted for a moment to feast their eyes on the outline of the Tower standing out against a background of luminous red, and the lofty dome of St. Paul's seen with a clearness which must have reminded some of the onlookers of the front view of that still more famous "dome which a thought of Michel Angelo's hung in the golden air of Rome," a scene surely worthy of the artist's pencil! but now, it is to be feared, passed for ever away.*

It was on some such stolen day as one of those mentioned above, whilst

". . . The attempered, sweet-beamed sun
Shed through soft lucid clouds a pleasing calm,"

that the writer was struck with the still-lingering pictorial glories of the year, as the train rushed through Kent to the sea-side. Rapid peeps into the copses by the side of the railway line revealed dusky purple depths of the woods, against which some dying yellow foliage and silvery birch stems stood out, strongly accentuated, while the grips and

* Many attempts, it will be remembered, were made to *explain* these remarkably beautiful phenomena, amongst which (in the writer's opinion) the following seems to be amongst the most satisfactory:—"The magnificence of the recent displays was doubtless due to the thin, invisible mist in the air, or perhaps a stratum of ice particles, admitting of the rays of the departing and rosy sun being reflected from it; or to the circumstance of the larger-sized aqueous constituents of the clouds enabling the undulations of light to reflect *all* their colour-constituents—the coarser oscillations of the red and yellow, as well as the exceedingly delicate vibrations of the blue. As the sun sinks towards the horizon, and the thickness of atmosphere through which the rays of light have to pass becomes greater, more air particles necessarily lie in their path, and, as Dr. Mann has shown, more and more of the less refrangible rays are arrested with the augmenting length of the track—first the blue, then the green, afterwards the yellow, and finally the orange and red. Consequently, as that eminent meteorologist points out, although the light reflected from the sky at noon comprises only the weak azure vibrations, that which is reflected from the vapours and clouds after sunset consists chiefly of the crimson rays which have made their way up through the long air track, and which are thence thrown back to the eye. *This is the rationale of all sunsets.*"

ditches in the foreground were heaped to the brim with golden treasures of fallen leaves.

Over the fat plains which surround Canterbury, and through which the sluggish Stour slowly meanders, the great Cathedral towers rise, dominating the entire tract, and offering material for a score of pictures, as the curves of the railway ever and anon suggested fresh points of view. Gradually the water-meadows become less highly cultivated, and even more picturesque, with their tufts of rank herbage, patches of white thorns, already crimson-berried, and deep black dykes; when—almost suddenly—the Dutch-like landscape is crowned by the sleepy town of Sandwich, with its red roofs and antique church towers. That nothing shall be wanting, the white top-sails of a small trading schooner peer over the roofs of the houses, and make us think once more that we can scarcely be anywhere but in Holland.

At length Deal is reached. Not the noisy, vulgar Deal of the *season*—there is hardly a visitor in the place. The boatmen and fishermen have the Market-strand all to themselves, and listlessly cluster in groups which, somehow, an artist could rarely compose so well. How startling would be the change if rumours of a vessel in distress reached the shore! if the fierce, giant, Goodwin breakers, which fringe the eastern horizon, and which are now barely visible, were to lift their appalling crests, and "gnash and mumble for a midnight meal!" Then there would be a wild rush to the lifeboat house for the chance of getting "a belt"—namely, a place in the boat; and those who have once witnessed the eager struggle of the 'longshore men to obtain this risk of losing their lives amid incidents of shipwreck and disaster, will never forget the keen anxiety of their countenances, and will wonder that the scene has never (at least so far as the writer is aware) been depicted.

But this will not be the night for lifeboat or lugger. It is an evening on which, even after the fiery-mantled sun has set amongst purple cloud-banks, one may, without an overcoat, spend an hour or two of "wise passiveness"—not laziness—on the pier. Indeed, it is somewhat sultry—"The sea too listless seems for speech, and vaguely frets upon the beach"—a cool, grey haze fills the air; whilst, on their way to the elms of Walmer,

> " . . . Athwart the sky,
> Dotted like airy dust, the rooks
> Oar themselves homeward with a distant cry."

The old salts say "there is thunder about;" and, truly, an hour afterwards, while gazing out of the windows into the darkness, a blaze of white light suddenly illumines the Downs, and, reflected on the smooth sea, shows forth in brilliant outline the spars and rigging of the stately ships at anchor there. Another, as we believe, hitherto unpainted picture, 'Summer lightning on a smooth sea.'

Flash follows flash, with varying effects, and the houses quake at the fierce shocks of heaven's artillery. But watch the look-out seaward.

> "About, about, in reel and rout
> The death-fires dance at night;
> The water, like a witch's oils,
> Burns green, and blue, and white.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The rain pours down from one black cloud;
> The moon is at its edge;
> The thick black cloud is cleft, and still
> The moon is at its side:
> Like waters shot from some high crag
> The lightning falls, with never a jag,
> A river steep and wide."

But at length the storm is over; the rain ceases; innumerable ships' lights replace the ghastly flare of the burning levin, and seem to mock the starry constellations, which now one by one appear on the fair, calm brow of night.

Then, for the early riser, there is next day the quickly changing pageant of sunrise: the dull, rosy flush beneath the leaden cloud-bank which lies over France is pierced by silvery *avant-couriers* of fleecy clouds and bars of light; and the dappled dawn, announced by "uncertain, tremulous, awakening birds," is at length complete.

This morning ushers in a jocund day. Fresh and almost spring-like is the air, and a long country ramble is an irresistible temptation. Shall we go north, or south, or west? Let us try the southward road to Walmer, uninteresting though it may look at first, yet improving as we approach the old Castle, which still stands as firmly as when Henry VIII. planted it (as he did those at Deal and Sandown and so many others), but with its stern outlines now softened and beautified by surroundings of trees and climbing ivy, and by the additions which have been made in order to render it a charming marine residence fit for the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The best view of the Castle is from the green in front of it; and here an artist may often be found at work upon the pleasant, if not very striking subject.

We will not go up into Walmer village, but will walk along the road in the chalk valley which lies between Walmer and the coast, if only to study the exquisite foreground bits which crop out here and there, and which, even in November, have strange beauties all their own.

For instance, here is a pleasant chord of colour, telling us that the fire of autumn tints has not even yet quite died out—wild clematis, "the traveller's joy," has clung round and covered an ancient and rugged thorn; the leaves and flowers of the climbing plant have of course long since disappeared, but masses of graceful seed-vessels, with a satin sheen on their warm grey surfaces, glitter in the subdued sunshine, and blend, in startling beauty, with some huge scarlet berries that have thrust themselves through the entanglement—the fruit of the eglantine. Along the foot of the group are warm purple stems of the trailing bramble, lying amongst faded brown tufts of grass; and, forming a perfect background, an ilex spreads its ponderous mass of dull dark green.

Here, in the valley, "the air is hushed, and still, and close"—but the softly rounded, voluptuous outlines of the chalk hills invite our onward steps, and whisper of

> 'Calm and deep peace on the high wold,
> And on the dews that drench the furze,
> And all the silvery gossamers
> That twinkle into green and gold."

As we pass along we note that there is beauty everywhere; of a minute kind even in the furrows of the newly ploughed field, with soft rich brown in the shadows, and an almost pearly light, reflected from a white cloud, on the upper surfaces of the fresh-turned clods; we feel astonished at finding that even a clod is not without its power to charm! But we saunter onward, and, sauntering, note the russet banks with their dying herbage, the warm sienna stems of the ferns, and a few of the leaves which are still left on the beeches and the oaks standing out in bronze and ruddy gold against a clear blue sky. One strange effect is noticeable on such a day as this. The low sun casts, at mid-day, shadows as long as those

of summer evenings, and reveals hitherto unrecognised hollows in hills with whose contours we had fancied ourselves familiar; and in those hollows lie settled, though the morning is advanced, the roving, delicate, opaline mists, shrouding, as if for some secret purpose, crimson cornels and small dark yews. Well does Ruskin observe, "Nature is never distinct, and never vacant; she is always mysterious, but always abundant. You always see something, but you never see *all*."

The woods which cap the nearer hills, though almost leafless, are yet full of a singular variety of colours. Here are crimson, and ochre, and russet, dappled with golden green, olive and purple, and citrine; and between us and the copses lie fields of every imaginable variety of brown relieved by patches of yellow charlock.

We are at length fairly on the hill-top; and, as we command a wide uninterrupted prospect of gently swelling hills, from the next valley the music of a well-matched pack of harriers strikes on the ear. When at length they emerge from the covert, and press the game up the hill-side, they add life and colour to the scene, and yield just what was wanted to make the quiet picture complete;—

"Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each, a cry more tuneable
Was never holloa'd to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."

No artist's eye can fail now to notice again the excellent grouping of the onlooking country folk, the ploughmen with their teams, as they stand and watch, Englishmen-like, the chase. Very noticeable, too, the colours of their garments, assimilating closely, for the most part, to the mother Earth, by whom farm labourers, in a stronger sense than most men, live and have their being. A group in the middle distance stands out finely against the sky; and, whilst over the brow of the hill frown, gaunt and grim, the Norman keep and towers of Dover Castle, here on the wild upland downs, close in front of us, are still older works of men's hands, the tumuli of forgotten heroes, forgotten perhaps before the Conquest. Alas! that

". . . . Faithless to its trust,
Fame hath not left the venerated dust
The shadow of a name."

But the long shadows are getting longer, the glorious autumn day is on the wane; pearly blue smoke steals up amid the trees and tells of hidden cottages; we mark "Eve's dewy fingers draw the gradual, dusky veil,"—and the jewelled twilight begins to fall around. "Now the tired hunter winds a parting note, and echo bids good-night from every glade;" the aureoles formed by the fallen yellow leaves round the feet of the dark-stemmed elms have become dim; the brassy yellow sunset is changing into a dull red—the red, not of the rose or of the peony, but of our season's flower, the chrysanthemum; brown clouds seem in the distance to be entangled in the leafless tree-tops; thin level streaks of pale blue mist form over the valley streams—

"The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse, and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day."

Our next day's ramble shall be in an opposite direction; over the sand-hills and level meads which lie between Deal and Sandwich. For more than a mile there is little to interest the eye, save the ever-changeful movements of the shipping in the Downs, or, perhaps, the return of a brown-sailed fleet of fishing-boats after the toils of the night.

When at length we reach the sand-hills—the "Tenant's Hills," as they are locally called—we find ourselves in a strange, wan scene. Every tint is subdued; the clear sand is of a pale yellow, the bent-grass of a soft, grey green, and, over the shoulder of a hillock, ghost-like appears through the haze—so close as to startle the wayfarer—the upper half of a brig drifting down channel with the tide. The place is very lonely; likely enough, for the whole day long, we shall meet with only a stray donkey-cart escorted by a couple of urchins going to fetch household sand for the goodwives of Deal. As the boys merrily scuttle along through the hollows, and over the hillocks, they suggest the sort of figures that would best befit a transcript of the scene. When we emerge from the sandy tract—over which, by the way, in winter storms, the sea sometimes rushes—we reach the marshes, with here and there an isolated farm-house. The Thief Dunes, where Tacitus tells us thieves were buried alive, must have been in some such weird place as this. Deep dykes of dark stagnant water bound the scarcely defined path, and here we come upon a spot whereon stands a memorial stone* recording the murder, over a hundred years ago, of a poor girl, by a soldier. The scoundrel craftily chose the loneliest place for many a mile round, but it is satisfactory to know that he was nevertheless captured, and most deservedly hung. The story strangely jars with the pleasant air and tranquil surroundings, and we not unwillingly pursue our onward way. How level is the landscape, and how still the day! a silence unbroken save now and then by the plover's whistle, the scream of the frightened snipe, or the sulky protest of a solitary heron at being disturbed in his contemplative watch over the sluggish water. In these vast stretches of low-lying lands, there is little of interest in the foreground; yet patient alertness may, even here, find something of interest and beauty. What, for instance, can be more telling in its way than that group of dead water-docks, with tall stems of a red like the reddest of iron rust, set off by their environment of dark green rushes and the pale yellow sword-blades of the flags?

The chief charm, however, lies in the long, level landscape as a whole; the eye is pleased at measuring distance beyond distance by the help of receding groups of trees, and by fainter and fainter traces of church towers and spires, till, at length, all detail is completely lost in the grey haze of the far-distant horizon.

This is the best approach, for the artist's purpose, to venerable Sandwich—beloved of painters. But to treat of the many pictures which that quaint old-world town affords would be to extend a chapter already too long; and it must be reserved, perchance, for some future occasion.

With Sandwich as head-quarters, and Richborough hard by, the artist need never be at a loss for subjects wherewith to stock his portfolio: but we will rest content with our day's ramble, and a quiet saunter through the lazy streets towards the railway station; thence back to our temporary home, to dream over, and faintly to reproduce, in inefficient words, the sights and scenes of another stolen November day.

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

* Known in the neighbourhood as "Mary Bax's stone." The crime was committed on the 25th August, 1782, and its details are still remembered in Deal and Sandwich.

HOW A BUST IS MADE.

TO say that there is no formula for the production of a work of Art is to state a self-evident truism; and, consequently, to describe the process by which so important a work as a bust is made is to expose one's self to the suspicion of jesting, if not of charlatanism.

But it must be remembered that there are busts and busts. The one may be designated as a creation of high Art, and the other as a bust, and nothing more. It is with reference to the latter that we are content to speak in this paper.

It has been frequently said that there is no royal road to eminence in Art, and, we might add, least of all in sculpture. The sculptor is a laborious student and not a favoured being suddenly endowed with a divine afflatus. The glorious faculty which we call genius is with him powerless without acquired knowledge, for it is, in fact, a conjunction of rare elements, namely, a trained eye, an obedient hand, a swift appreciation of individuality, and a mind at once eclectic and imaginative. Natural gifts, however great, cannot furnish these conditions of true excellence; but natural gifts allied to severe discipline constitute the power which can evolve imperishable beauty from crude and shapeless stone.

All Art is translation; but translation need not necessarily be literal. And here at once we come upon the vital defect in much conscientious work—it is slavishly literal. Confining ourselves to the subject in hand, portraiture, we see many busts representing with mechanical accuracy the contours of the sitter's features but wholly blank as to his character. We recognise the face, but search in vain for the mind. It is as inexpressive as a map; and the lack of animation in the work is due to the lack of penetration in the artist. Subtle and transitory traits underlie the superficial, and the true artist observes the former no less than the latter. Portraiture to be memorable must not be a fac-simile transcription, otherwise a mask from nature were all that is requisite; and the soundness of this proposition may be proved by comparing several busts of the same individual executed by as many artists. They will all recall the man, and be alike animated with his spirit; but test them, one against the others, in measurement, style, and treatment, and no two will correspond. They all differ, yet they all pourtray the man. Each master has rendered the subject in his own language.

The preliminary processes in modelling a bust are not at all recondite; still there are details which it is important to observe. A vertical light is one of the first essentials, for on this success in a great measure depends. Light means shade; and form, the be-all of the sculptor's art, is wholly dependent upon light and shade for its right expression. The angle of light most favourable for the work is 45 degrees; and the sitter should be raised so that his face, the clay model, and the artist's eyes may be on the same plane.

In commencing a portrait bust it is undesirable that any preparation be made by means of photographs or otherwise prior to the first sitting. It may seem a facile and convenient procedure to advance the portrait so far as is possible from any materials available, and then correct it from nature. But when this method is resorted to, the work is certain to suffer in vigour. The artist is apt to be tender and tolerant with his own handiwork, and is consequently sparing of those decided touches which mark a model initiated with the sitter before him, when he at once seizes the salient points of the face and transcribes them boldly and broadly, leaving the spontaneous effect, produced with the confidence of experience, square and telling, to be modified, if need be, later on, and brought into harmony with the general composition.

Tools should be sparingly used in the early stages of a model, the fingers only being employed. The hand is in sympathy with the mind and feels the effect it is recording, and it alone can render the pulpy texture of flesh which the tool inevitably destroys. For the tool levels and smoothens, and smoothness is but another name for weakness.

It may be supposed that the surest way of reproducing a face would be the mechanical means of compasses and callipers, or the still simpler method of taking a mask from the sitter. Failure most inevitably follows any such expedient, for the reason that a portrait, deserving to be so called, is a creation of the mind, just as a poem is, and neither the one nor the other can be produced by prescription. The student and the novice are furnished with rules to compensate for inexperience and quicken observation, but the trained artist needs no such trammels now; accuracy has become an instinct, truth is to him as a passion, and achieving it he realises all that rules would teach, namely, truth.

The popular preference for terra-cotta statuary is probably the cause of the literalness which characterizes the portraiture of our day. The English school has long been conspicuous for excellence in this branch of Art, but the works of our most famous portrait-sculptors, Flaxman, Chantrey, Behnes, Weekes and others are, though eminently characteristic, certainly not realistic. The revival of terra-cotta for portraiture seems to have introduced new conditions: idealism is tabooed, and unless the principles which actuated the masters we have cited were altogether wrong, the Art of our day, being essentially realistic, must be said to have retrograded. Terra-cotta, wanting as a material the spirituality of marble, and therefore approximating to nature, seems to induce realism, and realism, once admitted as a principle, has a tendency to degenerate towards the Art of China and Japan.

A great deal is to be said, however, in favour of terra-cotta. It gives the actual touch of the artist, and it is practically indestructible. The texture and colour are agreeable, being more suggestive of life than marble, and therefore leaving less to the imagination, while marble seems to conjure up nature etherealized.

An ordinary clay model, being fragile and perishable, has to be reproduced in plaster, and its conversion from coloured clay to cold white plaster is not favourable to it, delicate gradations of shade being invisible in this opaque material. Hence it is that paint of a warm tint is usually laid over it. These processes necessarily involve some loss of the vigour of the original model, whereas the expedient of simply "firing" the clay and thus converting it into terra-cotta is manifestly an advantage in every way.

In determining to produce a bust in terra-cotta, special conditions have to be observed. The model must be made larger than life to allow for the shrinkage in drying, which is about 1 in 12. It must, moreover, be made hollow, otherwise it will fly to pieces in the kiln, and all supports and foreign substances must be withdrawn. When perfectly dry throughout, the work is consigned to the pottery furnace and there burnt, being first built round with fire-bricks, or covered with a "sagger," to protect it from actual contact with the flames.

The operation of casting a bust in plaster is simple and interesting. A basin of plaster is mixed of the consistency of cream, and usually coloured with ochre to distinguish it from the ultimate cast. It is then thrown by hand over the whole model, excepting a portion in the crown of the head marked off by a broad rim of clay, and intended as a "hand-hole" for the extrication of the clay composing the model. The plaster being set, the operation is repeated until the mould is sufficiently strong. The clay rim is then removed and the plaster edge having been well charged with clay-water to prevent adhesion, the "hand hole" is filled up with plaster like the rest. As soon as it is hard the piece is easily removed and the clay extracted either through the "hand-hole" or at the bottom of the model. The mould is then washed and saturated with water, the piece in the head replaced and secured, and the cast made with white plaster run round and round and well shaken into cavities. The "waste" mould, which, being tinted, is easily distinguished from the cast, is then chipped off bit by bit with a chisel and mallet, and the counterpart of the model is revealed.

If copies of the bust are required, a "piece-mould" has to be made upon the original cast in sections so arranged that, while supporting and being supported by the adjoining pieces, they can be removed from the cast without injury and used again and again. There are numberless contrivances and "dodges" employed by the moulder in the various branches of his craft which it is unnecessary to recite here, but considerable importance attaches to this artisan who, if not skilled and careful, can easily mar the work entrusted to him.

The reproduction of a bust in marble necessitates the employment of a superior mason called a "pointer."

A block of statuary marble, within which the dimensions of the bust are ascertained to be, is fixed on a "scale-stone," and the model upon a second scale-stone, in a corresponding position. Each stone has a horizontal iron bar in front of it, and this, being scaled, serves as a support and guide to a "pointing" instrument, which is an upright standard with a movable arm, having joints, screws, sockets, and at the end a sliding steel point, which can be brought to bear upon any part of the model. A "point" is then made upon some prominent part of the bust, and the instrument is then removed to the "scale stone" on which the block of marble rests, and the mason, observing by the steel point the quantity of marble which has to be removed, cuts it away until he reaches the depth indicated by the point, when he makes a pencil mark, which corresponds with the mark already made on the plaster model. This process, which is rather tedious and delicate, is repeated until the rough block of marble is reduced to the exact contour of the model. A "carver" then takes the work in hand, and, guided by the "points" on the bust and on the marble, and carefully observing all the forms of the model, advances the work towards completion, when the artist himself goes over it, giving it such original and effective touches as it may need, and infusing into it that vitality which redeems it from the insipidity of a mere mechanical copy.

It will thus be seen that to describe "how a bust is made" is an undertaking not easy of accomplishment, for the simple reason that there is so little to describe. Every artist is patentee of his own method, which is the growth of time and the fruit of experience. There is, as a rule, no mechanism in the shape of "trap-doors," and no preternatural agency to speak of in the form of "ghosts." Rules of proportion are embarrassing, rather than serviceable, to the maker of busts, because portraiture means deviation from, rather than adherence to, established canons and fundamental types. In fact, each head is a distinct type, which it is the artist's province to perpetuate; and to accomplish this is to perform no mean intellectual feat. From the first handful of clay to the finished portrait in marble or bronze, the whole secret is conscientious labour—nothing more and nothing less; and the sculptor's craft may be summed up in a single phrase—a keen appreciation of form, and fine taste in rendering it.

GEORGE HALSE.

'A VISIT TO ÆSCULAPIUS.'

IF the popularity of an artist can be secured by a single canvas, we should be inclined to select this picture, which Mr. W. Ridgway has engraved, as the one out of a long list of scholarly and beautiful works, by which Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., will be longest remembered. It has that rare charm of poetic inspiration which we feel the want of in so much modern work. The incident is told most quaintly and shortly by the Elizabethan poet, Thomas Watson:—

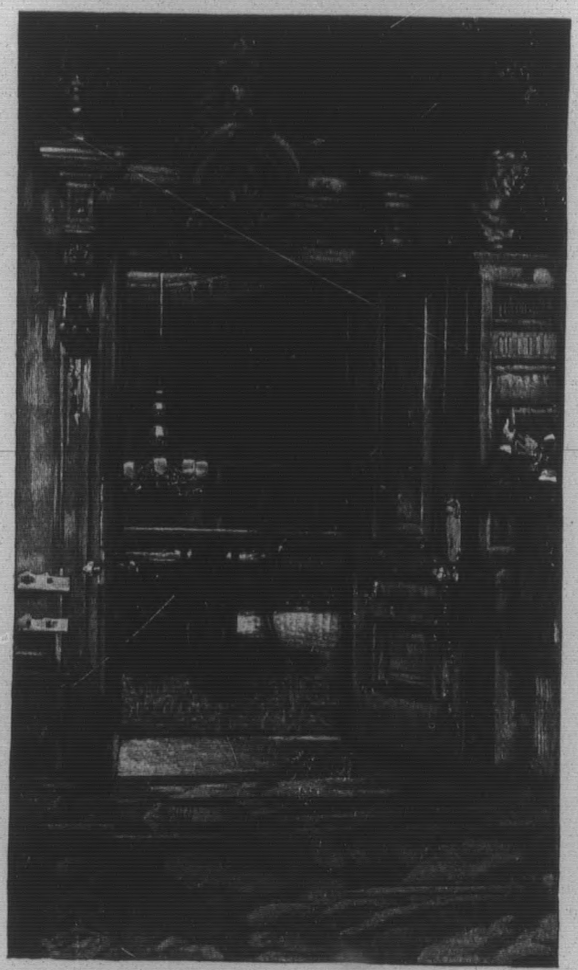
> "In time long past, when in Diana's chase,
> A bramble bush prickt Venus in the foot,
> Olde Æsculapius healpt her heavie case,
> Before the hurte had taken any roote."

Æsculapius sits in the porch of his house, which is covered with honeysuckle and opens on to a garden, in which is a fountain playing soft and soothingly. The gate in the wall of the garden leads into the enclosure of his temple, which is partly seen through a grove of large ilex-trees. Venus is attended by the Three Graces, and leans for support upon one of them, and shows him her wounded foot. Behind Æsculapius stands Hygieia, holding a small box which may be supposed to contain medicaments. One of the Graces holds out her hand for water, which an attendant is fetching from the fountain. Doves and sparrows, sacred to Venus, flit about, and the serpent, the physician's special attendant, twines round the staff. Before Mr. Poynter painted this large canvas—the size of which is 8 ft. by 6 ft.—he had previously executed a small water-colour picture of the same subject for Mr. J. P. Heseltine, to whom he was indebted for the subject. The picture was bought by the Royal Academy for the Chantrey collection in 1880, and is now at South Kensington.

LONDON CLUB-LAND.*

V.

THE literary, dramatic, and Fine Art clubs of the present day rival the so-called "golden period" of *The Spectator*. Far beyond them in material wealth, they will bear comparison with them in the renown of their members. Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Millais, Irving, are club names which in these days represent their respective branches of literature and Art as worthily as those that belong to any other period. Socially, literature and Art are one. They have some separate and distinct clubs, but literature does not hold itself aloof from painting. The Arts and the Hogarth Clubs count among their members masters of the pen as well as masters of the brush; and the Savage, the Green Room, and the Beefsteak are assemblages of actors, authors, and journalists. The Green Room is regarded as more of an actors' club than any other of the minor societies. It has pleasant rooms in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and its annual dinners are among the most agreeable reunions of men connected with the stage. For a time the Green Room had its home on the Thames Embankment, not far from an older but kindred institution, the Arundel. In moving to Covent Garden they migrated to quarters more closely associated with the history of the stage than the Embankment, though David Garrick's house in Adelphi Terrace gave to the immediate neighbourhood a special theatrical interest. But Covent Garden is the locality, above all others, that belongs to the history of the stage, and the Green Room has on its list of members names that carry on the Covent Garden succession. The locality is associated with Rich, Woodward, Booth, Wilkes, Garrick, and Macklin. The Fielding Club is in King Street, Covent Garden, and Our Club was held in one of the former hotels beneath the Piazzas. Our Club was the successor to the old Hook-and-Eye Club, named "after its joint founders, Theodore Hook and Douglas Jerrold." Our Club met once a week. Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., and Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson were the honorary secretaries. There was a severe rule against absenteeism. Any member who failed to dine at the club once during a season was expelled. The Wigwam is the name of a small existing club which is conducted on similar principles; but it is migratory, and eats its dinners at many different places. In its early days the members of the Savage met at an inn near Covent Garden, and afterwards at a house near the old quarters of Our Club. Mr. Andrew Halliday was the president, and I recall an evening spent around a fire in a sort of bar parlour there with Byron, Henry Leigh, Halliday, and other typical Bohemians of twenty years ago. The conversation was very bright. An evening with Byron, when he was in the humour for talking, was an experience not to be forgotten. Mr. Joseph Knight, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, one of the oldest members of the Arundel, could tell you that in the best days of that cozy club there was no more witty or instructive conversation to be heard anywhere than around its social board. In those days Mr. James Hannay and Mr. Henry N. Barnett (preacher at Finsbury Chapel and editor of *The Sunday Times*), were notable talkers. Mr. Knight himself is well endowed in this respect, and the Arundel still maintains much of that conversational charm which begins to be most delightful in "the small hours."



View from the Library, Garrick Club.
Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The Garrick is indeed a picture gallery in itself. Every room is crowded with paintings and other Art treasures. There are examples of the best works of the favourite theatrical artists, Zoffany, Harlowe, Hayman, Wilson, Dance, De Wilde, Clint, and Cotes; a dozen portraits of Garrick and eleven of John Kemble; several Hogarths, including, to quote Elia, the "'Woffington on a Couch,' a true Hogarth—dallying and dangerous;" 'Rich and his Family,' by Hogarth; Harlowe's 'Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth;' Lawrence's 'Kemble as Cato;' Hayman's 'Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in the Suspicious Husband;' De Wilde's 'Banister and Parsons in the

* Continued from page 296.

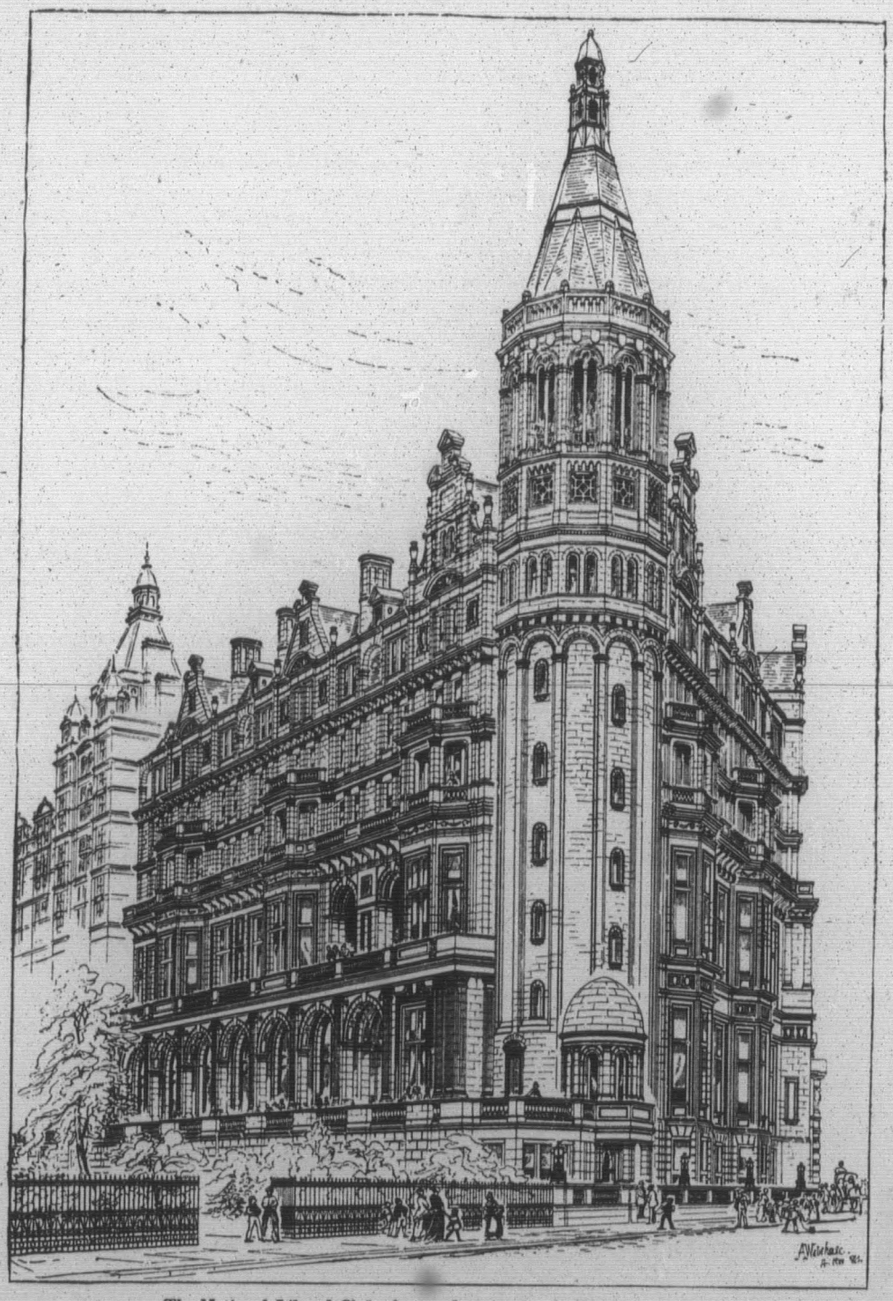
Village Lawyer;' Reynolds's 'Portrait of Samuel Foote;' Vanderqucht's 'Portrait of Woodward;' Grisoni's 'Portrait of Colley Cibber as Lord Foppington;' Zoffany's 'Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in the Murder Scene of Macbeth;' 'Young Roscius,' by Opie; 'John Liston,' by Clint; and many others which would occupy too much space for particularisation. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has criticised and described the best of them in his entertaining volume, "The World Behind the Scenes." One of the many gems of the collection is 'The Clandestine Marriage' of Zoffany, depicting King as Lord Ogleby, and Mrs. Baddeley as Miss Sterling and Mr. Baddeley as the French Valet. The situation is that most pleasant *équivoque* in the third act, where the old lord is led on to make a declaration by the replies of the lady, who fancies that he is urging her lover's suit and not her own. A delightful reminiscence of a beautiful woman is the portrait of Miss Farren, Countess of Derby; and not to be forgotten, as an illustration of the costumier and the stage-manager's art of Garrick's days, is the 'Macbeth' picture, in which the royal thane is represented wearing scarlet breeches, gold-laced coat, enormous waistcoat, silk socks, and bob wig. The *technique* of the artist finds ample opportunities for display in the decorated waistcoat, etc., and the hands are painted with wonderful skill. As a piece of strong realistic truthful portrait-painting, the work is beyond praise; it is Garrick's fault that as a Shakesperian scene the picture is ridiculous. There is other interesting pictorial evidence on the club walls of the way in which plays were dressed and staged in Garrick's time. No other gallery of pictures extant tells so completely the personal story of the English stage. Recently there have been added to the collection one hundred and sixteen water-colour sketches, representing Charles Mathews in as many different characters. They are arranged *en masse* in an excellent light upon the wall of the passage leading to the strangers' rooms. Fine marble busts of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have been placed on each side of the entrance to the library, and room on the walls will shortly be found for Millais' portrait of Henry Irving.

The Reading Room, Garrick Club.
Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The Garrick Club first began housekeeping in King Street, close by its present quarters in Garrick Street. It is unpretentiously housed in a building designed by Mr. Marrable. The style is Italian. The hall is impressive chiefly on account of its noble staircase of carved oak, the walls decorated with notable paintings. At the top of the staircase there is a landing place from which the reading-room, library, and card-rooms are entered. The artistic effect of the open doorway of the principal room, seen from the landing, which is in shadow, is very striking. Whichever way you look, from room or staircase, the scene is prettily broken up with light and shade, and you catch glimpses of statuettes, pictures, relics of the theatre, while the prevailing tone of the surrounding decorations is well calculated to help the general effect. The dining-room, smoking-room, and visitors' apartments are on the ground floor, and so embarrassing are the pictorial riches of the place that I had quite overlooked the treasures of the smoking-room, a superb Roberts, the finest Stanfield I have ever seen, and two Louis Haigs that are unequalled.

These papers are not intended to be the medium of personal reminiscences, but I look back with interest to one of my earliest dinners at the Garrick Club. It is a landmark in theatrical and personal history that is worth noting, and the reader will probably find in it an incident for thought and reflection. I dined here with Shirley Brooks and Mark Lemon, "to go to the play," where they had arranged to meet Tom Taylor and Mr. Frith, R.A., the special occasion being the first appearance of Mrs. Rousby in *'Twix Axe and Crown*. Three out of four of those distinguished men have joined the majority since then, full of credit and renown. The lady too, who was so beautiful on that first night at the Queen's, has long since closed a career that began with much promise of success. If these reminiscences suggest to me that I have commenced the

descent into the vale, how do those pleasant, garrulous gentlemen feel who talk to me of the Kembles, and the days when Barham, the Smiths, and Theodore Hook were living members of the Garrick? Every age has its compensations, they will no doubt tell me; but old age must have very pleasant youthful memories, and the sense of a battle well fought, if its inevitable cloud-land is to have any silver lining. Thackeray divided his club-life between the Reform, the Athenæum, and the Garrick. An anonymous writer in the press says, that never had Thackeray appeared to be happier at the Reform Club than during the last week of his life. "Many men sitting in the libraries and the dining-rooms of these three clubs" were reminded, on the announcement of his death, "of one of the tenderest passages in his early sketches —'Brown the Younger at a Club,' — in which the old uncle is represented as telling his nephew, while showing him the various rooms of the club, of those whose names had appeared at the end of the club list, under the dismal category of 'members deceased,' in which (added Thackeray) 'you and I shall rank some day.'"



The National Liberal Club, from a drawing by A. Waterhouse, R.A.

As the Lotus Club of New York is more or less like the Savage of London, so the Garrick suggests the Century of New York, one of the "highest-toned" clubs on the American continent. The Lotus has an arrangement for the interchange of privileges with the Savage. The Garrick and the Century make no official recognition of each other; but membership of the Garrick is a sure passport to the heart and hospitality of the Century. They keep as an honoured relic the chair in which Thackeray sat when he visited them, which he frequently did when he was in New York.

The Garrick is much honoured abroad, and at home its inner life is characterized by that quiet social dignity and good-fellowship, to maintain which is the highest aim of club government.

There are still many features of Club-land yet to glance at in this and the succeeding paper; and the National Liberal Club, one of the most notable additions to the social-political institutions of London, calls for special notice. The present temporary premises in Northumberland Avenue are by no means an undesirable home. But the house that is in course of erection will be one of the finest and most complete establishments in London. The site in itself is unique. It is bounded on the north and west by Whitehall Place and Whitehall Avenue, on the east it faces the Gardens of the Thames Embankment, while on the south the club-house will join the new buildings of Whitehall Court. A feature in the building will be the Conference Room, to which there is a separate entrance from Whitehall Avenue, so that it is accessible to non-members from the street without the necessity of passing through the club. At the end of the hall, opposite the main

entrance, is the principal staircase, which rises from the basement to the first floor. It is of elliptical form, and the steps, which are 8 feet wide, are supported at either end by an outer and an inner wall. The outer wall is solid, but the inner consists of a continuous ascending colonnade of various and richly coloured marbles. At the foot of the first flight of steps is placed the entrance to a passenger lift, which will connect the various floors of the club. From the end of the hall a descending flight of steps leads under the main staircase to the level of the smoking-room, 8 ft. 6 ins. below that of the street. This room, which is 102 ft. by 35 ft. and 23 ft. in height, is provided at its eastern end with a bar and an entrance for servants, while in the south wall a doorway leads to a short flight of steps which ascend to the range of billiard-rooms under the terrace. Under the entrance to the Conference Room there will be a tradesman's way to this basement. Besides the main entrance, and that to the Conference Room, there is yet another entrance from Whitehall Place, under the tower in the north-east angle of the building. This is for the benefit of such non-members as may be admitted on special occasions to the Gladstone Library, and for communication with the residential chambers, offices, etc., on the higher floors. The two principal rooms on the upper ground floor, besides the Gladstone library and the small members' library, are the grill-room and the dining-room. From the dining-room there is access to an open loggia, and thence down a flight of five steps to the broad terrace, 30 ft. wide, overlooking the Embankment. The dining-room, it may be mentioned, is 108 ft. by 38 ft., the grill-room 63 ft. by 35 ft., both these rooms being 24 ft. in height and 15 ft. 6 ins. above the level of the street. The grill-room will be the largest of its kind in London. The first floor is occupied by a reading and writing-room over the Gladstone Library, a smokers' reading and writing-room over part of the dining-room, and a drawing-room over the members' library. At this floor the principal staircase ceases, and with it the club proper, the upper stories being reached by the staircase in the tower or by the adjoining lift. The second floor is devoted to chambers, bedrooms, and bedrooms and sitting-rooms combined, some of which have spacious balconies placed over the bay windows of the floors below. The third floor is a repetition of the second, consisting of bedrooms, sitting-rooms, bath-rooms, etc. The fourth floor is partly occupied by chambers and partly by rooms for officials and servants, but the two departments are kept entirely distinct. The steward's room, butler's room, pantry, etc., look into the central space over the skylight of the principal staircase, while the members' rooms occupy the external frontages. The kitchen and scullery are placed on this floor, in the south-west angle of the building, in direct communication with a service-room. Adjoining is a large still-room, with lifts descending to the various serving-rooms. The laundry store-rooms, housekeeper's rooms, and maids' bedrooms are provided on the fifth floor. The tower staircase ceases when it reaches the fourth floor, but from that point a smaller spiral leads to the belvedere, at the summit of the tower, from which an almost unique view will be obtained of the river and its bridges towards St. Paul's. The staircase will be a very special architectural feature of the new club-house, making the centre of the building the chief point of artistic display. The style of the building is that of the Early Renaissance, the most noticeable external feature being the tower in the north-east angle, which rises to a height of 180 feet; and, though severely plain in the lower stories, increases in richness and intricacy as it detaches itself from the gables which lead up to it on either side. Nothing of any moment is ever done without enthusiasm. The National Liberal Club is the creation of an enthusiastic committee, secretary, and architect. It is the first great club designed by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., whose charming water-colour of it was one of the most attractive pictures in the Architectural Department of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition.

JOSEPH HATTON.

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

VARIOUS anecdotes of the prodigal patronage of Antonio Verrio by Charles II. are well known; in later times he experienced some difficulty in getting his payments, as the following extracts from the Treasury Papers testify. The first is a memorial from the Officers of Works to the Lords of the Treasury, submitting that there was ordered to the Exchequer for Seignior Verrio for subsistence of himself and painters £10 a-week for twenty-six weeks, from 25 December, 1701, to 25 June, 1702, £260; and he had received only £50, £210 being due. Dated April 14, 1702. It is minuted—"To be laid before ye king. Read to ye queen, 9th June, 1702. To be paid" (vol. lxxix., No. 50).

Secondly, a report of Sir Christopher Wren (2 Feb., 1702-3), on the memorial of Seignior Antonio Verrio to the Lord High Treasurer, asking for money, for colours, &c., to finish the great room at Hampton Court. He had received no more than £200; £500 would serve for his subsistence and charges until the room was complete (vol. lxxix., No. 41). Thirdly, a memorial from the painter himself to the Lord High Treasurer. His late Majesty contracted with Seignior Verrio for painting the great bed-chamber at Hampton Court at a certain rate, which came to £400, and was paid. It was agreed that he should be paid at the same rate for whatever work he did. He had painted the great staircase and little bed-chamber, amounting to £1,800. There remained due of that sum £1,190, besides what was done at Windsor. Seignior Verrio's necessities were very pressing for money, and without speedy assistance he was like to be reduced to very great necessity. Praying for payment. It is minuted—"28 July, 1702. £600 to be p^{d} him on acco^{t} out of the mo: come in before 8th March last" (vol. lxxxi., No. 22). These are the pictures which it has been said Verrio appeared to have "spoiled on principle." Of the Windsor pictures, Evelyn formed a most extravagant opinion—June 16, 1683: "The figure of the Ascension is, in my opinion, comparable to any paintings of the most famous Roman masters" (he was thinking of Raphael and Michelangelo, I suppose). He gives us a glimpse of the painter's private life on July 23, 1679. "After dinner, I visited that excellent painter, Verrio, whose works in fresco in the king's palace at Windsor will celebrate his name as long as those walls last. He showed us his pretty garden, choice flowers, and curiosities, he himself being a skilful gardener."

DOMENICO MORELLI.

THE Neapolitan school of Art has at all periods held traditions diverse from those that obtained in the rest of Italy. Probably the admixture of Greek blood in its population, the free life of the Abruzzi districts, the wild and romantic scenery of Calabria, have conduced to this. Certainly there has always existed in this school much of the wild romanticism of southern *brio*, southern light-heartedness and gaiety, and southern colour-and warmth. Witnesses to the truth of this statement are Salvator Rosa, Luca Giordano, Ribera, those fiery and audacious spirits who placed imagination and tone above form. Something of their spirit survives in their descendants, and the place where the Italian Art of to-day is most alive and active is undoubtedly in the city of enchantment that lies beside the lovely island-guarded, volcano-flanked gulf. Often extravagant in its exuberant phantasy, unfinished in its creative impetuosity, Neapolitan Art nevertheless sings, dances, laughs, in a bacchanalian orgy of colour and pleasure, of fervid sunshine, of perfume, that well fits it to its cradle and its surroundings. Diverse in its forms of manifestation, one identical note distinguishes it, namely, colour—splendid, true, and potent. Of the three schools of Art that may be said to sway modern Italy, the Neapolitan is the most influential; and as Ussi and Pagliano are the heads of the two other schools, Domenico Morelli, with one accord, will be named leader of that of the south. And he is not only the man who has given it its direction, but he has also modified not a little the other Italian schools. His name is known through all the length and breadth of the Peninsula, and there are partisans for and against his art to whom his very name is the signal for a hot combat, after the manner of Hi Guelph, Hi Ghibelline. Friends and critics alike await a new work from his hand with curiosity, and as soon as one of his pictures appears, every paper pours down on him the vials of its wrath or praise with all imaginable vigour. Certainly few modern painters have caused as much ink to flow as Morelli. He has a crowd of fantastically enthusiastic admirers, a crowd of imitators, and also a great number of enemies. But he is undaunted by all this, and works on quietly in his studio according to his own lights. He has always followed Art for the love of Art, and never for the sake of earning, and he even says that if he thinks that the object of his work is to make money, it is impossible for him to finish it. When he was still quite young a French dealer offered to give him a pension, promising to make him as rich as he had made many another artist, if for a certain number of years he would work for him only. But prayers and promises were of no avail with Morelli, it was impossible for him to be tied or conform his art to the French.

'The Golden Stairs.' Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.

The day and date of Morelli's birth is unknown even to himself, but he thinks it was in Naples about the year 1826. His parents were of the people, very poor, and lived by their daily work. Such education as he received was of a religious nature, for his mother, like so many Italian peasant women, desired to see her son a priest. Naturally of a poetic temperament, the artistic representations he continually saw in the churches had a great influence upon his mind, and from the vague reports of artists that reached him, an extraordinary effect was produced upon his imagination. He held that they must be persons far superior to those among whom he lived, and he yearned to know them more closely. His father's sudden death caused his education to end abruptly, and made it needful to him at once to earn his livelihood. He became a mechanic. But later a number of different circumstances brought him into contact with young artists, and surmounting his mother's keen opposition, he was allowed to study at the house of a painter, and after to enter the Academy of Fine Arts. This institution, under the Bourbon King, Ferdinand II., was but a poor affair. In an age when political despotism gave the tone to the world, and made that creed in all shapes the mode, it also appeared in Art, where it took the form of requiring from artists as the three prime articles of faith, academicalism, servility, and bigotry. Against all these it became Morelli's lot to fight, poor and single-handed. Old forms and conventionalities disgusted him; he recognized their deadness, their incapa-

city to bear new fruit. It has been this man's grand merit that he succeeded in conquering four powerful foes, namely, poverty, public indifference, authoritism, and the underhand intrigues always active wherever there is a Bourbon. Immediately on entering the Academy he found it impossible to adapt himself to its statutes, and hence no one believed he would ever become an artist. But he studied on undaunted, upheld by faith, unwearied in labour, amid the good-will of some comrades, the scoffings of others, for his method of studying and his enthusiastic language made him too remarkable to overlook. He soon became the friend of the literary students. Indeed, Morelli is one of the few artists who fully recognises that Art, in order to be truly wide and great, must go hand in hand with literature, which supplies it with food for thought and fancy. Not having the means to frequent the schools of literature, Morelli learnt by himself, buying with the little money he owned a number of books on the subjects he deemed it useful to study. Of course there was much of the haphazard about this system. Thus, once in an exhibition of pictures he saw a landscape representing

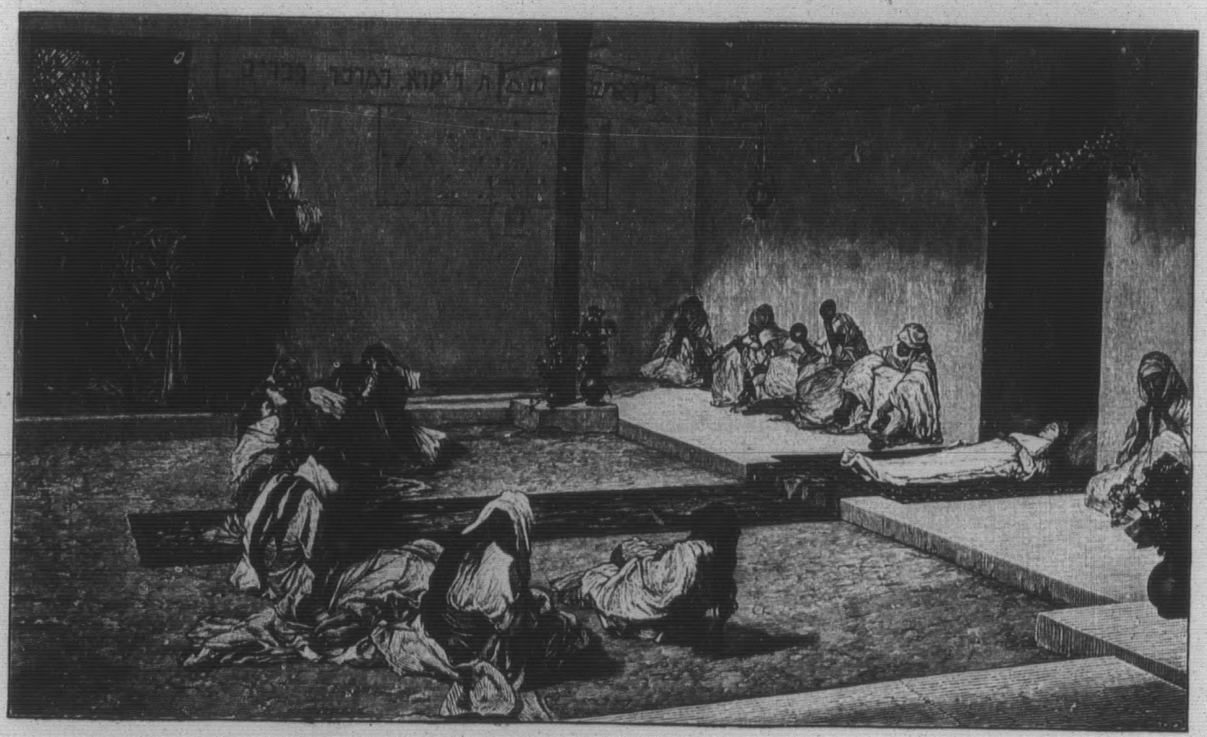
Christ derided.

the Pia dei Tolomei. It produced a deep impression upon his mind, though he did not know from what poem the subject was taken. One Sunday morning, going, according to his wont, to search among the old book-stalls, to his surprise he perceived a little book bearing the title of "Pia dei Tolomei." The poor boy had not the few *soldi* asked for the book, and many hours were spent in saving them together. After immense efforts he returned to the stall, fearful of finding the poem already sold, but it was in its old place; it passed into his hands, and he felt himself the happiest man on earth. To this day he tells how that moment was one of the greatest joys of his youth. It gave him his first impression of romantic poetry, and he can conjure up the feelings then experienced to this very day. After this a copy of Byron fell into his way and was eagerly devoured. This poet, above all others that he has studied since, afforded him the greatest comfort, and opened to him the widest intellectual horizons in this dark stage of his career. An ardent friendship was formed with Pasquale Villari, a few years his junior, now the eminent professor and Morelli's brother-in-law, and his advice was taken as to the objects of culture. He also knitted friendships among the Art-students, and induced them to go sketching with him in the neighbourhood of Naples, he working with them or expounding his Art theories, so opposed to those taught at the schools, or reading and commenting to them Byron and other poets, Italian and foreign. How he managed to pick up his languages no one knows, but he is a good English, Spanish, and Portuguese scholar, and widely read in these literatures. As for his own art, his efforts to procure the materials for study, such as paper, pencils, colours, and so forth, is a story of marvellous perseverance. He was accustomed to practise continual sacrifices in order to obtain the veriest trifle. To eke out his resources he painted the backs of chairs with representations of the Napoleonic battles, a form of furniture then much in vogue. He also about this period attempted to paint a picture. The theme was 'Saul calmed by David,' to which he gave much the same expression as Browning has given in his marvellous poem. Indeed, the resemblance between the two minds that express themselves in modes so diverse has been noted. Like Browning, Morelli is always deep and philosophical, and it is not possible for all to comprehend him, and for any to understand him all at once.

When he considered that he had exhausted the second elementary school, he competed in the competition from the nude, and obtained the prize. This was the first revelation to his teachers, his companions, and even to himself, of his powers. From this date he was no longer regarded as a fantastic and unsatisfactory pupil, but as a young artist of promise. These contests for supremacy in nude drawing were of monthly occurrence, and the prizes were given in money; hence Morelli's financial position was suddenly changed for the better, for he carried off prize after prize. He also competed for the composition scholarship, and won it. With the money thus gained he set out for Rome. The sight of the Eternal City confirmed his opinion that the art of painting as taught in the Academy of Naples was false. His literary studies, his youthful visions, which did not answer to the axioms of artistic rhetoric, made him rebel more and more against the academical school, until at last he felt himself a full-grown rebel, determined to work out his own salvation in his own way.

His money and leave exhausted, he returned to Naples and set up a miserable studio for himself, together with a friend, at Capodimonte. He was at that time immersed in sympathy with romanticism and mediævalism, which may be said to mark the first distinct period traceable in his art. Hence the wish arose to paint a scene from his beloved Byron, and he selected as his theme the farewell between Conrad and

Medora, for of all Byron's poems his favourite was the "Corsair," perhaps because the Corsair was, like himself, a rebel. In all the misfortunes and adventures of this period of his life he found great comfort in living in the ideal world, and the Corsair, the Giaour, Lara, the Bride of Abydos, so filled his mind that he was quite unconscious of the real world that surrounded him. To narrate what he had to do and suffer in order to paint this picture would furnish anecdotes enough to fill a volume. It was destined to arouse no little scandal, and his own mother opened the campaign by considering it so indelicate that she sacrificed her best Flemish table-cloth to serve as a veil to the picture from profane eyes. As for food, he never knew what it was to have a satisfying meal, and had his health not been so robust he must inevitably have succumbed. But no privations would banish from his imagination the blessed images that peopled his serene world of Art. It is quite touching to hear him narrate in what manner he and his companion gave themselves recreation from work. It seems there was a clock with a most harmonious strike in a Gothic palace within easy walk of their den. Each evening towards dusk, when the pair believed that they had worked well enough to deserve a treat, they wandered thither, awaited its striking, listened, and returned home refreshed in body and mind. Morelli can recall to this hour the sound of the tower bell. At this period he also painted with great care and enthusiasm a scene of Greek corsairs on the sea-shore. His style, so novel in expression, in this canvas inclined to realism. It gained him the gold medal and the scholarship for Rome. But meanwhile his 'Farewell,' known as 'Il Bacio' (the kiss), was to bring him into notoriety. It was refused when sent in for exhibition, because, under the paternal régime of Bomba, no nude or frivolous subjects were permitted, and the committee feared the wrath of the king. Morelli was so downcast at



'Talitha cumi.' Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

the refusal that a member, more genial than the rest, said to him, "If you care so much, why not go and see Monsignor Scotti, the king's confessor? If he approves, we will accept." So Morelli boldly went, and after some difficulties penetrated into the priest's presence and told his tale. "What, only that?" said monsignor, and gave permission for the canvas to be admitted. "But," suddenly added the prelate, "in painting it had you the man and woman before you as models in the very attitude?" Morelli, seeing he had won his suit, replied with all the gravity he could command, "Oh no, monsignor, the man came alone, and I only had a plaster head to represent the woman." Whereupon he was dismissed with a priestly admonition to choose chaster themes in future. The picture, though hung, was put into a dark corner. Nevertheless it attracted notice and crowds; but it was flung into the streets by one of the professors on the occasion of the king's visit to the exhibition, for fear his Bourbon purity should be scandalised. For this insult, which caused great talk, Morelli happily forced the committee to make him full amends.

Returned to Rome the painter resumed his life of earnest study and penury. Happily he had the art to make himself beloved, and thus he formed friends willing to help him, or he must have succumbed beneath his struggles. It was then that he studied under the German painter Overbeck, and there can be no question but that it is to his mystic and neo-Christian influence that Morelli was first led to take up sacred themes. It is most interesting to observe the fruits of this artist's promptings upon an imaginative and fecund southern mind, and to contrast Morelli's religious pictures with those limned in Germany by the followers of this rigid master. Who shall say, after such a study, that geographical influences count for nothing? Morelli stayed with Overbeck over a year, and it was then he put forth the first specimen of his

peculiar genius, which abides in his religious pictures. It was a Madonna who rocks her Child to rest, singing a lullaby, while a legion of seraphs accompany her song with their instruments. The picture created a storm of enthusiasm among the Roman artists, who sought out the unknown painter, and were amazed to find him a poor lad whom they had noticed haunting the galleries and low eating-houses. It was the first thing to make his name known. It showed, moreover, how the student had instantly emancipated himself from the pedantically classical precepts of his master. This work hangs to-day in the Royal Chapel of Castiglione, and

A Study. Drawn for Miss Alma-Tadema.

is one of its great adornments. Of this date also is his 'Neophyte in the Catacombs,' 'Cæsar Borgia at Capua,' and 'The Iconoclasts,' a picture that roused interest only second to the Madonna. These latter works were the first in which patience of research and equilibrium went hand in hand with impetuosity of thought and fantasy. For Morelli's power is fantasy, which often dominates to tyranny, and constitutes his weakness as well as his strength. To this day the exaltation of his soul is not always proportioned to his power of producing, and on this account his sketches are often his strongest works.

From this cause, too, his pictures are more often sketches than finished works, ideas rather indicated than fully developed, and before he can so develop them his fertile brain has already created others. To this class belong his 'Episode during the Sicilian Vespers,' his 'Queen Ginerva,' his 'Page and Lady,' the latter an idea on which he executed so many variations that in the end a real picture resulted. But his very strength seems to lie in this power of pictorial improvisation, which may be said to have reached its apex in his 'Christ embalmed' and 'Christ derided,' works which Rembrandt would not have disdained to sign. He admits himself that he has always given more care to the conception and meaning of his works than to their execution; and often when he has revealed his idea the painting remains unfinished.

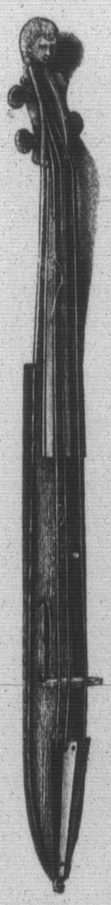
This arouses against him the ire of the pedantic section of the Art world; this makes the impressionists claim him their own, and leads rigid academicians to say he cannot draw. It is possible that the latter is true if judged from the rigid rule and compass point of view. But Morelli demands something besides mechanical exactitude from Art; he requires that figures and features should have character, and this to him is the chief aim in his design, and when he chooses no one can draw more accurately than he. But colour and light are his chief modes of expression, and hence his works unhappily lend themselves so ill to engraved reproduction.

While Morelli was thus working and dreaming, there had dawned the specious aurora of 1847, with its illusive hopes of liberty for the downpressed Italians. The inflammable minds of youth believed that it preluded a new era, and even the student-dreamer Morelli could not remain wholly deaf and blind to the ardent aspirations that surged around him. He returned to Naples to shut himself up in his studio, and strove to live solely for and with his Madonna. In vain: the disturbance was in the very air, and could not be kept out. One day—Morelli himself scarcely knew how he heard of barricades and an imminent struggle—he went forth into the streets and found his friends aroused and ready to defend themselves to the death. Morelli, caught by the enthusiasm, also took up weapons and bravely fought against the Bourbon emissaries. He saw friend after friend fall around him, and at last he was cruelly wounded himself and had to be borne off to the hospital. His cheek shows to this day the honourable cicatrice he won in his country's defence. But, alas! the day of freedom for Italy had not yet risen, and when Morelli came forth healed from the hospital it was to find the hateful Bomba once more in secure possession. For awhile the Bourbon spies kept their eye upon the young man, but even they soon perceived that he was no conspirator or person dangerous to the state. He meanwhile once more retired into the privacy of his studio to mourn for his friends and to work out his hopes and wishes upon canvas. But finding the mental air of Naples too stifling, he left it after awhile, and, poor as he was, he somehow found the means to travel, visiting the Art schools of London, Paris, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, ever learning, ever imbibing new thoughts and opening new points of vision. During these years he worked little himself; when we meet him again we shall encounter the mature artist.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

MUSIC AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.*

THE collection of instruments of the violin family in the Historic Loan Collection is unquestionably a display as surprising from the large number which has been brought together, as from the completeness with which it illustrates the history and progress of the instrument, and from the very fine examples which are shown. If we do not find here the two or three violins which have become more particularly famous, and are known by such names as the "Pucelle," the "Diable," or some such other fanciful title, there is, on the other hand, a large assemblage of instruments which are undoubtedly of the very highest quality: and the process of selection which they, in common with the rest of the collection, have gone through from the still larger number offered for exhibition, has insured that (excepting in rare instances where there were reasons to the contrary) all the violins exhibited may be regarded as gems.



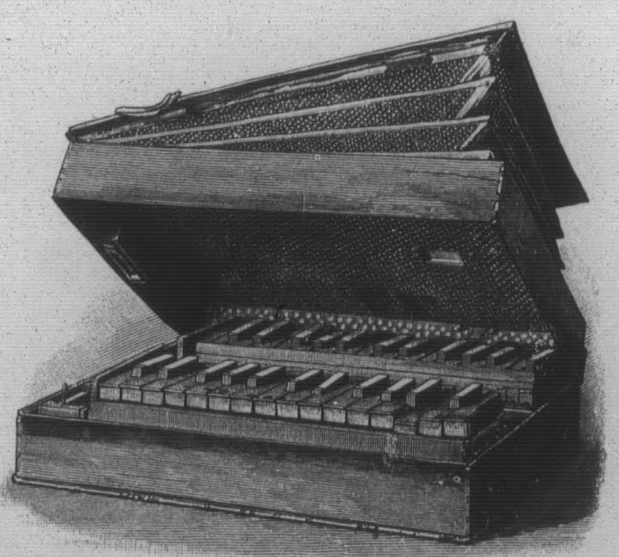
The Donaldson Pochette.

The array of stringed instruments played with a bow, or with the fingers, or with some slight mechanism to take the place of the fingers, may be looked at from the point of view from which a connoisseur of violins may regard their beauty of form and colour, or from the point of view from which those whose faculties for observing the form and colour have not been sufficiently trained may regard them from an ordinary standpoint of the excellence of their decoration. It is not given to every one to appreciate the elegance of the lines, the minute differences of width and height, and the tones and quality of the varnish; qualities upon which it is well known enthusiastic votaries are accustomed to dwell with a delight which those who are less gifted are totally incapable of comprehending. Greatest puzzle of all to the latter is the wondrous beauty which we ought to see in the varnish. To most people it must be acknowledged that, strive as they may to attain to this sixth sense, the full appreciation of this great quality, their first feeling on being allowed to inspect an undeniably first-rate specimen is that there appears to be very little varnish left. It does not seem to show a glassy, even, enamel-like gloss, but rather to be, for the most part, worn away and somewhat dead and dull where it still remains. But so wonderful and perfect an instrument has the violin become, since its last complete development under its greatest master, that the minutest shades of difference are of the greatest importance to its quality; and even the varnish, which gives colour and lustre to the form, is of none the less importance in its influence upon the musical tones which the instrument will produce.

The collection includes a very complete array of violins, violas, violoncellos, and basses of all the great schools and masters. Some of these instruments have a certain amount of painted decoration, but of course, as a rule, their beauty is of a kind which will appeal only to the expert. The great names of the Stradivari, Amati, and Guarnieri, are represented by instruments whose money value runs into four figures of pounds; some of them have historical associations which give them a more universal interest, and others are the favourite instruments of great living violinists, whose names are known to every one.

Decoration has never been much applied to violins. Probably anything of the nature of inlay or carving or even the application of colour would tend to interfere with the purity of tone. One of the most magnificent violins in the collection is, however, the inlaid Strad, lent by Mr. Crompton. But in the larger kind of instruments of this class, such as the viols d'amour and da gamba, the violoncellos and basses, we have splendid examples of the highest and most delicate artistic work: heads and necks which are *chefs-d'œuvre* of carving in wood, and marvels of inlay in ivory, tortoiseshell, pearl, and woods of different colours. But the collections of Mr. George Donaldson, Mr. Edward Josephs, Sir Julian Goldsmith, of the Conservatoire of Brussels, Monsieur Eugene Gand, Monsieur Samary, and Monsieur Alard, amongst others, show numerous specimens of carved and decorated instruments to which a wealth of ornament has been applied.

Violins of curious and eccentric shapes are exhibited, and there are two specimens of pottery violins of Delft, which are rare of their kind. We give an illustration of a beautiful little instrument in the Donaldson collection of the kind known as a kit or pochette. The kit is a very small violin, usually of a long narrow pattern, which appears to have been invented for the use of dancing masters, who could carry such an



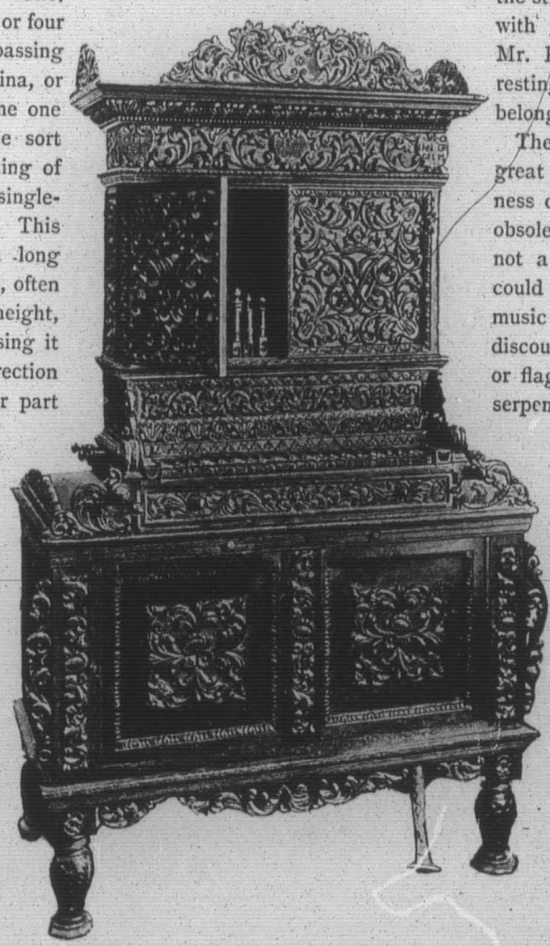
A Bible Regal. Engraved by J. Hipkins.

* Continued from page 308.

instrument easily in their pockets. As a musical instrument it has never been of importance, although the very beautiful example by Stradivari in the museum of the Paris Conservatoire has had of late years the distinction of being played in a grand orchestra. Clapisson, to whom it then belonged, introduced it in 1858 in his opera of the *Trois Nicholas*, and it is said that connoisseurs were charmed with the power and peculiar nature of the tone. Mr. Donaldson's pochette, with its beautiful carved ivory head, is a charming specimen of Italian seventeenth-century work, and such instruments were doubtless of more value for their beauty of form and decoration than for any practical utility.

There are many other stringed instruments of various forms and materials, in use in the Middle Ages, long become obsolete, to which we cannot now refer. One, however, of which there are three or four specimens exhibited, deserves a passing notice. This is the tromba marina, or marine trumpet. From the name one would be inclined to expect some sort of wind instrument, but it is nothing of the kind. It is, on the contrary, a single-string violin played with a bow. This curious instrument consists of a long narrow wooden box or sound-board, often as much as five or six feet in height, with one very thick string. In using it the player rested it in a slanting direction on the ground, leaning the upper part against his shoulder, and scraped away vigorously with his bow; not, however, as this is usually applied to stringed instruments, but at the extreme upper part of the string, the stopping being effected lower down. It must be mentioned that there was some sort of moveable piece on the bottom of the instrument, and the vibrations of the string being communicated to this produced, it is said, a peculiar rumbling sound which, resembling in a manner the sound of the trumpet, gave the peculiar name. It would seem also that it was a favourite instrument for playing on the sea-shore, from which circumstance it was called a *marine* trumpet. It is curious that, universally popular as it undoubtedly was, it should have fallen into such complete disuse. We find it very frequently in the miniatures and illuminations of old manuscripts, and we cannot but regret that in the very interesting series of ancient concerts lately given at the exhibition no player could have been found capable of giving us even an idea of the quality of sound which it produced. We find mention of it, however, in England at so late a date as 1674.

Our knowledge of the musical instruments of the Middle Ages, besides those of which specimens still exist, and of the manner of playing upon them, comes to us principally from the representations which we find in old illuminated books and manuscripts. These representations we must naturally take with a little reserve; some, no doubt, are as imaginative and apocryphal as the birds and beasts which it pleased the old illuminators to depict so strangely. We have already illustrated two very ancient harps. Another favourite instrument of the Middle Ages was the psaltery, or dulcimer, of which there are several interesting examples in the collection. In the earlier times the strings of the psaltery were plucked with the fingers as the instrument was held to the breast; later on it was struck with little elastic sticks, and here, no doubt, we have the earliest approach to the piano, in which mechanism has been added to set in action the hammer supplied to each wire or string. The dulcimer has, under its later form, kept a long and persistent vogue; it is nowadays a favourite instrument with the Hungarian gipsies, and a troupe of negro minstrels might have been lately seen in the streets of London, one of whom played with good effect a veritable dulcimer. Mr. Kendrick Pyne lends a very interesting decorated dulcimer, said to have belonged to Mary Stuart.



The Snowdon Henry Chamber Organ.

The collection of wind instruments is of great richness and variety. The strangeness of form of such a large number of obsolete instruments makes the observer not a little curious to know how they could have been played, and what the music which they could have been made to discourse. Here we have monster flutes or flageolets nine feet in length, sinuous serpents, enormous bassoons and contrafagotti, horns with strange dragon-headed bells, double and triple flutes and clarinets, the Jewish shophar and the Welsh pibgorn, schalmeys, and many other early wind instruments now so long obsolete that probably there is not a musician in the world capable of giving us an idea of the music which was produced from them. The Brussels Conservatoire contributes the only complete set known of the cromorne, the prototype of the now perfected clarinet. Several of the curious curved pipes of which this instrument consisted are shown in their original case. In the cromorne the reed was enclosed in a kind of capsule as in a bagpipe, instead of being held directly between the lips. Musettes and bagpipes are well represented, and an extremely pretty specimen of the French musette (a small kind of bagpipe, with a softer tone, in which the wind is supplied direct from a small pair of bellows) may be seen in the Louis XVI. Room.

We have little information concerning the organs which were in use in early times. In old miniatures and early printed books we find representations of very elaborate contrivances for supplying wind to pipes, and from these it would appear that the organ remained for a long time in a very rude and unadvanced condition. The smaller organs which we see represented as held by the persons playing them, seem often to be rather conventional representations to indicate an instru-

ment of the kind than a faithful picture of what could by any possibility have been used. Such, for instance, is the organ held by St. Cecilia in Raphael's famous picture. It is difficult, therefore, to glean much information concerning earlier instruments. But we have in the loan collection several specimens of portable organs and of small chamber organs. Those which were meant to be played by being held on the lap of the player are known by the term of portative in contradistinction to the positive organ, which was intended to be a fixture. From the representations which we find it would seem that the smaller kind were held on the lap of the player, who blew the small bellows with one hand, while the keys were manipulated with the other. Sometimes the instrument was laid across the laps of two persons, one of whom supplied the wind and gave greater freedom to the performer. The term *regal* is applied to many of the smaller kind of organs, but it is often given without much discrimination, if indeed we have any data to go upon for the proper application of the term.

The collection lent by the Conservatoire of Brussels has three very interesting specimens of small organs, two of which were used at the series of historic concerts lately given at the Exhibition by members of the Conservatoire. The first of

A Sixteenth-Century Room. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

these is a beautiful instrument of Flemish make of the sixteenth century. The case, which stands on a plain black table with turned legs, has folding doors in front which are painted on the inside with Biblical subjects. These, when thrown open, disclose the range of pipes, which are gilt, and partly covered on the upper part with a carved and open-worked piece of foliage work which is also thickly gilt. The design of the whole has a somewhat architectural character, and the gabled top is surmounted by a figure of a crowing cock. The keys are, as we often find them, of boxwood, and the small bellows concealed behind the gabled front are blown by a cord hanging from the side as in a blacksmith's forge. The tone of the instrument appeared at the concert to be soft and sweet, but if the *grand jeu* or full power of the organ was used it seemed insupportably harsh and reedy.

The second of the Brussels instruments used is perhaps one to which the term regal may be properly applied. It is also Flemish, seventeenth-century work, and is of unusual form, if, indeed, another of the kind is in existence. The case of this regal, and the table also on which it stands, are of plain oak very slightly ornamented with strapwork. On one end of the table, which measures about five feet in length, is the key-board with its keys of boxwood, and behind them the single row of wooden pipes lying in a horizontal position. Behind the pipes are laid two separate bellows, side by side, reaching to the other end of the table, and weighted at the ends with

slabs of lead. These are lifted from time to time by the attendant blower, and allowed to fall by their own weight. The experience of the historic concert showed that with respect to an instrument of this kind the blower might, without undue pride, flatter himself that he had not a little influence in the actual performance. For it is not sufficient simply to lift the bellows and to let them fall. They have to be manipulated with not a little skill according to the quantity of wind to be supplied; sometimes a little extra pressure is required to assist them in falling, at other times it is necessary to ease them a little; naturally, also, the bellows supplying the bass notes will fall quicker than the other. If all this is not duly attended to, the notes produced become from time to time harsh and discordant. Above the pipes a shutter may be lifted to produce a swell, but there is no mechanism to do this (easy though it would be), and the entire instrument is charming in its simplicity and distinction from the over-elaborateness of mechanism to which we are now accustomed.

Seal of the Corporation of Hythe.

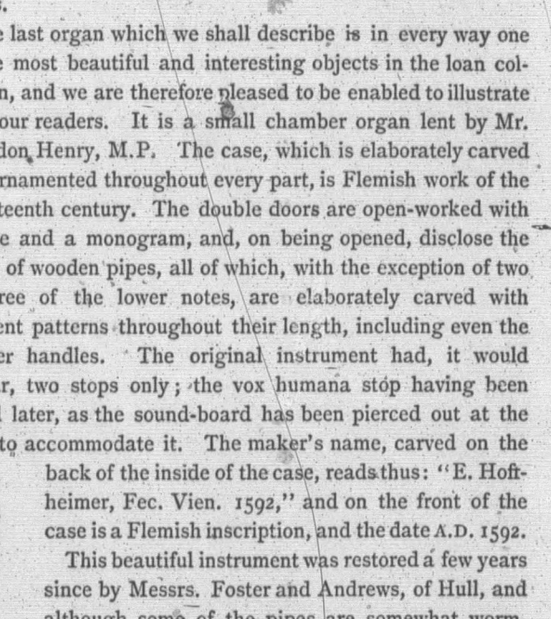
The third regal from Brussels is a very small portable organ, said to be unique of its kind. It is small enough to be held easily on the lap of one person who blows with one hand and touches the keys with the other. The pipes, which are vertically disposed, are of metal, and the case inlaid with engraved ivory plaques. The work is Italian of the seventeenth century.

A still rarer portable organ is the "Bible" regal lent by Mrs. Pagden, which we engrave. One other of the kind is said to be in the Museum of the Paris Conservatoire. A "Bible" regal is so called because when closed it is of the shape of, and made to imitate, a large quarto volume, in this case the Holy Scriptures, the title being lettered at the back in the usual way. The top of one of the covers forms the bellows, in folds like those of an accordion. The little pipes are of wood, and the book being laid open, the key-board, which is folded in the middle, is spread out and adjusted to the front edge of the book, which it now corresponds to in length. The communication from the bellows is simple and effective.

A handsome chamber organ, very probably of English make, is lent by Mr. Hamon L'Estrange, the date being about 1660. A plain oak chest stands upon an equally plain oak table with four legs, between which are the lever and treadle for working the bellows, which are placed out of sight on the top. Double doors open in front which are painted on the inside with two subjects illustrating the power of music: 'Miriam playing the timbrel' and 'David dancing before Saul.' Over the key-board, within the doors, is painted a perspective of a pillared hall, the perspective lines of the pillars being curiously formed by the pipes of the instrument themselves.

The last organ which we shall describe is in every way one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in the loan collection, and we are therefore pleased to be enabled to illustrate it for our readers. It is a small chamber organ lent by Mr. Snowdon Henry, M.P. The case, which is elaborately carved and ornamented throughout every part, is Flemish work of the seventeenth century. The double doors are open-worked with foliage and a monogram, and, on being opened, disclose the range of wooden pipes, all of which, with the exception of two or three of the lower notes, are elaborately carved with different patterns throughout their length, including even the stopper handles. The original instrument had, it would appear, two stops only; the vox humana stop having been added later, as the sound-board has been pierced out at the back to accommodate it. The maker's name, carved on the back of the inside of the case, reads thus: "E. Hoftheimer, Fec. Vien. 1592," and on the front of the case is a Flemish inscription, and the date A.D. 1592.

This beautiful instrument was restored a few years since by Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull, and although some of the pipes are somewhat worm-eaten, they have been protected by a process which will preserve them for many years longer.



Ship's Trumpet.

A curious ship's trumpet, which we engrave, is one of several examples of mediæval trumpets which may be found in the cases in which the collection of wind instruments is displayed. Very few such trumpets are known, and the present one, notwithstanding the circumstances under which it was found, is in an extremely fine state of preservation. It was found a few years since on the sea-shore near Romney, in Kent, and consists of a thin sheet of brass, of a red colour at the top, and yellow in the middle, clamped and soldered throughout its entire length, the form swelling gradually out to the mouth, as in a hollow cone. Towards the top is a single boss, and the ornament, which is stamped or beaten up in slight relief, is confined to a few inches of the mouth or bell of the instrument, and to the upper part of the tube. The general form of the trumpet resembles that which we find represented in the arms of the Trumpingtons, in Trumpington Church, Cambridgeshire, except that the latter has two bosses, while this has only one. We find them also in the seals of the Cinque Ports, as, for instance, in those of Dover, Hythe, or Winchester. An impression of the seal of the Corporation of Hythe is exhibited in the same case, and we give an illustration of it, showing the trumpeter seated on the high stern castle blowing a trumpet identical with the one now under notice. Froissart mentions the trumpeters who went out on war ships, and we may see them represented in the magnificent illuminated copy in the British Museum. It is difficult to determine the origin of this remarkable specimen, but the date is probably early sixteenth century. It may be Spanish, or again Flemish, there having been considerable intercourse between the two countries in the sixteenth century. The decoration near the boss is extremely like what we find on Spanish arms of that period. Such a trumpet must have been used by resting it on some part of the rigging of the vessel, as it would otherwise have been of a very inconvenient length to deal with.

THE ENGLISH AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE efforts made to popularise Art in the provinces increase every year, and in Lancashire especially. Manchester and Liverpool vie in their exertions to secure for their local exhibitions the best works shown in London. The Manchester Corporation have this year succeeded in getting together an exceptionally fine collection, which includes Sir F. Leighton's 'Phœbe;' Poynter's 'Diadumene;' Fildes' 'Venetians;' Holl's portrait of Lord Overstone; G. F. Watts's Mrs. Myers, and Miss Gurney; Herkomer's Miss Grant; Pettie's Mr. Charles Lees; Brett's 'Norman Archipelago;' Phil Morris's 'Eve's Second Paradise;' Alma Tadema's portrait of 'My Daughter;' Hook's 'Stream,' and important examples of the art of Boughton, Oakes, Sant, H. W. B. Davis, Leader, Faed, Frith, Goodall, Horsley, Colin Hunter, Marks, Prinsep, Henry Moore, MacWhirter, Briton Riviere, Wells, and Herbert. The leading "outsiders" are also strongly represented, especially John Collier, Wyllie, Waterlow, Picknell, and Edwin Ellis. The exhibition committee have this year taken a new departure, by adding as a special feature of the year's display a collection of nearly thirty examples of the art of Sir John E. Millais, R.A., which, with the exception of his powers as a landscape painter, adequately indicate the versatile and comprehensive genius of our artist baronet, and shows how interesting and attractive the yet more complete collection of Millais' work announced for exhibition at the Grosvenor next winter may be expected to be. The period of the P.R.B. is brought vividly to mind by a finely executed pen-and-ink drawing of the 'Spoliation of Queen Matilda's Tomb at Caen,' which is not more remarkable for its stiffness and angularity, and the archaic aspect of the composition, than for the masterly handling and keen insight of character which it reveals. The early paintings shown—not to speak of book illustrations—are the well-known and exquisite 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' which is now one of the treasures of the Corporation of Liverpool; 'Autumn Leaves,' with its richness of colour and glory of sunset sky; and the 'Escape of a Heretic,' a picture of dramatic action and vivid expression. Mr. E. M. Holloway has contributed to the collection the fine companion pictures of the 'Princess Elizabeth in Prison,' at St. James's, and the 'Princes in the Tower,' both too well known to require criticism; and Mr. Wertheimer has sent a beautiful series of pictures of child-life, including the 'Mistletoe-Gatherer,' the 'Message from the Sea,' 'Cinderella' and 'Cherry Ripe.' Of the same class are the 'Caller Herrin' from Mr. Walter Dunlop's collection, and 'Dropped from the Nest,' a charming work contributed by Mr. Quilter. In portraiture the massive and thoughtful head of Lord Salisbury, the refined, reflective, and serious expression of Mr. Gladstone, and the dogmatic self-assertiveness of Mr. Bright are amongst the best proofs of the painter's mastery in his craft; and his power of expressing the piquancy and charm of feminine face and form is shown in the portraits of Mrs. Perugini and Mrs. Jopling. The idea of adding this interesting feature to the exhibition of the year was suggested by the expectation that it would have contained a portrait of the Princess of Wales, which Sir John E. Millais has received a commission to paint for the Corporation of Manchester. Owing to the illness of the painter in the spring that work has not yet been completed, but it is still hoped for before the exhibition is closed at the end of the year. So successful, however, has the effort to secure a representative collection of one painter been, that the committee intend in future years to follow this precedent, and next year it is likely that Sir Frederick Leighton's work will be selected for a similar honour. As the chief works of the exhibition have already been seen in London, it would be superfluous now to criticise them in detail; but it is remarkable that many of them are seen to greater advantage in Manchester than in the Academy and the Grosvenor, partly on account of the better lighting of the Manchester Galleries, and partly on account of the care with which the exhibition has been hung by Mr. Phil. Morris and the local committee. The great works of Mr. Fildes and Mr. Poynter are especially benefited by the change in the light and surroundings. Many of the younger men too are justified by the better conditions under which their work is seen. The Hon. John Collier's 'Circe' occupies the place of honour in the first gallery, and proves itself worthy of the distinction. John Emms's 'Return to the Monastery,' a noble picture of St. Bernard dogs, gives room for hope that we have at last met with a worthy follower in the path of Sir E. Landseer. Edwin Ellis's 'Haven under the Hill,' painted expressly for this exhibition, is a work so strong in colour, composition, and effect as distinctly to raise the artist's reputation, and to place him in the first rank of painters of coast scenery. W. L. Wyllie's 'Storm and Sunshine,' and W. L. Picknell's 'Brockenhurst Road,' though they have been seen in London, may be seen much better in Manchester. John R. Reid, Frederick Brown, Fred. Morgan, C. E. Hallè, H. La Thangue, Alfred Parsons, David Murray, and W. H. Bartlett are among the younger artists whose work is most conspicuous on the line. The work done by resident artists, and especially by the coming men, who may be expected hereafter to make their mark, is what is especially sought for in provincial exhibitions; and the Manchester painters have contributed their full share to the present collection, whether quality or quantity be considered. It is hardly necessary to mention the names of Joseph Knight, R. Caldecott, Basil Bradley, H. Clarence Whaite: they are well known in London, and their contributions to this exhibition fully sustain their reputation, and do credit to the town from which they have sprung. There are others whose style is less familiar, but who are certainly not less worthy of notice. Anderson Hague, whose manner once showed plainly the influence of the French exemplars, has developed a strongly individual and masculine manner, not less refined than powerful. He sends a little landscape, entitled, 'Spring,' rich in colour and true in tone to a degree seldom found in any English painting. He has also a very richly-coloured sketch in oil of 'Gorse on Conway Marsh,' and a sombre, but well-wrought, composition of landscape and figure, 'Resting,' especially remarkable for the harmony of its tones. R. G. Somerset is another landscape painter of interest. His scene, 'On the Borders of Hampshire,' is a

fresh and harmonious painting of green pasture and leafy trees, and his 'Winter Landscape' is a rich composition of woodland and distant mountain. Not dissimilar in style is a bright bit of work, 'A Lonely Road,' by John Armstrong, in which the sky is remarkably pure and luminous. F. W. Jackson is another of the rising men whose work should be noticed. His chief aim seems to be harmony of tone, but his style wants individuality and his treatment is nigh monotony. Richard Wane, a vigorous worker, who shrinks from no difficulty, has conveyed a forcible impression of the gloom and solitude of Llyn Idwal, and ought to have a good future before him; nor ought Partington's semi-classic landscape, 'My Garden,' to be passed over unnoticed. Taken altogether, the exhibition is one of which the Manchester people may be proud, and reflects credit alike on the Committee of the Corporation, Mr. Phil. R. Morris, who assisted in the hanging, and The Fine Art Society, their London agents. Amongst works which have been selected for the permanent collection of the City are Fildes' 'Venetians,' Herkomer's 'Hard Times,' Ellis's 'Haven under the Hill,' and Hague's 'Spring.'

While the galleries are occupied by the Autumn Exhibition, the permanent collection, including fine examples of G. F. Watts, Poynter, Colin Hunter, Yeames, Hemy, Marcus Stone, Fantin, etc., as well as the older work of Morland, Etty, Henriette Brown, and a few of the nation's Turners, is shown below in an indifferent light; but the Corporation have contracted for the lighting of the building by the Edison company, and it is hoped that before the winter is over the public may have a full opportunity of seeing both the temporary and the permanent collections without disturbance from either the early fall of night or the gloom of Manchester fogs.

The fifteenth Autumn Exhibition of Pictures, which opened to the public on the 7th September, worthily maintains the prestige of the annual Art display held under the auspices of the Liverpool Corporation. Indeed, when we remember the extraordinary collection of last year, when the leading Art societies held distinct exhibitions in various rooms in the Walker Gallery, the present show may be regarded as an advance upon former efforts, for although the Committee have not this year had the advantage of the combined co-operation of the great A odies of the Metropolis, they have provided an exhibitio. which will almost bear comparison with the one which will long be remembered as illustrating the highest achievements of modern limners. The business results of last year's exhibition, when the sales amounted to £12,300, may have had its influence in bringing together this season a collection of works so remarkable for variety and interest. The hanging shows evidence of great taste and judgment, and the general aspect of the exhibition is very striking and effective. So numerous and important are the works contributed that the Committee have been able to carry out with great success a classification, so to speak, of the existing schools of painting, and but for the limited time at their disposal for the arrangement this could, no doubt, have been more completely effected, and is an idea well worth further effort to achieve.

One of the largest galleries is set apart for the display of works of the romantic, poetic, or æsthetic cult, such as we formerly found at the Grosvenor Gallery, many being shown under glass, frequently to their great advantage. Another gallery is almost exclusively devoted to works of the Impressionists, and to the productions of artists who have graduated in the schools of Paris and Munich; while four rooms are devoted to the truly British school whose *forte* is ultra-realism. The Water Colours, which are displayed in two well-lighted rooms, are fully equal in strength and quality to the oils, and will possibly be regarded by many as the most interesting and important part of this Exhibition.

The Collection, with the Sculpture and Architectural Drawings, numbers 1,462 works. Prominent in a place of honour is Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Music;' in another equally important position is Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Niagara;' and Mr. Mitchell's 'Hypatia,' from the Grosvenor Gallery, occupies a grand centre in the same room. Mr. Calderon contributes a new work, entitled 'Œnone,' almost as captivating as his 'Aphrodite' of last season; Mr. Herkomer is seen at his best in his landscape, the 'First Warmth of Spring;' Mr. Walter Crane sends a fine example of his work in 'Freedom,' and in the same room is a new picture, 'The Old Story,' by Mr. C. E. Hallè. The figure subjects in oil are very numerous, and include 'Love's First Lesson,' Solomon J. Solomon; 'Wyclif on Trial,' Ford Madox Brown; 'Toilers of the Sea,' Tom Lloyd; 'A Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach,' Stanhope A. Forbes; 'Dame Grigson's Academy,' Blandford Fletcher; 'Pets,' C. E. Hallè; and 'After the Veglione,' by S. Melton Fisher. Two remarkable pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., are hung together, 'Love and Life,' and a 'Minotaur.' A note in the Catalogue, referring to these works and quoting Mr. Watts, says:—"They explain my idea of the real mission of Art, not merely to amuse but to illustrate and embody the mental form of the beautiful and noble, interpreting them as poetry does, and to hold up to detestation the bestial and brutal."

The Exhibition is very strong in fine landscapes in oil, foremost amongst these being Mr. Herkomer's 'Found,' purchased for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest; 'In the Track of a Hurricane,' J. McWhirter, A.R.A.; 'Flying Scud,' Keeley Halswelle; 'Wintry March,' W. L. Picknell; 'Where Silence Reigns,' J. Smart, R.S.A.; 'The Sea Gate, Sark,' J. G. Naish; 'Salmon Stream, Perthshire,' Wellwood Rattray; 'A Frosty Evening in the Fen Country,' A. K. Brown; 'After Work,' Alfred Parsons; 'A Village Green,' J. Aumonier; 'Noontide's Heat and Hush and Shine,' A. Helcke; 'A Winter's Dawn,' C. Potter. Amongst the pictures of the sea well worthy of admiration are those of J. Brett, A.R.A., Edwin Ellis, Anderson Hague, J. Fraser, and Charles Potter. There are some good portraits by John Collier, Sidney Paget, Hermann G. Herkomer, A. J. Stuart Wortley, S. Sidley, W. B. Boadle, R. E. Morrison, Percy Bigland, and R. Lehmann; and a fine portrait study by Arthur Wasse.

In the Collection of Sculpture are examples of the Art of T. J. Williamson, Count Gleichen, Waldo Story, J. Warrington-Wood, Geo. Tinworth, and T. Stirling Lee, who exhibits a clever bust of Mr. Alderman E. Samuelson, J.P., Chairman of the Autumn Exhibition.

The following works in the Exhibition have been purchased by the Corporation for the permanent collection, viz.: 'When the Children are Asleep,' by Thomas Faed, R.A.; 'Don't 'ee Tipty-toe,' by John Morgan; and a series of six water-colour drawings, 'Reminiscences of the Vyrnwy Valley,' by Peter Ghent (a rising local artist). The purchase of other pictures is, we believe, in contemplation. The sales up to this date are deemed very satisfactory.

The present Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists is one of which Birmingham may well be proud. Its chief features are familiar to us, and do not all belong to the present season, but they are works one delights to see again. 'The Days of Creation,' by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., who is this year President of the Society in his native town, worthily fills the chief post of honour, with 'Europa' (475), by G. F. Watts, R.A., on one side, and 'Diadumenè' (482), by E. J. Poynter, R.A., on the other. Admirable works are contributed by L. Alma-Tadema, Briton Riviere, W. F. Yeames, Holman Hunt, W. B. Richmond, Henry Moore, Luke Fildes, John Brett, P. H. Calderon, W. W. Ouless, J. B. Burgess, Stanhope A. Forbes, Phil. Morris, B. W. Leader, E. A. Crofts, Sir J. D. Linton, Frank Holl, Ernest Parton, W. J. Muckley, J. Aumonier, E. M. Wimperis, John Pettie, W. Logsdail, John R. Reid, Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., John Smart, R.S.A., Carl Schloesser, Otto Weber, E. A. Waterlow, G. P. Jacomb Hood, Arthur Hill, Percy Macquoid, G. F. Munn, W. L. Picknall, Frank E. Cox, Dixon Galpin, and many others. In the Water-Colour Gallery, Walter Langley's 'Waiting for the Boats' is a prominent feature, and very noticeable are three fine drawings by Keeley Hallswelle, and also 'Miranda and Ferdinand,' by W. J. Wainwright. The collection also includes a small drawing, an early work, by Sir John E. Millais, R.A., entitled 'An Incident in the Siege of Brest—Chevalier Bayard refusing the Bribes.' Ford Madox Brown is represented by 'Haidee and Juan,' R. H. Carter by a large drawing, 'Barking Nets,' and Edwin Bale by 'In the Nest at Peep of Day.' Excellent drawings are also contributed by E. Radford, E. K. Johnson, G. G. Kilburne, Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, S. J. Hodson, F. W. W. Topham, Frank Dillon, J. Finnie, Bernard Evans, and others. The Members and Associates of the Society and other local artists are very well represented—F. H. Henshaw, C. T. Burt, S. H. Baker, Oliver Baker, C. W. Radclyffe, and John Fullwood by landscapes, and W. A. Breakspeare, E. R. Taylor, H. T. Munns, Jonathan Pratt, Claude Pratt, W. B. Fortesque, and E. S. Harper, together with several young but excellent painters, by portraits and figure subjects.

Madonna. By an anonymous Milanese Master. From "La Gravure en Italie."

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR H. KAEMMERER, in a recent article in the *Chemiker Zeitung*, gives some interesting particulars of his researches into the nature of incrustations that form on bronze statues. He has observed that many bronze monuments have acquired by age only in a slight degree, even if at all, the peculiar patina which constitutes their beauty. Many bronzes that have been brought to his notice have become speckled with black spots, detracting from their artistic value. In making an analysis, Professor Kaemmerer finds that the constituent elements of bronze represent only a small percentage; the spots are formed in most cases by deposits of foreign bodies on the bronze by wind, smoke, rain, and, more especially, by birds. After having tried in various ways to cleanse and purify the surface of bronzes so speckled, he has found no dissolvent to answer so well as cyanure of potassium. In order to prevent the corrosion of the subjacent bronze the period of contact is limited, and the bronze should be well washed with water immediately, after which it resumes its beauty and primitive lustre. Professor Kaemmerer has tried to discover how the green patina, so much in request on Art bronzes, is produced. He believes it to be caused by the materials employed in the composition of the moulds, and the manner of casting and polishing the bronze. If the surface be of an equal and fine grain, the polish is far more perfect, and likely to be covered with a handsome patina. Professor Kaemmerer concludes from his researches that in future, when orders are given for bronze statues, one should not be so particular as to the composition of the bronze used, as about the materials of which the moulds are made, the surface of which should be as smooth as possible.

The following English artists have been granted medals by the Council of the Antwerp Exhibition:—Class I., Painting: Medal of Honour, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; Medal, 1st Class, George F. Watts, R.A.; 2nd Class, Phil. Morris, A.R.A.; Hon. Mention, H. Moore, A.R.A. Class II., Sculpture: Medal, 2nd Class, H. Thornycroft, A.R.A.

Sir J. E. Millais, Bart, R.A.'s picture of 'The Captive,' for the Art Gallery of New South Wales, is on its way to Sydney. A mezzotint engraving by G. Every of the work has also been received, and is now to be seen in the gallery. Six sepia sketches by Samuel Prout, mounted in a single polished wood frame, have been presented to the colony by Mr. E. Du Faur, the hon. secretary of the Art Gallery, on behalf of his sister. To another of the trustees, Mr. E. L. Montefiore, the gallery is indebted for two valuable original drawings, viz.:—A study in chalk, from life, of a partially draped man, by Paduanino—an artist who flourished in Padua in the early part of the century; and a sketch for a landscape by Gainsborough, in charcoal. A ground plan of the new gallery overlooking Woolloomooloo Bay, which has recently been placed in the large central room of the present building, enables visitors to form a general idea of what accommodation the edifice will afford, when eventually completed in accordance with Mr. Horbury Hunt's design.

Amateur photography flourishes in Sydney; at least the latest news we have received leads to this conclusion. Mr. E. L. Montefiore, the President of the Sydney Amateur Photographic Society, at a recent conversazione, said that the society began in August last year, but it could hardly claim to have been fairly established until the date of the inaugural picnic in the October following. The inauguration had been followed by meetings in the Technological College, at which valuable papers had been read. It had now assumed proportions of sufficient magnitude to accomplish an exhibition, and the exhibition was so creditable, that he expected some specimens would be sent home to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition next year. The climate of Australia is most favourable to the photographic art: a fact which should serve as an incentive to produce the best results in the world.

"LA GRAVURE EN ITALIE AVANT MARC ANTOINE" (1452—1505). By the Vicomte Henri Delaborde (Paris: Librairie de l'Art).—This history of early Italian engraving by the accomplished gentleman who, until within the last few weeks, was the keeper of the prints in the French National Library, supplies a want which has long been felt. Commencing in the orthodox fashion with Maso Finiguerra and the Florentine niellists, he traces the career, step by step, of the fascinating art which sprang accidentally, as it were, from the decorative skill of the goldsmith. The degrees in which accident and design were mingled in the earliest prints which have come down to us he discusses with true French *finesse*, and with a candour which is not always French. This first chapter is well and sufficiently illustrated, the heliogravure from the famous 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Baptistry at Florence being especially good. The second chapter is given up to Baccio Baldini, Botticelli, Antonio Pallaiuolo and Robetta, to the Italian playing cards, and to the first attempts at engraving *en taille douce*. In this section the fac-similes are inferior, but they improve again in the next, which deals with Mantegna and his school, while in the chapter on the Milanese they are as good, perhaps, as such things can be. From this chapter we reproduce the famous plate by an anonymous engraver of the Virgin in a rocky landscape. Apart from the inequality in the illustrations, we have nothing but praise for M. Delaborde's book. It is written with lucidity, and its judgments seem far sounder from the artistic standpoint than most of those we find in the writings of men who are *savants* first and artists afterwards. In an appendix M. Delaborde discusses the connection between Mantegna's plate, 'The Combat of Marine Deities,' and a bas-relief discovered at Ravenna by the late M. François Lenormant. No one who glances at the photograph of the sculpture in question can fail to see that it gave Mantegna the motive for his plate; but, on the other hand, no one with a real understanding of what it is that constitutes creation can deny that, in spite of his borrowing, Mantegna here produced an original work; and this is M. Delaborde's opinion.

THE FRENCH IN CAIRO.

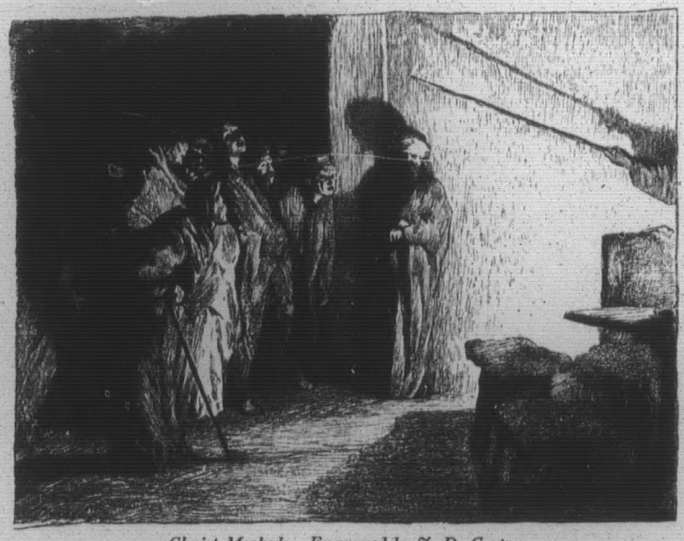
FROM THE PICTURE BY WALTER C. HORSLEY.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO., LIMITED.

DOMENICO MORELLI.*

II.

ITALIAN Art, above all other, found its source of inspiration in the sacred writings, and its pictures were some of the most potent auxiliaries of religion. With the decline of faith there was also a decline of Art, and now that we have entered another era, Art finds that the new ideals of humanity do not lend themselves sympathetically to its mode of expression, and we lament, and not without reason, that it wanders aimlessly without ideals or thoughts. It is Morelli in Italy who has recalled Art to sacred themes, and in so doing he has not, like English and French painters, followed in the beaten track, but, availing himself of the researches of modern criticism, of enlarged historical knowledge, has succeeded in reproducing the Bible under a new aspect. No conventional treatment his, as will be readily understood when I say that in Italy he is regarded as the Renan and Strauss of sacred Art. Following in the paths indicated by modern exegetical literature, he has striven not to destroy, but to reinterpret the Gospel story in a manner no less poetical, no less divine, than that of his predecessors, but in a manner that has its roots in modern life. And it is right that artists should follow in the new paths opened out to them by science and history. True, Théophile Gautier lays it down as an axiom, "En Art il n'y a pas de progrès." Not progress perhaps, but surely it is possible to produce a condition as good as the old, and since it is the feeling of the time that calls it forth, in one respect better, and therefore more fitted to our comprehension. Or would he establish it as our duty merely to recopy the work already done, to put forth servile imitations and vapid reproductions of old-world feelings and conceptions?



Christ Mocked. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

As Byron was the ideal of the youth Morelli, so the Gospel has been the ideal of the man. He has searched the New Testament deeply, sympathetically, critically, and has thought himself intimately into the times and the life of Jesus. From the day that he first commenced this study it was his high aspiration to illustrate it by his paintings, but it was some time ere he held himself sufficiently ripe.

When Morelli first presented the Mother of the Redeemer under a human form, his picture created a vast sensation, not only among Art critics, but among the faithful. This Madonna, they readily saw, was unlike to those of Raphael or Fra Bartolomeo; she had little affinity with German or Byzantine Virgins, none with those of Andrea del Sarto and other great Italians. Murillo alone could claim this beautiful Hebrew woman, in whose veins ran warm southern blood, as a direct descendant from his Madonna of the Assumption. At one blow the artist had broken down the chains of tradition, and this because he had followed history, not ecclesiastical legend; and so his Virgin was maid again in lieu of the fleshless, soulless being of the *quattro centisti*, of the frigid new German school. Here, humanised, was seen the *rosa mystica* of Heaven as a young, proud, loving mother, earthly, and yet not wholly of the earth, neither she nor her babe. It was divinity and humanity fused into one, and at first, and even to this day, the critics could not follow Morelli's recondite fancies or do full justice to his poetical conception. Thus in the 'Salve Regina' the Virgin, who presses her baby to her breast, closes her eyes in very ecstasy of happiness. The outer world has nothing to reveal to her vision; her joy is all within her breast, and she seeks to taste it unimpeded by impressions from without. The idea was perhaps too subtle for pictorial expression, and suited alone for literary exposition. Indeed, Morelli not unfrequently sins in this respect against the laws laid down by Lessing in his 'Laocoön.'

Incapable of understanding, however, a large body of critics declared that the Virgin was asleep, and only the more delicate-souled apprehended what the artist had sought to express. All, however, concurred in praising the Child, who uprises secure and firm from the maternal embrace, while in His eyes flash signs of that potency, that divine charity and yearning which is the eternal beauty of the babe in Raphael's San Sisto Virgin, and which expresses here and there that this infant, more than a mere human child, is wrapt in thoughts that triumph above maternal caresses. It has been

* Continued from page 348.

said that many of Morelli's pictures should be set to music rather than described. They touch just that borderland of the indefinite that is the domain of music, and which escapes under the clumsier touches of literature and Art. To this number belongs also the 'Loves of the Angels,' an idea inspired by Thomas Moore's poem of like name.

One of Morelli's finest as well as most characteristic works, is the 'Assumption' he has painted for the roof of the Royal Chapel at Naples. In this picture his mode of thought and execution can be admirably studied. It was no easy task to treat this often-treated theme, and yet now that it is there finished before us, it remi[illegible] us of no school, no era, no previous representation. Before beginning upon the canvas Morelli read through a dreary waste of schoolman polemics, in which was discussed with all gravity, much ingenuity, some erudition, great tediousness, and considerable length, the apparently important theological question, what was the colour of the dress worn by the Virgin on the occasion of the Assumption? When interrogated why he read such dull stupid stuff, Morelli replied that he found by this means the mental atmosphere, the ambient air he required to put him into the proper frame of mind to conceive his picture. The work, as it now stands, is very large, indeed the artist's largest, and the principal figures are half the size of life. It is interesting to note how very few colours are employed in its composition. This was done designedly by the artist, who thought thus to give his work a more religious character. And few as these colours are, they are employed with such consummate skill that they never become monotonous. Rather above the middle of the picture we behold the Virgin, her face beaming graciousness, love, and benignity. She is clad in the conventional dress of the blue colour sacred to her, a white veil swathes her head, and from her shoulders depends a white cloak upheld by angels, while yet other angels support this privileged corpse, from whose circumambient ether there falls a shower of new-blown roses. Beyond are seen a white-robed multitude of angels, who spring forth from a vaporous cloud that admirably produces the effect of making us feel that there are interminable hosts of such angels behind, beneath, beyond, above, and all around. Thus is the upper portion of the canvas filled. Below are seen a group of figures that represent the Virgin's chief virtues, which hastily redescend to earth to dispense to the world the peace and joy of which it stands in need. Here we have to do with a pictorial allegory, and certainly require the artist's explanations to do full justice to the imaginative work of this lower group. Faith is the central figure. She extends her right hand to Humility, who hides her face with her palms, while Virginity looks on with a celestial smile. Her left hand is given by Faith to Charity, who presses to her breast an infant on whom all her attention is concentrated. This figure, with its fair hair streaming in the wind, its surrounding luminous rays of sunshine, its folds of yellow drapery that envelop the body, make it a form worthy to rank beside the creations of some of the greatest Venetian masters. The right hand of Charity is held out to Hope, who, clad in green, casts a look towards the future, and seems as though she strove to infuse some of her own joy into Resignation, to whom she stretches out her hand; while Resignation, crowned with thorns and weighed down by the burden of the cross she carries on her shoulders, receives from Consolation a shower of flowers as the reward for her perseverance in suffering. There is quite a Dantesque fantasy in all this; though baldly related, I am aware that it may sound trite to ears unsympathetic. The whole composition, that is painted upon a cerulean ground which appears to grow translucid, like the firmament, as we gaze into it, is executed with a tenderness and harmony rare and poetical. The aërial perspective produced is the more marvellous when it is remembered that the picture necessarily lacks faint shadows and such conditions of light specially chosen to bring into relief scenic effects. While painting the work, Morelli relates that he ever strove to keep before his mind the address to God, attributed by the Orientalist-father, St. John of Damascus, to Mary at the Assumption, "Meum corpus tibi trado non terræ salvum fac a corruptione in quo tibi placuit habitare."

Truly Christ and the Virgin are Morelli's favourite themes, and he presents them to us again and again under various forms. Mary, except in the Assumption, is always the mother. Of exquisite loveliness in feeling and design is a water colour called 'La Scala d'Oro,' in which the divine young Hebrew joyously descends the inlaid golden stairs of the Temple, holding on high her babe, who seems to crow with childish glee in the rapid movement, although his prematurely pensive face and his attitude of outstretched arms, adumbrating his future instrument of martyrdom, reveals the Redeemer of the world. It is a long, narrow, upright picture, painted on a gold ground, in which great distance is produced by the sight of the ever-receding stairs. Here we have to do rather with the "Mater amabilis."

Jesus we behold in different moments of His earthly sojourn. We see Him walking on the waters; we witness His entry into the large square atrium where the daughter of Jairus is laid out for dead, with the women mourners crouching around her; we see Him standing under the shadow of an Eastern porch, in front of an open space flooded with fierce sunlight, bidding the woman taken in adultery depart in peace and sin no more, telling those that stand around and feel themselves guiltless to cast the first stone. Nowhere is there the remotest resemblance to former treatments of these well-worn themes, and not only is Morelli's conception original, but it carries with it that force of conviction which makes us feel that thus, and thus only, could the scene have really occurred. We further see Jesus tempted of the Devil; we behold Him comforting and healing those possessed of demons; we witness Him upon the cross, are spectators of His derision by the mob, hear His last words of agony and resignation. One of his most peculiar talents is a strong intuition of places and types he has never seen—so strong as to amaze those persons who come from the countries whence the subjects are taken. Thus, for example, the picture of 'Jesus tempted of the Devil.' Here is the vast, arid, sulphurous, stony plain of Judea as it actually exists, with nought but volcanic erratic blocks to break its monotony of barrenness; the wilderness truly. The lurid light of the desert pervades the canvas, a light that can glimmer but dimly through the mist and dust of this dreary place, allegorising the sterility of the light of mere earth unillumined by higher influences. The background of the scene is void of anything living save four vultures that cower upon a distant rock hoping for prey. In the foreground appear the protagonists of the great drama, enacting the contending forces of Ahriman and Ormuzd, of good and evil, that still rend the world, and will rend it, until the last day of its existence.

Two contrasts, two impressions, two principles are conveyed by these two figures of Jesus and Satan. As Jesus

symbolises the godlike principle, so the Devil is the worldly principle. This man of vile earth resembles some hideous reptile as he peeps forth with sinister and leery visage from out a deep crack of parched ground that yawns not distant from the feet of the Redeemer. Involuntarily he is thus actually in the act of grovelling at the feet of the man whom he deems to be in his power, and whom he entreats to turn his eyes from heaven towards the stones that lie about, which at a word from Him shall be changed into wealth. We seem to hear the reproof that will shortly issue from those grave lips, spoken by that mild, earnest face. It is a picture full of poetry and startling originality in its new and vivid conception of an old theme. This is no vulgar Devil, no common Jesus. The latter fact is seen even in the very type depicted, which is more virile than is usual, an agreeable relief from the conventional too feminine type. Nor would it be a picture of Morelli's if, besides a philosophical conception, it did not also contain a novel study of light effect. In this instance all the bright light of the composition is made to concentrate upon the face of Christ, upon the auburn hair and soft golden beard that frames it. The same element of quiet dignity and graphic eloquence is found in the picture called 'Gli Ossessi.' Here, too, we behold a portion of the Judean desert, where primeval geological action has worn the rocks into caves. In these, in former days, the dead have been laid to rest; in those depicted the living dead, the leper, the maniac, the outcast from society hides his agony and shame. Even to these poor creatures, remote from the haunts of their fellow-men, has penetrated the wondrous tale of the miracle-worker now dwelling in the land; and when in his errands of mercy he also passes over to their miserable abodes, they creep forth out of their holes and hiding-places to gaze upon his face, to hear his voice, to kiss his feet, to touch the hem of his garments. They stretch out their arms to him in frantic agony, they creep out after him as he walks in dignified sweetness among them, upraising and comforting. In the far background we behold a crowd. They are the followers of Christ, who, fearful of infection, dare not advance farther into

'Gli Ossessi,' or 'The Possessed.' Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

this outcast spot. A few—a very few—disciples have ventured to accompany their Master, but we can see their timidity even by their gait, and now and again one looks up to Jesus, seeking to obtain from Him assurance that all is well.

All is well, indeed, in the very latest picture that has left Morelli's studio. It bears the name of 'Buona Novella' ('The glad tidings of Christ'). In this picture truly Matthew Arnold would find the sweetness and light after which he yearns so strongly. We see a southern lake whose opalescent waters are enclosed between sunburnt, sun-bared rocks. Jesus is there beside its shore; He stands upright in midst of flowers and shrubs, and round about him crouch groups of eager listeners, followers of His doctrines, men curious to hear the new prophet that has arisen in Israel; the rich and the poor all mingled in their eagerness. He speaks to them of the glad tidings of great joy; He is promising its best gifts to the poor. His words amaze and startle the rich; we read on their faces their horror, their incredulity, their dismay. Behind the Saviour there advances a woman, bringing to Him her sick babe for healing. From out her face shines forth her living faith, her calm assurance in midst of her maternal anxiety. And when we look more closely, we note that wherever Jesus has passed, there all the earth has broken into bloom and verdancy, where He has not yet trodden all is burnt up and barren. This gives to the picture a mystic note and deep significance, such as is dear to this painter, who is not merely a great artist and colourist, but a thinker and a poet.

But no picture ever limned by Morelli has created the sensation produced by his 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' which, on its exhibition at Turin and Paris, was for weeks the talk of the æsthetic town. It is a picture marvellous in composition, deep, complicated, and at first almost incomprehensible in conception. What is so subtle, so original, and, if I may so express it, so modern in Morelli's treatment of this by no means unhackneyed theme of the temptation of the founder of monasticism, is that the temptation arises from within the man's own breast, and is not brought to him from without. The temptations suffered by St. Anthony were the hallucinations of his own imagination, aroused in him by abstinence and

privation from all the joys of the flesh. Anthony, we read in the legend, was assailed often by the demon, with whom he did fierce battle. Thus was it named in mediæval days. We of the nineteenth century read in his story an allegory of how nature avenges the doctrines that err against her laws, and it has been given to an artist of fervid imagination, born into a positive age, to retell the tale to our modern comprehension. The phantasms of this monk are like to the famous dream of Don Rodrigo in Manzoni's immortal book, that which Lady Macbeth names "the very painting of your fear." And thus is the theme conceived and humanised. The saint, yellow, haggard, almost cadaverous in his rigidity, is cowering in a corner of his cell. His arms are convulsively pressed to his breast, his fists are nervously clenched, all the strength of his person is concentrated into the effort to overcome the sensuous desires by will and by force. He does not look at the temptations that surround him on all sides in the forms of lascivious bodies, of heads, arms, legs, breasts, lips, and whatever else can excite the carnal appetite; he sees not the full-fledged body that uprises from under the miserable straw matting that forms the ascetic couch. He does not see with his bodily eyes, that is to say, but he yet sees it all, and this because what we behold upon the canvas is but the reflection of the phantasmagoria of the dream that the saint dreams open-eyed. And the artist has tried to show us the progress of this hallucination, thus once more stepping beside pictorial bounds. Hence much that is sketchy and indefinite in this picture; it is done designedly, to depict the dim shapeless forms that objects take in dreams. It is design, too, that there is not present one complete female form of supreme loveliness to tempt the ascetic, but heads and bodies, incomplete, floating across every inch of the canvas, intermingled with butterflies, the emblems of light ideas. Morelli comprehends the far greater incitement contained in the half-seen. It is not woman in particular, but the senses in general, that wage war against this man, destined to inaugurate the era of their complete enslavement for many centuries. We have here the struggle between the old and new world ideals; we have here the antithesis in the drama of life as played by matter and spirit, voluptuousness and mysticism, flesh and religion. Besides this finished work Morelli has painted a sketch of the same theme, and in one respect I greatly prefer the sketch. In this the saint stands upright; he recedes with horror towards the naked rock of his cell, clutching at it with his hands as though he would invoke assistance from the cold stone. This standing figure is more dignified. A frequent objection made to both pictures is that the women's heads are not beautiful, the bodies not perfect. But this was done designedly. Perfect beings are not produced by hallucination; this Morelli has learnt from pathology.

Tasso reading to Leonora.

As if in contrast to this early monk, Morelli has painted a modern friar in his 'Good Friday,' or 'Vexilla regis prodeunt.' It may stand as the half-humorous, half-pathetic smile of modern Art at this now worn-out faith, whose strong beginnings it has also shown us. What an abyss lies between this rosy, jolly, sensuous, and animalised disciple of the Nazarene and the ascetic of the Theban desert! We can scarcely believe it is the same religion that has called forth this psalm-singing, vulgar man, who walks in procession, bearing his candle, with a vacant, apathetic expression that shows he thinks of nothing, merely because he has nothing to do or think about.

Thus, as an Italian critic has well pointed out, Morelli has in a manner traversed the whole gamut of the history of Christianity, and he has given us the Mother and the Son, the teacher and Saviour. In his 'Conversion of St. Paul' he has reminded us how, in the person of this apostle, Christianity took doctrinal shape, and the Old Testament, the old civilisation, retreated before the new. In 'St. Anthony' we see that faith has touched the sublimest heights of sacrifice and is about to descend into prejudice.

The whole range of the artist's work presents a reasoned series. Whither will he take us next? Will he go yet farther in showing us the ossification of faith, or will he retrace his steps and continue his narrative of the "sweet story of old?"

Such this Italian painter, who, temperate in his tastes, simple in his desires, indifferent to the world around him, lives and works quietly and earnestly in his Neapolitan studio, so absorbed and happy in his art that he never feels the wish for distinction or rest.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

LONDON CLUB-LAND.*

VI.

THE national sports of the English people are prominently represented in London and the suburbs by the Jockey Club, Hurlingham, the Yacht Club, the Turf Club, the Marylebone Cricket Club, the Gun Club, the Four-in-hand Club, and by innumerable minor associations for the promotion of lawn tennis, polo, cricket, shooting, boating, and other athletic pastimes.

There are no less than thirty-eight yacht clubs in Great Britain, which, with a few exceptions, have their own houses, some of them being superb establishments. The Royal Thames Yacht Club, founded in 1823, is "the largest yacht club in existence, possessing, as it does, the greatest number of yachts and the greatest number of members," says one of its authorities, who has written a clever little manual, "Sailing and Yachting." Her Majesty the Queen has been the club's patron for over forty years, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is the commodore of its splendid fleet. The oldest of all the yacht clubs it seems is the Royal Cork, founded in 1720, and first known as "The Cork Harbour Water Club." The yachts, in the early days of the old club, were curious contrasts to the present "white-winged craft" that give so much picturesque charm to English seascapes. "They were open fore and aft, and were from ten to twenty tons. About a third of the length was occupied by a cabin amidships. The rigging was very simple, resembling that of the boats known as the Kinsale hookers. The sails were a mainsail, narrow but lofty, a foresail, and a jib. There was no topmast, no shrouds to the bobstay and bowsprit, and in the bowsprit there was a great steeve. There was no superfluous gear, the rigging consisting of two shrouds on either side, backstay, runner, and tackle." The Royal London has club-houses in Regent Street and at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and owns a fine fleet under the commodoreship of Mr. G. C. Lampson. Of all the citizens of a great city your Londoner is perhaps the most "countrified" in his tastes. "Cockney sportsman" is a term of derision singularly misapplied today, and probably was from the first. The London yachtsmen, rowers, canoeists, anglers, cricketers, marksmen, are famous. Their clubs give rules to the world; they are among the foremost in the great competitions, international and otherwise, on the turf, at sea, on the rowing rivers, in the cricket fields, on the tennis lawn, and at the rifle butts. It is a curious characteristic, indeed, of London men, that they have always not only shown a love for the country, but a capacity for its athletic sports. Many a city man hunts

The Jockey Club, Newmarket. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

twice or thrice a week, owns shooting grounds in Scotland, and fishing stations on foreign lakes and rivers.

The Jockey Club has always been a mystery to me. There are those who have a key to it no doubt. So far as I can discover, those who possess its secret are the high-priests of its strange temple. It has no house in London, yet it is the one great power that governs the English turf and gives racing rules to the world. At Newmarket it has "rooms" in the town and on the course. "At least," says an esteemed correspondent of mine, who knows as much as most men about the turf, "there is a room on the course sacred to the Jockey Club, at which a very bad lunch is provided, and to which admission is in the highest degree exclusive." Says my informant, "For the most part the club consists of 'great kings, dukes, and lords,' the pick of English, with a few continental, sportsmen. It has privileges with regard to stand, carriages, enclosure, etc., at Newmarket. It is supreme in all questions with reference to racing, with ques-

* Concluded from page 344.

tions, that is to say, which are not dealt with by the Grand National Hunt Committee. This latter power is a self-elected body, which deals with cross-country sports—steeple chases, hurdle races, and races for hunters carrying not less than ten stone over courses of not less distance than two miles. The Grand National Hunt Committee is not formally recognised in all respects by the Jockey Club, yet many members of one are members of the other. The Jockey Club business is directed by three stewards, who move annually. You will find a list of members, the rules of the club, and much about it, in *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*," to which I beg to refer the reader who desires to flounder on the frontiers of a country he may not enter, and concerning the personal administration of which my friend says, "you might as well ask a minister to give you an account of a cabinet meeting as ask one of its chiefs to tell what they do at their most secret meetings."

Coffee Room, Jockey Club. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

London has always been fond of sports. History and fiction are full of the picturesque record of her archery, hawking, tennis, pallmall, her hunting in Epping Forest, and more recently of her modern recreations. No fashionable novel is complete without a picture of Hurlingham, a lawn-tennis match, or a boating scene on the Upper Thames, unless the story be intended as a special attraction for men, and then it introduces Tattersalls and Newmarket, a betting club, or a descent of London hunting men upon Melton Mowbray or Market Harborough. It is difficult to realise the condition of London when Reginald Heber published the first number of his *Racing Calendar* in 1751. Snipes were "still drinking in the marshes of Conduit Street;" there were wild fowl among the bulrushes of the willow walk of Pimlico; the apprentice lads chased ducks in Moorfield Ponds; and "the short, sharp bark of the fox still broke on the ear of the wayfarer as he drove his lumbering wain at midnight past Kensington Gardens, and stopped for a draught at the Half-way House bowl."

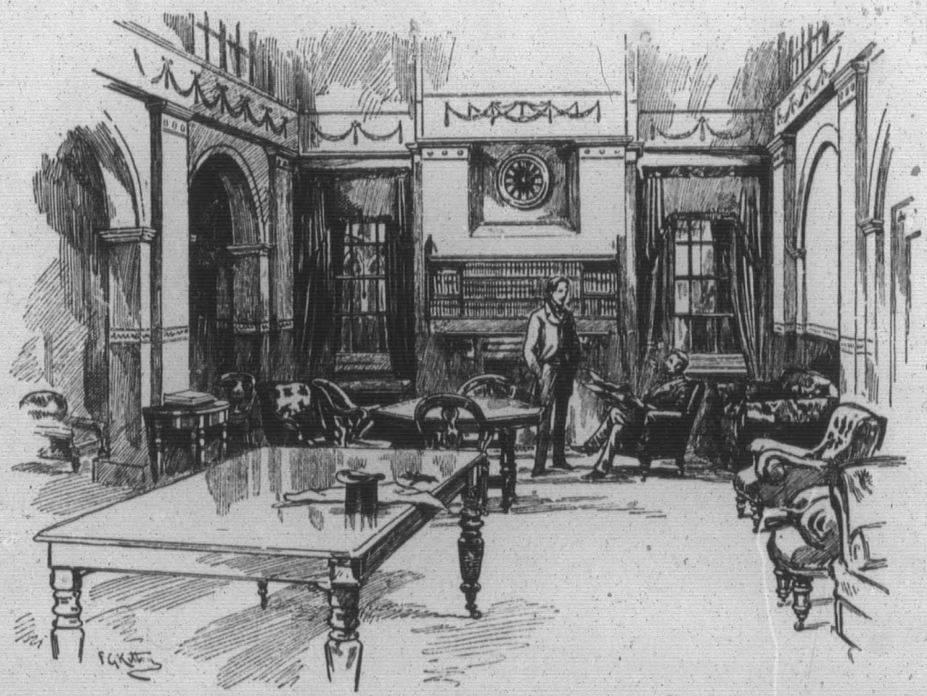
There were still living at Newmarket in those days a few old people who could remember "how the Court hurried back to London at the news of the Rye-House plot, and how Nell Gwynne held her infant out of the window as her royal lover passed down the Palace Gardens to his stables, and threatened to drop him if he was not made a duke on the spot." The king liked his apartments at Newmarket better than those of Whitehall. One day he might be seen walking among the elms in Hyde Park talking with Dryden about classic poetry, and on the next "his arm on Tom Durfey's shoulder, he would be talking a second to his Phyllida, or 'To horse, my brave boys of Newmarket, to horse!'" Newmarket still retains much of the character of the old days; her famous club rules appear to be as the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not; it is an assembly of kings and princes and peers, an upper house which has no lower chamber to send up bills for its endorsement, and to storm at it if it ventures to dissent from them. I count in the mysterious Ruff's list of members, in addition to our Prince of Wales and his royal brothers, the Emperor of all the Russias, the King of the Netherlands, the King of the Belgians, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the Grand Duke Vladimer of Russia. The stewards last year were the Earl of Zetland, the Earl of Cadogan, and the Earl of March. The presidents of the American and the French Jockey Clubs are honorary members, as are also the vice-president and the three stewards of the French Jockey Club.

The Turf Club since it moved from Grafton Street to Piccadilly is said to have become quite a formidable rival to White's. The Marlborough is said to have also suffered in this respect. Many of the Marlborough men have joined the Turf. The card-room is an important feature of all these clubs, but the stakes are said to be no longer excessive, and the Turf has now the credit of being a very bright conversational and social lounge. Politics and sports are leading topics, and in the hunting season those members who do not consider it *de regle* to live at the head-quarters of the Quorn or the Pytchley, join the hounds from London all the same. Indeed for some years past many hunting men make London their head-quarters between November and February. The packs of hounds that meet within two hours' ride by rail from London draw most of their attendance from the metropolis. Special trains from Paddington and Waterloo accommodate what is called the London brigade, that makes a point of hunting twice a week with her Majesty's staghounds. During

the cold, dark, winter mornings you may, if you travel by the early trains, encounter London sportsmen in their war paint off to ride with the West Kent, the old Berkeley, the Suffolk, the Essex, the East Sussex, the Surrey Union, and other well-known hounds. There are many who go as far as Melton, Crick, or Market Harborough. "Provided the meet be within an hour's ride or drive of a railway station," says an authority on the subject, "four hours will generally suffice to take the London man from the metropolis to the cover-side, where he will find the Quorn, the Pytchley, or Mr. Tailby's. There are scores of hunting men living in town who twice or even three times a week enjoy a quick thing in Leicestershire; having left their lodgings in the West End at 6 A.M. and are back to dine at their club by 8 or 8.30 P.M."

The more one thinks of London from what may be called a sportsman's point of view the less towny it becomes, the more pastoral are its attractions, and the more certain does it seem that one would require a volume to attempt even a sketch of the outdoor attractions of this very pleasant club-land, some characteristic features of which have been pictorially illustrated in these pages. Club-land is not that mere luxurious lounge which a great minister recently described it, and if it were, what is a club for but a pleasant social resting place? A political exchange, where men may intrigue and scheme in the interest of their party, is one thing; a Carlton or Reform, an Athenæum, a Garrick, or a Badminton, is another. As for London Club-land, it has in it the perfume of flowers, the crack of the whip, the plash of the oar, the sound of the hunter's horn, the merry laugh of girls and boys, and the admiring murmurs of Hyde Park Corner on a coaching day, and the shout of enthusiastic crowds at Lord's. Who does not recall gay meets of the Four-in-Hand at the Magazine in Hyde Park, the chestnuts all in bloom, the trees dancing upon the lake? Who has not pleasant out-door memories of bright days under the auspices of the Marylebone Cricket Club at Lord's, of triumphant London boats at Henley regatta, of polo matches at Hurlingham, and of racing yachts that sailed on summer seas?

I question whether what may be called the country side of Club-land has not more claims on Art than its architectural, decorative, and conventional features. Treating the subject in *The Art Journal*, it is especially satisfactory to make this suggestion. Coaching, hunting, yachting, shooting, have furnished subjects for the great artists of all countries. The picturesqueness of our literature is a reflection of the picturesqueness of that side of English life which includes our sports and pastimes. It is unnecessary to mention among the claims of this other phase of Club-land the inspiration that many an artist has found in the sports of angling, stag-hunting, grouse-shooting; and equally superfluous to recall the subjects which the Badminton, the Four-in hand, the Gun Club, the Royal Thames Yachting Club, Lord's, and kindred institutions have supplied to the illustrated literature of popular magazines, English and American. Every Royal Academy exhibition is a tribute to English sports and pastimes. It would be an offence even at this last moment to omit all mention of that essentially out-of-door club, the Alpine, which meets in St. Martin's Place to circumvent the icy peaks of Switzerland. No phase of national recreation is excluded from our Club-land; and the professional sporting man who said that from October to July there is no place like London, and that during the other three months it is the best place in England, may be taken to fully endorse the claim of London to be a world within itself—a city with a score of parks and playgrounds in the very heart of it; from which every high road leads to country lanes and meadows, to forest lands and pleasant streams, and every river runs into our own surrounding seas.



Arcade Room, Jockey Club. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE EARLY MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL.*

No. V.

ALTHOUGH Raphael's connection with Perugia did not terminate with the completion of the Madonna Ansidei, since the fresco in the monastery of San Severo is posterior to that work, it is probably, however, the last of the Perugian Madonnas from his hand. General assent assigns its successor in the series, the Madonna di Terranuova (see illustration) to Raphael's Florentine period; at the same time there is a possibility it may have been partially executed at Perugio, in the intervals of work on the fresco. That it retains strong evidence of Perugino's style and method is unmistakable; this would be the case had it been painted at either city, for there are no abrupt breaks in the sequence of the work of Raphael, but, dominating the Umbrian technicalities, a fresh influence is perceptible, and in a degree so marked and decisive as to indicate that the art of Raphael has entered on a new phase.

No. 20.—First Study for the Madonna di Terranuova. Berlin Gallery.

Mention was made in a former paper of the object Raphael had in view in visiting Florence, of the pictorial work he would not fail to study, and the distinguished artists to whom he would doubtless be introduced by his master, Perugino. It does not come within the scope of the present papers to deal with the result of these influences on his art generally, we have only to glance at them in as far as they relate to a particular branch of it, which, however, happened to be the one that most occupied his attention during the first part of his stay at Florence. His reputation as a painter of Madonnas stood high at Perugia, at the metropolis of Tuscany he would find himself opposed to competition of another calibre to Perugino's scholars, such as Manni, Alfani, Spagna, to Pinturicchio or to the Patriarch, as the master was called, himself. Apart from the natural capacity of the Tuscan and Umbrian races, the artists of the former were a century in advance of the latter; the Umbrians still worked within the bounds of a narrow routine, the Tuscans continually searched out new paths, struck every chord of emotion, and laid all nature under contribution in seeking fresh material for the exercise of the artistic faculty. Even the benumbing influence of officialism failed to curb the inventive power of the Florentine artist; but besides the official patronage, private citizens vied with each other in the collection of works of Art, and in the small Madonna for the oratory or cabinet the painter would have the freest scope for the exercise of his imagination and observation of nature. There the Mother and Child no longer sat enthroned in the presence of scarlet-hatted cardinals and mitred bishops, of stern saints and starved ascetics; their companion was the good-natured Joseph or the baby Baptist, or more often they alone were figured on the panel, and then the tender maternal solicitude and the responsive infantile love found open and undisturbed expression. Such in sculpture were the relievos of Donatello, the Delle Robbia, Desiderio da Settignano and Mino, and in painting, the panels of the Lippi, Verrochio, Botticelli, Lorenzo da Credi and many others. In these works, carved or painted for the home, the artist endeavoured to portray the affections that blossom and expand only under the shelter and security of home life, the joys too sacred to be exposed to the eyes of the world. The parade, the ceremonial attitudes, the ostentation which were supposed to impart dignity and impressiveness to the altar-piece, before which the public acts of faith were rendered, here found no place; in their stead, since the more intimate sentiments were appealed to, the aims of the artist were simplicity, grace, the presentation of passing and unstudied action and spontaneous feeling. It was in subjects of this class that Raphael appealed to the Florentine public. The response is well known, and every succeeding generation has set its seal to the verdict then delivered.

The secret that lies at the root of this undying popularity is, without question, the truth to nature and the capacity for rendering the purest and most touching shades of emotion displayed throughout the series of works under consideration. They possess other qualities, as of accomplished execution and scientific design, which, although appealing to a more restricted class, will always be of the highest interest. The critical acumen, the research that has been devoted to tracing the influences perceptible in the work of Raphael, is

* Continued from page 327.

known to students. No portion of those labours have been more successful than the investigations relating to the

No. 21.—Sketch for the Madonna di Terranuova. Lille Museum.

master's early Florentine period; yet, copious as they are, much remains yet to be accomplished. The same keen and retentive powers of observation characterizing Raphael's study of nature were exerted in his examination of the works of his predecessors and contemporaries. Their excellences, whether of felicitous motives, sprightly or energetic action, or pregnant suggestion, were treasured in his memory. From Donatello to Leonardo da Vinci all were laid under contribution, not in the spirit of the plagiarist, but in that of the student who profits by the labours of his forerunners, and who himself carries forward and enlarges the enterprise to which they were devoted. A mere mention of the various compositions that had been the objects of Raphael's studious attention would encroach too largely on the limit assigned to the present article; there is one work, however, which cannot be omitted in any examination of the Madonna di Terranuova: namely, Michael Angelo's circular 'Holy Family,' now in the Tribune at the Uffizi. The panel was painted for Angelo Doni, a wealthy merchant, who was also one of Raphael's earliest friends on his taking up his residence at Florence; the master, it will be remembered, painted both the portrait of Angelo and his wife Maddalena Strozzi. It is with difficulty that we, at the present day, can realise the sensation Michael Angelo's composition excited when it was placed before the Art public of Florence in 1503. Such powerful design combined with drawing of absolutely scientific precision, such marvellous foreshortening, intricate arrangement of line and consummate modelling, whether of flesh or drapery, had never before been seen, nor has it ever been surpassed. A work like this would revolutionize all the current artistic ideas, and could scarcely fail to have a permanent influence on the course of Art. Such, indeed, was the case. Michael Angelo's practice formed the basis of Academic teaching, men aped his attitudes, ignored all that he disdained, spent their lives in making laboured drawings of his works, some, like Battista Franco and Marcello Venusti, scarcely accomplishing anything else, until every natural sentiment and aspiration was banished entirely from certain schools of Art. Michael Angelo saw but one object in creation, the human figure, and that informed only by one sentiment, the burden of unmitigated despair. The creatures of his imagination on taking their places in his panels or frescoes had left all hope behind them. If an exhibition composed only of his works could be transported to the planet Jupiter, it would lead its inhabitants to suppose that our earth was an arid desert, peopled only by the condemned. Conceptions of humanity and of the end and aim of Art of this nature were totally opposed to those held by Raphael; he, at this period of his career, saw only what was beautiful in nature, he delighted in the representation of incidents that were tender and refined. The impression rendered by his work is that of hope and serenity and abiding joy; he imagines a region of eternal spring and peoples it with beings who, though very human, show us humanity animated

No. 22.—Sketch for the Madonna del Gran' Duca. Oxford Gallery.

only by sentiments of love and affection. Hence there is no incident in the history of Art more piquant and interesting

than the first contact of Raphael with the work of his great rival. None would see more clearly than Raphael the transcendent excellences of Angelo Doni's remarkable picture; none would be more sensible of the fatal tendency of the art on which such prodigies of technical skill had been so lavishly accumulated.

While recognising its surpassing grandeur he would discern that it was a thing apart, a splendid example of original genius, yet, if the phrase may be pardoned, an abnormal development, and not therefore a subject for imitation, although when rightly judged stimulating in the highest degree. Raphael at that time accurately estimating his own powers, would not then dream of attempting to compete with Michael Angelo's composition in its own style and on parallel lines. But he sought to win applause by the display of other qualities, of qualities more profound and subtle, and that ever appeal to the finest and healthiest feeling of our nature. He attentively studied the technical lessons contained in the matchless work, and the admirable modelling of the nude in the children, the flexibility of the form, and the exquisite manipulation of the Terranuova composition show that the teaching was not in vain.

No. 23.—The Madonna del Gran' Duca. Pitti Palace, Florence. Size, 2 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 9½ in.

We do not know for whom or subject to what conditions the Madonna di Terranuova was produced. We can, however, trace the progress of its conception from the first sketch to the final modification of the original design following on the acquaintance with Michael Angelo's 'Holy Family.'

The earliest drawing for the composition is a careful pen-and-umber study (see illustration, Fig. 20) made on the back of the cartoon for the Madonna Connestabile (see the *Art Journal* for February, page 56); it is careful and laboured in execution, as would be the work of a pupil of Perugino. That it is the immature production of a tyro is evident from the general stiffness of drawing; details like the Virgin's left hand being especially feeble. It has been suggested, and not unreasonably, that the design was inspired by a work of the head of the school. Among the Duke of Devonshire's drawings at Chatsworth, there is one attributed to Perugino, and made on the back of a portion of a letter, apparently written by a son of the master.* The drawing represents the Virgin seated with the child on her knees, and attended by two saints, one bearded, the other a youthful figure, and both arranged as in the Raphael study above, the action of the child is, however, not the same as in the Raphael drawing; the execution is very rough and hasty, and may well be the first jotting down of a composition that a man would scribble on the back of a letter. Raphael probably made his drawing in the hopes of getting a commission to paint the composition, an enterprise in which he does not appear to have been immediately successful. Then later, when he had acquired greater freedom of hand, he enlarged and somewhat altered the group, adding wings to the angel, giving a reed cross to the Baptist, with other slight changes, and arching the top of the design (see illustration No 21). It is important to notice, what has been pointed out by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, that a part of the lower half of the drawing is a restoration on modern paper; this includes the hand and arm of the Virgin, the legs of the child, the drapery over the Virgin's lap, and the hand of the saint. Unfortunately,

* This discovery was made by Mr. G. A. Reid, late keeper of the prints in the British Museum, who found the letter on removing the old mount on which the drawing was pasted.

No. 24.—Sketch for the Madonna del Gran' Duca. Gallery of the Uffizi, Florence. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

a drawing of the composition as finally settled has not yet been discovered, but if the supposition is correct that the ultimate casting was made after seeing Michael Angelo's circular panel, it is easy to understand why the saint and angel were omitted and a fourth figure added to balance the composition; how, also, the group came to be enclosed in a circle. The mention of the circular form recalls the fact that late in the fifteenth century Florentine Art had produced another remarkable round of a Madonna and Child, by Luca Signorelli, and which, doubtless, furnished hints to Michael Angelo in the composition of his more celebrated work. There also, behind the principal group, stand smaller nude figures, but they have the air of inhabiting the landscape and not being introduced solely with the intention of displaying the painter's power in drawing the human figure; they assimilate the composition to that of an antique pastoral, while those in Michael Angelo's picture only surprise us from their singular incongruity with the principal motive. Raphael also would, doubtless, have seen Signorelli's work, and there may be confirmation of the supposition in the similarity of the character of the landscape background with the rocks and hills rising on either side of the Virgin. The details of Raphael's landscape were taken from studies in his sketch-book, probably made in one of his journeys between Perugia and Urbino. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their life of Raphael, first pointed out the relationship of the sketches to the picture. It is one of the examples of that patient and intelligent research which have made their work so valuable to students of Raphael. The Madonna di Terranuova, now one of the chief ornaments of the Berlin Gallery, derives its name from having long been in the possession of the ducal family of Terranuova of Genoa and Naples. It was bought at the latter city in 1854 by the late King of Prussia, the price paid being 30,000 crowns.

If in the Terranuova picture there are still reminiscences of Umbrian Art, there are none to be found in the 'Madonna del Gran' Duca' (see illustration), which is distinctly Florentine, and of the Florentine masters it has the strongest affinities with the work of Leonardo da Vinci. In all technical qualities, in the arrangement and presentation of a subject, it was he who in future exercised the greatest influence on Raphael. Among the earliest panels painted by the youthful master on arriving at Florence was the portrait of Maddalena Doni; the attitude, even to the arrangement of the hands, was the same as the 'Mona Lisa,' Leonardo's celebrated masterpiece. The executive qualities of Raphael's portrait will bear no comparison with its prototype, but it shows the bent and inclination of his mind. His last work, the 'Transfiguration,' is carried out on the principles laid down by Leonardo, and is a splendid tribute to their profound exposition of the laws that should govern the practice of pictorial art. It was only natural that Raphael's first essays in a style having such lofty aims would be crude and immature, but he was an apt scholar, and considering the date assigned to the production of the Gran' Duca Madonna, his progress must have been of extraordinary rapidity. He unquestionably based that composition on the teaching of Leonardo's "Treatise on Painting;" it is well known that the work itself was not published in the lifetime of either artist, but, composed for Leonardo's school at Milan, it is

No. 25.—The Madonna di Terranuova. Berlin Gallery. Diameter, 2 ft. 9¾ in.

possible that a MS. copy in some form may have been circulated among the master's friends at Florence; it is certain that they would be acquainted with the maxims and precepts he had drawn up for the use of his former pupils. It would occupy too much space to point out in detail how the picture illustrates the teaching of the "Treatise;" the reader, if he cares to do so, can consult the book itself, which is probably in the possession of the majority of those who will peruse this article. We may observe that the manipulation of the picture is of extreme delicacy and refinement, the painting is solid, the modulation is broad but full of subtlety. The colour has doubtless suffered from time, and also from cleaning and varnishing; it is generally agreeable, but there are indications of deterioration in the flesh tints, and the blue mantle of the Virgin has acquired a greener tinge than it probably originally possessed; the red robe it covers appears to have better maintained its pristine tones. Raphael always made a final cartoon for his compositions, as we have seen in the Madonna Connestabile, and like those in the National Gallery and the Louvre belonging respectively to the 'Knight's Dream' and the 'St. Catherine.' In the present instance this, which would have been a more than usually valuable document, is lost, and therefore we lose the advantage which would have been derived from comparing it with the Leonardo cartoon for the 'Virgin and St. Anne.' Studies and drawings for the picture still remain. It has been suggested that a sketch by Raphael at Oxford (see illustration, No. 22) represents his first conception of this group. The motive possibly received various modifications before it assumed its present arrangement in the lovely drawing now in the Uffizi (see illustration, No. 24). It bears all the marks of extreme rapidity of execution, but, slight as it is, its grace is unmistakable, and the expression of both Mother and Child of surpassing sweetness. Comparing the present felicitous fac-simile of the drawing with the woodcut of the picture, it may be thought that the latter has lost some of the charm of the sketch; it should be observed, however, that the engraving of the picture was not executed from the original, and, moreover, it would be impossible in any form of engraving to render satisfactorily the marvellous touch of the hand of Raphael in a work which is justly reckoned to be one of his happiest inspirations. The place it still holds in the estimation of the Florentines may be known from the cry that arose some years since when there was a possibility that it would be lost to the city. It was at the time when Florence was incorporated into the kingdom of Italy, and when the Grand Duke had to retire to Austria. The Duke claimed the picture as his personal property, and legally his claim appears to have been well founded; it was, however, vehemently opposed by the Italian minister, Sella, who declared he would vote for war rather than give up the Raphael, at the same time intimating his readiness to pay for it any sum that could be reasonably demanded. Yet, curiously enough, the picture during the last century sold for only twelve crowns; it then belonged to a poor widow, who had inherited it from Carlo Dolce, the painter, and was ignorant of its value. Afterwards it was bought by the Grand Duke, Ferdinand III., and then only for the modest sum of £132; he held it, however, in such admiration that he always carried it with him when travelling. After this chequered career it has found a resting-place where it is desirable that all works of such exceptional qualities should be housed, in a National Gallery. Fortunately there are few of the delightful series, of which the Gran' Duca Madonna may be said to be the earliest, that are not now accessible to the public in the galleries of the various capitals of Europe. The 'Madonna di Casa Tempi' is at Munich, the 'Madonna in Green' is at Vienna, the 'Cardellino' in the Uffizi, the 'Belle Jardinière' at the Louvre, and the list might be extended. In these successive scenes in the growth and evolution of an affection, of which none other can be more pure and tender, Raphael lays aside all mystic symbolism, all pretensions to sectarian teaching; he presents us with a series of idyllic pictures as varied and full of surprises as they are graceful and engaging.

Our thanks are due to Dr. F. Lippman for a fac-simile of the drawing for the Madonna di Terranuova in the print-room at the Berlin Museum and to Dr. W. Bode for a photograph of the picture itself.

HENRY WALLIS.

'THE FRENCH IN CAIRO.'

THE incident here represented is one that took place during the occupation of Cairo by the French in and about the year 1799. Presumably to render his government more imposing, Napoleon gave orders that French names should be carved upon the principal towers and gates of the town. A number of these still exist, such as "Tour Milhaud" and "Tour Lassalle," so called after two of Napoleon's cavalry generals, near to the gates of Bab-en-Nasr and Bab-el-Fotouh. To give additional effect to this he caused the principal sheikhs to attend the proceedings. In Mr. Horsley's picture, which is in the possession of J. F. Mappin, Esq., M.P., the soldier-workman has chalked up "Napoleon," to the satisfaction of his comrades, a ragged crew, who bear evidence to the great hardships suffered by the French army after the battle of Aboukir, and which prevented any supplies arriving from France. The scene is on the wall looking over the city near to the Bab-en-Nasr, and the tower on this wall still bears the inscription "Tour Lassalle." The mosque seen in the background was ultimately fortified, and used, like many another beautiful building, as a military post. Mr. Walter C. Horsley, the painter of this picture, is now thirty years of age, and is a son of the Academician of that name. He entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1873, and there gained a silver medal for figure painting from the life. In 1875 Mr. Horsley left England for India as one of the special artists for the *Graphic* during the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to that country, and three years later visited Cairo and Egypt. Amongst the artist's more notable works are the 'Hour of Prayer,' the guns' crew of a Turkish ironclad at prayer between decks, exhibited in 1877; the 'Bezesteen Bazaar, Constantinople,' exhibited in 1878; the 'Narrow Way,' the 'Time of Need' (1881); 'There is no God but God' (1882); 'Fighting his Battles o'er again' (1883); 'The French in Cairo' (1884); 'Anxious Moments,' 'Pharisee and Publican' (1885); and a series of large sporting portrait-pictures for H.H. Nawab of Bahawalpour.

Front of a Cassone in Carved Walnut Wood, from Brescia.

THE ITALIAN SCULPTURE COLLECTION AT THE BIRMINGHAM NEW MUSEUM.

IT will be easy enough in these times to found Art museums in our great provincial centres. Convenient and sumptuous buildings are sure to arise, and, in the long run, there will be no lack of funds for their maintenance and for the acquisition of Art treasures to stock them with; but this is not all—it is, indeed, the least onerous part of the matter. More needful, and, in fact, even more difficult to command than pecuniary means, is the guiding intelligence, knowledge, and taste indispensable to the successful creation of such institutions. Not only must this intelligence be of a high and comprehensive order, but it should be continuously exercised without break or intermission. Nothing is easier than to rake together from all quarters a crude *omnium gatherum* of incongruous things, and to dignify it with the title of an "Art museum."

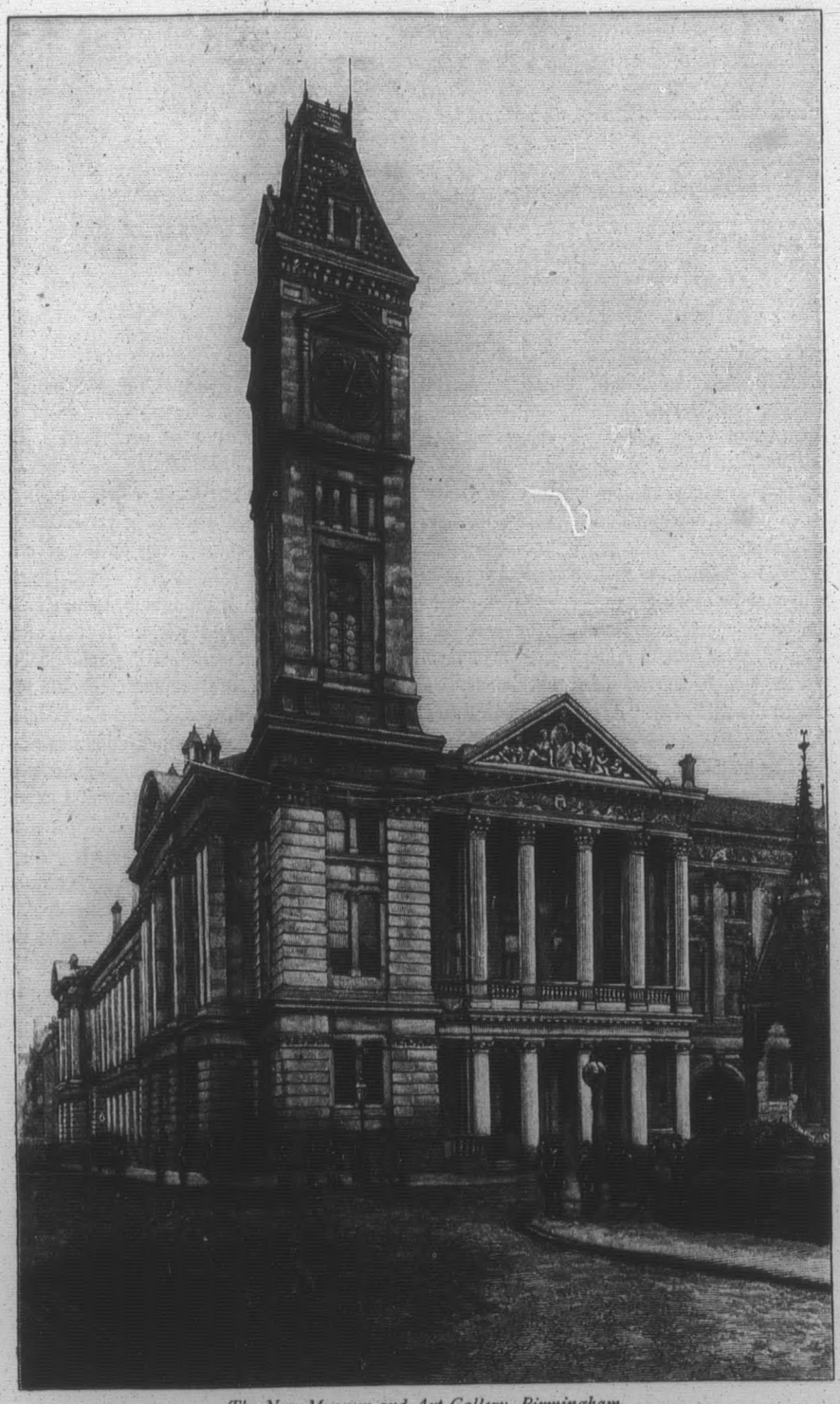
Anybody can do this. In fact, it works automatically, so to speak, for everybody has a finger in the pie—everybody hastens to lend, give, or bequeath things they do not want, or for which they can no longer find house-room themselves. It cannot, however, be too often or too strongly insisted upon that a bad museum is worse than no museum at all. If museums are to be made mere vulgar shows, they are not worth their cost, and are a delusion and a snare—for the people who would find amusement or take an interest in such exhibitions, it would be better indeed to provide dancing saloons or coffee palaces. Low-class museums, in fact, become neither more nor less than evil centres and promulgators of universal bad taste and ignorant assumption. It is then no small matter for congratulation that a good beginning should have been made in at least one of our great cities. In no place, perhaps, is a well-ordered and comprehensive Art collection likely to be of more direct practical use than in Birmingham. The variety of trades and handicrafts which are exercised in that renowned industrial centre is, perhaps, greater than in any other place in the world, and, perhaps, in a majority of the specialities, Art embellishment is a more or less essential factor; there is, then, a call in this particular place for a correspondently varied and comprehensive Art collection, and in particular for access to acknowledged masterpieces bearing on the several industries in question.

Art collections for a place like Birmingham, then, should have a wide range, but this should not, as is too often the case, involve careless and undiscriminating selection of specimens. Every example, on the contrary, should be intrinsically excellent and beautiful, and, above all, genuine and indubitable, not a mere modern or vamped-up imitation—casts or reproductions, if you like, if beautiful originals cannot be obtained; but the acquisition or the harbouring of a single modern forgery should be considered an indelible disgrace to all concerned.

Well-head, "Vera di Pozzo," from the Palazzo Molin, Venice. Engraved by J. Hipkins.

One of the greatest mistakes committed in recent times, and for this omnivorous great exhibitions are, in great part, responsible, is the idea that museums should necessarily take the shape of vast miscellaneous gatherings. Few and good specimens, on the other hand, would be a far better motto. Although the direct bearing of the new Birmingham museum on the industries of the place is an all-important consideration, it is not the sole or exclusively paramount one. The furtherance of general culture, and the æsthetic delectation of the citizens, are at least quite as important considerations. There is no reason why the great provincial cities of England, with their vast populations and wealth, should not place themselves fully on a level with Continental centres of similar status.

Surely free and enlightened England, in this age of local self-government and democratic aspiration, may be called upon to vie at least with the desultory efforts of the petty princes of old, and to outstrip them even in celerity of achievement.



The New Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.
Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from a Photograph by Mr. Thrupp, Birmingham.

The museums and Art galleries, then, of our great provincial cities should be made more than mere industrial adjuncts; Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Nottingham, Leeds, should set before themselves ideals in Florence, Milan, Venice, Dresden, Munich and Lyons. Why should not English manufacturers and artisans add the crowning graces of Art to the great centres which their energy and intelligence have made world-renowned and potent?

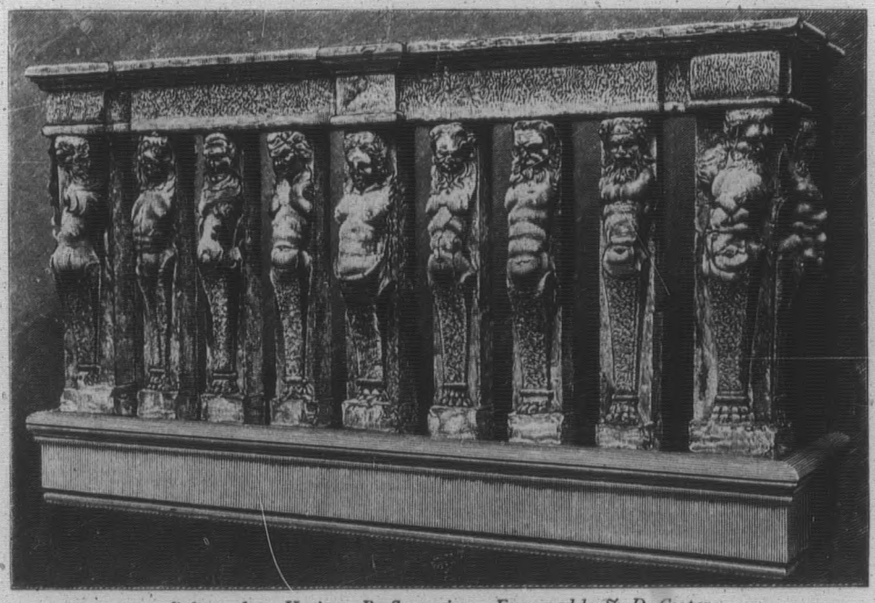
It is with such views, at all events, be they practical or not, that the writer has endeavoured to assist the Birmingham authorities in the formation of their new Art museum. Birmingham received a first instalment some years ago, in a small collection of objects of mediæval Art bequeathed by the late Sir Francis Scott, of Great Barr Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, the most notable specimens being some fine old Limoges enamels. Fortunately, the key-note, as it were, then opportunely struck, was of a high class. Sir Francis Scott was a personal friend of the writer's, and his Art acquisitions were made at the time, five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when the foundations of the South Kensington Museum were being laid, consequently when fine works of ornamental Art were more easily to be met with, and at far less cost, than at present.

In this work Sir Francis Scott took a keen interest, and the advice of the writer was often sought by him in respect of the acquisition of the specimens with which he ultimately endowed the Birmingham Museum. Having thus, although indirectly, already had some share in promoting the interests of Art in Birmingham, it is curious that long afterwards the writer should have been instrumental in the endowment of the museum with a much more important series of Art specimens.

In 1881, the writer was requested by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to make a journey of exploration in Italy for the acquisition of specimens for the South Kensington Museum—to take up again, in fact, the course by which the chief treasures of the museum had been acquired in former years. The successful results of this journey induced, in the succeeding year, the Birmingham authorities to request him to undertake a similar expedition in their interest. The specimens of Italian sculpture described in the present article were the gatherings made during the second expedition.

It might, of course, have seemed desirable to give a preference in the selection of specimens for Birmingham to such as in their nature had a bearing on local industries, and works in metal naturally suggested themselves as likely to be the most suitable and appropriate, but in these days there is anything but an open market for works of Art, and it is no longer possible for the fastidious collector to pick and choose amidst a plethora of specimens. It is now, on the contrary, requisite to hunt out diligently and with difficulty the few and far between gems which lie concealed in stray corners, and to carefully sift and discriminate amidst the masses of spurious trash which make up the staple of the wares of the modern Continental dealer. In one category, and that a most important one for a public museum, the writer saw a chance of employing to the best advantage the slender funds entrusted to him. The destruction of old churches, monasteries, and other ancient public and private buildings, which has gone on of late years so rapidly in Italy, had, to his knowledge, thrown into the hands of builders, masons, architects, and others a considerable mass of rare and beautiful specimens, objects of mediæval and renaissance sculpture and decorative architectural fragments, etc. Such specimens, although of the highest beauty and intrinsic value—*chefs-d'œuvre* of ornamental Art, often authentic and well-known works of the greatest masters—were, however, most frequently fragmentary in their nature and of considerable bulk. In the majority of cases, therefore, such things were not readily saleable to the ordinary dealer or tourist collector, consequently the exaggerated prices expected for more fashionable and easily portable works of Art were not asked by the dealers and others who had them for sale. To find out the possessors of such works in Venice, Florence, Rome, and other Italian cities was then the fixed intention of the writer. In what measure success attended his endeavours it is for the public to determine, now that the specimens have at last been arranged together in one of the principal rooms of the sumptuous new museum. The writer, shortly after the acquisition of the specimens, contributed two rather lengthy letters to the *Times* newspaper (October 1st and 24th, 1883), in which the specimens of Italian sculpture acquired for South Kensington, and also those for Birmingham, were described in some detail. It will be allowable for him to make some extracts from these articles, inasmuch as he could not better describe specimens, some of which are amongst the engraved illustrations in this paper, and more particularly as from the evanescent nature of all newspaper literature, these letters are by this time probably forgotten. The sculptures in stone, marble, and wood acquired for Birmingham comprise altogether about from eighty to a hundred specimens. These consist mainly of friezes, doorways, window-architraves, the fronts of Venetian balconies, chimney-pieces, carved panels and pilasters, Venetian well-heads, and lastly a fine series of the beautiful carved wooden *cassoni*, or marriage chests. As our illustrations have been chosen somewhat at random from amongst these treasures, a corresponding liberty or disregard of strict sequence in our remarks will be allowable. Everybody who has visited Venice must have taken note of the ornamental well-heads which abound on all hands. The famous bronze wells in the courtyard of the ducal palace will, of course, be in every one's recollection; but every piazza, the courtyard of every palace, and almost every house in Venice, has its "vera di pozzo" of stone or marble, and the collective series forms in itself a veritable school of ornamental sculpture of all ages from the earliest days of the Republic down to the last century.

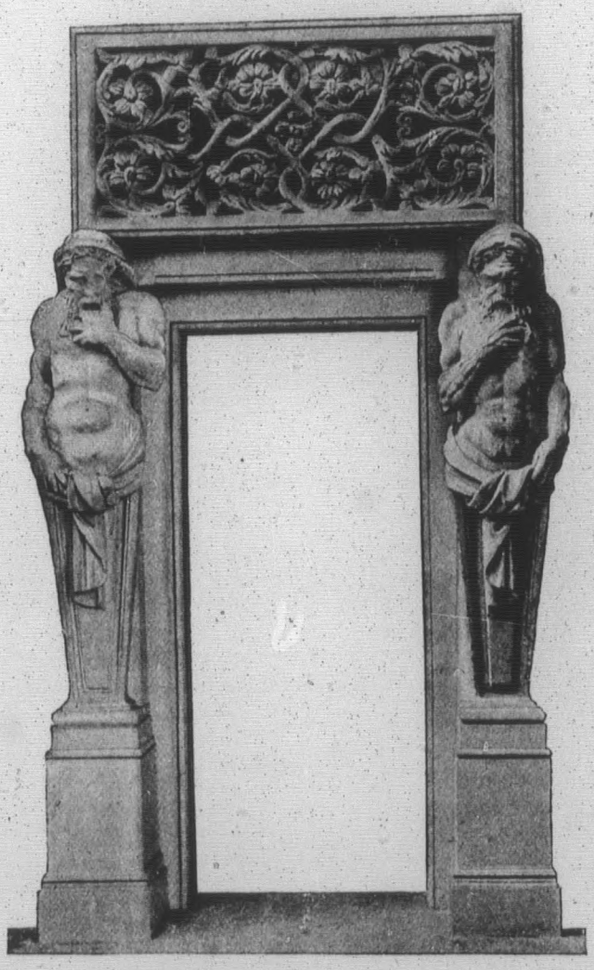
These well-tops, then, are a notable and distinct local feature, and the term "vera di pozzo," literally the "ring of a well," is probably of local application only; they are in fact rings or perforated cylinders of stone or marble, placed over the mouth of the well to fence it in and protect it, and most of them are furnished with flat-hinged covers of iron. It is a curious fact, that although the ground on which Venice stands is a mere mud-bank intersected on all hands by a network of salt water canals and surrounded by the sea, there is nevertheless an abundance of fresh water at a short distance beneath the surface. The Venetian authorities have at all times paid great attention to the question of the water supply, and innumerable ordinances and regulations have been from age to age formulated respecting these wells.



Balcony from Venice. By Sansovino. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Like the doorway and chimney-piece of the house, the well-top in Venice became a favourite object for sculpturesque decoration; it was the fashion, in fact, to have handsome "veri." Some of them are of great size, massive perforated blocks several tons in weight, and they are often elevated on one or more encircling steps. Of these "veri," during the two expeditions of the writer four specimens were secured, all of them fine examples of their respective style and date. Two of them were acquired for South Kensington in 1881, and may now be seen, placed in the Italian sculpture-court; the other two were purchased for Birmingham. These last are of the largest model, being huge blocks of Istrian stone.

The earliest in point of date is a large circular "vera," in Istrian stone, of stern and simple Gothic type, somewhat resembling in shape the capital of a massive column; it may perhaps be referred to *circa* 1350. It came from the court-yard of a house in the quartiere or district of San Maurizio, in Venice. The other is a *chef-d'œuvre*, probably unsurpassed by any other example of its style and period remaining *in situ*. It is also a circular "vera" of the largest size, and it is accompanied by its original surrounding steps. It is also of Istrian stone, exquisitely wrought in the highest style of Venetian Renaissance art; the date of this piece is probably about 1500. The ornamentation consists of foliated scroll-work, in rather low relief, interspersed with birds, fantastic animals, medallions, rosettes, etc.—in short, the richest and most elaborate assortment of the decorative motives of the time, disposed with infinite variety, fancy, and skill. This capital work stood in the court-yard of the ancient Palazzo Molin, and was obtained when, quite recently, the house was pulled down to make way for a modern "casino." This piece is the subject of the second illustration which accompanies this paper.



Caryatides, by Sansovino, from the Palazzo Frangipanni at Pordenone, and Balcony Front from Venice.

The busy and pageant-gilded waterways of Venice, not less than the strength and stability of the Government of the famous Republic, which kept them secure and exempt from the dangers which in the turbulent Middle Ages beset the narrow streets and piazzas of other Italian cities, at an early period give a special character to the domestic architecture of Venice. Elsewhere the houses of nobles and peaceful citizens were sombre, fortress-like erections, with few and loophole-like windows, each with its high signorial tower, an outward symbol of nobility, in reality a refuge-place in case of need. In Venice, on the contrary, there were no towers of defence, and the houses were gay and splendid palaces, their sculptural façades pierced with large and beautiful windows, letting in light and air and jocund cheerfulness. To these windows the necessary complements were the projecting balconies, wherein the richly-robed senators and ladies could show themselves at the innumerable ceremonies and processions on the crowded canals beneath. In Venice, then, first arose the real type of modern palaces, and there are still to be seen the most beautiful and stately models for modern street architecture. In this architecture the window balcony is an ever-present and striking feature, and on this appendage the richest and most tasteful sculptured decoration was commonly lavished. Supported on massive brackets ("mensole"), the fronts of these balconies are filled in either with stone slabs, cut through and sculptured in perforated work in a thousand beautiful patterns, or else with small column-shaped balusters. Of these perforated balcony fronts ("trasfori di pergole") the writer was, in 1881, able to secure no less than twelve most beautiful specimens. In the second expedition, moreover, were secured five other excellent specimens of these "trasfori" for the Birmingham Museum; and, more important still, an entire balcony, with its supporting brackets and all other constructive details complete. This, however, is of the baluster or columnar type, and dates about 1550. It is of great size and of admirable design, fully worthy, indeed, of the great artist Jacopo Sansovino, to whom it is ascribed. The balusters in this specimen are all terminal figures of satyrs or sylvan deities, each of different design, the heads admirably sculptured and full of lifelike character and varied expression. This beautiful balcony, certainly one of the most notable and characteristic works of its kind, was recently pulled down from its conspicuous position on the façade of a palace in the Calle dei Furloni, near the "Comenda di Malta," in Venice (see illustration at page 371). Jacopo Sansovino's name is still a household word in Venice. It is inscribed by himself in deeply-cut letters on the bases of two colossal caryatid figures, also acquired for Birmingham; these formed the side jambs of the principal portal of the Palazzo of the Frangipanni family at Pordenone, and were recently turned into money by the proprietors of the house. They are of great size, striking and grandiose figures of savage men, partially clad in finely disposed drapery, their lower extremities ending in terminal pedestals. It is evident that the great sculptor attached especial importance to these figures, inasmuch as, as has been already intimated, he has signed one of them in the lower part, "Jacobus Sansovinus." They would be admirable models for reproduction in the decoration of the portal of a modern public building. Our illustration shows these two caryatides; above them has been placed, not altogether in appropriate or happy juxtaposition, by the Birmingham authorities, one of the fine balcony fronts or "trasfori" before alluded to. It should be thoroughly understood that these were entirely distinct and separate works, having in their origin no connection whatever one with the other.

The Birmingham gatherings comprise no less than four fine chimney-pieces, and the carved frieze of a fifth specimen. One

of them is a noble Florentine chimney-piece in the well-known Tuscan black stone, called "pietra serena," dating about the middle of the fifteenth century. Another example from Venice, in coloured marbles, is of the Sansovino style, and not improbably from the design of the master himself. Beautiful and most deceptive copies of these richly carved chimney-pieces are now currently made in Venice, and a well-known modern sculptor in Brescia has also established a manufactory of pseudo-antiques of this kind. The age of "contrefaçon," in short, has already set in in this, as in almost every other category of virtù. The example shown in our illustration is a Florentine chimney-piece executed in black stone, "pietra serena," the well-known material quarried in the valley of the Arno, in which so much of the sculptured work of Florence is embodied. In the centre of the frieze is the "stemma" or coat of arms of the family for whom the chimney-piece was made. The date of this example is about 1560. Florence, in particular, yielded gleanings of scarcely less value than those of Venice. The things of this paramount Art centre of ancient days would, indeed, furnish material for a special chapter. South Kensington is already rich enough in the terra-cotta sculpture of the Della Robbia family, but several characteristic works of that school have also fallen to the share of the Birmingham Museum. One of these is a relievo of a Holy Family in unglazed terra-cotta, probably by Luca Della Robbia himself, retaining its original carved wooden tabernacle frame.

Chimney-piece from Florence: date about 1560.

Further mention will be made only of two fine relievi in stucco of the Donatello school: a life-size portrait bust of a nun, in painted terra-cotta, of the end of the fifteenth century; two fine bases of pilasters in Florentine black stone, admirably sculptured with amorini, by the hand of Benedetto da Majano (these were obtained from the Strozzi family).

There is a temptation to dwell upon another class of works—upon which, indeed, there is much to be said—the wooden *cassoni*, or marriage coffers, as they are sometimes called. Of these beautiful and infinitely varied articles of ancient decorative furniture, betwixt complete examples and detached carved fronts, the Birmingham Museum series comprises upwards of thirty examples brought from Florence, various towns in the Romagna, Bologna, and the districts of Brescia and Verona. Some of them are splendid specimens of the art of wood-carving and inlaying, or *intarsia* work. The two examples now illustrated were acquired at Brescia, and were, in all probability, produced in that city. Considerations of space now demand that this paper should be brought to a close. There are, however, numerous other objects in the Birmingham collection which would serve as appropriate and suggestive texts for illustration in a field in which, as yet, there have been comparatively few labourers.

We have to thank Mr. Thrupp, the well-known photographer, for several excellent photographs of the new building and of the specimens in the museum.

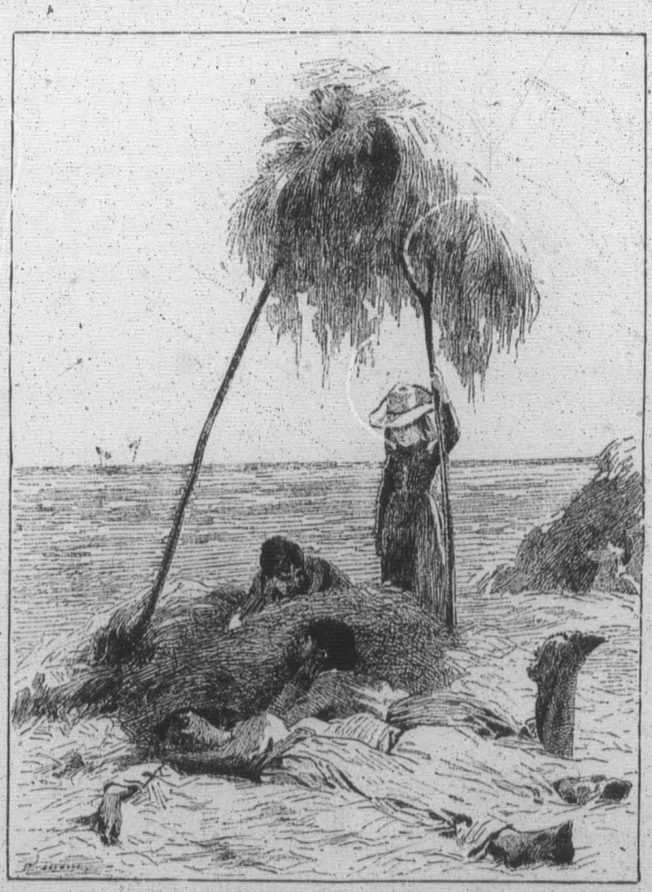
J. C. ROBINSON.

Front of a Cassone from Brescia.

STAGNO.

NEITHER a village, nor a hamlet, nor a country town was Stagno; at the best it might be called, in the mathematically precise terminology of the census-takers, a district. Some ten or twelve houses and huts strewn about as if by chance, but really according to the necessities of the place, dotted at irregular distances the higher patches of ground less liable to inundations. Even these were intersected in every direction by dykes and canals, that finally find their way into the Calambrone, which, rolling sluggishly on to the sea, leaves but few spots fit for human habitation.

The biggest of the houses is an old tumble-down Medicean mansion, on which restorers have been at work; they have successfully destroyed the style without imparting any new charm or necessary solidity. Here burrowed, as best they could, swarms of poor families nearly all allied to each other in kindred. One little group of cottages is huddled round the mill, another marks the crossways between the Florentine and Pisan roads; other huts seem to have taken up a temporary abode along the wayside, to loll against the kilns, or stand out bare and shivering against the bleak canal bank. There is no centre or gathering point either for the dwellings or their inhabitants. No church, no little café to form the secular meeting-house for the folks on a Sunday; that day which elsewhere is kept apart for prayer and play. Naturally, there was no school, no pharmacy, no doctor, no priest. Even had there been, the Stagno folk would not have known what to do with these superfluities of civilisation. They could catch eels without learning to read or write; they all knew how a headache might be cured or at worst endured. If matters came to the worst, a cart jolted down to the hospital at Leghorn, where there were doctors and priests enough for one to die in proper form and state.



Dolce far Niente. Drawn by E. Cecconi.

And thus, without either requiring or obtaining anything from encroaching civilisation, the Stagnoites continued to lead the curious existence which the nature of the soil had originally imposed upon them, which habit and isolation had kept up, and with which they were contented, and were proud of. Modes of life were scarcely dreamed of; callings without a name, periodical and adventurous labour that defied classification, suggested by the moment's need, or created by their own mother-wit, resulted from the idiosyncrasy of people to whom monotony or regular work was utterly distasteful. These they embraced with half-savage energy of will and wholly savage strength of arm.

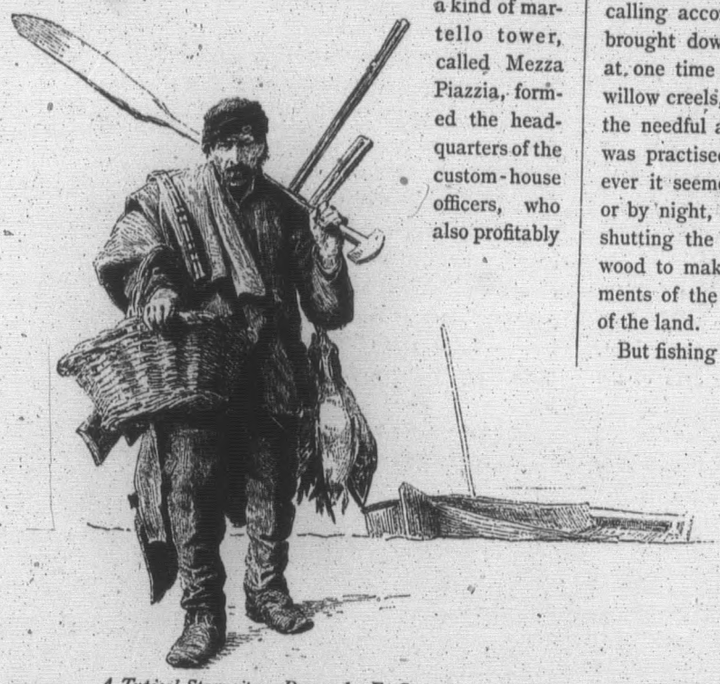
The Stagnoites, natives either of wood or marsh, were born, like the wild-boar, denizens of the forest and swamp. But, owing to the essential character of the resources derivable from such localities, the same occupations could not afford a livelihood all the year round, much less one year the same as another; hence there was the necessity for continual change of employment. It was necessary to act with foresight of the probable conditions of the coming seasons, and to lay by, so to speak, for the future mode of life, ready nevertheless to extemporise another from one day to the next, as floods or droughts might require, or as circumstances might arise to disconcert the most carefully laid plans.

But so far we have only got the figures: let us sketch in the country to give a background to our picture.

Distant only nine miles from Pisa, three from Leghorn, and three from the sea, with which latter, however, no road afforded communication, the group of houses which took the name of Stagno from the near pool which it bordered, just as the rushes and tamarisks do, lies in a plain of verdant meadow intersected by dykes extending from the Pisan Maremma side by side with the woods (*rombolo*) from the estuary of the Calambrone to the mouths of the Arno.

The thickly planted groves of ancient larches and ilexes, with their dense undergrowth of brushwood, llanas and brambles, divided up by broad swamps covered with tall reeds, or by narrow water-courses, that change towards the seaboard to sadly murmuring pine woods, farther on to the scrubby vegetation of the juniper and dwarf firs that edge the downs, and then to the reedy flats and the sandy shore. In the whole extent of thirty-six miles there are only ten dwellings! In the depth of the woods is a tiny lodge, wherein the lazy game-

keepers of His Grace the Archbishop of Pisa used to gamble with the wages they didn't pretend to earn. On the shore a kind of martello tower, called Mezza Piazzia, formed the head-quarters of the custom-house officers, who also profitably



A Typical Stagnoite. Drawn by E. Cecconi.

passed their time in gambling their equally unearned pay; whilst hardy smugglers ran their cargoes of contraband salt or sugar, tobacco or spirits, under their very noses, leading a silent caravan through the hollows of the downs into the grassy glades and inmost recesses of the woods.

Uselessness and donothingness seem to have been traditional in this tower. Before the Customs officers, to whom the heritage of *dolce far niente* was bequeathed with the tower, became its occupants, there were the coastguardsmen of jovial memory. What a merry crew they were, with their everlasting little hacks, provided from their own stables, their weather-stained, buttonless uniforms, their forage bag knocking against their saddle-flaps, and their terrible Durlindana, half blunderbuss, half carbine; peacefully scouring the semi-obliterated road tracks, heads nodding, legs swinging, man and beast both under the drowsy influence of the bright sun-glare; the rippling ocean, the wash of the wavelets on the shingle, and the utter uselessness of their mission!

With the exception of these so-called guards of the Government, or of the Archbishopric, the only living thing to be met with in the Tombolo were the droves of wild mares, or the herds of wild cattle, and the dangerous troops of boar and swine, or other wild animals that found here comparative quiet and abundant pasture. As for the marshes, they belonged to and surrounded the grand-ducal preserves of Coltano, but on account of the habitual negligence, which in Tuscany rounds off all angularities in the shape of property rights, they were tolerably overrun when the waters were low, and freely frequented without scruple when the waters were high. Neither marsh nor wood offered any great field of continuous labour, but even for the little that there was to do the Stagnoites showed no great disposition, preferring the variations of chance work with its uncertainties to agricultural pursuits. It was a rare chance if in the months of May or June the men or women would bend their backs to hay-making or mowing, and even then it was always with one eye to the dykes. The rest of the year they were chiefly hunters and fishers, exercising the latter calling according to the seasons, and according to the fish brought down through the dykes or driven in from the sea; at one time using the *bilancia* or swing-net, at another the willow creels, or the casting nets, making for themselves all the needful apparatus during the winter evenings. Shooting was practised, however, wherever, and one might say, whenever it seemed good, and they invaded the preserves by day or by night, in the game season or out of it, opening and shutting the sluices, cutting an embankment, burning a wood to make a "set" for snipe, according to the requirements of the sport, without giving a thought to the owners of the land.

But fishing and hunting would not always furnish a livelihood, and then men and women set to work to seek for wild asparagus, mushrooms, the edible frogs and snails, pheasants' eggs, leeches, or watching for the momentary absence of the keepers, they made their incursions into the woods, loading up their punts with fir cones. Some would go into the jungles and oak groves

The Rush-Gatherer. Drawn by E. Cecconi.

of Tombolo, cutting enormous bundles of rushes or firewood; others, perhaps, had a cut in at the far-off fields of hay and

clover, always without the slightest regard to the property of others, and with the laudable intention of selling their booty and thus earning an honest livelihood.

This may seem a contradiction, but one must know these rough but true-hearted Stagno folk to comprehend how they sinned all in good faith. They might be entrusted with the care of furniture and the wearing-apparel of wealthy persons, and no inconsiderable sums of money, without their stealing so much as a handful of corn. Property in their eyes was what had been planted and cultivated, and as regards the rest, the claims to ownership were considered mere usurpations of the common right.

But, if any one supposes that these multifarious employments set these poor people "on horseback," he is mistaken. Though hunger rarely showed her gaunt and hideous form, and a certain well-to-do aspect gladdened the eyes of the beholder, at what a cost was it obtained!

In the October evenings, when the family gathered round the freshly lighted fire, what storms howled round those rude dwellings, how the casements rattled an accompaniment to the whistle of the sharp nor'wester; what heavy downpours of rain assailed the ill-constructed roofs! Then the Stagnoite paced uneasily from hearth to threshold, looking out anxiously lest the floods should carry away his carefully set stake-nets, and then he would take down his punt pole, and put off in his cockleshell boat to "pole" up-stream for miles in the darkness, visiting each lay of new nets. When the sun beat down pitilessly on the plain, and all nature seemed sleeping under the incubus of the heat, the poor woman, with her skirts tucked up, knee-deep in mud and slime, would beat the stagnant waters with a long rod to stir up the leeches, keeping on and on in this strange species of fishing, getting stung by gnats, pricked by the thorns, and hurt by the biting of the leeches. Then, and then only, would she stagger out of the swamp, giddy with the sun and exhausted by her long bath.

And then there was watching for wild fowl in the frigid nights of December, from which the sportsman returned frozen

The Inundation. Drawn by E. Cecconi.

to his marrow in the gloomy winter morning, and with his beard hung with icicles. For the women, too, there were the loads of cut grass to carry, under which they bent, proceeding in a measured trot, and the weary walk of mile upon mile to get bait for fish-hooks, or to collect a bundle of clover. Was not all this enough to make them leave the place? Not quite, perhaps, for there was the fever, which was at one time so deadly as to earn the name of Mortainolo, the death-bearer, but had of late years lost much of its virulence and frequency; and the floods, too, though limited in extent, were but concentrated in violence by the numerous dykes, and were out frequently, suddenly, disastrously. More than once in a year had the poor folk to abandon their dwellings in the darkness of the night, drive their beasts to some shelter on the nearest acclivity; and sometimes, also, the breaking of an embankment gave no time for flight, and then lucky the herdsman who succeeded in getting his kine to a place of safety. Now and then the floods would have their human victim; some poor fellow, pacing feverishly up and down a bit of embankment crumbling away in front of him, and broken through by the angry waters behind him, finally succumbs to weariness, cold, and hunger; or another, clinging bravely to a young oak, keeps shouting to encourage his family in their half-submerged home, till, swept away by the powerful current, he is whirled down to the sea.

And yet, in spite of all these hardships and disadvantages, the Stagnoite seems incapable of living away from Stagno. For them the columns of Hercules were just round the corner. Moreover, their renown as expert sportsmen, good bowl-players, hardy woodsmen, and wily fishermen, made them proud of their birth-place, and woe to the unlucky wight who should venture to insinuate that they were either Pisans or Livornese. And, admitting that the accident of being born in a certain place bears a certain weight, they were undoubtedly right in their conceit, no less so than the Roman, who by his "urbs" meant Rome, than the Parisian who boasts of being

born in the capital of the world, or the Bostonian who dubs his city the "hub of the Universe."

The independent character of their work and their self-reliance ennobled the character of the Stagnoites into a boldness which one might look for in vain amongst hirelings and pauperised farm labourers. Their isolation also tended to develop individuality; and their gains, not restricted to a mere salary, but increasing in direct proportion to their labour, rendered them industrious and painstaking. For folks like these, whose isolation precluded comparison with others—for such folks, I say, to be healthy, laborious, and not badly off in such worldly gear as they wanted, was a long step towards happiness.

And that they were really and truly happy one might judge from their good-heartedness. Though poor enough at times to understand the meaning of want, they were at most times rich enough to be able to indulge the impulse of charity with the thoughtlessness of the indigent and the easy generosity of the wealthy. They were magnificent in almsgiving and unsparing in hospitality. Their generous feelings spurred them on to help the unfortunate to the utmost of their power.

As for the women, their co-operation in almost all the labours of the men, and the considerable profit derived from their own special work, placed them in a very different position from the usual run of country-women. Here the women enjoyed a consideration proportioned to their value as workers, and which increased the feeling of family veneration usually strong in primitive natures. Generally good-looking, or at any rate pleasing, well-developed and active, always strong and healthy, and, as a rule, of lively disposition, they offered too many attractions to admit of the men allowing them to pine in celibacy. In fact old bachelors or old maids were *raræ aves*. Young lovers, young wedded couples, numerous and healthy children were the rule. Few were the instances of fickleness before marriage; fewer still, if any, of infidelity to the nuptial vows. The active out-of-door life, the continuous companionship of husband and wife, the high sense of honour innate in the men, and the absence of temptation, contributed to this enviable result, even if the reciprocal affection between the parties did not suffice to account for the phenomenon.

A Stagno Fisherwoman. Drawn by E. Cecconi.

Whilst pointing out the exceptional characteristics of Stagno I by no means maintain that it was a terrestrial paradise, and that the Golden Age had flourished in this secluded spot till within the last few years. Neither few nor light may have been the drawbacks to perfection that arose from the roughness of its people, from the irregular nature of their pursuits, from the prejudices of all kinds that swayed them in place of any fixed religious belief, and from the utter lack of education amongst them. Yet, beneath the rugged crust, there was such genuineness and strength as attracted our attention, our interest, and our love.

But now, Stagno is no more! Tombolo has become an appanage of the Crown, and is watched over by effective guards and gamekeepers. The virgin woods, a labyrinth of leafy glades, in which one might seek an outlet in vain without the magic clue of Ariadne, is now cut up by wide roads and divided into square plots like a child's tart. The Stagnoite's occupation is gone. With the opening up of the swamp, game grows scarce and poorer in quality and he has no longer the monopoly of it. Changed conditions of things have altered his fishing also, and the life of thirty years ago seems now an impossibility. A huge church, graceless in its architecture, collects on Sunday from all parts the parishioners of the district, and forms a stage on which feminine vanity exhibits its vagaries in dress, moved thereto by the influx of city pleasure-seekers, who drop down on Sunday to the newly-built neighbouring railway station to take a picnic meal at Stagno.

By degrees, vanity and luxury going hand in hand, corruption follows, and the more striking traits of natural country life, rough as they are, are worn down, and that inexorable steam harrow of civilisation levels and smooths away all the typical irregularities and characteristic originalities of every place, and destroying individuality, creates the mass.

As apostles of progress, we admit that it is logical and necessary that this destruction of the relics of primæval forms of life should take place; but, as lovers of the beautiful and original, we feel that every change and "improvement" is sad; and when we note the natural man forced to yield and give up his place to the mere labourer and mechanic, we lament, still with some feeling of shame for the thought, over the irreclaimable past.

GLASS CARVING AS AN ART.

OF glass engraving as an art we treated last; it is now our task to throw some light on the equally interesting subject of glass carving. At one time glass surpassed gold not only in value as a material, but in forms of vases and drinking-vessels wrought into various patterns by means of wheels and points. An article of the kind was considered a worthy present for a king. Glass carving is a branch of the art of carving precious stones begun by the lapidary savage, and improved with more or less ability by workers in archaic times and earliest civilisations. In the Greek and Roman periods, when the glyptic art was encouraged as a whole, carving on glass may be said to have reached its zenith. Perhaps it is to the later Greeks and Romans that we are indebted for the finest work of the kind. Coloured glasses were generally preferred to glass of only one colour for carving; and at the present time cameo work, or relievo in one colour, or more than one, upon ground of a different colour, is growing in favour of the educated and wealthy at home and abroad. To England is due the honour of reviving the art of carving glass.

Fig. 1.—"Indian Cress" Vase. Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

The process of carving a vase into cameo will best be described after a few words about how it is made. The method of working two layers of colour one over the other is the same as is followed for more than two. Suppose, then, that two glasses of different colour are each already mixed of such specific gravity as will insure their equal expansion and contraction. One of them is A, the other B. A is gathered in the form of a solid egg on the end of an iron tube, and blown hollow to about the size and thickness of the casing wanted. It is then cut off rigid, hot, and in form like half an eggshell, or a claret-glass bowl, and, according to the common method, steadied on the mouth of an iron mould or hollow stand. B, now ready as a lump of glass somewhat of like shape, slightly blown, and hot and soft, is inserted in A; they at once adhere. If this operation be carefully and quickly done no air is left between the casings, and consequently no hidden bubbles to afterwards plague the soul of the carver. The two glasses now closely united are warmed in the pot-hole, and when blown a little more and measured for correct size, the maker takes in his right hand the *procello* (an instrument resembling sugar-tongs,) and gives form to the body of the vase, his left hand being meanwhile employed rolling the blowpipe on the iron-edged arms of his chair. By this movement the body is saved from drooping, and as it stiffens is found "true." An iron rod called *punt* or *pontil* tipped with a small piece of molten glass is then attached to the bottom of it; at the same moment on the chair arm the blowpipe is slightly jerked which separates it and leaves the vase body on the pontil; warmed in the pot-hole once more, and the lip opened, sheared, and shaped, it is freed by a tap or two on the rod, and is then carried either on a wooden shovel or betwixt the prongs of a wooden fork to the annealing oven or kiln. This vase is one of the simplest make, being only in two colours, and without foot or handle. Fig. 1 was made in this way. The vase is now in the carver's hands. A figure subject is generally modelled in wax before being touched by the acid, wheel, or point; in this instance the pattern, carved by the writer, was merely sketched on with lead pencil, for which purpose, and so as to take the marks easily, the vase surface was roughed a little by a dip in hydrofluoric acid. After sketching, the outlines were filled in with "resist," a varnish commonly and mainly composed of beeswax. The mouth of the vase was then covered and protected, and all of it submerged for some considerable time in the acid bath. The outer white layer being thicker in some parts than in others, had to be several times subjected to the aciding operation before the puce lining was reached all over. The ground of an article seldom comes out clean and free from traces of the superposing colour, and in this the white had to be cleared away during the carving. The leaves and flowers were gradually wrought into shape at the lathe, and something of their ultimate appearance given them; this may take days, weeks, or months, even for so simple a pattern. In the last article on engraving the lathe was fully described, so we need now do little more than state that it is constructed on the same principle as the gem engraver's lathe. That of the glass engraver is, however, larger, as also the wheels, which are of copper, and while in motion supplied with oil and emery of different degrees of fineness. They revolve by means of the ordinary treadle and footwheel, and a band which communicates with a pulley attached to the mandrel, in which are inserted the spindles that bear the wheels. The carving points are steel,

Fig. 2.—Vase, Persian Ornamentation. Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

similar to the tools of the shell cameo engraver, who besides, when capable of properly working on precious stones, makes use of the lathe and diamond and ruby, and other extra hard points. The steel wires employed in carving are carefully tempered; the stoutest of them is about an eighth of an inch in diameter. They are let into handles and ground to different angles, which meet and diminish until the sharp points are formed. During the carving of an article they have to be frequently sharpened on an oilstone. With such tools, and occasional touching at the wheels, the simple pattern of this vase was carved. Unless the points and angles of the wires be kept uniformly sharp they are apt to chip a design in unexpected places. This at times occurs, no matter how careful the carver may be. He now and then gets over the difficulty by adroitly working into a design the spaces so caused. After finishing with the wheel and point a vase is sometimes dipped in acid, which gives something of an even tone to the surface; but this operation often saddens the pattern too much, and at best tends to efface the artist's touch.

Fig. 3.—Vase after the Italian Style.
Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

A few words now about the other illustrations. Fig. 2.—An example of the Persian style of ornamentation—bluish white on dark brown ground. The Persian style affords many fine suggestions for the carver who knows how to use it to best advantage and without mere copying. Flat-sided vases are well adapted for the display of engraving and carving, but in this instance the vase has too much of the Christian pilgrim-bottle shape for the character of ornament on it. The stems of the larger flowers are too weak, and could never in nature—and all proper conventionalism follows laws of growth as observed in nature—have supported them, and retained their present positions. The work is, however, well carved throughout. Fig. 3.—The pattern on this vase is suited to its shape. It is carved white on poppy-red ground. The main flower is here also much too heavy for the curve of the stem, and the base of the vase too narrow for its safe standing. Fig. 4.—Vase representing in white on blue ground Adam and Eve, was carved by Mr. John Northwood for Mr. Philip Pargeter. The subject is one that is difficult to manage with any marked originality; it has been similarly treated by artists good and bad from the earliest times. The somewhat classical shape of the vase is ill-suited for a design having reference to the book of Genesis. The faces of both Adam and Eve wear an untroubled expression, in keeping with the placid, if nerveless, pose of their forms, and may be taken to indicate some phase of their lives before the Fall. The large leaves by Adam's right leg are not arranged with such care as would best carry out the idea of repose aimed at in both figures. The tree of knowledge, the serpent and the apple, and other symbols of the kind made use of by Albert Dürer in his representation of Adam and Eve would have lent interest to the subject had they in some unimitative and artistic manner been introduced. The capacity for endowing, as it were, the nude with unconscious freedom, and making figures look as if their nakedness was natural to them, is not insured by any amount of mere working from the model. As in Michael Angelo, the true poet must be in the craftsman who would bid the sculptured human figure tell the tale of the world. Fig. 5.—Vase with white semi-opaque subjects on blue ground. The largest specimen of carved glass done in modern times. The vase, together with its cover, stands 22 inches high. On the reverse side is Aurora and other figures, and on the obverse, as illustrated, Amphitrite, the wife of Poseidon, or Neptune. This subject has also been done many times, and on different materials. The same kind of principal figure, and the same kind of attributes, might be named the 'Triumph of Galatea,' or of Aphrodite. The horse-head handles, if not the Pegasus, on the lid, overpower the composition, but as feats of carving out of the solid glass are most praiseworthy. The vase as a whole reflects great credit on Mr. Northwood, not only as evidence of his artistic ability but of his industry. It is but fair to say that the handles and lid were done by Mr. Grice. The vase took over three years to complete, and was purchased from Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons by Messrs. Tiffany, of New York.

The ordinary course of Art training is shown by the designs on these two vases, no doubt also to some extent influenced by the Barbarini-Portland vase, and, perhaps, by the Naples Amphora and the Auldjo vase, each carved out of white on dark blue ground, and supposed to belong to the Græco-Roman period of Art. The process of carving glass with wheels and points requires not only great care but considerable patience. Signor de Giovanni was seven years over his crystal glass tankard, the subject of which is the "Training of Bacchus," probably the best piece of carving of modern times. Some fine specimens of cameo carving in glass, by Lechevrel, mainly copies of classical subjects, are in the possession of Messrs. Richardson, glass manufacturers of Stourbridge. Northwood, Grice, the brothers Woodall, and two or three others, are the only Englishmen yet employed in carving. The artist who undertakes a work in glass that has to be in hand so long, is seldom or never able to devote all his time to it. As a matter of personal experience bearing on this, so far back as 1869 the writer of this article commenced a vase, since occasionally left aside for sake of pressing calls on his time, yet, to satisfactorily finish carving

Fig. 4.—"Milton Vase."
Messrs. Stevens and Williams.

it, about two years more of consecutive labour, reckoning seven hours daily, would be necessary.

It is certain that at present really good carving is produced under less favourable conditions than it was before and during the Græco-Roman period. The reckless and grasping commercial spirit has recently tended to vulgarise some of the cameo-glass; just as shell-cameo work, and even the *pietra dura* cameo, were, and we may say are yet, often vulgarised, and consequently lost to Art. The like haste to pile up profits and want of real appreciation of Art also leave the glass mixers far behind the ancients in the production of cased glass of harmonious and complementary colours suitable for carving. They too frequently ignore lessons of chemistry and content themselves in full faith with such inherited and simple rites as they celebrate in the mixing-room in the moments they can spare from the counting-house. The Spaniards and Venetians, so well known for their achievements in glass making, as they were never adepts at engraving and carving, must be left out of account when we say that the Greeks and Romans excelled us not only in Murrhine, different Chalcedony effects, but in the variety of their coloured and glass grounds for ordinary carving. Out of gold, copper, iron, manganese, oxides of tin and arsenic the Roman *vitrarius* produced rose, violet, orange, white, and blends of these, and almost every conceivable colour. But iron of itself, as we know from our own experiments, may be made to yield all the prismatic colours. They imitated onyx vases which were wrought to exhibit concentric stratification under white reliefs; the glass imitations, principally *scyphi*, done with subjects in white on ground resembling brown agate, were in point of Art finish superior to the originals in onyx stone. They were classed with the *impudent ware*, or "calices audaces."

Fig. 5.—"Amphitrite" Vase. Messrs. Thos. Webb and Sons.

Glass vessels of only one colour carved in relief, and of one colour formed on another like the Barbarini-Portland Vase, probably came under what Pliny meant by "aliud argenti modo cælatur" (His. Nat., lib. xxxvi. cap. 26), and Martial's *toreumata vitri*, which have sometimes been mistaken for a certain kind of moulded figure work in glass—also noted by Pliny in the chapter just quoted from. But it is worth mentioning that what delighted most the wealthy and luxurious in Martial's time were the *diatreta*. Tacitus and Nero were great enthusiasts in this kind of glass. There is one in the possession of Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Its body is curiously opalescent, and at the same time of a pale ruby and a pale opaque green, as seen in different lights. Its semi-oviform shape is relieved with figures, vines, and emblems, some of them all but detached from the glass and hollowed out from the inside, like some other parts of its decoration which are applied.

Notwithstanding that the *diatreta* were in such high favour—perhaps mainly on account of their curious technical qualities—genuine cameo of the Barbarini-Portland Vase type are superior to them as works of Art. The degree of perfection attained by the ancients in their glass carving was inspired to a great extent by their religion and habits of life. For this reason, and also because they had greater facilities for studying the human figure than now exist, the modern carver is never likely to treat classical and mythological subjects with the genuine and native feeling necessary to the production of valuable works of Art. The predominating retrospective tendencies of carvers and engravers of glass, as of workers in other branches of Art, are likely to hinder their real advance in fresh and original composition. While students are obliged to study debased and modern sham antique, without taking lessons direct from nature, they will more or less become the slaves of blinding mannerism and imitative prettiness. The continual study of Greek models may have caused Sirletti, Pistrucci, and Girometti, almost within our own time, and Giovanni who is still living, to produce works in relief that would do honour to the great masters of antiquity, yet it seems to us that the true mission of artists as of poets is, whilst duly respecting the past, and having lively and full faith in the future, to give elevating and suggestive representation to what is best and most characteristic of the times in which they live.

The natural qualities of glass, its transparency, brilliancy, and degrees of both in varieties of colour, have ever attracted the savage as well as the civilised man; but to the person of taste, and the artist outside the glass crafts as within them, it has interest quite other than common, because beyond any other material for carving it is susceptible of taking exquisitely delicate finish.

J. M. O'Fallon.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE galleries left vacant by the removal of the National Portraits from South Kensington to Bethnal Green are being rearranged, and the illustrations of building construction left over from the Great Exhibition of 1858, which have long languished in a labyrinth of scarcely water-tight corridors by the side of the National Portrait Gallery building, are being supplemented with some examples of modern Art-work and electrotype reproductions and disposed in the vacant galleries. It would seem that buildings in London which are condemned as too inflammable to hold the national portraits are quite safe enough for other works of Art.

The small exhibition of sketches by members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at present open in London, is not of very high merit. Mr. W. Severn, the president, with his 'Forecourt, Lyne,' Mr. A. Powell with 'On the Thames,' Mr. Medlycott with 'Oldbury on Severn,' Mr. W. A. Ingram, Mr. A. de Breanski, Mr. J. M. Donne, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Couldery do their best, however; but the rank and file either have not sent their best work or are rather wanting in inspiration just at present.

There has been opened at the Hanover Gallery in London a collection of works noticeable for their excellence if not for their novelty. First amongst them must be reckoned Meissonier's 'Le Postillon,' with its wonderful arrangement and exhaustive treatment of detail. The picture, too, combines minute finish with a firm, broad treatment seldom, if ever, excelled by the best workers of the Flemish school. The other noteworthy pictures are from the hands of MM. Le Blant, Roybet, Feyen-Perrin, A. Stevens, and Courbet.

This year's Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain contains, as is now expected, examples of almost every branch of the photographic art. There are landscapes, genre pictures, seascapes, flower studies, portraits, instantaneous and slow, and developments of the "black art" sufficient almost to make Daguerre turn in his grave. The landscapes are always the most striking of the effects, Mr. Seymour Conway's views of the Tyrol, Mr. William Muller's and Mr. Wilson Noble's studies in the Engadine, and the School of Military Engineering deserving particular notice. There is still, however, an inability amongst some to appreciate the meaning of "a picture," and much good work is too frequently bestowed on an uninteresting subject. In what may be classed as the genre pictures, this is still more obvious, but in this branch Mr. Henry Stevens and Mr. W. N. Malby show to good advantage. Flower studies, as usual, receive a worthy attention at the hands of Mr. Henry Stevens; and in an ever-increasing host of portrait studies Mr. H. S. Mendelsshon shows some good work.

At the Louvre two new rooms have recently been devoted to the display of the recent additions to the Egyptian Museum.

The authorities of the Louvre, if somewhat late, have at length been aroused to the danger from fire to which the national collection is exposed. An inspection of the building has been made, as a preliminary step towards amendment, resulting in the discovery that in the workshops the men work "upon a bed of chips," which the least indiscretion in the use of fire would convert into a field of flame in an instant.

A remarkable discovery was lately made at Alost. A tailor, some twelve years ago, bought at the sale of an old doctor's effects a dirty-looking picture, soiled with smoke and dust, which, when put up for sale, nobody would bid for, and which eventually fell to the lot of the tailor for one franc. He hung it in a corner of his shop and gave it no further thought, until the other day a customer of his, an artist, noticed the picture, and offered to take it home and clean it, and see what there was under the crust of dirt. This he did, and found it to be a remarkably well-preserved picture bearing the signature of Rubens, and the date of 1614. It represents Christ blessing the world, and measures 31 in. by 24 in.

The well-known London chromo-lithographer, Mr. Vincent Brooks, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, died on Sept. 29th, at the advanced age of seventy.

"ART AND WORK." By Owen W. Davis (published by the Author).—Mr. Davis styles his volume a reference work for those who are engaged in the pursuit of Art and manufacture, and such it undoubtedly is. Apparently, for many years past his wont has been, "When found, to make a note of," as regards every good piece of design. The result is an aggregation of illustration taken from every period from the prehistoric to the latest Japanese. The author is assured that design consists chiefly in forming fresh combinations out of old material, and certainly in this respect he has been most successful, and he takes no pains to conceal it. The motive of his decoration of a door, for instance, is to be found in some Renaissance panels—of a stone head to a doorway, in Indian ornament. Apparently a most indefatigable worker, he has laboured successfully in varied fields of design—examples of carpets, Florentine cabinets, china-painting, staircase decoration, pianos, wall-papers, metal-work, etc., executed for the first houses in England, are to be found in the volume before us; but it is not, we fear, for these, but for the hundreds of valuable reproductions from the works of older designers, such as the Brothers Adam, that the book will be principally saleable.

"THE ART OF THE OLD ENGLISH POTTER." By L. M. Solon (Bemrose and Sons).—Amongst the numberless hobbies of the foreign Art collector, it would be difficult to find one which apparently presented so little attraction as early English pottery. Its uncouth shapes and inartistic colours would appear to combine no qualities which could appeal to a taste so fastidious as one which assigns to elegance and delicacy a far higher value than to honesty and substantiality. The author is himself aware of this singularity, but considers

that his actions are worthy of commendation rather than condemnation. In his sight the productions of our early potters are quite capable of holding their own. He instances

Nottingham Stone Ware, Nottingham Museum.
From "The Art of the Old English Potter."

an occasion when he came across an old Staffordshire dish exhibited in a dealer's window amidst a host of very handsome "curios, porcelain of all sorts, Oriental silks, chased silver and gold; but the eye that had rested on the platter was attracted to it over and over again, so powerful and harmonious did it look amongst all the other treasures." It will thus be seen that the author starts with the very necessary qualification of enthusiasm for his subject. To this he adds the experience of a collector—oftentimes, as he admits, dearly bought.

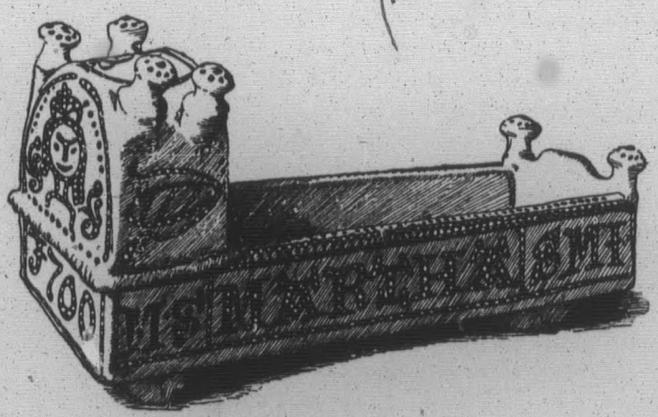
The volume, which has apparently been a delightful task to Mr. Solon, does not profess to be a complete history of English pottery; it is limited to recording briefly the most important facts which mark the various stages of the early progress of the craft in England, with such personal observations as have been suggested by the numerous specimens that have passed through the author's hands.

After dealing cursorily with pottery prior to the time of Elizabeth, chapters are devoted to stone ware, slip-decorated ware, English delft, the Brothers Elers and their stamped ware, salt-glaze, earthenware, and, lastly, to foreign imitations of English ware. Of much of this very few specimens remain. The pieces, which could show the skill of the early potters, being made for daily use, have shared the doom of all common things, and now broken and destroyed, have disappeared almost completely. Mr. Solon remarks that it seems as though the English people, whose genius revels in an ever-renewed manifestation of their power, whilst hastening to produce a new manufacture, had done their best to make away with all that recalled a beginning of which their present glory made them somewhat ashamed. An idea of what it was can now only be gleaned from pieces scattered here and there in museums, or from the broken morsels which are now and again dug up in what were once potters' fields. The South Kensington, Geological, Stoke, and Hanley Museums each have one-fourth part of a fine collection of Staffordshire formed by Enoch Wood of Burslem; but to judge of it rightly a visit must needs be paid to each of them.

By the kindness of the publishers, one of whom is himself an enthusiastic collector in this field, we give examples first of a Nottingham stone-ware mug which bears the inscription, "J. & E. Holland, of Notts, made at Nottingham, February 16th, 1781." It shows that the sunflower was considered to have artistic qualities even a century ago. Our second illustration recalls the christening festivities of families in the midland counties during the seventeenth century. The potter has always taken a pleasure in putting his best work into presents intended for his friends. In France a custom prevailed of giving a decorated bowl the morning after a wedding. In England a cradle was presented on the birth of the firstborn, a custom which lingers in the gifts to Lady Mayoresses who present their husband with a child during his year of office. The cradle given in our illustration bears, it will be seen, the date 1700, and the names Martha Smith on one side and William Smith on the other. Our third cut is a specimen of Elers' red ware. The history of the two brothers bearing this name is told in the volume before us in a most interesting and sympathetic manner. Our fourth engraving represents a salt-glaze cup from the author's collection. It is remarkable as bearing not only the Royal Arms, but those of Warwick and Leveson Gower. The foreign potters were only too fond of decorating their wares with the arms, mottoes, or devices of the nobility, but the Englishman never seems to have so sought for or courted patronage.

In these days when the air is full of discussion as to free and fair trade, it is interesting to note that so long as a tax was put upon the importation of English ware to France, the French potter flourished, but the reduction of the duty to 12 per cent. resulted in the closing of the factories of Rouen, Nevers, and other potting centres, and culminated in the utter ruin of that branch of French industry. While on this topic we may remark on the absence of taste in shape and colouring which at present pervades the English common ware. What have we that can compare, in shape or colour, with the green-glazed water-bottles of Italy or the grey and blue ware of France? A week or so ago we were present at a country fair in Switzerland, and one corner of it was gay with the crockery-stalls; in fact, anywhere abroad the commoner the ware the more artistic it is. Unfortunately, in England the reverse is the case.

"THE LIFE OF GUSTAVE DORÉ." By Blanche Roosevelt (New York: Cassell & Co., 1885).—The intimate connection of Gustave Doré with England, and the honour which he found in that country, is sufficient reason—if reason be needed—for the issue of this exhaustive chronicle of the life of a great illustrator. We most of us remember the unsatis-



Slip-decorated Cradle. Coll. L. S.
From "The Art of the Old English Potter."

factory biography from the pen of Blanchard Jerrold, which appeared about two years ago, and all will welcome a more fitting tribute to the genius of the great Alsatian. Stored up in this volume are many reminiscences which, together with the illustrations, some well known and some hitherto unpublished, form an attractive and thoroughly readable volume. Throughout, the authoress seems to hold the opinion, which Doré himself was never content to tolerate, that the genius of the master was in the direction of illustration, an opinion which a careful study of his life leaves us unshaken in. The book, therefore, is largely devoted to a record of his effort and success in this direction, supplemented with details of his failure to insure a similar high verdict for his paintings, and many reminiscences of the private and artistic life of the artist. For these latter the writer offers a mild justification in the words of Edgar Allen Poe:—"Yet experience has shown, and a true philosophy will always show, that a vast, perhaps the larger portion of truth, arises from the seemingly irrelevant." It was a strong conviction with Gustave Doré that he was without honour, particularly in his own country, but still we find it recorded that he received between the years 1850 and 1870—when he was but a young man, having been born in 1832—

Elers Ware. Stoke Museum.
From "The Art of the Old English Potter."

nearly seven millions of francs (£280,000) for his illustrations, and his pictures, purchased for the Doré Gallery, privately realised some £60,000 more. M. Bordelin records that he has seen Doré earn ten thousand francs in a single morning, working on blocks for French and English publishers and periodicals. And that this form of recognition was the one which was the most real to him we may gather from the fact that "he nearly had a convulsion one day on hearing that Meissonier had received two hundred thousand francs for a single picture." "What," he exclaimed, "a thing like that! Now look at me. I can paint; I know I could paint better than Meissonier, at any rate. Have I ever been paid two hundred thousand francs for anything? No, and I never shall be. The fact is that no one understands me." Still, he was not above the clouds, only impatient, for we find him, in a later conversation with M. Kratz, saying that he fears that if he goes to England he will lose "much of the influence and prestige I now possess in France." In almost all his dealings Doré was too blind to the greatness of his genius as an illustrator, and far too prone to believe too much in his powers as a painter. In a great measure those immediately around him were to blame for this, his mother especially spoiling him. One illustration will serve. He had painted twelve colossal canvases of 'Paris as it is,' full of sickening realism. Théophile Gautier was speculating on the probable destiny of such a set

Salt-Glaze Cup. Coll. L. S.
From "The Art of the Old English Potter."

of horrors, when Gustave announced they would be purchased by two Americans to exhibit in America, at the price of one hundred and ten thousand francs. Madame Doré, however, refused to let them be sold for less than one hundred and forty thousand francs, adding that "Gustave is always being done by everybody he has to do with; only his mother appreciates him at his great value." As a result, the Transatlantic buyers not seeing their way to advance on their first offer, the pictures were never sold, and the gallery of horrors lost to the world. With such surroundings it is little wonder that, when the maternal pamperings were exchanged for the cold judgment of the world, the conceit of youth ripened into discontent. Despite all this, the Gustave Doré shown to us by Miss Roosevelt was a great social success, the lion of society and the idol of his intimate acquaintances. That he died a young man, almost with his palette on his thumb, is small wonder, for he worked as few men ever worked. The sudden death, the grief of his friends and the public alike, the funeral reception on the 25th of January, 1883, with its thousands of sorrowing spectators, are all too recent, too keenly felt, for us to dwell on here. It is an interesting, an instructive story, ably and conscientiously handled, and as we close the book we feel that Hamlet's words, "He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again," quoted on the title-page, are not misapplied.

"SCHOOLS AND MASTERS OF FENCE." By Egerton Castle, M.A. (London: Geo. Bell and Sons, 1885).—There

Delft Puzzle Jug. Coll. L. S.
From "The Art of the Old English Potter."

are *éditions de luxe* of works so called by the publishers and others which are so by reason of their inherent qualities. If Messrs. Bell do not call this volume by that name it is not

because it lacks the most essential qualities. We have not, perhaps, the orthodox rivulet of type in a meadow of margin, but the printing is of high quality and the illustrations unusually excellent. The history of the development of the art of fencing with the rapier and the small sword, and a biography of the fencing art, are given from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century, and the mystery attaching thereto is illustrated with numerous reproductions of old engravings and carbon plates of ancient swords. The work is dedicated to the Baron de Cosson, a well-known collector of ancient armour, and to Captain Hutton, famous in those circles where the art still flourishes. It is to the lovers of ancient arms that the author appeals most, but the votary of the fencing school will learn much of the mysteries of sword, spadroon, or rapier play, of the deadly rapier or the comparatively harmless "Schlaeger;" of a thrust "in seconda," a "disengagement in quartre," a "riverso," a "fendente," or a "mezzodritto." The distinction is shown between the methods and the weapons employed at different eras: the sword and dagger, the sword and cloak, and the sword and buckler. The student, too, will see typical forms of claymores, foils, "mortuary" swords, daggers, "stilettos," and rapiers, and each and all he will find have a place, where possible, amongst the numerous illustrations which adorn a very excellent work.

"TURNER THE ARTIST." By the Rev. S. A. Swaine (London: Cassell & Co., 1885).—Biographers ever show an indecent haste on the death of a great man to divide his garment amongst them. If the author of this most recent story of "the poet-laureate of English Art" had been born thirty years sooner he might have been able to participate in the scramble after biographical fragments. As it is the present volume contains little that is new concerning the greatest of English landscapists, and much that is old which it serves no purpose to republish. Despite the title, the author of 'Turner the Artist' has far more to say concerning Turner the man, and though there are some new details to be found in this portion, the particulars of the parsimony, meanness, and bad temper of the great artist are too well known to need emphasis or further illustration. From an occasional expression it would appear that the book has been written for "young readers;" we cannot advise them to read it. In fine, the work is a conventional and commonplace treatment of a well-worn theme.

"SACRED THEMES AND FAMOUS PAINTINGS." By Rev. David Davies (London: Alexander and Shepherd, 1885).—The discourses of an eloquent divine are oftentimes fine essays, and the collection before us belongs to such a class. Those who read the *Christian World Pulpit* will have met them before, and those that do not have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with an appreciative amateur's somewhat minute study of such well-known Scripture subjects as Long's 'Anno Domini;' Sir Noel Paton's 'Man of Sorrows' and 'Mors Janua Vitæ;' Holman Hunt's 'The Shadow of Death;' the French Doré's 'Christ leaving the Prætorium' and 'Vale of Tears;' and the Hungarian Munkacsy's 'Calvary.' As evidence of the inspiring nature of scriptural themes to the artist of to-day it is valuable. There are some amongst us that bemoan the decadence of religious Art, but here we find some half-dozen works which may be reckoned amongst the greater works of to-day. Just as in pagan times Phidias found his most alluring themes in Zeus, the king of gods, and in Athene, the goddess of the mind, the school of Praxiteles its most worthy subject in Venus, in Hermes, *et hoc genus omne*, so in this scientific nineteenth century great painters are to be found seeking for highest inspiration amongst the pages of Holy Writ. In this collection of discourses our author tells us the story of the painting, not as a painter would tell it, but with the enthusiasm of a Bible student, and, as he tells us in his preface, with the sympathy of one who believes that the true artist can render valuable service to the cause of genuine religion by the illustration of scriptural incidents and of Christian truth. Without entering into the merits or demerits of such a standpoint, we can say that Mr. Davies is not unsuccessful in his own quiet, unassuming way.

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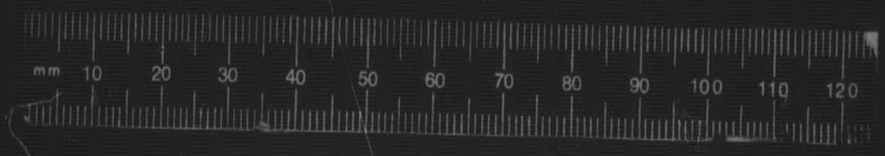
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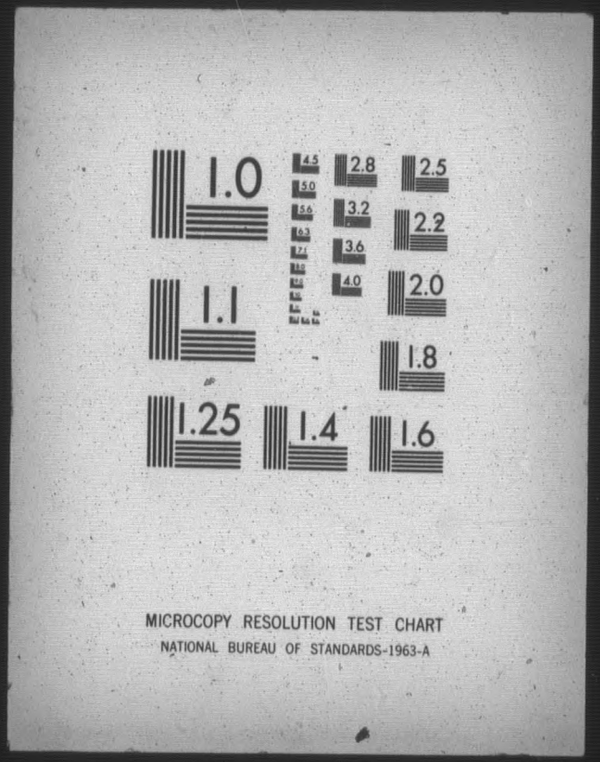
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